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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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1907

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

PERIODICAL ROOM

THE COMING AMERICAN MONARCHY

A CHAPTER FROM MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY—IX

SPECIAL ARTICLES

What is Esperanto? . . . . . Dr. L. L. ZAMENHOF
German Designs on Holland and Belgium . . YVES GUYOT
What Japanese Exclusion Would Mean . OSBORNE HOWES
Three Years and a Half of Pius X . . A CATHOLIC PRIEST
Senator Smoot and Mormonism . Professor J. W. GARNER
Anatole France . . . . . JAMES HUNEKER
England's Food-Supply in War . CARLYON BELLAIRS, R. N.
The Old Penology and the New . . . . . EUGENE SMITH

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

Rosebery's "Lord Randolph Churchill" GERTRUDE ATHERTON
Hazelton's "Declaration of Independence" . J. BOYD THACHER
Mistral's "Memoires" . . . . . ALVAN F. SANBORN

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A Blow at Personal Freedom; Of the Relation of Spinsters to the Interstate Commerce Act; Mottoes for the New Year; Of American Manners; For an American Esperanto Society.

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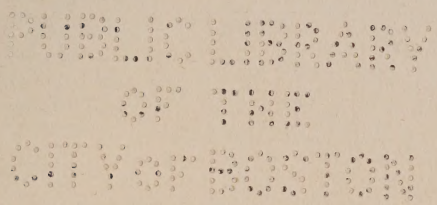

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

MARK TWAIN.

For information concerning this distinguished contributor, the reader is referred to the body of the REVIEW, which, during the coming year, will contain chapters selected from his Autobiography.

DR. LOUIS LAZARUS ZAMENHOF

writes: "I was born, December 15th, 1859, in Bielystok (Government of Gradno), Russia. My father and my grandfather were teachers of languages. At first my father conducted a private school at Bielystok; afterward he was for over thirty years instructor in the German language in the Government Reál Gymnasium at Warsaw. At home, however, we spoke Russian and Polish. I commenced my studies in 1869 at the Bielystok Reál Gymnasium. In the year 1873 I went with my parents to live at Warsaw, and there I entered the Second Philological Gymnasium, whence, in 1879, I was graduated. In my class I was always counted as First Scholar. In 1879 I entered the University of Moscow. I migrated to the University of Warsaw in 1881, and in 1885 I received my degree there as Doctor of Medicine. For a long time my medical practice abounded in hardship. I was obliged to wander from one city to another in order to earn my bread in my calling as physician. At last, in 1879, I settled permanently in Warsaw, where I practise as an oculist in a poor quarter of the city. I have a wife and three children."

YVES GUYOT

has been a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, and he was for several years Minister of Public Works. He is one of the leading Free-Traders of France and a strong sup-

porter of the Anglo-French *entente*. He was an outspoken friend of Japan from the very beginning of the Russian-Japanese war. He is author of many well-known works on social, political and economic topics; he has edited various journals along those lines, and as a publicist he has an international reputation.

OSBORNE HOWES

received his education in Boston, and then entered the service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, sailing on steamers of the company's Pacific Ocean lines. From 1869 to 1872 he was connected with the New York "Times," holding progressively during that interval varying positions, from reporter to literary editor and leader-writer. For more than thirty years he has been the Secretary of the Boston Board of Fire Underwriters, and has been until within the last few months the leading editorial writer of the Boston "Herald." Since then he has written editorially for the Boston "Transcript" and "Globe," and for the New York "Evening Post," chiefly upon economic and commercial questions. He has held the position of Honorary Consul for Japan at Boston since that office was created four years ago.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST

is a student of history, especially of ecclesiastical history, who holds a prominent and honored position in the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.

JAMES W. GARNER

is Assistant Professor of Political Science in the University of Illinois. He was born and brought up in Mississippi. He was Lecturer in History at Columbia University in 1902-03, and Instructor in Political Science in the University of Pennsylvania in 1903-04. From time to time he has contributed articles to a number of periodicals. He wrote most of the articles on political science in the new "International Encyclopædia," and he edits the book department of the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. He is the author of a book entitled "Reconstruction in Mississippi."

James Huneker,

well known as a journalist and man of letters, was born in Philadelphia in 1860. He studied music in Paris with Theodore Ritter, and for ten years taught music in New York. Subsequently he was musical and dramatic critic on various newspapers, including the New York "Sun." Mr. Huneker has written much upon Continental literature, and he is a particularly keen student of recent French literature.

Carlyon Bellairs

is a lecturer and writer on questions of international trade and maritime warfare. He is a lecturer at the War Course of the Royal Naval College, which is the British equivalent of the War College at Newport. He assisted in editing the "Naval Annual" in 1903 and 1904, and has contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and many other publications. He was the only naval officer examined before the British Government's inquiry into the routes of submarine cables.

Eugene Smith

is president of the Prison Association of New York, and for many years he has been one of the directors of the National Prison Association. He is a graduate of Yale, and since his graduation has been a practising lawyer in New York. He has written much on penology, and one of his best-known articles is "The Cost of Crime."

Gertrude Atherton

is well known to readers of American fiction as the author of many distinguished works. "The Conqueror" attracted a great deal of attention a few years ago as the first attempt on a large scale to write the biography of a real man in the form of fiction. This was the story of Alexander Hamilton. Mrs. Atherton, who is a great-grandniece of Benjamin Franklin, was born and educated in California. She has lived much abroad.

John Boyd Thacher

is a native of New York State and was graduated from Williams College in 1869. As a State Senator he introduced measures that later resulted in many reforms of the tene-

ment-houses. He has served as Mayor of Albany and in many another public capacity. He has published a number of historical works on America and a Life of Christopher Columbus.

Alvan Francis Sanborn

was born at Marlboro, Massachusetts, in 1866, and was graduated from Amherst in 1887. He has served in various literary capacities, and from 1899 to 1902 he was the regular Paris correspondent of the Boston "Transcript." He has contributed much to magazines, and among his published books is one entitled "Paris and the Social Revolution."

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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JANUARY 4, 1907.

CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—IX.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated December 13, 1906.*] As regards the coming American monarchy. It was before the Secretary of State had been heard from that the chairman of the banquet said:

"In this time of unrest it is of great satisfaction that such a man as you, Mr. Root, is chief adviser of the President."

Mr. Root then got up and in the most quiet and orderly manner touched off the successor to the San Francisco earthquake. As a result, the several State governments were well shaken up and considerably weakened. Mr. Root was prophesying. He was prophesying, and it seems to me that no shrewder and surer

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forecasting has been done in this country for a good many years.

He did not say, in so many words, that we are proceeding, in a steady march, toward eventual and unavoidable replacement of the republic by monarchy; but I suppose he was aware that that is the case. He notes the several steps, the customary steps, which in all the ages have led to the consolidation of loose and scattered governmental forces into formidable centralizations of authority; but he stops there, and doesn't add up the sum. He is not unaware that heretofore the sum has been ultimate monarchy, and that the same figures can fairly be depended upon to furnish the same sum whenever and wherever they can be produced, so long as human nature shall remain as it is; but it was not needful that he do the adding, since any one can do it; neither would it have been gracious in him to do it.

In observing the changed conditions which in the course of time have made certain and sure the eventual seizure by the Washington government of a number of State duties and prerogatives which have been betrayed and neglected by the several States, he does not attribute those changes and the vast results which are to flow from them to any thought-out policy of any party or of any body of dreamers or schemers, but properly and rightly attributes them to that stupendous power—*Circumstance*—which moves by laws of its own, regardless of parties and policies, and whose decrees are final, and must be obeyed by all—and will be. The railway is a Circumstance, the steamship is a Circumstance, the telegraph is a Circumstance. They were mere happenings; and to the whole world, the wise and the foolish alike, they were entirely trivial, wholly inconsequential; indeed silly, comical, grotesque. No man, and no party, and no thought-out policy said, "Behold, we will build railways and steamships and telegraphs, and presently you will see the condition and way of life of every man and woman and child in the nation totally changed; unimaginable changes of law and custom will follow, in spite of anything that anybody can do to prevent it."

The changed conditions have come, and Circumstance knows what is following, and will follow. So does Mr. Root. His language is not unclear, it is crystal:

"Our whole life has swung away from the old State centres, and is crystallizing about national centres."

" . . . . The old barriers which kept the States as separate communities are completely lost from sight."

" . . . . That [State] power of regulation and control is gradually passing into the hands of the national government."

"Sometimes by an assertion of the inter-State commerce power, sometimes by an assertion of the taxing power, the national government is taking up the performance of duties which under the changed conditions the separate States are no longer capable of adequately performing."

"We are urging forward in a development of business and social life which tends more and more to the obliteration of State lines and the decrease of State power as compared with national power."

"It is useless for the advocates of State rights to inveigh against . . . the extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control where the States themselves fail in the performance of their duty."

He is not announcing a policy; he is not forecasting what a party of planners will bring about; he is merely telling what the people will require and compel. And he could have added—which would be perfectly true—that the people will not be moved to it by speculation and cogitation and planning, but by *Circumstance* —that power which arbitrarily compels all their actions, and over which they have not the slightest control.

"*The end is not yet.*"

It is a true word. We are on the march, but at present we are only just getting started.

If the States continue to fail to do their duty as required by the people—

". . . *constructions of the Constitution will be found* to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the national government."

I do not know whether that has a sinister meaning or not, and so I will not enlarge upon it lest I should chance to be in the wrong. It sounds like ship-money come again, but it may not be so intended.

Human nature being what it is, I suppose we must expect to drift into monarchy by and by. It is a saddening thought, but we cannot change our nature: we are all alike, we human beings; and in our blood and bone, and ineradicable, we carry the seeds out of which monarchies and aristocracies are grown: worship of gauds, titles, distinctions, power. We have to worship these things and their possessors, we are all born so, and we cannot help it. We have to be despised by somebody whom we regard as above us,

or we are not happy; we have to have somebody to worship and envy, or we cannot be content. In America we manifest this in all the ancient and customary ways. In public we scoff at titles and hereditary privilege, but privately we hanker after them, and when we get a chance we buy them for cash and a daughter. Sometimes we get a good man and worth the price, but we are ready to take him anyway, whether he be ripe or rotten, whether he be clean and decent, or merely a basket of noble and sacred and long-descended offal. And when we get him the whole nation publicly chaffs and scoffs—and privately envies; and also is proud of the honor which has been conferred upon us. We run over our list of titled purchases every now and then, in the newspapers, and discuss them and caress them, and are thankful and happy.

Like all the other nations, we worship money and the possessors of it—they being our aristocracy, and we have to have one. We like to read about rich people in the papers; the papers know it, and they do their best to keep this appetite liberally fed. They even leave out a football bull-fight now and then to get room for all the particulars of how—according to the display heading—"Rich Woman Fell Down Cellar—Not Hurt." The falling down the cellar is of no interest to us when the woman is not rich, but no rich woman can fall down cellar and we not yearn to know all about it and wish it was us.

In a monarchy the people willingly and rejoicingly revere and take pride in their nobilities, and are not humiliated by the reflection that this humble and hearty homage gets no return but contempt. Contempt does not shame them, they are used to it, and they recognize that it is their proper due. We are all made like that. In Europe we easily and quickly learn to take that attitude toward the sovereigns and the aristocracies; moreover, it has been observed that when we get the attitude we go on and exaggerate it, presently becoming more servile than the natives, and vainer of it. The next step is to rail and scoff at republics and democracies. All of which is natural, for we have not ceased to be human beings by becoming Americans, and the human race was always intended to be governed by kingship, not by popular vote.

I suppose we must expect that unavoidable and irresistible Circumstances will gradually take away the powers of the States and concentrate them in the central government, and that the republic will then repeat the history of all time and become a monarchy;

but I believe that if we obstruct these encroachments and steadily resist them the monarchy can be postponed for a good while yet.

[*Dictated December 1, 1906.*] An exciting event in our village (Hannibal) was the arrival of the mesmerizer. I think the year was 1850. As to that I am not sure, but I know the month—it was May; that detail has survived the wear of fifty-five years. A pair of connected little incidents of that month have served to keep the memory of it green for me all this time; incidents of no consequence, and not worth embalming, yet my memory has preserved them carefully and flung away things of real value to give them space and make them comfortable. The truth is, a person's memory has no more sense than his conscience, and no appreciation whatever of values and proportions. However, never mind those trifling incidents; my subject is the mesmerizer, now.

(1849-'51.)

He advertised his show, and promised marvels. Admission as usual: 25 cents, children and negroes half price. The village had heard of mesmerism, in a general way, but had not encountered it yet. Not many people attended, the first night, but next day they had so many wonders to tell that everybody's curiosity was fired, and after that for a fortnight the magician had prosperous times. I was fourteen or fifteen years old—the age at which a boy is willing to endure all things, suffer all things, short of death by fire, if thereby he may be conspicuous and show off before the public; and so, when I saw the "subjects" perform their foolish antics on the platform and make the people laugh and shout and admire, I had a burning desire to be a subject myself. Every night, for three nights, I sat in the row of candidates on the platform, and held the magic disk in the palm of my hand, and gazed at it and tried to get sleepy, but it was a failure; I remained wide awake, and had to retire defeated, like the majority. Also, I had to sit there and be gnawed with envy of Hicks, our journeyman; I had to sit there and see him scamper and jump when Simmons the enchanter exclaimed, "See the snake! see the snake!" and hear him say, "My, how beautiful!" in response to the suggestion that he was observing a splendid sunset; and so on—the whole insane business. I couldn't laugh, I couldn't applaud; it filled me with bitterness to have others do it, and to have people make a hero

of Hicks, and crowd around him when the show was over, and ask him for more and more particulars of the wonders he had seen in his visions, and manifest in many ways that they were proud to be acquainted with him. Hicks—the idea! I couldn't stand it; I was getting boiled to death in my own bile.

On the fourth night temptation came, and I was not strong enough to resist. When I had gazed at the disk awhile I pretended to be sleepy, and began to nod. Straightway came the professor and made passes over my head and down my body and legs and arms, finishing each pass with a snap of his fingers in the air, to discharge the surplus electricity; then he began to "draw" me with the disk, holding it in his fingers and telling me I could not take my eyes off it, try as I might; so I rose slowly, bent and gazing, and followed that disk all over the place, just as I had seen the others do. Then I was put through the other paces. Upon suggestion I fled from snakes; passed buckets at a fire; became excited over hot steamboat-races; made love to imaginary girls and kissed them; fished from the platform and landed mud-cats that outweighed me—and so on, all the customary marvels. But not in the customary way. I was cautious at first, and watchful, being afraid the professor would discover that I was an impostor and drive me from the platform in disgrace; but as soon as I realized that I was not in danger, I set myself the task of terminating Hicks's usefulness as a subject, and of usurping his place.

It was a sufficiently easy task. Hicks was born honest; I, without that incumbrance—so some people said. Hicks saw what he saw, and reported accordingly; I saw more than was visible, and added to it such details as could help. Hicks had no imagination, I had a double supply. He was born calm, I was born excited. No vision could start a rapture in him, and he was constipated as to language, anyway; but if I saw a vision I emptied the dictionary onto it and lost the remnant of my mind into the bargain.

At the end of my first half-hour Hicks was a thing of the past, a fallen hero, a broken idol, and I knew it and was glad, and said in my heart, Success to crime! Hicks could never have been mesmerized to the point where he could kiss an imaginary girl in public, or a real one either, but I was competent. Whatever Hicks had failed in, I made it a point to succeed in,

let the cost be what it might, physically or morally. He had shown several bad defects, and I had made a note of them. For instance, if the magician asked, "What do you see?" and left him to invent a vision for himself, Hicks was dumb and blind, he couldn't see a thing nor say a word, whereas the magician soon found that when it came to seeing visions of a stunning and marketable sort I could get along better without his help than with it. Then there was another thing: Hicks wasn't worth a tallow dip on mute mental suggestion. Whenever Simmons stood behind him and gazed at the back of his skull and tried to drive a mental suggestion into it, Hicks sat with vacant face, and never suspected. If he had been noticing, he could have seen by the rapt faces of the audience that something was going on behind his back that required a response. Inasmuch as I was an impostor I dreaded to have this test put upon me, for I knew the professor would be "willing" me to do something, and as I couldn't know what it was, I should be exposed and denounced. However, when my time came, I took my chance. I perceived by the tense and expectant faces of the people that Simmons was behind me willing me with all his might. I tried my best to imagine what he wanted, but nothing suggested itself. I felt ashamed and miserable, then. I believed that the hour of my disgrace was come, and that in another moment I should go out of that place disgraced. I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but my next thought was, not how I could win the compassion of kindly hearts by going out humbly and in sorrow for my misdoings, but how I could go out most sensationally and spectacularly.

There was a rusty and empty old revolver lying on the table, among the "properties" employed in the performances. On May-day, two or three weeks before, there had been a celebration by the schools, and I had had a quarrel with a big boy who was the school-bully, and I had not come out of it with credit. That boy was now seated in the middle of the house, half-way down the main aisle. I crept stealthily and impressively toward the table, with a dark and murderous scowl on my face, copied from a popular romance, seized the revolver suddenly, flourished it, shouted the bully's name, jumped off the platform, and made a rush for him and chased him out of the house before the paralyzed people could interfere to save him. There was a

storm of applause, and the magician, addressing the house, said, most impressively—

"That you may know how really remarkable this is, and how wonderfully developed a subject we have in this boy, I assure you that without a single spoken word to guide him he has carried out what I mentally commanded him to do, to the minutest detail. I could have stopped him at a moment in his vengeful career by a mere exertion of my will, therefore the poor fellow who has escaped was at no time in danger."

So I was not in disgrace. I returned to the platform a hero, and happier than I have ever been in this world since. As regards mental suggestion, my fears of it were gone. I judged that in case I failed to guess what the professor might be willing me to do, I could count on putting up something that would answer just as well. I was right, and exhibitions of unspoken suggestion became a favorite with the public. Whenever I perceived that I was being willed to do something I got up and did something—anything that occurred to me—and the magician, not being a fool, always ratified it. When people asked me, "How *can* you tell what he is willing you to do?" I said, "It's just as easy," and they always said, admiringly, "Well it beats *me* how you can do it."

Hicks was weak in another detail. When the professor made passes over him and said "his whole body is without sensation now—come forward and test him, ladies and gentlemen," the ladies and gentlemen always complied eagerly, and stuck pins into Hicks, and if they went deep Hicks was sure to wince, then that poor professor would have to explain that Hicks "wasn't sufficiently under the influence." But I didn't wince; I only suffered, and shed tears on the inside. The miseries that a conceited boy will endure to keep up his "reputation"! And so will a conceited man; I know it in my own person, and have seen it in a hundred thousand others. That professor ought to have protected me, and I often hoped he would, when the tests were unusually severe, but he didn't. It may be that he was deceived as well as the others, though I did not believe it nor think it possible. Those were dear good people, but they must have carried simplicity and credulity to the limit. They would stick a pin in my arm and bear on it until they drove it a third of its length in, and then be lost in wonder that by a mere exercise

of will-power the professor could turn my arm to iron and make it insensible to pain. Whereas it was not insensible at all; I was suffering agonies of pain.

After that fourth night, that proud night, that triumphant night, I was the only subject. Simmons invited no more candidates to the platform. I performed alone, every night, the rest of the fortnight. In the beginning of the second week I conquered the last doubters. Up to that time a dozen wise old heads, the intellectual aristocracy of the town, had held out, as implacable unbelievers. I was as hurt by this as if I were engaged in some honest occupation. There is nothing surprising about this. Human beings feel dishonor the most, sometimes, when they most deserve it. That handful of overwise old gentlemen kept on shaking their heads all the first week, and saying they had seen no marvels there that could not have been produced by collusion; and they were pretty vain of their unbelief, too, and liked to show it and air it, and be superior to the ignorant and the gullible. Particularly old Dr. Peake, who was the ringleader of the irreconcilables, and very formidable; for he was an F.F.V., he was learned, white-haired and venerable, nobly and richly clad in the fashions of an earlier and a courtlier day, he was large and stately, and he not only seemed wise, but was what he seemed, in that regard. He had great influence, and his opinion upon any matter was worth much more than that of any other person in the community. When I conquered him, at last, I knew I was undisputed master of the field; and now, after more than fifty years, I acknowledge, with a few dry old tears, that I rejoiced without shame.

[*Dictated December 2, 1906.*] In 1847 we were living in a large white house on the corner of Hill and Main Streets—a house that still stands, but isn't large now, although it hasn't lost a plank; I saw it a year ago and noticed that shrinkage. My father died in it in March of the year mentioned, but our family did not move out of it until some months afterward. Ours was not the only family in the house, there was another—Dr. Grant's. One day Dr. Grant and Dr. Reyburn argued a matter on the street with sword-canes, and Grant was brought home multifariously punctured. Old Dr. Peake calked the leaks, and came every day for a while, to look after him.

(1847.)

The Grants were Virginians, like Peake, and one day when Grant was getting well enough to be on his feet and sit around in the parlor and talk, the conversation fell upon Virginia and old times. I was present, but the group were probably quite unconscious of me, I being only a lad and a negligible quantity. Two of the group—Dr. Peake and Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Grant's mother—had been of the audience when the Richmond theatre burned down, thirty-six years before, and they talked over the frightful details of that memorable tragedy. These were eye-witnesses, and with their eyes I saw it all with an intolerable vividness: I saw the black smoke rolling and tumbling toward the sky, I saw the flames burst through it and turn red, I heard the shrieks of the despairing, I glimpsed their faces at the windows, caught fitfully through the veiling smoke, I saw them jump to their death, or to mutilation worse than death. The picture is before me yet, and can never fade.

In due course they talked of the colonial mansion of the Peakes, with its stately columns and its spacious grounds, and by odds and ends I picked up a clearly defined idea of the place. I was strongly interested, for I had not before heard of such palatial things from the lips of people who had seen them with their own eyes. One detail, casually dropped, hit my imagination hard. In the wall, by the great front door, there was a round hole as big as a saucer—a British cannon-ball had made it, in the war of the Revolution. It was breath-taking; it made history real; history had never been real to me before.

Very well, three or four years later, as already mentioned, I was king-bee and sole "subject" in the mesmeric show; it was the beginning of the second week; the performance was half over; just then the majestic Dr. Peake, with his ruffled bosom and wristbands and his gold-headed cane, entered, and a deferential citizen vacated his seat beside the Grants and made the great chief take it. This happened while I was trying to invent something fresh in the way of a vision, in response to the professor's remark—

"Concentrate your powers. Look—look attentively. There—don't you see something? Concentrate—concentrate. Now then—describe it."

Without suspecting it, Dr. Peake, by entering the place, had reminded me of the talk of three years before. He had also

furnished me capital and was become my confederate, an accomplice in my frauds. I began on a vision, a vague and dim one (that was part of the game at the beginning of a vision; it isn't best to see it too clearly at first, it might look as if you had come loaded with it). The vision developed, by degrees, and gathered swing, momentum, energy. It was the Richmond fire. Dr. Peake was cold, at first, and his fine face had a trace of polite scorn in it; but when he began to recognize that fire, that expression changed, and his eyes began to light up. As soon as I saw that, I threw the valves wide open and turned on all the steam, and gave those people a supper of fire and horrors that was calculated to last them one while! They couldn't gasp, when I got through—they were petrified. Dr. Peake had risen, and was standing,—and breathing hard. He said, in a great voice—

"My doubts are ended. No collusion could produce that miracle. It was totally impossible for him to know those details, yet he has described them with the clarity of an eye-witness—and with what unassailable truthfulness God knows I know!"

I saved the colonial mansion for the last night, and solidified and perpetuated Dr. Peake's conversion with the cannon-ball hole. He explained to the house that I could never have heard of that small detail, which differentiated this mansion from all other Virginian mansions and perfectly identified it, therefore the fact stood proven that I had *seen* it in my vision. Lawks!

It is curious. When the magician's engagement closed there was but one person in the village who did not believe in mesmerism, and I was the one. All the others were converted, but I was to remain an implacable and unpersuadable disbeliever in mesmerism and hypnotism for close upon fifty years. This was because I never would examine them, in after life. I couldn't. The subject revolted me. Perhaps because it brought back to me a passage in my life which for pride's sake I wished to forget; though I thought—or persuaded myself I thought—I should never come across a "proof" which wasn't thin and cheap, and probably had a fraud like me behind it.

The truth is, I did not have to wait long to get tired of my triumphs. Not thirty days, I think. The glory which is built upon a lie soon becomes a most unpleasant incumbrance. No

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doubt for a while I enjoyed having my exploits told and retold and told again in my presence and wondered over and exclaimed about, but I quite distinctly remember that there presently came a time when the subject was wearisome and odious to me and I could not endure the disgusting discomfort of it. I am well aware that the world-glorified doer of a deed of great and real splendor has just my experience; I know that he deliciously enjoys hearing about it for three or four weeks, and that pretty soon after that he begins to dread the mention of it, and by and by wishes he had been with the damned before he ever thought of doing that deed; I remember how General Sherman used to rage and swear over "When we were Marching through Georgia," which was played at him and sung at him everywhere he went; still, I think I suffered a shade more than the legitimate hero does, he being privileged to soften his misery with the reflection that his glory was at any rate golden and reproachless in its origin, whereas I had no such privilege, there being no possible way to make mine respectable.

How easy it is to make people believe a lie, and how hard it is to undo that work again! Thirty-five years after those evil exploits of mine I visited my old mother, whom I had not seen for ten years; and being moved by what seemed to me a rather noble and perhaps heroic impulse, I thought I would humble myelf and confess my ancient fault. It cost me a great effort to make up my mind; I dreaded the sorrow that would rise in her face, and the shame that would look out of her eyes; but after long and troubled reflection, the sacrifice seemed due and right, and I gathered my resolution together and made the confession.

To my astonishment there were no sentimentalities, no dramatics, no George Washington effects; she was not moved in the least degree; she simply did not believe me, and said so! I was not merely disappointed, I was nettled, to have my costly truthfulness flung out of the market in this placid and confident way when I was expecting to get a profit out of it. I asserted, and reasserted, with rising heat, my statement that every single thing I had done on those long-vanished nights was a lie and a swindle; and when she shook her head tranquilly and said she knew better, I put up my hand and *swore* to it—adding a triumphant "*Now* what do you say?"

It did not affect her at all; it did not budge her the fraction

of an inch from her position. If this was hard for me to endure, it did not begin with the blister she put upon the raw when she began to put my sworn oath out of court with *arguments* to prove that I was under a delusion and did not know what I was talking about. Arguments! Arguments to show that a person on a man's outside can know better what is on his inside than he does himself! I had cherished some contempt for arguments before, I have not enlarged my respect for them since. She refused to believe that I had invented my visions myself; she said it was folly: that I was only a child at the time and could not have done it. She cited the Richmond fire and the colonial mansion and said they were quite beyond my capacities. Then I saw my chance! I said she was right—I didn't invent those, I got them from Dr. Peake. Even this great shot did no damage. She said Dr. Peake's evidence was better than mine, and he had said in plain words that it was impossible for me to have heard about those things. Dear, dear, what a grotesque and unthinkable situation: a confessed swindler convicted of honesty and condemned to acquittal by circumstantial evidence furnished by the swindled!

I realized, with shame and with impotent vexation, that I was defeated all along the line. I had but one card left, but it was a formidable one. I played it—and stood from under. It seemed ignoble to demolish her fortress, after she had defended it so valiantly; but the defeated know not mercy. I played that master card. It was the pin-sticking. I said, solemnly—

"I give you my honor, a pin was never stuck into me without causing me cruel pain."

She only said—

"It is thirty-five years. I believe you do think that, *now,* but I was there, and I know better. You never winced."

She was so calm! and I was so far from it, so nearly frantic.

"Oh, my goodness!" I said, "let me *show* you that I am speaking the truth. Here is my arm; drive a pin into it—drive it to the head—I shall not wince."

She only shook her gray head and said, with simplicity and conviction—

"You are a man, now, and could dissemble the hurt; but you were only a child then, and could not have done it."

And so the lie which I played upon her in my youth remained with her as an unchallengeable truth to the day of her death. Carlyle said "a lie cannot live." It shows that he did not know how to tell them. If I had taken out a life policy on this one the premiums would have bankrupted me ages ago.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

WHAT IS ESPERANTO?

BY DR. L. L. ZAMENHOF.

"WARSAW, *November 28th, 1906.*

"*To the Editor of The North American Review:*

"With pleasure I received your valued letter of October 30th, and, in accordance with your request, I send you herewith an article on Esperanto.

"In the name of all Esperantists, permit me to convey to you heartfelt thanks for your resolution to make a systematic campaign on behalf of our cause in your famous REVIEW. If you succeed in creating widespread adherence to our cause in America, future generations will be grateful to your REVIEW, for already no one doubts that a neutral international language is one of the greatest needs of mankind.

Very respectfully,

L. L. ZAMENHOF."

THE editors of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW have asked me to tell their readers something about Esperanto. I do so with pleasure, especially since I foresee that among the many readers of the REVIEW there must surely be a great number of persons who will gladly join our movement and work for it with energy, because of its vast significance for all mankind.

Until now our cause has been but little known in America. Although it has become known and has made friends in nearly every city in Europe, it has until quite recently remained almost a stranger in America. Only of late a certain movement in favor of Esperanto has begun in the United States. But I am absolutely certain that once begun there that movement will spread with the greatest rapidity. Knowing as I do the progressive character of the Americans and the great energy with which they are accustomed to work for a cause, if only they have found it good, I feel certain that, though somewhat tardy in embracing Esperanto, they will soon come up with Europe. I firmly believe that before long America will be the centre of Esperanto,

because for no region in the world does Esperanto mean so much as for the countries of America. The reader will see that readily as soon as he realizes what Esperanto is.

Esperanto is a neutral language, extraordinarily easy to learn, the property of no particular nation, but belonging with equal right to the whole world. Esperanto has two aims: a practical aim, and an ideal. We shall consider both of these aims separately.

The purely practical aim of Esperanto is to make people who speak different languages understand one another. Every one knows that when people of different nationalities come together they stand before each other as though they were deaf-mutes. Both are human beings, both made in the same image; both have the same organs, the same intelligence, habits and desires; and yet neither can understand the other, and they stand there, strangers, as though they belonged to different species. Each of them possesses an admirably developed brain, by means of which he can perceive and experience everything under the sun; each has a language by which he can express everything in the world. And yet these two proud lords of creation, half-gods, who entertain a hope of communicating with the inhabitants of other planets, stand there helpless, unable to exchange the simplest ideas. What a pathetic and ridiculous position for intelligent men of the twentieth century!

In olden times man lived chiefly among people of his own race and country. All other countries were quite foreign to him, and in those days it was no great privation. But to-day, when the railways and telegraph unite the whole world, when almost every one is compelled, for purposes commercial, scientific or otherwise, to cultivate understanding with other nationalities, our deaf-mute state becomes ever more and more painfully felt.

The rich, who have much time as well as money, may learn some foreign languages; to the majority, however, that is denied. But even those few children of fortune who have the means of learning foreign tongues can, after all, acquire but a very few. The rest of the world is even to these a sealed book. How much time does not the educated man waste in the acquisition of a few foreign languages, and to how much better purpose could not that time be employed in acquiring positive knowledge, if only there were some one international language that

a man could learn aside from his native idiom! On every hand, nowadays, we have international congresses for the discussion of questions scientific, social and so on. But how pathetic is the condition of those participators in the congresses who do not understand one another!

For a long time the world has felt the great need for some universal tongue by means of which all nations could easily understand one another. Many theorizing attempts have been made in this direction during the past two centuries, but only recently has anything like a practical solution of the problem appeared.

What manner of language can become universal? Perhaps one of the national tongues? But although some nations (especially the French and the English) keenly desire that their respective languages become universal, no one now doubts that the thing is absolutely impossible. For that nation whose language is accepted as international would very soon be ruler over all others, and in time would engulf them all. And that, clearly, is a state of affairs which, particularly at the present time, when even the smallest nations are developing self-esteem, the other countries would not dream of permitting. The days when countries swallowed each other up have passed, apparently never to return, and the chauvinistic hope of French or English speaking nations to force their respective tongues upon all the world is already not only egotistical and unjust, but also quite impossible of fulfilment.

Shall some dead language, such as Latin, ancient Greek or Hebrew, be adopted? But those languages are so fearsomely difficult, and are, moreover, so little calculated for the needs of modern life, that serious investigators have long since abandoned this idea. But even though the whole world agreed to adopt some dead language, and even though all the Powers on earth exerted themselves to carry out this resolve, it would still remain but an academic resolve, never to be realized in practice. For we all know that throughout the civilized world students in schools and in colleges study Latin for many years, and yet can any of them speak Latin? They cannot express even the simplest phrases in that language. Compare a person who has studied the artificial language Esperanto for ten weeks with a person who has studied Latin for ten years, and you will find that while the

one can express everything well and fluently, the other cannot express even the simplest ideas!

There remains, then, but one solution of the problem: For international use some artificial language must be chosen that by its complete neutrality will offend no nation, and that by virtue of its extraordinary ease, its great flexibility and richness, is easily learned and exceedingly useful to persons of all lands and conditions.

Is such a language possible? You have undoubtedly heard that an artificial language is impossible. Time was when every one was of this opinion, and during the first few years Esperantists encountered nothing but ridicule. But now that it has made gigantic strides, and the most important men in every country have declared themselves friends of the Esperanto language, folk are somewhat more chary of ridicule. But even now many keep repeating that an artificial language is a Utopian dream; that a language is an organic entity, and cannot be constructed in the study; that an artificial language is an absurdity, etc., etc.

It is not my purpose to engage in academic combat with these "profoundly scientific" and "very reasonable" opinions of people who discuss with Jove-like mien matters they know nothing about. If men decline to inform themselves upon themes which they discuss (and their class is very numerous), then it is futile to combat their opinions. To these I shall say nothing. But to those who listen with respect and credulity to these quasi-scientific authorities and then quote them, I shall say this: Instead of blindly repeating divers meaningless phrases, investigate for yourselves. Go to one of the Universal Congresses (which occur annually) and there you will see and hear and be convinced. There you will see assembled thousands of persons of the most widely divergent nationalities, from all quarters of the globe, conversing with one another admirably, understanding each other excellently. Ask those people how much time they devoted to Esperanto. What you see and hear there will be your best possible answer.

Already Esperanto has a fairly large literature. More than thirty different journals are published in that language; many thousands of persons all over the world correspond and converse by means of it. In almost every city of Europe, as well as in other parts of the world, Esperanto clubs have been established.

So that, instead of listening to absurdities touching the impossibility and futility of an artificial language, take up some Esperanto text-book and judge for yourself.

Not only is Esperanto a neutral language, but it is also musical, flexible, rich and wonderfully easy. In a few weeks, at the most, every one is able to master it completely and to speak it fluently. But I recommend that you take up the first Esperanto text-book that comes to your hand; then all will be made clear to you. I shall only quote a small fragment of Esperanto text so that the reader may see how it appears:*

"Al Vi, ho potenca senkorpa Mistero,
Fortego, la mondon reganta,
Al Vi, granda fonto de l'amo kaj vero
Kaj fonto de l' vivo konstanta,
Al Vi, kiun ĉiu malsame prezentas,
Sed ĉiu egale en koro Vin sentas,—
Al Vi, kiu kreas, al Vi, kiu reĝas,
Ni preĝas."

I have now discussed the practical side of Esperanto. But aside from that, Esperanto has a far more significant aspect—the ideal. And before I discuss this point I wish to state that while most people will doubtless employ Esperanto because of its practical utility, the aim for which Esperanto was created is the ideal one, namely, to unite humanity more closely. *Esperanto is not a patented commercial enterprise; it belongs to no one nation, to no business association.* The Third Article of the official "Declaration" accepted by the first Esperanto Congress, bearing upon the nature of Esperanto, reads as follows:

"Since the author has from the very outset renounced all private rights and privileges to this language, therefore Esperanto is no one's property, either morally or materially. The material possessor of this language is the entire world, and every one has the right to publish all manner of works in and about this language, and to employ it for any and all purposes. As spiritual lords of this language will be deemed those persons who will be recognized by the Esperantist world as the best and most talented writers in this tongue."

The brotherhood of mankind is the object for which Esperanto was created, and the reason why Esperantists always so obsti-

*The accent is invariably on the second last syllable; "ŝ" is pronounced like "ts," and "ĝ" like the English "j."

nately and self-sacrificingly fight for their language, despite the attacks and the ridicule they suffered during the early years.

It is well known that the greater part of the mutual hatred of mankind is engendered by the fact that they do not understand one another. If some one speaks to me in my own language I feel that he is spiritually akin to me, even though he may dwell in a far country; but if he speaks another tongue, he is a stranger to me, even though he dwell in the same town with me. We cannot now foresee whether or not the time will come when all mankind will speak one language and constitute one family. But it is surely self-evident that when all men speak, besides their native tongue, the same international language and therefore understand one another easily, share a common literature and work out common ideals—there can be no doubt that then international friendship and peace will be far more assured than by the very best of treaties. All the world's wars are waged not against territories (for no one wishes to destroy or to carry away any particular piece of ground), but only because on this or that bit of soil some one nation wishes to force its language, manners and customs upon another. But as soon as an international language has sufficiently spread throughout the world, then, sooner or later, the time must come when man will see the full abomination of forcing his language and manners upon other people. Then every one will speak his native tongue only with his friends and nationality (for Esperanto has not the slightest intention of crowding out existing national languages); but in communicating with foreign lands and people he will use the neutral language. Then the horrible strife which we see among the different nationalities, as in Russia, Austria, etc., will soon disappear.

But upon this point, which demands long explanation, I cannot speak in the present essay. I would, however, say this: The civilized lands of Europe (particularly those noble humanistic countries, France and England) may always continue to earn praise as unselfish pioneers on behalf of the idea of a larger humanity. But I am, nevertheless, convinced that the actual golden light of Justice and Brotherhood among the nations will come not out of chauvinistic Europe, where almost every spot of land bears the name of some tribe; where, naturally, each of those sections are regarded as the exclusive property of its par-

ticular tribe, and those not of that tribe born within that territory are regarded as strangers. No, that light must come out of great, free, democratic America, where all countries bear neutral geographic names, and with equal right are the property of all their honest citizens, irrespective of birth, religion or the particular idiom they employ in their home life. But absolute equality—which has become a kind of Americanized goddess—and voluntary federation of all countries on the American Continent —the hope of many of the best men in the Western Hemisphere —will be completely attainable only when a neutral language will come into use for general communication. This will give the various nationalities the power to live without forcing each other out, and will enable them to follow the first principle of all future civilized powers, namely, that "Every citizen has the right to worship according to his conscience, and to use what language pleases him best."

My readers, I trust, are not afraid that Esperanto will ever demand of them to forswear their mother-tongue and to supplant it with an artificial language. Nor need they fear that Esperanto will crowd out from public life the official language of the country (as, for instance, English in the United States), which all citizens voluntarily and gladly employ. Esperanto hopes to become merely the uniting international language in those regions where various tongues are struggling for supremacy, or where one nationality is trying to force its language upon another. Esperanto will never disturb the inner life of nations, it will never aim to force itself upon those who do not need it, for Esperanto is, and will always remain, the language of freedom, neutrality and international justice.

Oh, Americans, this language, whose ideal is the future union of mankind, we hand on to you in the name of freedom, peace and justice, for which the forefathers of most of you suffered so much.

DR. L. L. ZAMENHOF.

GERMAN DESIGNS ON HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

BY YVES GUYOT.

I.

When I read in the summary of the November 16th issue of The North American Review the title of an article by Karl Blind on "A French War-Cry Against Germany," I was very far from imagining that it concerned me. I was, therefore, much surprised to learn that the writer had devoted it to the criticism of a "strange article from the pen of my friend Yves Guyot," and that the venerable Dr. Karl Blind considered the article in question to be "calculated to injure both the French Republic and the liberal and democratic cause in England."

Dr. Karl Blind next speaks of his "hearty interest in the French Republican cause." I am very grateful for this interest, but he neglects to enlighten the readers of the Review on the nature of my article. My first care must be to repair this defect in his method of treating the question.

My article appeared in the "Nineteenth Century and After" last September, following up an article which had been published in the same magazine in July, written by Mr. Ellis Barker, who has just brought out a clever book on "The Rise and Decline of the Netherlands." My article sets forth an incontestable historical thesis: the political life of each nation depends on its geographical situation. When a nation desires to follow any policy other than that which is indicated by its geographical situation, it jeopardizes its security and courts ruin. In his book on "The Prussian Monarchy," which appeared in 1782, Mirabeau derided Peter the Great for his desire to endow Russia with a fleet; more than a century later events have proved the truth of his reflections.

Germany also has an unfortunate configuration as regards the

sea. True, she possesses an expanse of seashore covering 900 kilometres along the Baltic Sea, with three military ports—Koenigsberg, Dantzig and Kiel; but the Baltic is really a lake, often blocked by ice, and so inclosed that in order to insure communication between her great arsenal and the North Sea it has been necessary for Germany to construct the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, which is 63 miles long and 30 feet deep. This canal, however, is so difficult of navigation for ironclads that before there could be any thought of using it for ships of the "Dreadnaught" type, alterations, estimated by the Director von Jonquières at 200 millions of marks, would have to be made in it.

On the North Sea, from Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, to Emden, the coast, which is formed of low plains protected by banks, has—as the crow flies—a length of only about eighty miles. The two ports of Hamburg and Bremen are so situated that, in 1828, Bremen was obliged to complete its shipping facilities by building the harbor of Bremerhaven, and the large Hamburg boats only take their full loads at Cuxhaven. A heavy wind suffices to cause the waters of the Elbe below Hamburg to decrease one metre or more in depth. There is only one war port on that coast, Wilhemshaven, to which access is kept free only by constant dredging.

Certainly, the ports of Hamburg and Bremen have grown greatly since they were annexed to the Empire in 1889.

But the industrial movement in Germany tends more and more to the west, to Westphalia and the Rhenish province. The Rhine supplies a population of 16,000,000 inhabitants—that is, 28 per cent. of the population of the Empire. It runs through a region which contains 2,500,000 workmen—say, 27 per cent. of the entire working population of Germany. This region yields 50 per cent. of Germany's total production of coal, 50 per cent. of its chemical products, 50 per cent. of its beer, 83 per cent. of its iron and 90 per cent. of its wine.

The Rhine is a magnificent river. From Carlsruhe to the mouth of the Main—a stretch of 387 miles—the difference in levels only amounts to 340 feet. In no part of the river is the width inferior to 218 yards; its depth from the sea to Cologne is ten feet, from Cologne to Mannheim, seven to eight feet.

But the mouth of this splendid river is in Holland; it flows into the sea at Rotterdam under the name of Maas. There, in the

middle of the river, large seagoing ships, lashed to "Ducs d'Albe," are surrounded by barges, which they load, and which are destined for the Rhine, with direct cargoes for Ruhrort, Cologne and Mannheim. In the mouths of the Scheldt, between Antwerp and the Rhine, can be everywhere found large pinnaces coming from the Rhine or going thither. Along the river one sees tugs drawing regular tows composed of boats, each representing from 500 to 600 tons, and aggregating a total figure of 4,500 tons. The freight between Ruhrort and Rotterdam is barely one centime per ton.

The twenty-two million marks voted in 1879 for the purpose of increasing the facilities for navigation on the Rhine were all spent in 1898; they certainly rendered good service to the populations living along the river; but they have largely contributed to the development of Rotterdam and of Antwerp.

The following is a comparative statement (in tons of 1,000 kilogs.) of the Rhenish navigation of Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Belgium from 1900 to 1904:

	Amsterdam.	Rotterdam.	Belgium.
1900	446,800	7,845,500	2,605,600
1901	435,800	7,735,300	2,757,300
1902	451,900	8,197,900	3,238,800
1903	436,700	10,328,300	3,786,500
1904	428,800	10,684,200	4,104,300

This increase in business has attracted a large German population to Antwerp and Rotterdam.

Such is the result of the geographical situation which makes of those two towns the two chief ports of the Rhine.

II.

There is so little political premeditation in this infiltration of a German population into Belgium and Holland that the Emperor William has done everything in his power to divert a part of the traffic from the Rhine, and to direct it towards a German port, by the construction of the canal from Dortmund to Ems and the improvements made in the port of Emden. But neither of these efforts has given the desired result.

The canal was inaugurated on August 11th, 1899. It was expected that the first year would see a traffic of about 1,500,000 tons. The figure reached was not even 700,000 tons, in spite of a reduction in the toll rates. The canal had been conceived as "the

national outlet" of the Rhenish country; and, by a strange irony, while the Westphalian coal continued to follow the river route, 4,420 tons of English coal were transported by the canal. The port of Emden, which cost 22,000,000 marks, has an anchorage exceeding 35 feet, provided with all modern appliances and tools. But "the dredging-plant takes up more space there than the boats." Nevertheless, the Emperor has converted it into an obligatory station for certain trades which have nothing whatever to do there. In spite of all efforts, however, it has been impossible to obtain a tonnage exceeding 500,000 tons.

Purposely, Dortmund had not been connected with the Rhine so as to force merchandise and coal from that district to take the canal route. This precaution has proved useless; and it has finally been decided to include in the projects which have just been voted this year a canal from Dortmund to the Rhine, which shall cost twelve millions; but merchandise and coal will still be sent by the rapid, cheap and easy transit of the Rhine, instead of by a canal comprising twenty-seven locks and leading up to a town which is not a commercial centre. Universal experience goes to prove that commercial centres cannot be improvised.

The Emperor's future efforts to divert trade from Rotterdam and Antwerp towards Emden are, therefore, doomed to the same failure as befell the attempt to accomplish a like purpose through a reduction in tariffs, granted by a circular published on October 30th, 1884, which had for its object the protection of German ports against foreign ports. It was tried with the seagoing ships going up as far as Cologne; but in 1904 this item of navigation represented only 326,000 metric tons.

The greatest river in Germany, which represents more than a third of the tonnage of the internal navigation of Germany, which supplies her most industrial districts, has for ports two foreign towns. That is the fact which the Emperor of Germany finds unbearable, and many of his subjects agree with him. In order that the Rhine may have German towns as outlets, there is but one solution: the annexation of Holland, crowned by that of Antwerp.

III.

That solution, which springs from the very nature of things, was I the one to invent it? On the contrary, Professor Treitschke declared in his book "*Politik*": "It is an imperative duty for

German politics to regain the mouth of the Rhine. The inclusion of Holland in the German Customs Union is as necessary as is daily bread." In July and August, 1901, after the opening of the Dortmund-Ems Canal, a series of articles appeared in the weekly semiofficial paper, "*Die Greuzboten.*" These articles were entitled "Holland and Germany," and they were attributed to the inspiration of Prince von Bülow. Their burden was this: "Holland is economically dependent upon Germany, and Holland's economic incorporation with Germany, in some form or other, is for Holland an unavoidable necessity. Politically, Holland is threatened by other nations. Her guaranteed neutrality is no more than a shred of paper. . . . Incorporation with Germany is her only salvation. Holland will do well to stand by us in friendship, not so much for our sake as for her own existence." The Germans tried then to make capital out of the South-African war by calling it "the fifth Anglo-Dutch war."

In Germany, Messrs. Stubmann, von Hale and Anton published several pamphlets to insist on the annexation of Holland to the Zollverein. In Holland, two papers, the "*Haagsche Courant*" and the "*Avondpost,*" supported the idea, as also that of a postal union.

If Dr. Blind is not aware of these facts, that proves that he has not carefully followed the policy of his native country from England, where he has lived since his exile in 1852; and yet the Pan-German League, born on the morrow of the accession of Wilhelm II, and filled with high functionaries, dignitaries, professors, has made noise enough for some echoes to have been heard all over the world.

What can be the meaning of the repeated assertions of Wilhelm II that "the future of Germany is on the seas"? What means his passion for colonial enterprise? It is easy to discover the secret of this policy; it is the absorption of Holland, which would give to Germany a long stretch of free coast, would furnish an arsenal for her fleet in case of war, and would insure her possession of the Dutch Indies, with their extensive area, their population of 38,000,000 inhabitants, their rich products in coffee, sugar, spices, tobacco and so forth.

Political prevision is not a war-cry; it is, on the contrary, the best means of preventing war, for it may cause those who would not hesitate to put their designs into execution should they find no

resistance, to abandon such designs when they realize what is thought of them. The attention of Belgium and Holland is now drawn to the true situation. The official Belgian world, we must admit, has been greatly Germanicized for many years past. The King of the Belgians, owing to the Congo affairs, seeks support from the German Emperor; but the enthusiasm for things German is cooling down with the people. During the last two years certain writers have brought forward a plan of alliance between Belgium and Holland, and these writers—among them Mr. Eugene Baie, who wrote in the "*Petit Bleu*" of Brussels—have been well received in Holland.

It may be asked whether, from the point of view of International Law, a nation whose neutrality is guaranteed by the Powers can enter into treaty with another nation? Arendt, Ernst Nys, Descamps, Westlake reply in the affirmative. It cannot be a question of going back on the deeds accomplished in 1830; but Belgium and Holland can form a more intimate association, and grant support, one to the other, in such or such an event.

The event would be a war, and every nation that cares for her own preservation must recognize such a possibility, for its realization does not depend on her alone, it may depend on another nation or several other nations. There is for her only one means of restraining warlike ambitions; it is to be strong, and to follow a policy whose firmness cannot be questioned.

There are two great nations which cannot allow Germany to absorb Holland and Belgium: these are England and France—England, for the very reasons which made her take up the sword against Napoleon; France, because such an extension of the German Empire would reduce her to the rank of a third-class Power. No European nation could join in such a rupture of the present equilibrium, however unstable that equilibrium may be. The *entente cordiale* between France and England has for its political reason resistance to these very views and ambitions of Emperor Wilhelm. The agreement of these two nations is the guarantee of peace. The necessity of guarding the independence of Holland and of Belgium is the common interest which unites France and England, and which must gather round them all the civilized nations.

That is what I said, and in saying it, far from giving vent to a war-cry, I thought I was indicating a peril to be avoided and the conditions according to which it might be overcome.

Dr. Karl Blind reproaches me with not having practised the policy of the ostrich, which, with head under its wing, does not trouble itself about dangers it does not see, and he spends himself in recriminations on the past politics of France. We have nothing to do with that; we are speaking of the present. If he has no confidence in the "home policy of William II," I would ask him to allow me to feel no greater confidence in his foreign policy. Let him remember the Kaiser's discourse at Bremen on March 22nd, 1905, just before his departure for Tangier. It is not immediately after the Kaiser's menaces to France, his muddled attitude towards the conference of Algeciras, his counsel and his support of the Emperor of Morocco, his pretensions in seeking to subordinate the foreign policy of France to his own convenience, and even to tolerate at the Foreign Ministry at the Quai d'Orsay only ministers who should be agreeable to him—it is not in face of all these facts, I say, that Karl Blind can be justified in representing the Emperor William as an apostle of peace, and those who feel some distrust concerning his intentions as seekers of war.

Karl Blind has proved his friendship for me as the Emperor William proves his love for peace. He made, not only against me, but against France, in the past, the present and the future, an arraignment which proves that, if he was formerly exiled from Germany, he retains for his country a love which, like all true love, has a bandage over its eyes. But he has not shown that I was wrong in saying that the Emperor sees with sorrow that the two great ports on the Rhine are in Holland and in Belgium, that there are constant manifestations—dating back several years—in favor of the annexation of Holland and, at the very least, of Antwerp; that England and France must look such an event in the face, for they could not permit it. It would make the Emperor William Dictator over Europe.

YVES GUYOT.

WHAT JAPANESE EXCLUSION WOULD MEAN.

BY OSBORNE HOWES, HONORARY JAPANESE CONSUL IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

NOT long before the year 1877, the agitation began in San Francisco which resulted in the enactment by Congress in 1882 of substantially the laws that are now in force restrictive of Chinese immigration. Thirty years ago, it did not seem to be in the least probable, to the greater part of those Americans living east of the Rocky Mountains, that Chinese exclusion would soon form a distinctive feature of our national policy. Only a few years before (in 1868), we had given to the Burlingame-Chinese Embassy an effusive welcome, and had taken to ourselves, with perhaps characteristic light-heartedness—in contradistinction to the reticence shown by European nations—the rôle of friend and promoter of the Chinese in their wish to have their country received and treated as a member of the great sisterhood of modern nations. It was also known that Chinese labor, in the absence of an adequate supply of white labor, was greatly needed to bring about the expeditious industrial development of the Pacific Slope, and it was supposed that the self-interest of the farmers and of practically all classes of business men in California, Oregon and Nevada, would be more than sufficient to neutralize the influence on party policy which Dennis Kearney and his fellow "sand-lot" orators had begun to exert. Yet, in five years from the time the movement was definitely started, a law was enacted by Congress which, in effect, embodied in their entirety the demands of the anti-Chinese agitators of San Francisco. As history frequently repeats itself, one may be warranted in discovering, in the anti-Japanese agitation recently begun in San Francisco, more serious grounds for apprehension than

would be found if the question at issue went no further than whether Japanese children, residing in that city, should go to a public school attended only by Orientals, or should be permitted to receive instruction in the public schools of the municipal districts in which they live.

That hostility to the Japanese is something more on the Pacific Slope than a school question is made evident by the resolutions which were presented to, and adopted by, the State Conventions of the various political organizations held this fall in California, demanding of Congress an extension of the Chinese anti-immigration laws in order that these might also cover immigrants coming from Japan, and by the statements and interviews that have been telegraphed from San Francisco since Secretary Metcalf went thither on his mission of conciliation. In spite of the admitted demand that exists for the kind of personal services which the Japanese can supply, there appears to be in California a popular feeling of antagonism to them, not essentially different from that which, a generation ago, formed the basis of the successful Chinese exclusion agitation. For this reason, it may be of advantage to consider the points of resemblance and of difference between the two movements.

The success which attended the effort to exclude Chinese immigrants made it evident that the benefit to be obtained from having near at hand a large supply of labor to perform needed work is not, on the Pacific Slope, a consideration which can be counted upon to offset a popular agitation, notably when the latter is supported by those who represent organized labor. It is of distinct national benefit that this should be the case if the movement thus supported rests on sound principles; for it would be of obvious disadvantage to have our government policy controlled by interests which were, while industrial, entirely material in their character. But this experience proves that the acknowledged demand on the Pacific Slope for the class of labor which the Japanese can best supply will not prevent a seemingly general demand for the exclusion. Then, too, this Japanese exclusion agitation has the potency derived from united political action. All of the various parties have requested it, in precisely the same way that they demanded Chinese exclusion. The national effect of such action is to intimate plainly that the electoral vote of California in a Presidential election will be given to the candi-

date of that party which pledges itself in its national platform to favor this wished-for legislation. In a doubtful election, the electoral votes of California, with the probable addition of those of Oregon, Nevada and Washington, and perhaps also those of Idaho, Montana and Utah, these forming an aggregate of 31 out of the 476 votes cast, would constitute influences which might have serious weight with those who were shaping, at a national political convention, the future policy of a party. It was tactical considerations such as these that were instrumental in bringing about the passage of the Chinese exclusion act, for at the time there was but little positive anti-Chinese sentiment in the Central, Southern and Eastern sections of our country.

There is, to the extent stated, a close similarity between the two exclusion agitations, with the further superficial resemblances that the Japanese as well as the Chinese are Asiatics, have with the latter the alleged Mongolian characteristics of color of skin and shape of eyes, are what are popularly known as "pagans," come from a country having a redundant and growing population and have shown a willingness to work hard at relatively low rates of wages. But at this point the similarity of conditions ceases, and differences make themselves manifest which must materially qualify the progress of the present movement, as well as the results attained by it.

It is needless to point out to intelligent Americans that the Chinese and Japanese are widely different in their respective national developments; that, while the former, outside of their immediate sphere of influence, have been unaggressive and peace-loving, and inside of that sphere have been unprogressive and curiously wanting in national sympathy and sentiment, the latter have been, when the need called for it, warlike and aggressive, and have shown a progressiveness and a spirit of patriotism almost, if not wholly, without parallel. There were protests made in China against certain phases of our Chinese exclusion legislation, but our diplomatic and commercial relations with that country remained essentially undisturbed, until our immigration authorities violated the conditions both of our treaty with China and of the exclusion law, in their treatment of incoming Chinese merchants.

With the Japanese Government, even the implication conveyed in the San Francisco school incident, that the subjects of the

Emperor of Japan were not considered in a part of the United States to be the equals of the subjects of the Tsar of Russia, the Emperor of Austria or the King of Italy, has been a provocation of sufficient force to call forth a strong protest. For our Government to take the extreme step of excluding Japanese would provoke retaliation on the part of the Japanese, as certainly as night follows day.

Half a century ago, when Japan enforced an all-round policy of exclusion, we took it upon ourselves, by sending to the Island Empire a fleet of our war-ships, to compel the abandonment of that uncivilized practice. While the Japanese would not feel themselves called upon to protest against the adoption by the American people of restrictions upon all immigration, they would indignantly resent any act of exclusion which singled them out for discriminatory treatment. They would do this on the ground that we ought to be the last people in the world to adopt toward them a line of action similar to that which we had forcibly compelled them to abandon. It would, furthermore, be urged that the Japanese who went to the United States were, on the average, as intelligent, orderly and law-abiding as the immigrants coming to this country from any other part of the world; that, when here, they conformed to the American habits of dress and living; that they were quite as insistent upon obtaining value for services rendered, and as tenacious in the defence of their personal liberty, as those coming from Italy or Hungary. In fact, the complaint made in San Francisco against the Japanese of excessive "cockiness" is evidence that neither the company method of the Chinese, nor the padrone system of the Italians, has place in the Japanese industrial organization.

There is no probability that Japanese resentment would lead to an appeal to arms, even if the policy of excluding their people from this country were adopted by our Government. This assertion can be safely made, if for no other reason, because Japan could gain nothing by such a course. Our Philippine possession stands in no danger of capture by the Japanese, who, like ourselves, are the acclimated inhabitants of the temperate zone. They cannot properly colonize their semitropical colony of Formosa, for their children, born on that island, almost always die if not sent to pass their childhood in the cooler climate of Japan; hence, a highly tropical possession, such as the Philippines, would not offer a suit-

able place for settlement to the surplus population of the Empire, which is now increasing by birth at the rate of more than 600,000 *per annum*. This must and will find vent for itself in the relatively sparsely settled areas of Korea and Manchuria. There would be no war with the United States; that would be looked upon with abhorrence by all intelligent Japanese; but this revocation of amicable relations by the nation which the Japanese have regarded as their nearest and best friend would be followed almost inevitably by a change of commercial policy on their part. They would buy from us what they greatly need, such as our raw cotton, our kerosene oil, and in less degree and for a brief time our flour, but, if they could help it, little if anything more.

The much more serious effect which our policy of inviting Japanese resentment would produce would be found in the changed attitude of Japan respecting the question of the "open door" to trade in China. The markets of Manchuria, in which the cotton-mills of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama have sold some $40,000,000 worth of their outputs *per annum*, have been safeguarded for the benefit of our manufactures by the Japanese army and navy, and have been held sacred to our trade, in spite of the strong temptation that has existed to make them tributary to the cotton-mills of Osaka. To expect that after we had adopted an exclusion policy we should continue to retain any of the trade of that part of Manchuria now under Japanese control, by their maintenance in our favor of the "open door" policy, would be to credit those whom we had in a gratuitous manner nationally offended with the possession of superhuman generosity.

The loss of present and prospective Japanese and Manchurian trade would be but a part, and possibly the smaller part, of the price we should be called upon to pay. The Chinese boycott of last winter, a movement against our trade which only the most strenuous official resistance prevented from having serious consequences, was a significant admonition that little love for our nation is entertained by the merchants and the common people of China. Japanese influence is now the dominant factor in Eastern Asia. Imitation of Japanese methods and policy is considered by the Chinese and other Orientals as the highest embodiment of statesmanship. Should Japan erase our name from her list of commercial friends, one may be sure that the greater part

of the markets of the Far East would be directly or indirectly closed to our trade.

In the fiscal year of 1897, the trade between our Pacific Slope ports and the ports of Eastern Asia had a value in round numbers of $75,000,000. In the fiscal year of 1906, this trade had increased to approximately $140,000,000, with a promise of enormous future expansion. So far as we are concerned, the continuance and growth of this trade is contingent upon the maintenance of sentiments of good-will and respect between Japan and the United States. There is no probability of any large migration of Japanese to this country. Their movement, like that of the great tide of humanity, will be westward. For years to come, there will be ten immigrants from Italy and Russia and Hungary arriving in this country to every Japanese who comes hither. If, in obedience to a proscriptive sentiment, we bar our doors against the entrance of these relatively few Japanese, our countrymen on the Pacific Slope can bid farewell to any hopes they may have entertained concerning their future commercial development, because by this action we shall have destroyed their Asiatic trade and turned the ocean that faces them from an avenue for commerce into a trade barrier.

OSBORNE HOWES.

THREE YEARS AND A HALF OF PIUS X.

BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

In beginning to describe the three and a half years of the pontificate of Pius X, we find our mind reverting to a passage which Carlyle wrote in 1850, concerning the opening months of the reign of Pius IX. The words occur in the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," and are as follows:

"Not long ago the world saw, with thoughtless joy, a real miracle, not heretofore considered possible or conceivable in the world,—a Reforming Pope. A simple, pious creature, a good country priest, invested unexpectedly with the tiara, takes up the New Testament, and declares that this henceforth shall be his rule of governing. No more finesse, chicanery, hypocrisy, or false or foul dealing of any kind; God's truth shall be spoken, God's justice shall be done, on the throne called of St. Peter; an honest Pope, Papa, or Father of Christendom shall preside there. . . . The European populations everywhere hailed the omen with shouting and rejoicing, leading articles and tar-barrels. Thinking people listened with astonishment. . . . For to such men it was very clear how the poor devoted Pope would prosper with his New Testament in his hand."

The sinister prediction implied in these last words came true, as the world knows; and Pius IX, who began as a humane and liberal sovereign, not only became a despot, but did his utmost to make despotism a part of Catholic doctrine in the Syllabus of 1864. And if we apply this whole passage to Pius X—for it can be applied to him with astonishing aptness—the prediction will be again likewise fulfilled.

The present Pope is a man whose simplicity and intentional sanctity it is impossible to doubt. He had no ambition for the office which he holds; he had no recommendation for it save that he stood aloof from faction and intrigue, and enjoyed a reputation for conspicuous virtue. He ascended the ancient throne of the Papacy amid the rejoicing of the whole Catholic world; and,

when he announced in almost the first public words which he uttered as Pope, that his motto would be, "*Restaurare omnia in Christo*"—to renew all things in Christ—we hoped that we should see in the Papal government a spirit of moderation and unworldliness, such as the world has hardly observed there since the first Gregory or the first Leo. Thoughtful Catholics have long been aweary of Pontiffs that were great diplomats, great builders, great theologians. A great *Christian* is what they have been sighing for; a Christian, that is, in its one, sole, proper meaning—a man, namely, who is like Christ. "*Restaurare omnia in Christo*" gave us a token of such a man; and, with ardent hope, we looked to see how Cardinal Sarto, having become Pius X, would live up to those mighty words. Would he cut loose from the abominable traditions that have disgraced the Roman See, and alienated from it the most progressive nations of the world? Would he make an end of that thirty years' anathema passed upon the kingdom of Italy, the result of which has been the practical apostasy of the peninsula, while the world has looked on in amazement that Christ's delegate on earth should sacrifice souls rather than sacrifice temporal dominion? Would he diminish the unholy monopoly of Italians in governing the Church, and allow some representation to other countries which are wearied to the limit of patience with the ignorant faction of foreigners who rule them with whip and spur? Would he permit us to exercise a decent portion of self-government, so that we might retain a little self-respect by not having to apply to Rome to inquire about every detail of our own affairs? Would he introduce honesty and truthfulness into Papal diplomacy, fairness into the appointments of bishops, and charity into ecclesiastical censures and corrections?

These were some of the questions that stirred the hearts of multitudes of Catholics, when, three and a half years ago, Pius X entered upon his pontificate with the New Testament in his hand. These questions have received a very decisive answer. Pius X is as terrible a disappointment as Pius IX was. Of the New Testament spirit there is none, under the present régime, at Rome; and one will have to turn back to some of the most despotic Papal reigns to find a parallel to the bigotry, cruelty, hatred of truth, and defiance of civilization which characterize the Papacy at this hour. Harsh as this language seems, proof

will be given in the course of this article that it is not too harsh to be strictly true.

Not that Pius X is one whit less pious and disinterested to-day than he was three years and a half ago, or ten or twenty-five years ago. He is as well-meaning as ever; he still is fain to think that he is governing by New Testament methods. There is no change in his purposes or *bona fides*. What has happened is this: Pius X has had to deal chiefly with two classes of problems, one, politico-ecclesiastical, the other, intellectual. In managing the former, the gigantic fabric of centuries of Papal traditions, with their secular aims, their autocratic pride, their immovable stubbornness and their theocratic pretensions, has imposed itself upon his mind as a thing sanctioned of Heaven, as an inviolable apparatus of dogma upon which it would be sacrilege to lay irreverent hands. Now, the normal ecclesiastical mind is so drilled and disciplined in adhesion to dogma that, at the behest of dogma, it can readily lose the elementary spiritual insight of the unsophisticated Christian heart, and can become blind and deaf to the plainest teachings of Gospel Christianity. Not much proof is needed for that statement. Look at those old-time Dominican monks who tortured the heretic in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and burned him in the public square to make an orthodox holiday. Those men were sincere. They put heart and fervor into every psalm they chanted while the victim shrieked in agony. They devoutly believed in the Papal bull which gave them a plenary indulgence every time they assisted at the trial or torture of a heretic. None of their monstrous violations of the religion of Jesus, their blasphemous pretences to do such things in His name, were perceived by them to be wicked, because their primary moral sense had been perverted by what they thought was divine dogma. And, if these good men have gone without a scruple from meditating on the Beatitudes to presiding at an *auto da fé*, why cannot a pious bishop ascend the Papal throne, and, thinking that the traditions of that throne—the worldly, pompous, tyrannical traditions of it—are as dogmas, make himself as much a despot as Julius II or Pius V? A genius, it is true, may rise above his office, under whatever pile of accumulated perversity it may be buried; a broadly cultivated man will be able to see the worthlessness of any claim put forward in behalf of theology which outrages the plain dictates of his religious

nature. But, as Pius X is not a genius, as his culture is scarcely mediocre, he has submissively surrendered to the historical Papal spirit, and has made himself believe that it is of God. Let us give some illustrations of how this good man has been perverted and overcome by the venerable sham of the traditions of his chair.

In October, 1903, the King of Italy visited the President of the French Republic at Paris. Common courtesy, as well as international good-will, required that the visit be returned. Accordingly, early in 1904 the Chamber voted 450,000 francs to defray the expenses of President Loubet's journey to Rome. It was further understood, indeed M. Loubet himself had said it, that the President would call officially upon the Pope. Now, as every one knows, the Papacy, since the fall of the temporal power in 1870, has forbidden the heads of Catholic states to visit the Italian King in his capital, because this monarch is regarded by the Pope as a despoiler of the Church's domain, and as such is excommunicated. This Papal veto had never been disregarded during the reigns of Pius IX and Leo XIII. By stretching charity, one might forgive this attitude in Pius IX, inasmuch as it was he who had to suffer the first shock of spoliation; under Leo XIII it became obsolete and ridiculous; and in these days it is a miserable, fictitious, un-Christian pretence, which offends the good sense and morality of mankind. In the first place, the Catholics of the world are overwhelmingly against the restoration of the temporal power. In the second place, the former Papal territories are now by the highest right the legitimate possession of the kingdom of Italy, for the simple reason—a reason recognized in all law, canonical as well as civil—that the inhabitants of those territories are contented and loyal subjects of their present Government, and are so opposed to clerical domination that, if temporal power were restored to-morrow, they would rise in civil war against it. In the third place, the insistence upon temporal power for the last thirty-five years has had disastrous consequences for religion in Italy itself. The young Italian has, practically, to choose between patriotism and apostasy. In the old Papal states, Catholics can take no part—*nè eletti nè elettori*—in the political life of their country, if they are to obey the Pope, and must isolate themselves into a perpetual clerical menace. There is no calculating what the Catholic Church has lost in membership, in prestige, in spiritual vitality, by this

scandalous clamor for provinces and principalities. If Pius X had put an end to it, a thrill of new life and exultant joy would have passed through the body of believers throughout the world. But no! the Pope, devoutly bearing his New Testament, has had his good heart blinded by the corrupt tradition which would put an earthly crown upon the head of Christ's delegate, and would surround the chair of Peter the fisherman with the barbaric pomp of secular kingship. He failed appallingly to rise to the splendid spiritual opportunity; and the French Foreign Office received from the Papal Secretary of State a letter protesting against the projected visit of M. Loubet, and intimating that the Pope could not receive him at the Vatican. This insult was all the more mischievous and un-Christian from the fact that, as M. Loubet himself gave warning, the anti-Catholic agitation in France would undoubtedly become more bitter if the nation saw its official head visited with so serious an indignity. This the President told to the Archbishop of Bordeaux, adding that he personally was averse to persecuting the Church. "But," he said, "this action of the Pope will disarm me, and make it impossible for me to allay the storm." Several French churchmen wrote to the Vatican, imploring the Pope to receive the President, and pointing out the immense effect for evil that a contrary course would produce. All was in vain. M. Loubet was told that Pius X would not admit him to the Vatican; and, more serious still, Merry del Val handed to each minister accredited to the Holy See a letter of complaint and protest against France. This letter was not intended for publication, but it saw the light through M. Jaurès, the Socialist, who procured it from the Prince of Monaco. The entire French nation was roused to fury; M. Nisard, ambassador at the Vatican, was recalled; and the dissolution of the Concordat became inevitable. Thus, by a haughty pertinacity in clamoring for temporal power, Rome pushed France further down the path of national apostasy. Can we wonder if thoughtful Catholics are asking which the court of Rome values more, the souls of men, or a greedy ambition, which is now all the worse from being both devoid of justice and devoid of hope?

Equally darkened have been the counsels of Pius X in regard to the movement for Catholic Democracy in Italy. For many years, the younger Italian Catholics, both priests and laity, have

been openly expressing their grief at the condition of religion in their country, and have been devising modern measures of enlightened zeal for furthering the cause of their faith. These men see Italian Catholicism paralyzed to a serious degree by formalism, and overgrown with superstition; they see the seminaries giving to future priests an inferior and antiquated education; they see that fatal aloofness of priest from people which has brought Catholicity in all Latin countries to its present decayed and moribund condition; they see their fellow Italians drifting in multitudes from the Church, as from a dead thing which has no vital part in modern society. And, at the spectacle, these zealous men are crying aloud to the Church to display an energetic apostolic spirit, to adopt modern methods, and to let in modern light. Their programme includes the dissemination of literature, the formation of working-men's clubs, the freer mingling of priest and people, the encouragement of patriotism, and concerted Catholic action for all good ends, moral, social and political.

It was an inspiring dream, as have been other similar dreams of earnest men who have endeavored to show that Catholicism can thrive in the atmosphere of modern liberty. But every one of these dreams has ended in disaster. Every movement for a hundred years—Gratry's, de Lamennais's, Montalembert's, Rosmini's—to reconcile the Papacy with progressive civilization has produced only martyrs, nothing else. The martyr of Italian Catholic Democracy is Don Romolo Murri, a noble and highly educated priest, whose single purpose is to serve his Church by bringing it into harmony with his country and the age. He is at this writing condemned, and forbidden to ascend the altar. Pius X has prohibited the Christian Democrats from taking any initiative of their own whatsoever. They must go to the bishops and to the Pope for the approval of every project, every book, pamphlet, or article which comes from them. They cannot open their mouths to utter a word of their social, political or religious programme, until the Italian Episcopate grants them permission. This, of course, means the absolute paralysis of the whole movement; it means the death of lay activity; it means silence for those young priests who have of late been too fond of using the hated word, "*modernità.*" In consequence, the Christian Democrats have split in two; the conservatives, who wish to remain in

sterile submission, have gathered about the episcopal staff and kissed the sacred purple; the more energetic have formed a new society called the "*Lega Democratica Nazionale.*" This association, while declaring frankly for an honorable independence from clericalism in purely political and social endeavor, affirms that it is unalterably Catholic, and wishes above all to promote the highest interests of the faith. A great number of young Italian Catholics have joined it, and many priests throughout Italy have expressed sympathy with its aim and spirit. The Pope became highly alarmed at these preliminary stirrings of liberty, and on the 28th of last July addressed to the bishops of Italy the encyclical, "*Pieni d'animo,*" which is about the most disheartening Papal document since the Syllabus. The Pope exclaims that he is dismayed at the signs of insubordination among the younger Italian clergy and seminaries. He finds among them, he says, a thirst for mischievous novelty—*novità malsana*—and altogether too much fine talk about new departures in the Church, a new social vocation for the clergy, and that sort of thing. All this is abominable, and must be done away with by the most stringent acts of ecclesiastical authority. Accordingly, he legislates that no newspapers are to be allowed into Italian seminaries, nor any periodicals, save one or other which the bishop may consider harmless. No priests are to engage in social works of any kind, nor are they to write a line for publication, even on purely technical subjects, without the express permission and censorship of the bishops. And, as for the *Lega Democratica Nazionale,* if any priest dares to become a member of it, he is *ipso facto* suspended from all priestly functions.

All this is an old, old story; opposition to liberty, anathema against civilization, hatred of the light; and, if any Catholic in his zeal for the Church speaks out in behalf of the light, smash him with the bludgeon of condemnation! "*Restaurare omnia in Christo*" sounds like blasphemy from the Pius X of to-day.

One word more about the *Lega Democratica Nazionale.* Notwithstanding the encyclical of July 28th, the League held its first congress at Milan on September 15th. The inaugural address, delivered by Signor Gallarati-Scotti, contained the following magnificent words, magnificent from the point of view of courage, pure Catholicity and truth, but ominous for the traditional despotism of the Papal See. Said Gallarati-Scotti:

"Are we rebels? Rebellion there would be if we separated ourselves from the great life of Christian fellowship in the Church, of which the Pope is the head, the visible centre, and the spiritual guide. But it is not rebellion to stand forth in opposition to a theocracy disguised as religion which demands that we submit to it our every act and thought. This sort of submission would be not humility but humiliation. We are not rebels against the faith, nor against hierarchical authority in its true divine mission upon earth. No; we proclaim ourselves as one in Catholic faith with even the most illiterate old woman at her prayers. But we are rebels against a false conception of authority, . . . and against that ignorance of real religion which tries to give divine sanction to matters of mere secular policy and to transient phases of opinion, and would coerce the activity of a nation within antiquated forms, while refusing to permit that spontaneous development which alone can create the new institutions and adaptations demanded by Christian civilization."

If Catholicity has no room for men and sentiments like these, Catholicity must die.

We might go on to similar purpose with describing other features of the politico-ecclesiatical régime of Pius X. We might dwell, for example, upon the case of Bishop Bonomelli. This splendid prelate, bishop of Cremona, in his Lenten pastoral of 1906, came out explicitly and powerfully against union of Church and State. This is an opinion which no Catholic is supposed to hold. That Church and State ought to be united, and that the contrary view is abominable liberalism, is the position of Catholic theology, reaffirmed in the strongest language in the Syllabus of Pius IX. For obvious reasons, we American Catholics are not often reminded of this theological teaching. The fact is, American Catholics of any enlightenment, whether clerical or lay, stand squarely by our Constitution in this matter, and reject as an unholy impertinence the attempt of the Roman Curia to include this Church and State doctrine in the religion of the Son of God. But the Papacy clings to mediæval theocracy, and stubbornly refuses to admit the separation theory as anything better than a makeshift, which the Church tolerates only because she is obliged to tolerate it. So, when Bishop Bonomelli publicly advocated the modern thesis, the uproar was prodigious. The Lombard bishops protested to the Pope against this erring brother, and Pius X, in acknowledging their letter, said that Mgr. Bonomelli had been guilty of holding a liberal opinion which the Church had condemned and could never tolerate. In the midst of the disturbance the Bishop himself went to Rome,

and the Pope refused to see him. Pius's own good heart, and that New Testament which he meditates, would have undoubtedly suggested that a brother bishop be received, however great his fall. But the traditions of Papal despotism! How often have not piety and the Gospels gone down before them!

We can delay no longer on this side of the reign of Pius X; but we must say a few words, before concluding, on the intellectual problems with which the Pope has had to deal, and on the attitude which he has adopted toward scholarship. Catholic theology, like every other Christian theology, has had to take account in recent years of historical and Biblical criticism. The discoveries of archæology, the analysis of the sacred text, and the fresh light thrown upon Christian origins, have necessitated many far-reaching revisions of theological opinion. Loyal and truth-loving Catholic students have undertaken this hard task of harmonizing the substance of the ancient faith with the assured results of modern learning. Necessarily, these men have had to abandon many old views which were not strictly of faith—*de fide*—but which were part and parcel, nevertheless, of the traditional dogmatic theology. Against them a tremendous uproar has been raised by the conservatives, to whom scientific criticism is accursed. Our best scholars have been condemned, their writings have been put on the Index, and a violent effort is making by the official theologians of Rome to close the door in the face of scholarship. The situation is exceedingly serious. A bludgeon is not an argument; and putting a man on the Index will not stop research. Whatever Rome's power of repression may be, she cannot annihilate Truth; and, like wildfire, the "new" views of criticism are spreading among Catholics, and, despite the despairing rage of the Curia, are destined to take firm hold on the minds of educated laymen and priests. As to the policy of Pius X, amid this momentous domestic struggle, it can be characterized in no other way than as a brutal assault upon enlightenment. This page could be filled with the names of high-minded Catholic scholars who have suffered outrages to their convictions during the present pontificate. Some have had their published works condemned; others have been prohibited from publishing manuscripts that are ready for the press; many have been attacked by Roman theologians, and dare not reply; several will not put pen to paper, knowing that condemnation awaits them; and so on

through a whole catalogue of despotism. It is an era of darkness for the Catholic scholar; and no graver question could possibly be asked than how long these men who love Truth as they love God will endure the domination of an ignorant faction, which presumes to rule the world in the name of the Most High.

Let us give an instance of the intellectual tyranny that prevails under Pius X. For ten years the ablest Jesuit author in English was Father George Tyrrell of England. This man, after spending twenty-five years with the Jesuits, felt himself constrained to ask release from the Order, and about a year ago petitioned the General of the Society for honorable dismissal, in due form. While the petition was pending at Rome, an anonymous pamphlet appeared in Italy dealing with certain relations between criticism and theology, and certain adaptations which must be introduced into the theology of the future. The Jesuit General, already an enemy of Father Tyrrell, asking him to repudiate the authorship of the pamphlet. On Father Tyrrell's refusal to do so, the General expelled him from the Society under suspension; that is to say, Father Tyrrell could not exercise any priestly functions and was forbidden to receive the sacraments of the Church. As last Lent drew toward its close, Father Tyrrell wrote to the Cardinal-Prefect of the Roman Congregation of Bishops and Regulars for permission, if not to say mass, at least to receive the Eucharist, as every Catholic is bound to do, during the Lenten or Easter season. His letter, and along with it a still more urgent request later on, was absolutely ignored by Cardinal Ferrata. Finally, a more than usually tender-hearted Continental bishop wrote to Rome, asking if he might not receive Father Tyrrell into his diocese, and thus restore him to his proper priestly status. This letter was, of course, at once acknowledged by the Cardinal, who answered that Father Tyrrell would be permitted to enter the bishop's diocese and resume his suspended privileges, *on condition that he would submit his future epistolary correspondence to ecclesiastical supervision!* This infamous proposition called forth a letter from Father Tyrrell to Ferrata, which must have struck shame into the Curia, if shame had not long since ceased to dwell there. The English priest addresses the Italian Cardinal in the language of an outraged freeman, to whom servitude is not a virtue, but who holds liberty, truth and justice as supreme. The Englishman reminds the Italian that

the condition imposed by Rome disgraces the tribunal from which it proceeds, and tells him categorically that the condition is rejected. Sorrowful as it is to a priest to be held up before the world as degraded, he will suffer that indignity, he says; and, rather than fling his manhood beneath the heel of a Roman despot, he will live and die without his privileges and rights as a priest, trusting to God for vindication.

For evils of Papal despotism such as we have been describing, and we might mention many more, there is no remedy save one. Rome will never spontaneously reform. The episcopate is equally insensible to the need of a change. It is public opinion that must force relief from the hideous régime under which we have suffered so long. When Catholics tell their priests and bishops, face to face, that they are sick of Italian government without consultation, and Italian taxation without representation; when Catholic scholars refuse to sacrifice their reason at the dictation of the Roman tribunals which, in 1633, decided that it was damnable heresy to hold that the earth went round the sun; and when the *people,* by every organ of public utterance open to them, demand the purification of Catholicism, then, and not till then, Rome will yield; then, and not till then, the claim to govern by the New Testament will be a truth, and not a sham and a falsehood as it is now.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

THE CASE OF SENATOR SMOOT AND THE MORMON CHURCH.

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In January, 1903, a petition bearing the signatures of nineteen citizens of Utah was laid before the Senate, praying that Reed Smoot, a Senator-elect from that State, "be not permitted to qualify by taking the oath of office or to sit as a member of the United States Senate, for reasons affecting the honor and dignity of the United States and their Senators in Congress." The prayer of the petitioners was not granted; and, upon the presentation of his certificate of election, he was duly sworn in, and he has since been engaged in the discharge of his duties as a Senator of the United States. Immediately after the seating of Senator Smoot petitions praying for his expulsion began to pour in from every quarter of the country; petitions containing not less than one million signatures have been laid before the Senate, and there is hardly a woman's club or similar organization in the country that has not joined in the prayer.

The protest from Utah was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, and in March, 1904, the Committee entered upon an investigation of the charges contained therein. The inquiry was continued in 1905 and again in 1906; the hearings have recently been concluded, the Committee has decided to recommend that Smoot's seat be vacated, and the public is waiting with increasing impatience the action of the Senate. About seventy-five witnesses, mostly from Utah, were heard at Washington; and their testimony, together with the arguments of counsel and the documentary exhibits, fill five printed volumes of about 4,000 pages. This is the most thorough and exhaustive investigation of Mormon affairs ever made, and comprehends

within its scope not merely an inquiry into the qualifications of Senator Smoot, but the history of the Mormon Church, its organization, creed, practices, business affairs and even the lives of its prominent members.

It will be remembered that the Mormons, after their trouble at Nauvoo, migrated in 1847 to the shores of Salt Lake, then outside the jurisdiction of the United States. There, under the teachings of Brigham Young, who, in 1852, became Governor of the Territory by appointment of President Fillmore, and who was reappointed in 1856, they began the practice of polygamy, and continued it without interference upon the part of the Federal Government for the next ten or twelve years. By 1862 the moral sentiment of the country having become aroused over the polygamous practices of the Mormons, Congress yielded to the pressure of public opinion, and passed an act imposing a fine of not more than $500, and imprisonment not exceeding five years, for the offence of bigamy in any Territory of the United States. Nothing was done to interfere with such plural marriages, however, as had already been contracted.

By the Edmunds Act of 1882, the distinction between "polygamy" and "unlawful cohabitation" was introduced into Federal jurisprudence; and, as a means of reaching those who had contracted polygamous marriages before 1862, the latter offence as well as the former was forbidden under heavy penalties. By the same Act polygamists were disfranchised in the Territories. Active prosecutions under this Act were begun about 1884, but means of evading it were soon found; and, in 1887, Congress passed the Edmunds-Tucker Act, to remove as far as possible the deficiencies of the former Act. It made the first wife a competent witness, defined and punished adultery, made fornication a penal offence, and required marriages to be recorded in the courts. By another act, passed about the same time, Congress directed the confiscation of the property of the Mormon Church and its application to charitable and educational uses, on the ground that it was being used for the teaching of polygamous doctrines and the encouragement of polygamous practices.

The Mormons promptly contested the validity of the legislation forbidding plural marriages, as being in violation of the First Amendment, which prohibits Congress from passing any law respecting religion, but in 1878 the Supreme Court sustained

the validity of the law. Likewise, the forfeiture Act was upheld, as was the disfranchising provision of the Edmunds Act.

At this juncture, the President of the Church, Wilford Woodruff, sought, as he claims, Divine guidance as to the course he should pursue, in view of the critical situation in which the affairs of the Church were left by the Anti-Mormon legislation and its judicial approval by the Supreme Court. He claims to have received in answer to his prayer a revelation authorizing him to suspend the Divine command enjoined upon his predecessor concerning polygamy, and to advise his followers to obey the law of the State. Accordingly, on September 29th, 1890, he issued a "manifesto," announcing his own intention to submit to the anti-polygamy laws and to use his influence with the members of the Church to have them do likewise. This "manifesto" was laid before the Mormon people in one of their great convocations at the Tabernacle, and was unanimously ratified. The effect of its adoption was to place polygamy under the ban of the Church, as it was already under that of the State. In Utah, it has been generally observed by Mormon adherents, and to a less extent outside of Utah; but it is significant that it has never been published in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, although the old command to take plural wives is still retained therein as a part of the Mormon creed. On having his attention called to this fact, President Smith, in his testimony before the Senate Committee, stated that the omission was due merely to "inadvertence," and that the "manifesto" had, in fact, been separately printed and placed in the hands of missionaries. There was nothing in the letter of the "manifesto" concerning the dissolution of existing marriages nor concerning polygamous cohabitation with wives already taken; but Woodruff, on having his attention called to the omission, subsequently stated that it was his intention that the proclamation should include cohabitation as well as future polygamous marriages, and he wished it to be so interpreted.

In the year following the issue of the "manifesto," the President of the Church and the apostles presented an amnesty petition to the President of the United States, in which they styled themselves the "shepherds of a patient and suffering people"; declared that their followers were scattered and their leaders imprisoned, that they had abandoned their former belief in polygamy and were themselves in sackcloth and ashes. In view of the official aban-

donment by the Church of polygamy, and upon the solemn assurances of its leaders that no further plural marriages would be allowed, President Harrison, in June, 1893, issued a proclamation granting a full pardon and amnesty to all those who were liable to penalties by reason of unlawful cohabitation under the cover of polygamous marriages, provided such cohabitation had not taken place since the issue of the "manifesto." In September, 1894, President Cleveland issued a proclamation expressing satisfaction that the members of the Mormon Church were generally abstaining from plural marriages and polygamous cohabitation, and extended a full pardon to all who had complied with the terms of the previous proclamation. In the same year, Congress enacted that inasmuch as the Church has discontinued the practice of polygamy, so much of the personal property and money belonging to the Church as was then in the hands of the receiver appointed under the Confiscation Act of 1887 should be restored; and, finally, in 1896 Utah was admitted to the Union upon the express condition that polygamy should be prohibited in the State, and this condition was embodied in article two of its constitution. The act of admission did not expressly forbid cohabitation with plural wives already married, although the existing laws of Utah for the punishment of polygamy were declared to be in force in the State. With the bestowal of the commonwealth status on Utah, the authority of Congress over polygamy in the State ceased; and henceforth its power was restricted to the enforcement of the conditions upon which Utah was admitted to the Union. Clearly, in the exercise of this power Congress must address itself to the State and not to the individuals who violate the law of the State. Over polygamy as such it has no more power than it has over divorce or any of the other domestic relations.

The investigation of the Senate Committee shows the situation as regards Mormonism to be substantially as follows: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has about 300,000 adherents in the United States, including about 50,000 members of the reorganized Church who deny that Joseph Smith, the prophet, ever preached or practised polygamy. In Utah, where the great majority of the Mormons are to be found, they constitute, according to conservative estimates, at least two-thirds of the population. About one-fifth of the population of Idaho are also adherents of the Mormon Church; while a considerable number are found in

Wyoming, Arizona and New Mexico. At the time of the issue of the manifesto, it was ascertained by a Church census, the reliability of which may be questioned by some, that there were about 2,450 heads of polygamous families living in the United States belonging to the Mormon Church. Most of them were old men who had taken plural wives before the enactment of the anti-polygamy laws, and many of them have since died, so that the number is now estimated to be considerably less than one thousand. Of the fifteen members constituting the First Presidency and the Apostolate, eight are living in polygamy, the number of their wives aggregating forty-five. Practically all of these wives have been taken since the enactment of the anti-polygamy laws, and several of them have been taken since the issue of the "manifesto." In October, 1905, two of the apostles who had contracted polygamous marriages since the "manifesto" resigned their offices on account of the popular pressure brought to bear upon them. The other polygamist apostles who took plural wives before 1890 apparently do not consider that their offences come within the purview of the "manifesto," notwitstanding Woodruff's express statement that it was designed to forbid polygamous cohabitation as well as future polygamous marriages. The President of the Church, Joseph Smith, testified at great length, frankly admitted that he was living in polygamy, said he knew it to be in violation of the law of Utah and the law of the Church, but that he regarded his obligations to his wives to be higher than those which he owed the State, and that, if his countrymen saw fit to punish him, he was ready to take the consequences. Thus the Mormon leaders are not observing, as the laws of the Church require, the terms of the "manifesto," nor living up to the profession embodied in their petition for amnesty, nor fulfilling the pledges and solemn assurances made to secure the admission of Utah to the Union. Instead of actively using their powerful influence to secure the faithful observance of the law by the body of members who look to them for advice and counsel, the majority of them are, by example if not by precept, daily encouraging the practice of polygamy.

The main charge against Senator Smoot is embodied in the protest laid before the Senate in January, 1903, which has been made the basis of the proceeding against him. His exclusion is demanded for the reason that he is "one of a self-perpetuating

body of fifteen men, who, constituting the ruling authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, claim the Divine right to shape the belief and control the conduct of those under them in all matters whatsoever, civil and religious, temporal and spiritual, and who exercise the same so as to inculcate and encourage a belief in polygamy and polygamous cohabitation, who countenance and connive at violations of the law regardless of pledges made for the purpose of obtaining Statehood and amnesty, and by all means in their power protect and honor those who with themselves violate the laws of the land, and are guilty of practices destructive of the family and the home." The protest does not charge him with polygamy, polygamous cohabitation or other criminal conduct. On the other hand it declares:

"We accuse him of no offence cognizable by law, nor do we seek to put him in jeopardy of his liberty or his property. We ask that he be deprived or no natural right nor of any right which, under the Constitution or laws of the land, he is fitted to exercise. With watchful jealousy we claim for him, whether as a private citizen or as a church official, as for ourselves, all the rights, privileges and immunities safeguarded by the Constitution."

Another protest was filed by one John L. Leilich, a Gentile clergyman of Utah, charging Smoot with being a polygamist, but the charge was not supported by proof. Of all the witnesses, Gentile and Mormon, who appeared before the Senate Committee, there seems to have been none to charge the respondent with being a violator of the law either of the State or of the Church. It appears from all the evidence produced in the course of the inquiry that he is a man of blameless character, and certainly the nature of the vote by which he was elected to the Senate shows that he possesses wide popularity in his State, among Gentiles and Mormons alike. His chief offence is that, as an apostle of the Mormon hierarchy, he has supported and sustained his brother leaders in their violation of the law. Thus he voted for the election of Smith to the Presidency of the Church, and has regularly sustained him twice a year ever since, with full knowledge of his polygamous cohabitation. Again, he voted for the election to the Apostolate of a polygamist whose wives have been taken since the issue of the "manifesto." As a trustee of Brigham Young University, he has supported and sustained polygamist presidents and professors of the institution and, in other capaci-

ties, he has contributed by his vote to the elevation of other polygamists to positions of honor and trust. Apparently, he has felt no scruples in sitting at the council board and fellowshipping with his seven apostolic brethren, who are living in polygamy in violation of the law. A careful study of the mass of evidence submitted to the Committee leads me to the opinion that this is the only charge against Senator Smoot that is entitled to serious consideration in determining his fitness for membership in the Senate.

Several other reasons of less weight have been advanced in support of the demand for the exclusion of Senator Smoot. One is that the oaths which he took as a member and as an apostle of the Church render him unfit, morally and intellectually, for discharging the duties of a Senator. All good Mormons are expected to go through the endowment house where marriages are solemnized and obligations and covenants entered into,—which are kept secret from the rest of the world. One of the alleged oaths is a solemn vow to pray to Almighty God to avenge the blood of Joseph Smith upon this nation, and to teach the same to their children to the third and fourth generations. Most of those who were called before the Committee testified that they took no such vow of vengeance, others declared that they were unable to remember the substance of their endowment oaths owing to the length of the ceremony, which lasts eight hours. The only witness who gave definite testimony on this point was a former professor in the Brigham Young University, who had been forced to resign his position on an alleged charge of drunkenness, and who subsequently left the Church. He says he went through the endowment ceremony twelve different times, at each of which he took the oath of vengeance. Senator Smoot in his testimony says that he took his endowment oaths in his eighteenth year, and that, while he remembers the substance only indistinctly, he is positive that he made no vow of hostility to the United States. His oath as an apostle is also alleged to disqualify him from the full and free performance of his duties as a legislator. On this point the protest runs:

"Whatever his protestations of patriotism and loyalty, it is clear that the obligations of any official oath to which he may subscribe are, and of necessity must be, as threads of tow compared with the covenants which bind his intellect, his will and his affections, and which hold him

forever in accord with and subject to the will of a defiant and law-breaking apostolate."

During the examination of one of the witnesses on this point, Senator Hoar raised the question whether the thraldom in which Senator Smoot is placed, as a result of his religious obligations, could be more inconsistent with his freedom as a legislator than that which is imposed upon every other Senator by the discipline of his political party. When Mr. Smoot was sworn in as a Senator, he took an oath to support the Constitution of the United States and bear true faith and allegiance to it. At the same time, he swore that he took the oath without any mental reservation whatsoever. If, therefore, any inconsistency exists between his earlier oath, as a Mormon apostle, and his later oath, as a Senator, the obligations of the former, according to the rules governing oaths, are superseded by the latter. The assertion made by the protestants that his claim as a Mormon apostle to receive Divine revelations and commands direct from God, both in spiritual and temporal matters, renders him incapable of acting as a free agent, and therefore unfits him for legislative duties, should not be taken seriously, and may therefore be dismissed without comment.

Among the charges against Mormonism in general is that the Church interferes in politics, conducts business affairs on a large scale, and makes use of the public schools to inculcate the doctrines of the Mormon religion. The charge of interfering in politics was the main theme of a speech by Senator Dubois before the Mothers' Congress at Washington in March, 1905. "The Mormons' great aim," he declared, "is political power so as to protect them in their polygamous practices. It is impossible now," he asserted, "to elect a Senator from Utah, Idaho or Wyoming who will openly oppose the methods or practices of the governing power of the Mormon Church." Senator Kearns in a speech made in the Senate, on February 28th of last year, spoke along the same line, declaring that no man could be elected to Congress from Utah against their wish. In support of the statement that the Mormons control the politics of the State, statistics were presented to the Committee showing that the Constitution of Utah was framed by a Convention, a large majority of whose members were Mormons, that every governor, every secretary of State, every treasurer and every superintendent of

public education, since the admission of the State to the Union, has been a Mormon; that no less than two-thirds of the members of every legislature have been Mormons, and that eight of the thirteen Senators and Representatives in Congres have likewise been adherents of the same faith. It will readily be admitted that the activity of a political party organized along sectarian lines is to be deplored, most of all in the United States; but the history of the country is not without many instances in which the adherents of a particular religious belief have voted together to carry elections, and at least one national political party was organized largely for the purpose of excluding the members of a certain religious denomination from public office, and it achieved notable successes in a number of States. Moreover, in passing judgment on Senator Smoot's case, we should not overlook the fact that his election was not due to the Mormon vote. He was the choice of most of the Republican members irrespective of religious faith, and was opposed by the Democrats, Mormons as well as Gentiles. To deprive him of his seat on the ground, therefore, that he was put in power by the Mormon Church hardly seems justifiable from the facts.

A specific form of the interference of the Mormon Church in temporal affairs is embodied in the so-called "political rule" promulgated by the hierarchy in 1896, requiring high Church officials who desire to become candidates for political office to get permission from the proper authorities,—secure "leave of absence," to use the language of the "rule." This requirement was observed by Smoot when he became a candidate and he was elected; but when Moses Thatcher, one of the apostles, refused to be bound by the rule and became a candidate for the Senate without the necessary leave, he was unfrocked, deposed from the apostolate, defeated in his candidacy for the Senate, and allowed to continue as a member of the Church only upon expressing penitence and publicly acknowledging that he had done wrong in disregarding a rule of the hierarchy. The Mormon contention is that the rule is a mere disciplinary measure, intended to prevent the apostles from being distracted from their religious duties by the exactions of political life; and whenever, in a given case, it feels that it cannot spare one of them and refuses to grant the leave, he has only to resign his ecclesiastical office and run independently of the will of the hierarchy. Thatcher was in open

revolt against the authorities, and his punishment was necessary to maintain the discipline and integrity of the Church, so the hierarchy claimed.

Another example of the interference of the Mormon Church in civil affairs is its maintenance of courts for the adjudication of civil controversies among its members. The record was put in evidence of a case in which a Mormon woman, charged with an attempt at fraud in a land transaction, was tried by a bishop's court, found guilty and ordered to execute a deed of cession in favor of the plaintiff. She thereupon appealed to the higher church authorities to be allowed to "go to law," but the decision was adverse, and she was directed to "follow the order of the Church governing such matters." Refusing to execute the deed, she was excommunicated from the Church, a great affliction was visited upon her, and, finally, as the only means of escaping from her strange condition, she yielded and executed a conveyance for a tract of land which she strenuously claimed to be her own. In another case, judgment was rendered on a promissory note, and the maker condemned by a bishop's court to pay certain instalments of interest and principal. The only power the Church courts have of enforcing their judgments is excommunication; but, with a people so completely under the control of their leaders, it is often quite as effective as the method by which the judgments of civil courts are executed. It is true, as the Mormons contend, that many other religious sects maintain courts for the handling of cases of un-Christianlike conduct, and that it is good policy for the Church to discourage litigation among its members and encourage the peaceful settlement of their disputes; but, when it goes to the extent of denying to its members the privilege of recourse to the courts of the State, it is guilty of usurpation and tyranny. Nevertheless, it is a matter which concerns the State of Utah and not the Congress of the United States.

Finally, the Mormon Church is indicted for conducting business enterprises. In various communities of Utah it owns and operates the street railways, electric light and power plants, coal-mines, salt-works, sugar-factories, mercantile establishments, drug-stores, publishing-houses and theatres, and, it is charged, refuses to permit competition on the part of non-Mormon enterprises. An instance of such interference occurred in Brigham City, where the church authorities dictated to the city council its

policy with regard to the lighting of the streets. Another instance was cited in which the Church assumed the right to regulate places of amusement in the city, forbade the establishment of a dancing-pavilion, but finally gave its consent upon the agreement of the private company to pay the Church twenty-five per cent. of the proceeds. In answer to this charge, the Mormons affirm, with obvious truth, that many Gentile churches own and manage property from which they derive an income; while others, like the Zionites, conduct many business enterprises and endeavor in various ways to find profitable employment for their members. Whether reprehensible or not, it is a matter of Church policy, and has no relation to the moral or mental fitness of a United States Senator to retain his seat.

Of all the reasons alleged in support of the exclusion of Smoot, the only one, as I have said, that seems entitled to serious consideration is that his membership in a hierarchy the majority of whose members are living in polygamy, contrary to the law of the State he represents, renders him unfit, morally, to occupy a seat in the National legislature. This is the point on which the whole case hinges. By the express admission of his accusers, he is not amenable for any crime cognizable by law, nor for any not cognizable by law if the customary distinction between passive knowledge of crime and active encouragement is preserved. The argument based on mental thraldom is far from convincing to a judicial mind. The other arguments that the Mormon Church interferes in politics, that it conducts business enterprises, maintains courts for the settlement of civil controversies and similar activities apply with equal force to the case of the present Mormon Representative in the Lower House of Congress, and to the other Mormon Senators and Representatives who have represented Utah in the past.

The present investigation has brought nothing to light that has not already been well known. It may be said that Utah in neglecting to suppress polygamy is not fulfilling its compact of admission, and that Congress should punish the State by denying it representation, or, if necessary, by depriving it of the use of the mails or the Federal judiciary. But Congress at this late day can hardly reproach, much less punish, the State of Utah for failure or inability to do what the United States neglected to do when it had both the necessary power and authority. If the

National Government had done its duty, polygamy would have been strangled to death in Utah fifty years ago. Brigham Young was allowed to hold the office of Governor of the Territory for eight years, during all of which period he was openly teaching and practising polygamy. Congress neglected to act until thousands of polygamous marriages had been entered into, and then it passed a law that was easily evaded. Finally, when an effective statute was passed, it was not vigorously enforced. With all the facts that are now known about the political and business activities of the Church, as well as its organization and creed, before it, Congress admitted Utah to the Union as a State. One of the first Senators from the new State was a Mormon, and all the Representatives of the State in the Lower House of Congress since its admission, with one exception, have been Mormons. All of them had taken their endowment oaths, and were subject to the control of an ecclesiastical hierarchy; all had supported polygamist presidents and apostles, and all owed their election mainly to Mormon votes, yet they were seated without objection and served out their terms. The only difference in Mr. Smoot's case is that he holds an office in the Church and consequently possesses greater authority in shaping its affairs; in addition he also enjoys the privilege of receiving Divine revelations in both temporal and spiritual matters.

If the Senate in its judgment should see fit to construe Mr. Smoot's membership in the Mormon priesthood as inconsistent with his right to a seat in the Senate, there remains the important question of procedure—whether he shall be expelled, in which case the assent of two-thirds of the Senators is necessary; or whether his seat shall be declared vacant by a mere majority. If it were a question of constitutional qualification, a bare majority would obviously suffice, for the clause which empowers each House to judge of the qualifications of its members does not specify the extent of the majority required. Moreover, in accordance with the practices and usages of parliamentary bodies, a member who should become insane, idiotic or violent, or who should become afflicted with a dangerous contagious disease, might be excluded by the vote of a bare majority; but no such questions are presented in the present case. Smoot possesses all the qualifications required by the Constitution for a Senator; and, when he was sworn in, no objection was raised on this point, and nothing has

since occurred to affect his constitutional eligibility. It is, therefore, not a question whether as a member-elect he shall be admitted to his seat, but a question of whether, as a fully qualified member, he shall be deprived of it.

This case must be distinguished from the Roberts case that arose in the House in 1899. The question there was whether a self-confessed criminal, living in daily violation of the law, could take the oath of office prescribed by the Constitution for members of Congress—that is, it was a question of qualification, and the House decided by a mere majority that he could not qualify. The Constitution and the precedents recognize but one method by which a legally qualified member, who is not physically or mentally dangerous, can be deprived of a seat to which he has been regularly elected and admitted without objection, namely, expulsion; and, in order to protect him against the prejudices and passions of the majority, the Constitution requires the assent of two-thirds of the members to vacate his seat.

During the Civil War each House refused by a mere majority vote to admit certain members to their seats on the ground that, being disloyal, they could not qualify by taking the oath of office; but, whenever either House had occasion to deprive members of seats to which they had been admitted, expulsion by a two-thirds majority was the method of procedure followed. There seems to be no instance in which a member of either House, possessing all the requisite constitutional qualifications and "guilty of no offence cognizable by law," has been deprived of his seat otherwise than according to this method of procedure. The contention of the Hon. John G. Carlisle, counsel for those who prosecuted the case against Senator Smoot, that, in addition to the constitutional disqualifications for membership in the Senate, anything else is a disqualification that the Senate may by mere majority vote decide to be, if true, destroys the protection which the framers sought to provide by an express enumeration of the eligibility requirements. The question of whether Senator Smoot ought to be deprived of his seat is one concerning which men of the highest moral standards may differ; but there should be no difference of opinion concerning his right to the means provided by the Constitution for his protection against the possible prejudices and passions of his colleagues.

JAMES WILFORD GARNER.

ANATOLE FRANCE.

BY JAMES HUNEKER.

I.

In the first part of that great, human Book, dear to all good Pantagruelists, is this picture: "From the Tower Anatole to the Messembrine were faire spacious galleries, all coloured over and painted with the ancient prowesses, histories and descriptions of the world." The Tower Anatole is part of the architecture of the Abbey of Thélème, in common with the other towers named, Artick, Calaer, Hesperia and Caiere.

For lovers of the exquisite and whimsical artist, Anatole France, a comparison to Rabelais may not appear strained. Anatole, the man, has written much that contains, as did the gracious Tower Anatole, "faire spacious galleries . . . painted with ancient . . . histories." He has in his veins some infusion of the literary blood of that "*bon gros libertin,*" Rabelais, a figure in French literature who refuses to be budged from his commanding position, notwithstanding the combined prestige of Pascal, Voltaire, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Hugo and Balzac. And the gentle Anatole France has also a pinch of Rabelais's *esprit gaulois,* that Gallic salt which may be found in Balzac and Maupassant.

To call France a sceptic is to state a commonplace. But he is so many other things that he bewilders. The spiritual stepson of Renan, a partial inheritor of his gifts of irony and pity, and a continuator of the elder master's diverse and undulating style, France displays affinities to Heine, Aristophanes, Charles Lamb, Epicurus, Sterne and Voltaire. The "glue of unanimity"—to use an expression of the old pedantic Budæus—has united the widely disparate qualities of his personality. His outlook upon life is the outlook of Anatole France. His vast learning is worn with an air almost mocking. After the bricks and mortar

of the realists, after the lyric pessimism of the morally and politically disillusioned generation following the Franco-German war, his genius comes in the nature of a consoling apparition. Like his own Dr. Trublet, in "*Histoire Comique,*" he can say: "*Je tiens boutique de mensonges. Je soulage, je console. Peut-il consoler et soulager sans mentir?*" And he does deceive us with the resources of his art, with the waving of his lithe wand which transforms whales into weasels, mosques into cathedrals.

Perhaps too much stress has been set upon his irony. Ironic he is with a sinuosity that yields only to Renan. It is irony rather in the shape of the idea, than in its presentation; atmospheric is it rather than surface antithesis, or the witty inversion of a moral order. He is a man of sentiment, Shandean as it is at times. But the note we always hear, if distantly reverberant, is the note of pity. To be all irony is to mask one's humanity; and to accuse Anatole France of the lack of humanity is to convict oneself of critical color-blindness. His writings abound in sympathetic overtones. His pity is without Olympian condescension. He is a most lovable man in the presence of the eternal spectacle of human stupidity and guile. It is not alone that he pardons, but also that he seeks to comprehend. Not emulating the cold surgeon's eye of a Flaubert, it is with the kindly vision of a priest he studies the maladies of our soul. In him there is an ecclesiastical *fond.* He forgives because he understands. And after his tenderest benediction he sometimes smiles; it may be a smile of irony, yet it is seldom cruel. He is an adroit determinist, yet sets no store by the logical faculties. Man is not a reasoning animal, he says, and human reason is often a mirage.

But to label him with sentimentalism *à la Russe*—the Russian pity that stems from Dickens—would shock him into an outburst. Conceive him, then, as a man to whom all emotional extravagance is foreign; as a detester of rhetoric, of declamation, of the phrase facile; as a thinker who assembles within the temple of his creations every extreme in thought, manners, sentiment and belief, yet contrives to fuse this chaos by the force of his sober style. His is a style more linear than colored, more for the ear than the eye; a style so pellucid that one views it suspiciously —it may conceal in its clear, profound depths strange secrets, as does some mountain lake in the shine of the sun. Even the simplest art may have its veils.

In the matter of clarity, Anatole France is the equal of Renan and John Henry Newman, and if this same clarity was at one time a conventional quality of French prose, it is rarer in these days of haste. Never syncopated, moving at a moderate *tempo,* smooth in his transitions, replete with sensitive rejections, crystalline in his diction, a lover and a master of large luminous words, limpid and delicate and felicitous, the very marrow of the man is in his unique style. Few writers swim so easily under such a heavy burden of erudition. A loving student of books, his knowledge is precise, his range wide in many literatures. He is a true humanist. He loves learning for itself, loves words, treasures them, fondles them, burnishes them anew to their old meanings —though he has never tarried in the half-way house of epigrams. But, over all, his love of humanity sheds a steady glow. Without marked dramatic sense, he nevertheless surprises mankind at its minute daily acts. And these he renders for us as candidly "as snow in the sunshine"; as the old Dutch painters stir our nerves by a simple shaft of light passing through a half-open door, upon an old woman polishing her spectacles. M. France sees and notes many gestures, inutile or tragic, notes them with the enthralling simplicity of a complicated artist. He deals with ideas so vitally that they become human; yet his characters are never abstractions, nor serve as pallid allegories; they are all alive, from Sylvestre Bonnard to the group that meets to chat in the *Foro Romano* of "*Sur la Pierre Blanche.*" He can depict a cat or a dog with fidelity; his dog "*Riquet*" bids fair to live in French literature. He is an interpreter of life, not after the manner of the novelist, but of life viewed through the temperament of a tolerant poet and philosopher.

This modern thinker, who has shed the despotism of the positivist dogma, boasts the soul of a chameleon. He understands, he loves, Christianity with a knowledge and a fervor that surprise until one measures the depth of his affection for the antique world. To further confuse our perceptions he exhibits a sympathy for Hebraic lore that can only be set down to his lineage. He has rifled the Talmud for its forgotten stories; he delights in juxtaposing the cultured Greek and the strenuous Paul; he adores the contrast of Mary Magdalen with the pampered Roman matron. Add to this a familiarity with the proceeds of latter-day science, astronomy in particular, with the scholastic specula-

tion of the Renaissance, mediæval piety, and the Pyrrhonism of a boulevard philosopher. So commingled are these contradictory elements, so many contacts are there exposed to numerous cultures, so many surfaces avid for impressions, that we end in admiring the exercise of a magic which blends into a happy synthesis such a variety of moral dissonances, such moral preciosity. It is magic; though there are moments when we regard the operation as intellectual legerdemain of a superior kind. We suspect dupery. But the humor of France is not the least of his miraculous solvents; it is his humor that often transforms a doubtful campaign into a radiant victory. We see him, the protagonist of his own psychical drama, dancing on a tight rope in the airiest manner, capering deliciously in the void, and quite like a prestidigitator bidding us doubt the very existence of his rope.

His life long, Renan, despite his famous phrase, "the mania of certitude," was pursued by the idea of an absolute. He cried for proofs. To Berthelot he wrote: "I am eager for mathematics." It promised certitudes. As he aged, he was contented to seek an atmosphere of moral feeling; though he declared that "the real is a vast outrage on the ideal." He tremulously participated in the ritual of social life, and in the worship of the unknown god. He at last felt that nature abhorred an absolute; that Being was ever a Becoming; that religion and philosophy are the result of a partial misunderstanding. All is relative, and the soul of man must feed ever upon chimeras! The Breton harp of Renan became sadly unstrung amid the shallow thunders of agnostic Paris.

But France, his eyes quite open and smiling, gayly Pagan Anatole, does not demand proofs. He rejoices in a philosophic indifference, he has the gift of paradox. To Renan's plea for the rigid realities of mathematics, he might ask, with Ibsen, whether two and two do not make five on the planet Jupiter! To Montaigne's "What Know I?" he opposes Rabelais's, "Do What Thou Wilt!" And then he proceeds to adorn the wheel of Ixion with garlands.

He believes in the belief of God. He swears by the gods of all climes and times. His is the cosmical soul. A man who unites in his tales something of the Mimes of Herondas, La Bruyère's Characters, the Lucian Dialogues and the Characters of Theophrastus, with faint flavors of Racine and La Fontaine,

may be pardoned his polygraphic faiths. With Baudelaire he knows the tremors of the believing atheist; with Baudelaire he would restrain any show of irreverence before an idol, be it wooden or of bronze. It might be the unknown god!—as Baudelaire once cried.

This pleasing chromatism in beliefs, a belief in all and none, is not a new phenomenon. The classical world of thought has several matches for Anatole France, from the followers of Aristippus to the Sophists. But there is a specific note of individuality, a *roulade* quite Anatolian in the Frenchman's writings. No one but this accomplished Parisian sceptic could have framed "The Opinions of Jerome Coignard" and his wholly delightful scheme for a Bureau of Vanity; "man is an animal with a musket," he declares; and Sylvestre Bonnard and M. Bergeret are new with dynamic novelty.

Be humble! he exhorts. Be without intellectual pride! for the days of man, who is naught but a bit of animated pottery, are brief, and he vanishes like a spark. Thus Job—France. Be humble! Even virtue may be unduly praised: "Since it is overcoming which constitutes merit, we must recognize that it is concupiscence which makes saints. Without it there is no repentance, and it is repentance which makes saints." To become a saint one must have been first a sinner. He believes with William Blake that "the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." He quotes, as an example, the conduct of the blessed Pelagia, who accomplished her pilgrimage to Rome by rather unconventional means. Here, too, we recognize the amiable casuistry of Anatole —Voltaire. And there is something of Baudelaire and Barbey d'Aurevilly's piety of imagination with impiety of thought, in France's pronouncement. He is a Chrysostom reversed; from his golden mouth issue most spiritual blasphemies.

Mr. Henry James has said that the province of art is "all life, all feeling, all observation, all vision." According to this rubric, France is a profound artist. He plays with the appearances of life, occasionally lifting the edge of the curtain to curdle the blood of his spectators by the sight of Buddha's shadow in some grim cavern beyond. He has the Gallic tact of adorning the blank spaces of theory and the ugly spots of reality. A student of Kant in his denial of the objective, we can never picture him as following Königsberg's sage in his admiration of the starry

heavens and the moral law. Both are relative, would be the report of the Frenchman. But, if he is sceptical about things tangible, he is apt to dash off at a tangent and proclaim the existence of that "school of drums kept by the angels," which the hallucinated Arthur Rimbaud heard and beheld. His method of surprising life, despite his ingenuous manner, is sometimes as oblique as that of Jules Laforgue. And, in the words of Pater, his is "one of the happiest temperaments coming to an understanding with the most depressing of theories."

For faith he yearns. He humbles himself beneath the humblest. He excels in picturing the splendors of the simple soul; yet faith has not anointed his intellect with its chrism. He admires the golden filigree of the ciborium; its spiritual essence escapes him. He stands at the portals of Paradise; there he lingers. He stoops to some rare and richly colored feather. He eloquently vaunts its fabulous beauty, but he will not listen to the whirring of the wings from which it has fallen. Pagan in his irony, his pity wholly Christian, Anatole France has in him something of Petronius and not a little of Saint Francis.

II.

Born to the literary life, one of the elect whose career is at once a beacon of hope and despair for the less gifted or less fortunate, Anatole François Thibault first saw the heart of Paris in the year 1844. The son of a bookseller, Noël France Thibault, his childhood was spent in and around his father's book-shop, No. 9 du quai Voltaire, and his juvenile memories are clustered about books. There are many faithful pictures of old libraries and book-worms in his novels. He has a moiety of that Oriental blood which is said to have tinctured the blood of Montaigne, Charles Lamb and Cardinal Newman; the delightful "*Livre de Mon Ami*" gives his readers many glimpses of his early days. Told with incomparable naïveté and verve, we feel in its pages the charm of the writer's personality. A portrait of the youthful Anatole reveals his excessive sensibility. His head was large, the brow was too broad for the feminine chin, though the long nose and firm mouth contradict the possible weakness in the lower part of the face. It was in the eyes, however, that the future of the child might have been discerned—they were lustrous, beautiful in shape, with the fulness that argued eloquence and

imagination. He was, he tells us, a strange boy, whose chief ambition was to be a saint, a second St. Simon Stylites, and, later, the author of a history of France in fifty volumes. Fascinating are the chapters devoted to Pierre and Suzanne in this memoir. His tenderness of touch and power of evoking the fairies of childhood are to be seen in "Abeille." The further development of the boy may be followed in "Pierre Nozière." In college life, he was not a shining figure, like many another budding genius. He loved Virgil and Sophocles, and his professors of the Stanislas College averred that he was too much given to day-dreaming and preoccupied with matters not set forth in the curriculum, to benefit by their instruction. But he had wise parents—he has paid them admirable tributes of his love—who gave him his own way. After some further study in L'Ecole des Chartres, he launched himself into literature through the medium of a little essay, "*La Légende de Sainte Radegonde, reine de France.*" This was in 1859. Followed nine years later a study of Alfred de Vigny, and in 1873 "*Les Poëmes dorées*" attracted the attention of the Parnassian group then under the austere leadership of Leconte de Lisle. "*Les Noces Corinthiennes*" established for him a solid reputation with such men as Catulle Mendés, Xavier de Ricard and de Lisle. For this last-named poet young France exhibited a certain disrespect—the elder was irritable, jealous of his dignity and exacted absolute obedience from his neophytes; unluckily a species of animosity arose between the pair. When, in 1874, he accepted a post in the Library of the Senate, Leconte de Lisle made his displeasure so heavily felt that France soon resigned. But he had his revenge in an article which appeared in "*Le Temps,*" and one that put the pompous academician into a fury. Catulle Mendés sang the praises of the early France poems: "'*Les Noces Corinthiennes*' alone would have sufficed to place him in the first rank, and to preserve his name from the shipwreck of oblivion," declared M. Mendés.

In 1881, with "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" he won the attention of the reading world, a crown from the Academy, and the honor of being translated into a half-dozen languages. From that time he became an important figure in literary Paris, while his reputation was further fortified by his criticisms of books—vagrom criticism, yet charged with charm and learning. He followed Jules Claretie on "*Le Temps,*" and there he wrote for

five years (1886-1891) the *critiques,* which appeared later in four volumes, entitled "*La Vie Littéraire.*" Herr Georg Brandes has said that, in the strict sense of the word, M. France is not a great critic. But France has said this before him. He despises pretentious official criticism, the criticism that distributes good and bad marks to authors in a pedagogic fashion. He may not be so "objective" as his one-time adversary, M. Ferdinand Brunetière, but he is certainly more enjoyable.

The quarrel, a famous one in its day, seems rather faded in our days of critical indifference. After his clever formula, that there is no such thing as objective criticism, that all criticism but records the adventures of one's soul among the masterpieces, France was attacked by Brunetière—of whom the ever-acute Mr. James once remarked that his "intelligence has not kept pace with his learning." Those critical watchwords, "subjective" and "objective," are things of yester-year, and one hopes, forever. But in this instance there was much ink spilt, witty on the part of France, deadly earnest from the pen of Brunetière. The former annihilated his adversary by the mode metaphysical. He demonstrated that in the matter of judgment we are prisoners of our ideas, and he also formed a school that has hardly done him justice, for every impressionistic value is not necessarily valid. It is easy to send one's soul boating among masterpieces and call the result "criticism"; the danger lies in the contingency that one may not boast the power of artistic navigation possessed by Anatole France, a master steersman in the deeps and shallows of literature.

His own critical contributions are notable. Studies of Chateaubriand, Flaubert, Renan, Balzac, Zola, Pascal, Villiers de l'Isle, Adam, Barbey d'Aurevilly, Rabelais, Hamlet, Baudelaire, George Sand, Paul Verlaine—a masterpiece of intuition and sympathy this last—and many others, vivify and adorn all they touch. A critic such as Sainte-Beuve, or Taine, or Brandes, France is not; but he exercises an unfailing spell in everything he signs. His "august vagabondage"—the phrase is Mr. Whibley's—through the land of letters has proved a boon to all students.

In 1897 he was received at the Académie Française, as the successor of Ferdinand de Lesseps. His participation in the Dreyfus affair with its triumphant conclusion, his addresses at

the tombs of Zola and Renan, are matters of history. As a public speaker, France has not the fiery eloquence of Jean Jaurès or Laurent Tailhade, but he displays a cool magnetism all his own. And he is absolutely fearless.

It is not through lack of technique that the structure of the France novels is so simple; his tales plotless, in the ordinary meaning of the word. Elaborate formal architecture he does not affect. The novel in the hands of Balzac, Flaubert, Goncourt and Zola, would seem to have reached its apogee as a canvas upon which to paint a picture of manners. Mr. Arthur Symons has said that the great exterior novels have been written. In the sociological novel, the old theatrical climaxes are absent, the old recipes for cooking character find no place. Even the love motive is not paramount. The genesis of this form may be found in Balzac, in whom all modern fiction is rooted. Certain premonitions of the *genre* are also encountered in "*L'Education Sentimentale,*" of Flaubert, with its wide, gray horizons, its vague murmurs of the immemorial mobs of vast cities, its presentation of undistinguished men and women. Truly democratic fiction, by a master who hated democracy with creative results.

Anatole France, Maurice Barrès, Edouard Estaunie, Rosny (the brothers Bex), René Bazin, Bertrand and the astonishing Paul Adam, are in the van of this new movement of fiction with ideas, endeavoring to exorcise the "demon of staleness." French fiction in the last decade of the past century saw the death of the naturalistic school. Paris had become a thrice-told tale, signifying the wearisome "triangle" and the chronicling of flat beer. Something new had to be evolved. Lo! the sociological novel, which discarded the familiar machinery of fiction, rather than miss the new spirit. It is unnecessary to add that in America the fiction of ideas has not been, thus far, of prosperous growth; indeed, it is viewed with suspicion. Thanks to our infantile conception of the theatre and the novel, we are still muddling along in early Victorian darkness.

Loosely stated, the fiction of Anatole France may be divided into three kinds: fantastic, philosophic and realistic. This arbitrary grouping need not be taken literally; in any one of his tales we may encounter all three qualities. For example, there is much that is fantastic, philosophic, real, in that moving and wholly human narrative of Sylvestre Bonnard. France's fa-

miliarity with cabalistic and exotic literatures, his deep love and comprehension of the Latin and Greek classics, his knowledge of mediæval legends and learning, coupled with his command of supple speech, enable him to project upon a ground-plan of simple narrative extraordinary variations.

The full flowering of France's knowledge and imagination in things patristic and archæologic is to be seen in "Thaïs," a masterpiece of color and construction. It is evidently the outcome of a fervent appreciation of Flaubert's "*Le Tentation de Saint-Antoine,*" an epic truly Goethian in its grandeur. Thaïs is that courtesan of Alexandria, renowned for her beauty, wit and wickedness, who was converted by the holy Paphnutius, saint and hermit of the Thebaïd. How the devil finally dislodges from the heart of Paphnutius its accumulation of virtue, is told in an incomparable manner. If unhappy old Flaubert was pleased by the first offering of his pupil, Guy de Maupassant (*"Boule de Suif"*), what would he not have said after reading "Thaïs"! *Gigantesque!* The ending of the wretched monk, following his spiritual victories as a holy man perched on a pillar—a memory of the author's youthful dream—is lamentable. He loves Thaïs, who dies; and thenceforth he is condemned to wander, a vampire in this world, a devil in the next. A monument of erudition, thick with pages of jewelled prose, "Thaïs" is a book to be savored slowly and never forgotten. It is the direct parent of Pierre Loüys' "Aphrodite," and other evocations of the antique world.

Of great emotional intensity is "*Histoire Comique*" (1903). It is a study of the histrionic temperament, and full of the major miseries and petty triumphs of stage life. It also contains a startling incident, the suicide of a lovelorn actor. The conclusion is violent and morbid. The nature of the average actress has never been etched with such acrid precision. There are various *tableaux* of behind and before the footlights; a rehearsal, an actor's funeral and the life of the greenroom. Set forth in his most disinterested style, M. France shows us that he can handle with ease so-called "objective" fiction. His Doctor Trublet is a new France incarnation, wonderful and kindly old consoler that he is. He is attached as house physician to the Odéon, and to him the comedians come for advice. He ministers to them body and soul. His discourse is Socratic. He has wit and wisdom. And he displays the motives of the heroine so that we seem to

gaze through an open window. As vital as Sylvestre Bonnard, as Bergeret, Trublet is truly an avatar of Anatole France. *"Histoire Comique"!* The title is a rare jest aimed at mundane and bohemian vanity.

Where the ingenuity and mental flexibility, not to say historical mimicry, of France is seen at its supreme, is in *"La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque."* Jacques Tournbroche, or Turnspit, is an assistant in the cook-shop of his father, in old Paris. He is of a studious mind, and becomes the pupil of the Abbé Jérôme Coignard, "who despises men with tenderness," a figure that might have stepped out of Rabelais, though baked and tempered in the refining fires of M. France's imagination. Such a man! Such an ecclesiastic! He adores his Maker and admires His manifold creations, especially wine, women and song. He has more than his share of human weakness, and yet you wonder why he has not been canonized for his adorable traits. He is a glutton and a wine-bibber, a susceptible heart, a pious and deeply versed man. Nor must the rascally friar be forgotten, surely a memory of Rabelais's Friar Jhon. There are scenes in this chronicle that would have made envious the elder Dumas; scenes of swashbuckling, feasting and bloodshed. There is an astrologer who has about him the atmosphere of the black art with its imps and salamanders, its nymphs and fairies, and an ancient Jew who is the Hebraic law personified. So lifelike is Jérôme Coignard that a book of his opinions was bound to follow. His whilom pupil Jacques is supposed to be its editor. *"Le Jardin d'Epicure"* and *"Sur la Pierre Blanche"* (1905) are an excuse for the opinions of M. France on many topics—religion, politics, science and social life. Notwithstanding their loose construction, they are never inchoate, and they are never dull. That the ideas put forth may astound by their perversity, their novelty, their nihilism, their note of cosmic pessimism, is not to be denied. Our earth, "a miserable small star," is a drop of mud swimming in space, its inhabitants mere specks, whose doings are not of importance in the larger curves of the universe's destiny. Every illustration, geological, astronomical and mathematical, is brought to bear upon this thesis—the littleness of man and the uselessness of his existence. But France loves the harassed animal man, and never fails to show his love. Interspersed with this moralizing are recitals of rare beauty, "Gallion" and *"Par la Porte de Corne ou par la*

Porte d'Ivoire," to be found in *" Sur la Pierre Blanche."* Here, the classic scholar, that is the basis of France's temperament, fairly shines.

In the four volumes of *" Histoire Contemporaine"* we meet a new Anatole France, one who has deserted his old attitude of Parnassian impassibility for a suave anarchism, and one who enters the arena of contemporaneous life bent on slaughter, though his weapon is ever the keen polished blade, never the rude battle-axe of cheap polemics. It is his first venture in the fiction of sociology; properly speaking, it is the psychology of the masses, not exactly as Paul Adam handles it in his striking and tempestuous *" Les Lions"* (a book Balzacian in its fury of execution), but with the graver temper of the philosopher. He paints for us a provincial university town with its intrigues, religious, political and social. The first of the series is *" L'Orme du Mail," " Le Mannequin d'Osier," " L'Anneau d'Améthyste"* and *" Monsieur Bergeret à Paris"* (1901). The loop that ensnares this quartet of novels is the simple motive of ecclesiastical ambition. Not since Ferdinand Fabre's *" L'Abbé Tigrane,"* has French literature had such portraits of the priesthood; Zola's ecclesiastics are ill-natured caricatures. The Cardinal Archbishop, Abbé Lataigne, and the lifelike Abbé Guitrel, with the silent, though none the less desperate, fight for the vacant bishopric of Turcoing—these are the three men who with Bergeret carry the story on their shoulders. About them circle the entire diocese and the tepid life of a university town. Yet anything further from melodramatic machinations cannot be imagined. Even the clerics of Balzac seem exaggerated in comparison. The protagonist is a professor, a master of conference of the University Faculty, a worthy man and earnest, though by no means an exalted talent. He has the misfortune of being married to a worldly woman who does not attempt to understand him, much less to love him. She deceives him. The episode is one of the most curious in fiction. It would be diverting if it were not so painful. It reveals in Bergeret the preponderance of the man of thought over the man of action. His pupil and false friend is also a sound classical scholar! And is given the scholar's excuse as a plea for forgiveness! But hesitating as appears Bergeret, he utilizes his wife's conduct as a springboard from which to fly his household. Henceforth, with

his devoted sister and daughter, he philosophizes at ease and becomes a Dreyfusard. His dog *Riquet* is the recipient of his deepest thoughts. His monologues in the presence of this animal are the best in the book.

There are many characters in this serene and bitter tragi-comedy. A contempt, almost monastic, peeps out in the treatment of women. They are often detestable. They behave as if an empire was at stake, though it is only a conspiracy whereby Abbé Guitrel is made Bishop of Turcoing. France always displays more pity for the frankly sinful woman than for the frivolous woman of fashion. There is also a subplot, the effort of a young snob, Bonmont by name (Guttenberg, originally), to get into the exclusive hunting set of the Duc de Brécé. This hunt-button wins for the diplomatic Abbé Guitrel his coveted See. M. France is unequalled in his portrayment of the modern French-Hebrew millionaire, his Wallsteins and Bonmonts. He draws them without *parti-pris.* His prefect, the easy-going, cynical Worms-Clavelin, with his secret contempt of Jews and Gentiles alike, and his wife who collects ecclesiastical bric-à-brac, are executed by a great painter of character. He exposes with merciless impartiality a mob of men and women in high life. But his aristocrats are no better than his ecclesiastics or bankers. There is a comic Orléanist conspiracy. There are happenings that set your hair on end, and a cynicism at times which forces one to regret that the author left his study to mingle with the world. Nor is the strain relieved when poor Bergeret goes to Paris. There he is enmeshed by the Dreyfus party. There he comes upon stormy days. His high ideals never desert him. He is as placid in the face of contemptuous epithets and opprobrious newspaper attacks as he was calm when stones were hurled at his windows in the provinces. A man obsessed by general ideas, he is lovable and never a bore, though M. Faguet and several other critics have cried him stupid.

There is enough characterization and incident in "*Histoire Contemporaine*" to ballast a half-dozen novelists with material. And there are treasures of humor and pathos. The success of the series has been awe-inspiring; indeed, awe-inspiring is the success of all the France books, and at a time when Parisian prophets of woe are lamenting the decline of literature. Nevertheless, here is a man who writes like a great artist, whose work, web

and woof, is literature, whose themes, with few exceptions, are not of the popular kind, whose politics are violently opposed to current superstition, whose very form is hybrid; yet he sells, and has sold, in the hundreds of thousands. Literature cannot be moribund in the face of such a result. His is a case that sets one speculating without undue emphasis upon a certain superiority of French taste over Anglo-Saxon in the matter of fiction.

"An art, ironical, easy, fugitive, divinely untrammelled, divinely artificial, which, like a pure flame, blazes forth in an unclouded heaven . . . *la gaya scienza;* light feet; wit; fire; grace; the dance of the stars; the tremor of southern light; the smooth sea" —these Nietzschean phrases might serve as an epigraph for the art of that apostle of innocence and experience, Anatole France.

JAMES HUNEKER.

ENGLAND'S FOOD-SUPPLY IN TIME OF WAR.

BY LIEUTENANT CARLYON BELLAIRS, R.N.

For a number of years there has been a considerable agitation in Great Britain concerning the dependence of the country on oversea supplies of food.

The psychological factor has assumed great importance in British preparations, so much so that a proposal involving diversion of money to some fanciful scheme is frequently justified by a Cabinet Minister on the sole ground that it serves to calm the public mind. That the case is familiar to Americans was shown in the war with Spain when, under a weak administration, we find that, in the words of a member of the Navy Board, Captain Mahan, "the flying squadron was kept in Hampton Roads to calm the fears of the seaboard." Citing this instance, the Royal Commission on the Supply of Food and Raw Material in War (1905) add that, owing to geographical position, "our risk is greater than their risk." It is beside my immediate purpose to expose this fallacy about the safety of distance, or to show how, if Hampton Roads and the Canary Islands had been as near to each other as the English Portland and the French Brest, Cervera's squadron would have been, to use a military expression, "contained" by a watching force from the outset of the war. Thus, the safety of Australia does not lie in its distance from a possible naval attack, but in the proximity of British naval forces to the European naval bases. War is wholly a matter of perspective, which changes sharply according to the risks run. If the naval forces present insure risks to the enemy which, for him, make "the game not worth the candle," the position of commerce is precisely that of the Japanese in the vicinity of Japan and the Gulf of Pechili during the war. Even the transports sailing

singly, like ordinary merchant vessels, enjoyed relative immunity from attack. To obtain an idea of the perspective of the situation, it may be pointed out that the risks run proved to be less than those incurred from ordinary navigation in the way of grounding, fire or collision, which are what we cheerfully accept every day of our lives. On the other hand, Russian shipping was entirely arrested, as the Port Arthur fleet was unable to afford adequate protection.

A further consideration is that, apart from torpedo craft, which have never proved of the slightest utility for attacks on trade routes, and have never been able singly to achieve anything against moving vessels, the only ships capable of maintaining themselves at sea are the very expensive, fast, armored cruisers, which can do so on their coal-supply for about a fortnight. So clearly is this recognized that none of the great maritime Powers is now building unarmored ships. Of armored cruisers, no nation except Great Britain has a sufficient number for the existing requirements of her fleets as lookout vessels. To suppose that an admiral will deprive his fleet of eyes is to credit European sailors with an unusual degree of stupidity. He cannot use unarmored vessels for this latter purpose, as they could not push home a reconnaissance nearer than ten thousand yards, and the vessels used must obviously be fast ones. Every time she proceeds to coal, the commerce-destroyer runs the gravest risk. In the American Civil War, three of the Confederate cruisers were lost through inability to obtain coal. As examples of exaggerated notions concerning commerce-destroyers, I take the record of three typical French cruisers. The "*Châteaurenault*" was supposed to be able to steam from Toulon to Saigon without recoaling, and a committee reported that she could not get as far as Singapore and was recoaled at Colombo. The "*Guichen*," ordered to steam full speed to China, managed to attain 14½ knots. The "*Jurien de la Gravière*," designed for a coal endurance of 9,300 miles, was proved by trials to have one of 4,000 miles, while the coal, distributed in 70 bunkers, was exceedingly difficult to stoke. These are typical modern French cruisers; and to regard them as constituting a menace to commerce would only occur to timid persons accustomed to run away from every difficulty that presents itself. The privateer or frigate could always escape from a battle-ship; but these cruisers would incur

risks from battle-ships built for 18 knots. Is it likely that they are going to deplete their complement to furnish prize crews, when it is notorious that, if the engine-room is not assisted by deck hands, war-ships can only proceed at two-thirds power? And for what purpose? Of ten British steamers, eight are tramps of slow speed. If one is captured, she can only be taken into a national port at her own slow speed. If the prize is sunk, the crew must be accommodated, and war-ships have but little room to spare for passengers. The cruiser is of priceless value in war; and she is to be risked for an operation which can have no influence on the war, and which, if it could be repeated nearly a hundred times, would only inflict a loss of one per cent. on the British mercantile marine. The eight Confederate steamers in the American Civil War had practically a clear field, for no real attempt was made to catch them. They captured only three steamers. Of the two million tons of American sailing-ships, they managed to capture 206 vessels ranging from fishing-craft up. In such operations, five of them were greatly helped by their auxiliary sail-power, enabling them to wait for vessels for months at a time without recoaling, while the other three were captured through their dependence on coal. In spite of these advantages, a Select Committee in America, in 1869, found that only five per cent. of the decline in American tonnage was due to actual captures.

In no single case in maritime history have the operations of commerce-destroyers produced the slightest effect on the issue of the war. The regular operations of fleets have again and again resulted in the total suspension of oversea commerce. Thus, a naval battle, exactly one hundred years ago, caused British insurance rates to tumble down eighteen per cent., and a Select Committee on Marine Insurance reported four years after Trafalgar that, though the total value of the oversea and coasting trade was estimated by them at £320,927,000, only £162,539,000 of this was insured at all. It certainly appears impressive to state the bare fact, as writers habitually do, that Great Britain lost 10,871 vessels in the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. When, however, we divide by the number of years of war, we find the loss to be only 543 vessels *per annum*, or 2.36 per cent. of the average number on the register. At the present time, the United Kingdom annually loses about this percentage of the total number of vessels on the register through the ordinary accidents of naviga-

tion, wrecks and collisions; and she is able out of her shipbuilding resources to replace them by treble the number, or over a million tons in a year. In the French war, she built on an average 925 vessels *per annum*, and in 1810 no fewer than 4,023 of the vessels carrying on trade under the British flag were ships that had been captured from the enemy. So, again, in the American War of 1812-15, Great Britain lost 2,300 vessels and retook 750, giving a corrected loss of 1,550, as against 1,407 she captured from the United States. The operations of the British fleets, however, resulted in the total cessation of the rival commerce.

If now we assume that the experiences of the French wars were to be repeated, and 2.36 per cent. of British ships were to be captured, the risk to Great Britain's supplies would be much lower, for 40 per cent. are carried in neutral bottoms. This would reduce the risk to 1½ per cent. on the total supplies, or about 3½*d.* in the pound. There are, however, reasons for believing that British commerce was exposed to altogether exceptional dangers in the wars from 1793 to 1815, exceptional, that is, under the circumstances of the policy of maritime supremacy being consistently adhered to. Many of these reasons were touched upon in the evidence before the Commission, such as the impossibility of sailing-ships escaping in a zone forming three-eighths of the compass circle according to the direction of the wind, their liability to be becalmed under the land or at important headlands which they sighted for the correction of their charted positions, and the foul winds which often kept them from entering a port for days. Others not less important were not touched upon, but are sufficiently noteworthy. The British merchant vessels, known as "coffin ships," were then the worst sailing-ships in the world, being built to cheat the port dues levied on breadth and length, but not on depth. With crews depleted by the press-gang, they fell an easy prey to the privateers and armed rowboats. They could not purchase safety by varying their routes and hugging neutral shores, as steamers can do.

There is one further argument, and it is one that has to be seriously considered in view of the sweeping proposal of the Royal Commissioners to indemnify all losses through capture by the enemy. Marbot, in his Memoirs, gives an account of how Masséna and other French generals amassed fortunes by secret agreements with British ship-owners. The ships were volun-

tarily captured, and were then taken in as prizes free of all duty. If national indemnity became the rule in distant trades, over which control could not be exercised so closely as in European waters and the North Atlantic, the tendency would be to over-insure and pay a heavier premium for the sake of claiming a larger indemnity. The proposal is really an amplification of one made by the writer in lectures before the War Course of Senior Naval Officers in 1901, and before the Royal Artillery Institution in 1902, that the British Government should guarantee the North Atlantic and European routes, thus throwing the most remunerative trades into British hands. I made the proposal for purposes of discussion without any great enthusiasm for it; but I felt that it would be quite safe to withdraw the guarantee after the educational influence of a few months of war. It should be noted that one of the chief causes of safety to commerce in war is that of delay created by the passive resistance of the vessel being hunted, and the means, by rockets and other methods, by which she endeavors to attract the attention of possible distant rescuers. Every merchant vessel should persist in the endeavor to escape until in danger of sinking from actual damage inflicted on her. The chase may, in the case of routes like the Channel, North Sea, and Mediterranean, actually be made, in a majority of cases, to draw the commerce-destroyer into the net spread by the defending cruisers.

It might almost appear to be a condition of maritime power that a nation should be driven to seek its food from oversea. The Phœnicians, the Greeks, the Romans and the Dutch have all, in the time of their maritime greatness, been dependent on sea-communications. Great Britain, in addition to being an island, has been driven by the whole condition of her being to seek her future on the sea. No nation has ever drawn its food-supplies from transmarine territories to anything like the same extent. On an average, over 80 per cent. of the wheat and flour, 55 per cent. of the eggs, 53 per cent. of the butter, and 45 per cent. of the meat consumed are imported. Articles such as tea, coffee and sugar are entirely of foreign origin. A very large proportion of the home supply of meat, butter, milk and eggs is dependent on imported feeding stuffs, and the soil of the country on imported fertilizers. We have seen that the situation really turns on the answer to the question as to how far these supplies

might be endangered in war. The discussion in Great Britain, however, tends always to the effect of war on prices. The Royal Commission altogether ignored the much more important consideration of the effect of war on wages. They successfully show that no rise of prices took place in Japan on the outbreak of war. They permitted, however, an old fallacy to be revived in evidence about the rise in price of wheat in the Crimean War, as the result of the Russian supply being cut off. The important point was, surely, to examine the statistics of pauperism as an indication of the effect of the rise. If this had been done, it would have been found that pauperism was absolutely stationary, though population was going up. It was a bad oversight not to point out that, in the first year of any prospective maritime war, Great Britain would probably be carrying on her industrial work under the extraordinary stimulus of a Government disbursement for the purpose of war of about £30 per adult male worker in the country, the money being mainly borrowed from posterity. This cause undoubtedly operated in the French Revolutionary War, when, in spite of the inventions of labor-saving machinery, wages undoubtedly rose, while it is impossible to trace any considerable rise of price in wheat until after several years of war. Indeed, in 1800, Pitt pointed out that, in the war years of 1796-1799, "the price sunk perhaps too low for the fair profit of the farmer." The great drop of 40 per cent. in wages and the resultant distress took place after the conclusion of the war. Terrible as the strain of so prolonged a war undoubtedly was, it would not have been so severe, but for the depreciation of the currency, which amounted to nearly 21 per cent. in 1812. After a supreme navy, it is plainly indicated by history that the financial credit of the country is the most important issue.

In the first half of the nineteenth century, the world's wheatfield was still a very limited one so far as Great Britain was concerned. The development of steamers, railways, canals and telegraphs has since enabled her to place the whole world under contribution.

Roughly, the United States retains 52,000,000 quarters of wheat and exports the remainder of her production. Consequently, in 1902 she exported 28,500,000 quarters, and in 1904 only 14,500,000, and of this less than 8,000,000 found its way to the United Kingdom. Yet, though the loss of imports from the

United States amounted to nearly a fourth of her total consumption, the balance was far more than made up to Great Britain by the heaviest total import on record from all parts. Her wants, we see clearly, can be complied with in a fortnight from a cabled order at any time of the year. We are, in a phrase, no longer dependent upon a fickle climate.

It is in the above circumstances that so nice a balance has been brought about between supply and demand that there have been occasions when the stock of wheat in Great Britain has fallen so low as to afford only six weeks' supply to a population consuming nearly 600,000 quarters (one quarter = 480 lbs.) of wheat in a week. To put it in another way, the population consumes 130,000 tons a week, so that, if it depended entirely on supplies from abroad, about 26 steamers, averaging a carrying capacity of 5,000 tons, ought to arrive every week with supplies. The figure 5,000 tons is selected, as this is the average dead-weight capacity of many liners and cargo-steamers. So long as there is a margin of safety, such as the six weeks' minimum supply already mentioned, it is immaterial if 32 steamers arrive one week and only 20 the next week. At this point, we may usefully note that almost exactly a thousand steamers a week enter the ports of the United Kingdom, and, of these, six hundred are British; so that, in the above assumption of 26 steamers, carrying wheat, only 60 per cent., or 16 of them, undergo war risks. If, in these circumstances, we place the war risks at the very high limit of six per cent., then one out of each group of 16 British steamers would be reckoned as captured. Obviously, if the prices in Great Britain are materially higher than on the Continent, the natural tendency would be to run a couple of extra British or neutral steamers in with wheat, and so more than discount the 5,000 tons of wheat per week lost by capture. Of course, in practice, the eggs are not nearly so much in a few baskets, for the wheat is spread out as part cargoes in a large proportion of the thousand steamers arriving every week. In addition, a far greater loss than we have assumed might be cheerfully borne without replacement, and still leave the wheat consumed per head of population at a far higher figure than that of Germany.

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

THE OLD PENOLOGY AND THE NEW.

BY EUGENE SMITH, PRESIDENT OF THE PRISON ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

A JUST test of the value of any penal system is found in the quality of its discharged convicts. If a majority of the convicts, who have undergone the discipline prescribed by a prison system, on their discharge return to a life of crime, the fact indicates that the system is defective; and so, *vice versa,* if most of the convicts lead an industrious and law-abiding life after their discharge, the fact speaks well for the system which produces such results. The system is justly judged by what it accomplishes—by its "finished product."

How will the prisons in the United States stand the application of this test?

It is a notorious fact that the most desperate class of criminals in the country consists of discharged convicts. So true is this that, whenever a crime of unusual atrocity shocks the whole community, investigation is very apt to prove that the crime was planned and committed by ex-convicts. And yet not less than ten thousand of these most dangerous criminals are released every year from the prisons of the United States, and turned loose to prey upon the public.

This fact alone is sufficiently appalling, but it is aggravated by a further consideration. A convict undergoing a long term of imprisonment becomes thoroughly known to the prison officers, who are able to form a quite accurate estimate of his character and purposes, and to predict with some confidence whether it is safe to restore him to freedom. These officers may be perfectly sure that the convict, when released from the restraint of the prison, will fall back into crime; nay, more, the convict may openly declare his intention to return to a life of crime, as soon

as he is set free—all this has no bearing upon his absolute right to a discharge. As soon as the term of his sentence expires, he becomes *ipso facto* a free man, no matter how vicious he may be.

I am sure that future generations will inquire with wonder for an explanation of our amazing folly. Why, when we actually held these dangerous criminals in secure confinement, did we open to them the prison gates, although we had every reason to believe that they went forth, not only to plunder and to kill, but, as experts, to train and to lead the whole criminal class?

The answer is exceedingly simple: the indiscriminate discharge of convicts at the expiration of their sentence, without regard to their fitness for freedom, is due entirely to blind adherence to an ancient, but now thoroughly discredited, theory. The theory may be stated thus: the purpose controlling the State in its dealing with the criminal is the infliction of *retributive punishment* for his crime.

This theory has formed the basis of our penal law and, to understand how it has pervaded our whole criminal jurisprudence, it may be useful to glance at the origin of the theory and briefly to trace its historical development.

Human nature is so constituted that a person who suffers injury from a crime committed by another is inflamed with a feeling of resentment against the offender and a passionate desire for revenge. In very early times, the right of private vengeance was recognized by law; it was the right, perhaps the duty, of the person injured and his next of kin to pursue the offender and to inflict summary punishment upon him. At a period still more remote, it may be that the right of punishing crime was vested not only in the sufferer, but in every individual; this would explain the apprehension expressed by Cain, the first murderer, that whoever should find him would slay him. However this may have been, it is certain that early in Saxon history the punishment of crime was committed by law to private vengeance. In the opinion of Professor Green, this was true in the primitive history of all races:

"Among the English, as among all the races of mankind, justice had originally sprung from each man's personal action. There had been a time when every freeman was his own avenger."*

* Green's "History of the English People," Vol. I, p. 9.

Sir James Stephen regards the right of personal vengeance by the injured party as an advance upon the earlier condition, when the duty of inflicting punishment devolved upon every member of the community:

"In early times, the really efficient check upon crimes of violence was the fear of private vengeance, which rapidly degenerated into private war, blood feuds and anarchy. . . . It belongs properly to a period when the idea of public punishment for crimes had not yet become familiar. . . . A single step, but still a step, however short, from private war and blood feuds is made when people are invested by law with the right of inflicting summary punishment on wrong-doers whose offences injure them personally. . . . Of this right of summary execution the Saxon laws are full."†

The exercise of private vengeance, however, was incompatible with the maintenance of public order. It perpetuated family feuds, not unlike those of which we read as even now existing in some of the Southern States of the Union. The legal right of private vengeance was thus, from necessity, abrogated, and, in lieu of it, the duty of punishing crime was transferred to the State. This was upon the theory, then originated, that the State was the party injured by crime, even more than the individual victim of the crime; and, in common conception, the State, in punishing crime, simply took the place previously occupied by the individual sufferer and became the *avenger* of crime.

All the legislation and procedure of that early age which followed the acceptance of this new theory of the State show that vengeance was always the controlling, if not the sole, aim in dealing with criminals. Punishments came into use which were characterized by the cruellest tortures that vindictive malignity could devise. For certain crimes, deemed minor offences, there was established an elaborate system of fines payable both to the State and to the individual injured by the crime. Both the tortures and the fines rested upon the same theory of compensatory or retributive punishment, the aim of which was to inflict upon the convict pain and damage commensurate with the crime.

In the course of time, by the softening influences of Christianity and advancing civilization, physical torture fell into disuse; imprisonment came to be generally adopted as the only punishment

* Stephen's "History of the Criminal Law of England," Vol. I, pp. 59, 61.

for all felonies except capital ones, and fines became applicable to petty misdemeanors. The introduction of imprisonment as the common punishment for all crimes (except the very highest and the lowest) simplified and systematized the penal law. Punishments came to differ only in their *duration.* Applying the same principle of retributive justice, it became necessary to gauge the whole catalogue of crimes according to their several degrees of guilt, and to affix to each crime, as its proper punishment, a stated term of imprisonment. In fixing the duration of such term, the retributive theory required that each convict should remain imprisoned until the sum of the sufferings inflicted upon him was sufficient to compensate and atone for the amount of guilt involved in the particular crime committed by him. This balancing of guilt and punishment was not deemed too difficult or delicate a process to be compassed by general statutes. Codes of criminal law were enacted which contained definitions of the known crimes, and ordained the term of imprisonment for each crime. On the trial of a criminal, after all the testimony was in, the judge had simply to turn to the code, find (from its definitions) the name of the crime proved and the term of imprisonment belonging to it, and then pronounce sentence according to statute. The admeasurement of human guilt became almost as simple as looking up a word in a dictionary.

Centuries ago, the criminal law reached the stage of development here indicated. It remained, unchanged in theory and principle, down to the present age, the embodiment of what may be called "The Old Penology." Within the past generation, certain changes have been proposed and in part adopted, which overturn the foundations and whole superstructure of the old criminal law. These changes are of a nature so radical that they may justly be said to have created a "New Penology."

In order to illustrate the sharp contrast between the old and the new, note four cardinal features of the old system:

1. The theory of *retributive punishment* lay at the very foundation of the whole system. The only aim of imprisonment was to make the convict suffer for his wrong-doing.

2. The length of the sentence was to be proportioned in each case to the degree of guilt indicated by the crime committed. This led to the creation of penal codes which assumed to gauge the relative amounts of guilt involved in the various crimes.

3. This adjustment of punishment to guilt took place at the conclusion of the trial, and sentence was then pronounced fixing *in advance* the term of imprisonment.

4. As a corollary from what has preceded, when the convict had served his allotted term of imprisonment he was held to have expiated or atoned for his crime; "justice was satisfied," and the convict became absolutely entitled to be restored to freedom, as if he had never committed a crime.

Each and all of these four elements of the old system the new penology rejects and utterly condemns. The theory of retributive punishment cannot be reconciled with any true conception of the function of civil government. The State exists mainly for the *protection* of its people; to remove obstructions which impede progress and which hamper freedom is its highest care. Defence of the public, and not vengeance on the criminal, is the only legitimate aim of the State in dealing with crime. Revenge, not a worthy motive for an individual, is wholly foreign to the majesty of the State. When the State imprisons a criminal, its action is governed by precisely the same reasons that lead it to hold in quarantine a ship bearing contagion, or to confine in an asylum a lunatic affected with homicidal mania. A criminal is, in like manner, a public menace and danger; it is not safe for the public that he should be at large. This reason alone justifies the State in depriving him of his freedom.

If, then, the convicted criminal is imprisoned as a measure of public safety, the same consideration alone should determine the duration of his imprisonment. The amount of his guilt is a psychological problem that Omniscience only can possibly solve; it has no bearing at all on the practical question, How long shall he be kept in prison? The same motive of public protection that first sent him to prison demands that he should remain there until his release becomes consistent with public safety.

But how can the release of a criminal ever become consistent with public safety, unless he shall have undergone a transformation of character? His predatory purposes must be supplanted by habits of industry, self-respect and respect for law, a worthy regard for the good opinion of men, higher ideals and new conceptions of justice and of honor: in a word, normal views of life must gain possession of the man and develop power of self-control in the place of blind passion. This is what *reformation*

means; this is what modern methods of reformatory prison training and discipline have actually accomplished. Popular opinion is sceptical about the possibility of reforming criminals, but the scepticism rests upon ignorance of what has been achieved. The modern system of reformative treatment may be fairly said to have originated in the Elmira Reformatory thirty years ago; since that time, the system has been experimentally developed and improved in that and other reformatories with most striking results. A large majority of all the felon convicts treated under this system have acquired both the purpose and the power to abstain from crime.

Imprisonment protects the public so long as it continues; reformation makes the protection permanent. The New Penology, of which the key-note is public protection, demands, therefore, that the reformative system shall be introduced and administered in all prisons, and that no convict shall be discharged from prison until he is fitted for freedom. No convict is fitted for freedom while he remains under the dominion of criminal purposes and lacks either the desire or the power to subdue them.

How long a course of reformative treatment may be required to effect the desired result will vary according to the character and temperament of each individual convict. To fix its duration in advance—to make the term of the imprisonment a part of the sentence of conviction—is not less irrational, and even absurd, than would be the commitment of a smallpox patient to a hospital for just ten days, or sending a violent lunatic to an asylum for exactly one year. The patient, the lunatic, the criminal, must all be confined and treated until *cured,* be the time required more or less. To meet this exigency, the New Penology has devised the Indeterminate Sentence for crime, by which the prisoner, upon conviction, is sentenced simply to imprisonment; no term is fixed, but the prisoner is to be released only upon the decision of a competent board that he has gained both the purpose and the ability to lead a law-abiding life.

A reformative system of training is the indispensable complement of the Indeterminate Sentence. The prisoner is thus left to work out his own salvation; the strongest incentive—the love of freedom—appeals to him to accept the situation and cordially to respond to the elevating and strengthening discipline to which he is subjected, until at last his criminal purposes come to be

supplanted by worthy motives and dawning aspirations toward true manhood.

The Indeterminate Sentence, moreover, reverses the attitude of the State toward the criminal. Under the retributive system, the convict regards the State as a relentless enemy, vindictively inflicting pain and suffering upon him and finally casting him forth only when its vengeance is sated. The Indeterminate Sentence presents the State to the convict as a beneficent power, striving to uplift him and plying him with influences and agencies which aim only at his rehabilitation.

It is not easy to understand how the endurance of retributive punishment came to be regarded as an expiation or atonement for the crime thus punished. Suffering voluntarily endured or reparation voluntarily made, if prompted by sorrow and repentance, may be accepted as expiation of an offence committed; but the expiatory virtue of such suffering consists wholly in its voluntary and repentant character. That suffering compulsorily inflicted and borne with defiance should be deemed an atonement for crime passes comprehension. But this absurd fiction is the only ground on which dangerous criminals are discharged as soon as the term of their sentence, fixed in advance, expires.

The advocates of the New Penology are now concentrating effort to secure the incorporation into criminal jurisprudence of two measures, both of controlling importance:

I. That all prisons for convicts shall be operated under a reformatory system of training and discipline, forming in the convict habits of industry and of correct living, and surrounding him with helpful and uplifting influences, so that every prisoner shall be given a chance to reform.

II. That to prisons thus equipped and administered all prisoners shall be sent under an indeterminate sentence, the essential principle of which is that no prisoner shall be released until he is fitted for freedom.

Both are demanded as measures of sound policy for public protection against crime; and the demand is made doubly imperative because it is in harmony with the spirit of true Christian philanthropy.

EUGENE SMITH.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON, JOHN BOYD THACHER AND ALVAN F. SANBORN.

"LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL."*

FORTUNATE Randolph Churchill! As unhappy during his lifetime as are most geniuses with insufficient creative vent, he is rescued from oblivion within eleven years of his death by two of the most accomplished living masters of English prose. His career was so brief, so meteoric, so uneven, so unsynonymous with any great public measure, that in the ordinary course of events he could not have expected to fill a conspicuous chapter in the history of England. For he had rather the personality of genius than its creativeness. Nature would seem to have begun his composition in her extensive laboratory with some care, then with the caprice of her sex forgotten him for a time, finally sent his poor little maimed soul scurrying off to earth without the finishing touches that would have made him a great man. With that temperament and that wonderful personality of his, one suspects that she designed him for a poet, or to read into marble or canvas the mysteries of life so blank to mere mortals. Never was a man less equipped temperamentally for the horrible practicalities and disillusions, the mean stings and jealousies and toadyisms of public life. In some respects he was a younger brother to Byron, with his passionate and unconquerable hatred of shams, his forlorn clutch at the hem of vanishing ideals, his—so long as health lasted—power to live in an ardent imagination where all things were coming right; and if he had not married a handsome and superlatively clever woman in his youth, we suspect that he would have had as romantic a career. As it is, the personality that was his

* "Lord Randolph Churchill." By Lord Rosebery. New York: Harper & Brothers.

crucifixion has saved him from comparative oblivion, and he had become something of a legend even before his son's remarkable *Life*. He moved on the mental horizon of those that never had seen him, with a sort of vague vividness; a curious undecipherable figure incessantly in motion, tormented by a volcanic and somewhat sinister energy. Something of the mystery and all that was sinister in the impression has disappeared since the appearance of Mr. Winston Churchill's book, but there is a still more fascinating and appealing, an incomparably more pathetic, figure permanently enthroned in the public mind. It has become a matter of current history, with or without foundation, that Mr. Churchill announced upon one occasion—in a fit of exasperation, no doubt—that the day would come when Lord Randolph Churchill would be remembered as the father of his son. Personally, I find this story difficult to believe, for one of the most notable things in one of the most notable of biographies is a perfect balance of filial reverence and historic propriety. But if he had any such ambition he has denied it fulfilment by giving to the world not only an unforgettable figure always in the foreground of an exciting historic drama, but a character that appeals so powerfully to the imagination that the permanence of the legend is insured. Randolph Churchill will inspire the novelist and dramatist of the future, possibly the poet—should another Browning arise—in common with Cecil Rhodes, William II of Germany, possibly our own Roosevelt. Indeed, there is more psychology in him than in at least two of the others, and the tragedy of his life, taken in connection with the romance of his descent, his lightning-like personality, his genius for demoralizing the very judgment of those that hated him, and the biting, brilliant, absolutely fearless quality of his wit, will perhaps counterbalance the halo that frames the rare combination of throne and individuality. It is only this power of hypnotizing the public that gives any man the chance to survive as a legend, for he hypnotizes posterity as well, and, judging from what we know of human nature at present, there will be even more of Lord Randolph Churchill a century hence than there is to-day. Only fiction can immortalize, and the dramatist or novelist unborn will alchemize him into a figure that would surprise and satisfy even himself. Meanwhile he is safely embalmed with something of the ancient Egyptian's art.

Lord Rosebery's book would be somewhat superfluous, coming

while the *Life* is still green in the memory, were it not for the extremely intimate nature of the brief chronicle and the wisdom of its summaries. It lacks the almost creative charm of the *Last Phase,* and we suspect the reason to be that it was not so much a labor of love as of duty; not through any failure in affection for his old friend, but because no one could realize more clearly than so cool and critical a mind as Lord Rosebery's that when once a thing has been supremely well done it were best to let it alone until it has sunk a little with the weight of time, then as inevitably pushed its way to the surface again. But he had given his word to Lord Randolph's mother, and he kept it. One can only respect him for his honesty as well as for his courage; and as far as mere writing is concerned, literature is certainly the richer for the monograph. Moreover, it is possible that many that have not the time or patience for the longer work, and, in the United States, no surpassing interest in English politics, and yet who pride themselves upon being "in the know," will compromise on the shorter work; wherefore, once more, fortunate Lord Randolph!

Here is a sharp etching in the way of reminiscent description:

". . . Randolph's personality was one full of charm, both in public and private life. His demeanor, his unexpectedness, his fits of caressing humility, his impulsiveness, his tinge of violent eccentricity, his apparent devilry, made him a fascinating companion; while his wit, his sarcasm, his piercing personalities, his elaborate irony, and his effective delivery, gave an astounding popularity to his speeches.

"Nor were his physical attributes without their fascination. His slim and boyish figure, his mustache which had an emotion of its own, his round protruding eye, gave a compound interest to his speeches and his conversation. His laugh, which has been described as 'jaylike,' was indeed not melodious, but in its very weirdness and discordance it was merriment itself. All this comes back to a friend as he reads this book (*The Life*)—the boyhood, the manhood, the mournful and gradual decay. He may be pardoned if he draws a little on his memory with regard to this brilliant being."

And again:

"He had also the vital mainspring of zest. To whatever he applied himself he gave for the time being his whole eager heart. He was strenuous at politics, but he was also at times devoted to hunting, racing and chess, and he took gastronomy as seriously as Macaulay. But whatever it might be, politics or pleasure, it possessed him entirely; he did it with gusto, with every nerve and fibre. He had also the fascination of manner. Thus, when he chose, which was perhaps too rarely, he could

deal successfully with men. He had also at his disposal the charm of conversation, and this was as various as his moods. When he felt himself completely at ease in congenial society, it was wholly delightful. He would then display his mastery of pleasant irony and banter; for with those playthings he was wholly at his best. Nor would he hesitate to air his most intimate views of persons and characters; he did not shrink from criticisms which were candid to the verge of cynicism; he revelled in paradox. A stranger or a prig happening upon him in such moods would be puzzled, perhaps scandalized; for his lighter and more intimate conversation was not to be taken literally. . . . He was, moreover, absolutely unaffected himself, and ruthlessly pricked the bubbles of cant and affectation in others. In graver discussion he had, when he chose, a subtle and engaging deference; his ideas were luminous and original. This deference, however, must not be taken to imply veneration. From that bump his skull was singularly free. . . . He had a faithful and warm heart; from childhood he had been the best of sons; and the whole soul of his mother was with him to the end. While still a lad he ruled the family with autocratic affection, and the affection was unstintedly returned. . . . His friendships were singularly stanch. There might be tiffs, but they would, as a rule, be passing. While they lasted, the horizon would be entirely black, and the human race engaged in a vast combination with the powers of evil against him. . . . His lack of jealousy and his personal charm arose from the same quality—that there was no perfection or claim to perfection about him. He was human, eminently human; full of faults, as he himself well knew, but not base nor unpardonable faults; pugnacious, outrageous, fitful, petulant, but eminently lovable and winning."

It is a fascinating book to quote from, but space is limited. For Lord Rosebery's brief and lucid definition of Tory Democracy, for his analyses of the two great parties and for his general summary of Lord Randolph's career I refer the reader to the book itself, making but two more quotations, one of which exhibits his power of suggestion in relating an anecdote, the other a fine and melancholy paragraph at the end of the book:

"One incident in the lobby (1885) impressed me more than our subsequent conversation. He offered me a cigarette as we were walking to his room and I stipulated for a cigar. He had not got one, he said, but would soon get me one. At this moment there appeared in the passage a portly baronet of great wealth. 'Here's a man who will give me a good cigar,' said Randolph. 'Oh, ——, I want a cigar to give my friend here; have you got your case?' I never shall forget the precipitate veneration with which the baronet produced his best and choicest. It was an object-lesson in Randolph's position."

"He will be pathetically memorable for the dark cloud which gradually enveloped him, and in which he passed away. He was the chief

mourner at his own protracted funeral, a public pageant of gloomy years. Will he not perhaps be remembered as much for the anguish as for the fleeting triumphs of his life? It is a black moment when the heralds proclaim the passing of the dead, and the great officers break their staves. But it is a sadder still when it is the victim's own voice that announces his decadence, when it is the victim's own hands that break the staff in public. I wonder if generations to come will understand the pity of it, will comprehend the full tragedy of Randolph's marred life?"

In April last I wrote a long review of the *Life* for the San Francisco "Argonaut." It went up in smoke before publication, and as I had no notes I did not care to make the doubtful experiment of reconstructing impressions no longer vivid of outline—for it was several months before San Francisco took up any threads with the past again. But I remember making one suggestion, induced by the high and fascinating qualities of this biography, which it may not be amiss to repeat here, and that was that the Disraeli papers be given to Mr. Churchill. I can imagine no one else who would write the life of that complex, bizarre and significant being with one-half the power of insight and style. But it must be soon, or this most significant of living young Englishmen will be too occupied with his own career to sit down again with the past and its dead.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

"THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE."*

MR. HAZELTON belongs to that school of historical writers by whom the charm of narrative is necessarily subordinated to the presentation of the results of infinite research and of infinite pains. Each generation produces delightful writers of the narrative school, and every theme will be treated at least once in each generation, the writers of to-morrow superseding the popular writers of to-day. But the school of historians which Bacon proposed calling that of Registers, will live forever. The readers will be few each generation, but for all time the world must go to these patient and not oversought writers for facts and material.

Mr. Hazelton revels in detail. The minutest fact is recorded. Documents are dissected to their last substance. Letters are analyzed in their forgotten elements. Small objects are placed in

* "The Declaration of Independence: Its History." By John H. Hazelton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

their true relation to large things. Men are brought from obscurity and stationed in the light. Some great characters seem to lessen. And the whole result is the publication, for the first time, of a complete record of the composition and promulgation of the greatest document known to history. We enter a plea for keeping in some few but accessible archives the small things, the fragments, the details of history. Not that these shall always be incorporated in historical accounts of events, but that somewhere we may be assured are preserved all known facts concerning each important event. The dignity of history may not be offended by an unseemly introduction of tables and muniments, but a writer may not ignore their existence or their importance.

The purpose of Mr. Hazelton's book is not to discuss the sentiments of the immortal document, but to give a history of its mechanical construction and promulgation. The outline of the history has often been told.

On June 7, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, a delegate from Virginia, offered a set of three resolutions, the holograph original of which is still preserved in the Library of Congress and a photograph of which is exhibited in Independence Hall at Philadelphia. The first of these resolutions is as follows:

"Resolved, That these United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

This resolution in its exact form was adopted on July 2, 1776. It constituted the real Act of Independence. It was the formal decree of separation. The words "declare" or "Declaration" do not appear in this resolution. The announcement or declaration of this Act was passed on July 4, 1776, and it is this Declaration and not the Act of Independence of which we here have the detailed history. If no formal declaration had been adopted, the political connection between the Colonies and the state of Great Britain would already have stood dissolved. Yet no one seems interested in Richard Henry Lee, the author and introducer of the Resolution of Separation. No one inquires when or where he wrote it. That the delegates themselves understood the significance of Lee's resolution is apparent from the letter John Adams wrote his wife and dated July 3, 1776, saying: "Yes-

terday the greatest Question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater perhaps never was or will be decided among men. . . . The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable Epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding Generations as the great anniversary Festival."

Perhaps it would save confusion in the minds of young students if we referred to the transaction of July 2, 1776, as the Act of Independence, and to the transaction of July 4 as the Declaration of Independence.

Mr. Lee's resolution was referred, on June 11, to a Committee of Five—Mr. Jefferson, Mr. John Adams, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Sherman and Mr. R. R. Livingston. Thus the Colonies of Virginia, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and New York were represented. The mover of the resolution, Mr. Lee, by parliamentary usage should have been named upon this Committee. John Adams says that Lee was not beloved of his colleagues, and that jealousy partly accounts for the neglect to make him a member. He also says that another reason for his name not appearing in the list of five is that his original resolution in its third paragraph called for the preparation of a plan of Confederation, and that Mr. Lee had been placed on a Committee to prepare this plan. Mr. Adams is mistaken. Mr. Lee did not leave Philadelphia until June 13, and the Committee to prepare the plan of Confederation was appointed June 12, and instead of naming Lee his colleague Nelson represented Virginia.

There is nothing in the Lee resolution calling for a Declaration. It was proper, however, and it was the habit of the Congress to explain its acts. The Committee of Five requested Jefferson to draft the articles of Declaration. Adams declares he insisted that Jefferson should do the actual composition because of the opinion he held of his facile pen.

The Declaration was written in rooms on the second floor of a house in Philadelphia situated at the southwest corner of Market and Seventh streets, which was demolished only in 1883. The identical desk on which it was composed is preserved in the Library of the Department of State. What is bibliographically known as the Rough-draft of the Declaration, after having been submitted to Adams and Franklin, by whom a few changes were suggested, was reported by the Committee of Five to the Congress

on Friday, June 28, when it was laid upon the table, that body adjourning until Monday, July 1. On July 3 the Congress resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole to consider the Declaration, continuing its session to the following day, when it was again considered, reported favorably to the Congress in the evening and passed. During the night or early on the morning of July 5, the printer Dunlap furnished a copy in type and in the form of a somewhat irregularly cut broadside measuring 478 millimètres high by 380 millimètres broad, and the Secretary, Charles Thompson, inserted this in his original Journal. This printed form is the official Declaration of Independence. On July 19 the secret Journal records that the Declaration was ordered engrossed and, when completed, signed by all the members of the Congress. On August 2 the Declaration, engrossed on parchment, was laid before the Congress and signed by those present. Sentimental interest centres around the engrossed or parchment copy. Franklin, on July 4, 1786, John Adams, on February 2, 1814, and Jefferson, on May 12, 1819, all asserted that the Declaration was signed on July 4, 1776. Trumbull perpetuated this error in his picture commemorative of that day. The artist actually represents the Committee of Five in the act of presenting its report to the Congress. The brush can be as inaccurate as the pen and doubly as persuasive. Neither the Rough-draft (except probably by Hancock as President and Charles Thompson as Secretary) nor the printed document was signed by the fifty-six delegates on July 4 or at any other time. Nor were all of the delegates who, on and after August 2, 1776, signed the parchment document, members of the Congress on July 2 and 4. We do not know when some of them signed. Thornton did not enter the Congress until November 4, 1776. Dickinson, Willing and Humphreys did not sign. Clinton, Alsop and Wisner never signed. Although present on the passing of both the Act and the Declaration, the New York delegates refrained from voting, awaiting instructions from their Provincial Congress. When this body met at White Plains, on July 9, 1776, it approved of the Declaration, and in due time four of the delegates from this State, Philip Livingston, Floyd, Lewis Morris and Lewis appended their names. Thus, although its representatives in the Congress failed to vote on the great Act of Independence and its subsequent Declaration, New York was the first of the Colonies to have its parlia-

mentary representatives, fresh from the people, approve and ratify the proceedings of the Congress. Of all the delegates in Philadelphia, none did more for the revolutionary cause than Henry Wisner of New York. He accomplished what all the patriotic resolves in the world could not have accomplished. It was he who erected powder-mills, and united sulphur and charcoal and saltpetre into those explosive arguments which won for us victory and peace. New York has erected to him no monument, and few even recall his name.

McKean, Gerry, Wolcott, Lewis Morris, R. H. Lee, Stockton and Wythe were not present on August 2, 1776. Paine and Heyward were probably also absent on that day. It is worthy of notice that of the signers Ross, Clymer, Rush, Smith and Taylor of Pennsylvania were not elected to the Congress until July 20, 1776.

Ross had been chosen to the first and second Congresses, but had not taken his seat in the latter.

The scope and space of this article do not permit an inquiry into the originality of the sentiments uttered in the Declaration or of the forms of expression employed by Jefferson. Both were of an elevated kind, but not entirely unfamiliar. There never has been a time, no matter what freedom he has enjoyed, when man has not talked of liberty. The consciousness and immediateness of political wrongs have produced the most lofty tones of complaint. Before Jefferson spoke others had talked of Princes who were tyrants and of rights which were inalienable. But the individual is irresponsible. Here the world beheld an entire people breaking ties which bound them to a most powerful state and boldly assuming the name, prerogatives and responsibilities of a nation.

The act meant blood and war and years of darkness. And whether we regard the Act of Independence of July 2, 1776, or the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776, we must first hold ourselves in the hush of reverence and then discharge our emotions in cries of joy. The problems are not yet all solved. The fruits of liberty are not yet all gathered. But that the former will be settled here, and that the ripest and most perfect fruit will be grown upon our soil is the hope and belief of every American.

JOHN BOYD THACHER.

MISTRAL'S "MEMOIRES."*

Fifty-two years ago last May, seven young poets of Provence (Frédéric Mistral, Joseph Roumanille, Théodore Aubanel, Jean Brunet, Alphonse Tavan, Anselme Mathieu and Paul Giéra) dined together at Font-Ségugne in the château of Paul Giéra and founded a society, which they called Le Félibrige, for the rehabilitation as a literary language of Provençal, which had never ceased to be spoken by the common people.

In May, 1904, the semicentennial of this event was celebrated by a banquet of the Consistory of the Félibrige on the island of Bartelasse under the walls of Avignon and by anniversary exercises in the pine and oak grove surrounding this same château of Font-Ségugne. The two survivors of the original group, Mistral and Tavan, were present at both of these functions, and over both of these functions Mistral presided with a verve remarkable in a person of his years (then seventy-four). Those who were present were amazed as well by the physical endurance as by the mental alertness he displayed. The writer was privileged to see and hear him two months later on the occasion of the celebration of the sixth centenary of Petrarch at the fountain of Vaucluse, where he again filled to perfection the rôle of the young old man. The lyric fire of his improvisation on the immortal lovers, Petrarch and Laura, and the deathlessness of love left far behind the efforts of his fellow poets present, and is as unforgettable as Vaucluse itself.

The main facts of Mistral's career may be put into a single short paragraph. They are: taking the bachelor's degree at Nîmes; admission to the bar at Aix; renunciation of law for farming and literature; marriage with the girl who was to be later the first Queen of the Félibrige; the publication of his poems Mirèio (Mireille), Calendau, Nerto, Pouèmo dóu Rose, Lis Isclo d'Or, La Rèino Jano, and of a Dictionary of the Dialects of Southern France (Lóu Trésor dóu Félibrige); the representation of Mireille in the Arènes of Arles before 20,000 spectators, a representation accompanied by nearly three weeks of merry-making; the founding of the Museum of Arles (Muséon Arlaten) for Provençal antiquities; and the award to him (jointly with

* "*Mes Origines. Mémoires et Récits de Frédéric Mistral.*" Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

Echegaray) of a Nobel Prize, which he consecrated entirely to Provence.

The volume of Mistral memoirs, which has just appeared in Paris, closes with the year 1869, when his work in behalf of the Langue d'Oc had begun to bear fruit and his position as a poet was assured. It describes minutely the natural outdoor life he led as a child on his father's farm just outside the Provençal village of Maillane; gives his more striking experiences as a scholar in the village school, in the three boarding-schools to which he was sent successively, and in the Law School at Aix; explains the origin of his best-known poem, Mireille, and of the Society of the Félibrige; and narrates how—thanks to the shrewd and kindly interposition of Adolphe Dumas—Mireille was made to take Paris and France by storm.

As a youngster in dresses, Mistral's ruling passion was the yellow irises that grew in the water of a ditch into which he was so prone to tumble, when stretching and straining after the tempting flowers, that his mother forbade him to go near it. Vain prohibition! After two duckings, two complete changes of raiment and two spankings within half an hour (of a certain autumn day), his "hands still itched so to clutch some of these beautiful bouquets of gold," that he approached the ditch for a third effort and received a third ducking. This time, however, his good mother, instead of punishing him, clasped him to her bosom, dripping as he was, and burst into tears. "And thus," he says, "we wept together the whole length of the ditch. Once in the house, the saintly woman undressed me and wiped me dry with her apron; then, having made me swallow a tablespoonful of vermifuge, through fear my little system had received a shock, she tucked me into my crib, where, spent with weeping, after a little, I fell asleep.

"And what do you think I dreamed? Of my yellow irises, pardi! In a beautiful stream which wound about the farmhouse, limpid, transparent, azured, like the waters of the fountain of Vaucluse, I saw magnificent tufts of great green flags which flaunted in the air a veritable fairy kingdom of flowers of gold. Dragonflies with blue silk wings alighted on them, and I swam about nude in the laughing water. I seized the fair-haired fleurs-de-lis by handfuls, by double handfuls and by armfuls, but the faster I plucked the faster they grew.

"All at once, I hear a voice calling me, 'Frédéri!'

"I wake, and what do I see! A great armful of gold-colored irises illuminating my crib.

"The patriarch himself, the Master, my knightly father, had picked for me the flowers I coveted; and the Mistress, my sweet mother, had put them on my bed."

Frédéric, the village schoolboy, was an incorrigible truant, and for that reason he was put into a boarding-school at ten. At twelve, while at his second boarding-school, he had his first affair of the heart. His sweetheart "bore the name of Praxède, and she had upon her cheeks two vermilion flowers, like two roses freshly blown."

When Frédéric went, at seventeen, to Nîmes—where he did not know a soul—to be examined for his bachelor's degree, he was so overcome by lonesomeness and timidity in his strange surroundings that he took refuge in a lowly tavern frequented by teamsters. He was quickly on terms of cordiality with these simple people who spoke his beloved Provençal; and as soon as he got the news that he had passed his examinations with honor, he celebrated his success by drinking with them the wine of the region, and dancing with them the farandole.

Mistral's happiest hours, as a young man, were those he spent with his brother Félibres "practising '*le gai-savoir*,'" and those he spent in the company of peasants, boatmen and the laboring-men of the towns, whom he generously calls his poetical collaborators. He and his fellow apostles of "*le gai-savoir*" tramped up and down and across Provence "instilling '*le gai-savoir*' into the hearts of the people." On these excursions, Alphonse Daudet was often of the band. "At that time," says Mistral, "the future chronicler of the Prodigious Adventures of Tartarin of Tarascon was a roistering blade who did not let the wind get ahead of him. Audacious Bohemian, frank and free of speech, impatient to know everything, keen for every adventure, he was ready to plunge wherever there was life, light and the sound of joy. He had, as the saying is, quicksilver in his veins. . . .

"One day, in September, I received at Maillane a little letter from camarade Daudet—one of those letters, dainty as a parsley leaf, familiar to his friends—in which he said:

"'My Frederic,—To-morrow, Wednesday, I set out from Fontvieille to meet you at Saint-Gabriel. Mathieu and Grivolas will join us by way

of Tarascon. The rendezvous is at the buvette, where we shall look for you between nine and half past. After we have drunk a glass together at the wine-shop of Sarrasine, the beautiful hostess of the quarter, we will start on foot for Arles. Fail not!

'Your

RED RIDING-HOOD.'

"On the appointed day, between eight and nine o'clock, we were all at Saint-Gabriel, below the chapel which watches over the mountain. At Sarrasine's, we munched some brandied cherries, and—all aboard for the white road!"

At Arles, the party scraped acquaintance with an old river captain, named Gafet, who conducted them across the Rhône to a tavern frequented by boatmen, where they found such royal cheer that when they left, some hours later, they were primed for any and every exploit.

Now let Mistral speak:

"We had reached the steps of the Trinquetaille bridge:

"'What do you say to dancing a bit of a farandole on the bridge?' exclaimed the indefatigable and charming author of *La Mule du Pape*, 'that is what the bridges of Provence were made for.'

"And off we go! dancing and singing across the bridge in the limpid light of the September moon which was admiring itself in the water. . . .

"All of a sudden—we were half-way across the bridge—we see emerging from the shadow ahead of us a band of delicious Arlésiennes, each with her Arlésien. They advance slowly, laughing and babbling. The rustle of the girls' silk skirts and the soft cooing of the couples combined with the peacefulness of the night and the gentle swish of the Rhône, as it glided between the boats, to produce a most suave effect.

"'A wedding!' ejaculated the big captain, Gafet, who was still with us.

"'A wedding?' cries Daudet — who, by reason of his short sight, is uncertain as to what is approaching—'An Arlesian wedding! A wedding in the moonlight! A wedding in the middle of the Rhône!'

"And, seized by one of his sudden caprices, our hare-brained companion flies ahead like an arrow, falls on the neck of the bride and smothers her with kisses.

"Aïe! What an imbroglio, *mon Dieu!* If ever we were near the water it was then. Twenty strapping fellows with raised fists surround us and hustle us.

"'To the river with the villains!'

"'How is this? What's the matter? What does all this mean?' shouted the captain, Gafet, forcing back the crowd. 'Don't you see that we have just been drinking, drinking at Trinquetaille to the health of the bride, and that it wouldn't be good for us to drink more?'

"'*Vivent les mariés!*' we shouted all together.

"And thus, thanks to the fist and the wit of this good Gafet, whom everybody knew, the affair stopped there."

After recounting the further roamings of the hilarious band, Mistral concludes:

"And people dare tell me that Daudet was not a good Provençal? Because, a railler by nature, he attached the bell of the clown to the Tartarins, to the Roumestans, to the Tante Portals and to all the imbeciles of Provence who want to Frenchify the Provençal speech, shall Tarascon bear him ill-will?

"No! The mother lion will never lay it up against her whelp that, in frolicking, he touses her."

The above brief and broken citations give but a vague idea of the charm of Mistral's volume of memories. It contains a number of short stories that are destined to become classics. It has added a full half-dozen immortal characters to literature. It is tender, pathetic, picturesque, idyllic, whimsical and fantastic. Above all, it is blessed with the rollicking and extravagant humor of Rabelais's Gargantua and Pantagruel (minus the coarseness) and of Daudet's *Tartarin de Tarascon*. As a mere exhibition of animal spirits it is superb. It is not a big-bow-wow, "I-am-Sir-Oracle" autobiography. Its appeal is universal. It can and will be read and relished by persons who have never in their lives before heard of Mistral or of the Provençal Renaissance.

ALVAN F. SANBORN.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

WEDNESDAY, *December 26.* A Blow at Personal Freedom.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT did not originate the fallacy that good intentions should not be hampered by written laws. Plato was possessed of the idea, and in the actual conduct of public affairs would have no reference to law whatever. "The discretion of the all-wise philosopher," he held, "is a perfect guarantee of excellence in administration, and stands in marked contrast to the narrow and inflexible prescriptions of a past time. Given true wisdom in the magistrates, it is absurd to hamper them by the rules and precepts of a bygone generation. Not laws, but wise men, unhampered by laws, are the ideal guides of a community." A more exact definition of the present attitude of our chief executive authorities could hardly be imagined. But it soon happened that Plato "found a dearth of all-wise philosophers, and so was reluctantly forced to confess that the best available guides were the written laws and national customs of the people as the expression of experience and practical wisdom."

It was with full appreciation of this deficiency in human character that those charged with the task of framing a national government for the United States reached the conclusion that a written constitution would serve as the most efficient safeguard of the rights and liberties of the people, and as the greatest obstacle in the path of any subsequent attempt, especially on the part of a popular executive, to exercise undue authority. The reservation to the contracting States of all powers not explicitly conferred upon the national government was more than a jealous withholding from that government of certain functions of authority which had been possessed and exercised by the separate Colonies; it was a direct response to the instinct of individual freedom, which was the chief cause of, and had been greatly

intensified by, the war for independence. Encroachment of national sovereignty upon State prerogatives is precisely parallel with unwarranted interference of the State in the self-government of a city or a township, or with deprivation by the latter of a citizen's personal liberty. The fundamental distinction between our theory of government and that of monarchy is found in the recognition by us of the plain citizen as the true possessor of the divine rights claimed by kings, and denied, in their executive capacity, to those whom we select as administrators of government to serve, not to rule, the public. The present proposal, therefore, to "obliterate State lines," even to the "extinction of State authority," involves a complete reversal of our basic theory of government, and strikes at the very root of personal freedom.

More than one hundred years ago Chief-Justice John Marshall declared that:

"No political dreamer was ever wild enough to think of breaking down the lines which separate the States and of compounding the people into one common mass."

And, later, Daniel Webster:

"The necessity of holding strictly to the principles upon which free governments are constructed, and to those precise lines which fix the partitions of power between different branches, is as plain, if not as cogent, as that of resisting, as our fathers did, the strides of the parent country against the rights of the Colonies; because, whether the power which exceeds its just limits be foreign or domestic, whether it be the encroachment of all branches on the rights of the people, or that of one branch on the rights of others, in either case the balanced and well-adjusted machinery of free government is disturbed, and, if the derangement go on, the whole system must fall. . . . Even if no harm or inconvenience results from transgressing the boundary, the intrusion is not to be suffered to pass unnoticed. Every encroachment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention of those who are entrusted with the preservation of a constitutional government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regard great questions affecting the general feeling."

These were the utterances, not of men accustomed to bow before the idea of State rights as a fetish, but of the foremost Federalist and Whig expounders of our theory of *National* government. And yet daily now we behold open and avowed sub-

versions of those fundamental principles by neither ineffective "political dreamers," nor even a political organization, but by an active, able and resolute clique, which, under most aggressive leadership, holds absolute control of one arm of the government, successfully coerces another and insidiously endeavors to influence the court of last resort. That, in holding centralization of power to be mere substitution of one regulative authority for another, and not despoilment of the right of the people to govern themselves, those responsible for the "tendency" are conscious of wrong-doing we neither assert nor believe; circumstances and the glamour of place have really convinced them that all regard for public virtue and all sense of business morality are confined to the governing group; and their conviction that good can come from no other authority constituted among and closer to the people is sincere. Therein lies the same greater measure of danger that recently confronted the country when false principles were personified in a candidate for the Presidency, of whose personal genuineness there was no question.

The gravity of the situation, plainly evidenced by the President's recent declarations upon all conceivable topics, from before the cradle in respect to race suicide to after the grave in relation to inheritance taxation, and by constant impatient demands for extension of executive authority, no less than by the outspoken menace in his chief official adviser's amazing public utterance, reached the comprehension of foreign observers with extraordinary rapidity, as contrasted with the gradual dawning of understanding respecting it on the part of our own people. The "Saturday Review" sums up a full statement with terse accuracy in these words:

"If Mr. Roosevelt intends his threats for anything beyond foreign consumption, we may be at the beginning of a constitutional struggle unequalled in danger to the Union since the Civil War."

It is our firm conviction that we are at the beginning of such a struggle now, and that, as solemnly adjured by Daniel Webster, we must "not wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy," if, in the words of Thomas Jefferson, we would retain "our peculiar security in the possession of a written constitution, not made a blank paper by *construction*."

THURSDAY, *December 27.* On the Taxation of Spinsters.

WHY not tax old maids? As a class, they enjoy all of the advantages of civilization, barring those of a minor nature excluded by their own insistent regard for the conventions, and make no adequate return. True, their property, if real, is forced to yield a slight contribution to the common fund for preservation of order and protection of life and liberty, but their personal possessions are practically immune from imposts, and the less said of their contributions to customs revenue, perhaps, the better. Moreover, the great majority of them have no substantial acquisitions and, though in special instances no doubt a joy, are generally a burden upon patient relatives. Thus they become mere clogs upon the wheels of progress from the sheer obstinacy that holds them from the performance of their proper tasks in life.

There was never yet a woman who could not marry, as she should, if she would. Undoubtedly beauty of form, mind and character, to say nothing of worldly possessions and other minor aids, contribute largely to facilitate a man's discriminative selection of a mate, but none of these effects is really essential. It is only necessary to be a woman to win a man—some man. Eve surely was not rich and, judging from such portraits of her as we have seen, was quite plain in appearance; clearly, too, she was stupid or she would never have acted on a suggestion from a questionable source; but once she passed on the hint to him, how quick was Adam's fall! So it has ever been and ever will be. Spinsterhood is a purely voluntary condition, due to reprehensible contrariness, as is clearly proven by the non-existence of a single authentic claim to exemption because of lack of opportunity.

Deliberate refusal to fulfil a destiny, such as we expect daily to see firmly set forth in a special message as obviously intended by the Creator of us all, is, we grant, less inexcusable in this country than elsewhere; we have even so high authority as our new ambassador from Great Britain, expressed in his "American Commonwealth," for the assertion that, "More resources are open to an American woman who has to lead a solitary life, not merely in the way of employment, but for the occupation of her mind and tastes, than to an English spinster or widow." Our acquaintance with Englishwomen of the two classes designated is not sufficiently wide to justify disagreement with this careful

view, even though we did not, as we do, hold that widows are *sui generis* and should never be confounded with others of their sex; but in any case, in view of the fact already established that there is no such woman, *i. e.*, one compelled to "lead a solitary life," the differentiation between nationalities need not be considered.

The real point at issue is whether the old maid of the present day renders a fair equivalent, or even tries to do so in one way or another, for what she receives; and to that our answer is decisively negative. As contrasted even with her uninteresting prototype of twenty or thirty years ago, she is less disposed to humble recognition of the ignominy of her position, often more petulant and invariably more exacting, contemptuous of children, and only in rare exceptions kindly disposed even towards cats, to say nothing of mice and other gentle and unoffending creatures. Decorous behavior has been relegated to the pages of mythology; and the Puritanic primness, whose very rigidity once constituted a unique charm, has been shamelessly supplanted by a seeming resentment at the recognized necessity of maintaining a serious appearance. It is a sad state of affairs, to which we have given much unavailing thought. As a last resort in search of a method of reformation, the ubiquitary remedy of taxation occurs to our mind as the only one holding forth hope of effectiveness.

Bitter experience has demonstrated that no determined action on the part of local or State authorities can be anticipated in response to even so peremptory a demand in the plain interest of an indivisible nation, but spinsters are proverbially peripatetic and flit from sister to sister, and from brother-in-law to brother-in-law with the facility of an awestruck Secretary of State passing from Washington to New York in five short hours; so we may assume that they could readily be brought within the provisions of the act relating to interstate commerce, and be compelled by suitable "constructions" of the Constitution to meet their just obligations to the rapidly disappearing human race.

We would only add that:

> "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly—"

for time is short and "other projects are mooted."

FRIDAY, *December 28.* **Mottoes for the New Year.**

WE cannot conscientiously advise frail human beings to make good resolutions for the forthcoming year; observation has taught us that the keeping of them is impracticable, and the breaking of them both humiliating and a source of habitual weakness. Better far to cull from accumulated wisdom a simple motto to serve as a guide in days of ease and to fall back upon in times of despair. The boy Keats seems to have exemplified the pervading spirit of our own community of the present day when he selected Ariel's line,

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I,"

but, really, of course, nothing was further from his thought than material achievement. His love was for the sweetness, the honeyed ease, the luscious quality of life; severity of thought was foreign to his nature and chilled it. "Do not all charms," he exclaimed, "fly at the mere touch of cold philosophy?" and again—

"The silver flow
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
Fair Pastorella in the bandits' den
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-day of empires."

His was the instinct that induced Porphyro to delay his elopement while he drew from his closet a heap—

"Of candied apple, quince and plum and gourd,
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon,
Manna and dates in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon."

Few of us have failed, at one time or another, to hear this voluptuous call and yearn for "drowsy noons and evenings steeped in honeyed indolence"; but how quickly fades the longing when subjected to the pitiless test of experience! Preferable, on the whole, in this workaday life, is the sharply contrasting motto of Browning's Herakles—

"Harder and higher!"

a tough, athletic expression easily imagined in a President's message and good to give a boy, even though it be interpreted physically instead of being set to the spiritual rhythm of life.

For those worried by recent unsettlement of dogma, the maxim of Marcus Aurelius,

"The universe is transformation, life is opinion,"

or even Shakespeare's less morally conceived,

"There's nothing either good or bad
But thinking makes it so,"

may serve a useful purpose; but, while granting to every one his special need, if he by diligence can find it, we find none more deserving of universal, though, perhaps, supplemental, adoption than the familiar adjuration of Epictetus—

"Act well the part that's given you; to select the part belongs to another."

There is a different quality in Pater's Marius,

"Tristem neminem fecit";

but, whatever the choice, so it be worthy, one motto, never forgotten and repeated at intervals, will facilitate to a greater degree than even the traditional "peck" of good resolutions an endeavor to attain coherency of conduct.

SATURDAY, *December 29.* Of American Manners.

OUR manners are improving. The change is not marked, but is taking place, nevertheless, in that gradual manner which is best because it makes for permanence. Time was in this hardy young land when the grace of the Frenchman in particular evoked a contemptuous sneer as befitting only effeminate eaters of frogs; but travel has worn away much of this prejudice, and no sight is more common in Paris nowadays than that of American visitors beaming sympathetically, yet with rare attempt at emulation, upon manifestations of courtesy which once would have seemed to them absurd.

We shall never be as polite as the Latins; no Saxon or Teuton may hope to be, nor would we if we could. The preservation of a racial characteristic is far preferable to what can never become more than mere imitation, and no persons are more ridiculous

than those who are ever trying to show better manners than they really possess. Moreover, true courtesy is by no means altogether in the seeming; the unspoken word is often more eloquent than the most eager protestations of respect or even affection. The traditional boorishness of the English must be admitted, but only of the great middle class, which constitutes the hardihood of the nation; the deference of those comprising the lower strata is, in fact, offensive; and to our mind the finest manners in the world are those of the refined aristocracy. Their merit lies chiefly in their simplicity and appropriateness. Our ancestors were quite justified in refusing with indignation to

> "... let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
> And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee"

to such a monarch as George the Third, but probably there never lived a ruler, even in our own land, to whom Americans would so gladly have rendered personal homage as Queen Victoria. True, in so doing, they might have erred, as many err now, we are told, in addressing the King as "Your Majesty" instead of using the simple "Sir," as once they should have said "Ma'am" to the gracious mother of her people; but such exaggeration, if resting upon sincerity, cannot be held to be offensive. We would that those and similar terms were employed more punctiliously by us. Gladly would we part with the uncalled-for and, in England, long since discarded "Mister," among men of like age and position, if we might substitute "Sir" for it as a token of respect for age and achievement. Precisely where the line of demarcation should be drawn it is difficult to say; for ourselves, we make it a practice invariably to address one approximately fifteen years older than ourselves as "Sir," and we frankly appreciate a like courtesy from those correspondingly younger. Among women we greatly prefer "Madam" to the English "Ma'am" and, of course, detest "Lady" as used by menials, the hissing "Missus" of too-familiar husbands, nicknames and all terms whatsoever of petty or maudlin endearment.

But it is not—at this time—our purpose to scold; we wish only to note the gradual removal of a just cause of reproach against Americans by older peoples and to encourage a gratifying tendency. It is true, as declared in the form of mottoes upon the walls of a famous boys' school in England, that "manners make

the man," but they help; and, much as we may despise them as a mere outer garment and superficial soul-covering, we cannot ignore the fact that they are still vital conditions of social intercourse and afford much of the charm without which existence would be unendurable. Beautiful manners are as captivating as a beautiful face or hand or form, and, unlike these, may be acquired. To be born and bred well is a great blessing, but it is not necessary to chide Fortune, as Shakespeare did, for not having provided better for his life

"than public means which public manners breed."

Suavity and gentleness cost only a little self-restraint and a little thought now and then, and yet they not only occasion much pleasure to others, but save ourselves much of the tumult and ugliness and embroilment of life. Lucky, indeed, is that deservedly popular woman, American born and English bred, who once said to us, "I am always polite because it is so much trouble to be rude." After all, we cannot be very much better than our manners, any more than our clothes can surpass our taste, but it may be that goodness can be developed in the inner consciousness by outer conditions. At any rate, we know one woman who smiles continuously because she firmly believes that, if she persistently wears the expression of harmony, the inner mood will respond. We are unable to perceive a very considerable change as yet, and we must admit frankly that we could not endure for long an unyielding smile; and yet we have no doubt that considerate manners would in time tend to the development, in part, of the inward gentleness of which some of us still stand somewhat in need.

MONDAY, *December 31.* **For an American Esperanto Society.**

CAN there be one "with soul so dead" as to fail to be impressed by the aspirations of the inventor of Esperanto as expressed in this REVIEW? The sincerity of Doctor Zamenhof is as transparent as his simplicity, and the most casual study of his exposition discovers the inherent clarity of mind which made it possible for him to accomplish the great purpose which so many have attempted in vain. The mental stultification characteristic of a close student enmeshed in his own profundity in

no wise appears; indeed, the very carefulness of his differentiation between, and singularly happy combination of, the practical and ideal evokes sympathetic recognition. Obviously, in the mind of this great man no question of "copyright" or material gain has ever arisen; what he has been blessed with the power to bestow he transfers promptly and gladly to the "natural possessor" of a universal language—"the entire world."

The manifestation of such a spirit is doubly appealing in days like these and becomes truly inspiriting when accompanied by a frank avowal that it is to America, untrammelled by traditions and progressive by instinct, that he looks for encouragement and even leadership. "The brotherhood of mankind is the object for which Esperanto was created," is the declaration, which we believe to be true and worthy of one the best part of whose race is still dominated by spiritual rather than material aspirations. The aim, therefore, is of the highest; and yet, in the words of its builder, "Esperanto hopes only to become merely the uniting language in those regions where various tongues are struggling for supremacy, or where one nationality is trying to force its language upon another"—the chief cause, as we have observed, of those strifes which have most seriously retarded civilizing progression.

We return, then, persistently to the matter of practicability and continue to find favorable evidences multiplying. Tolstoy, asked his opinion of Esperanto as an auxiliary international language, replied:

> "I have often thought that there is no more Christian science than the study of languages, that study which permits of our communicating and allying ourselves with an incalculable number of our fellow men, and I have often remarked how people bear themselves as enemies to one another, solely because they have no means of intercommunication. The study of Esperanto, then, and its diffusion, is assuredly a Christian labor which hastens the coming of the kingdom of God, the main—I should say, the only—aim of human life."

Professor Wilhelm Ostwald, of the University of Leipzig, one of the few real philosophers in this day of professors of philosophy, has become a stanch supporter of the cause of the new language. As a scientist, visiting one university after another in many lands, he has concluded that Esperanto is at once the hope and solution of the problem of intercommunication

even among learned men. In France some of the leading Esperantists are Professors Berthelot and Poincaré, members of the Institute of France; General Sébert, of the French Army; and M. Boirac, the Academician, Rector of the University of Dijon, who sees in the growth of Esperanto an event as vital as the invention of printing. In England, the President of the British Society is Lieutenant-Colonel Pollen, the well-known linguist and experienced traveller; and the President of the London Society is Felix Moscheles, the celebrated artist and fervent worker on behalf of international arbitration and peace. Prominent in advocacy are Major-General George Cox, of the British Army, and W. T. Stead, editor of the English "Review of Reviews," who now has a regular department of information about Esperanto in his magazine.

In this country Professors Huntington and Morse of Harvard, Professor Viles of the Ohio State University, Professor Borgerhoff of Western Reserve University, as well as Professor Macloskie of Princeton, whose admirable essay we published recently, are among the first to signify appreciation of the merits of the invention. The first sign of primary teaching appears in the famous Latin school of Roxbury, where an optional course, already adopted by a class of fifty, has been established by Professor Lowell, who recently said:

"If the movement continues to grow as it is growing now, within a few years every book published in the civilized world will be printed in two languages—its native tongue and Esperanto. The one in Esperanto will open the book to the whole world, and it will be the same as though the work had been translated into every language. The thought treasures of every people will be unlocked to any person who has mastered this simple key.

"Suppose that in Europe a new play appears, or a novel or an important work on economics, socialism, philosophy or art. The world must wait upon the translator, whether it be a year or never. To get it to all modern nations a score of translations must be made into the various languages. It might go into many European tongues before it reached the English-speaking person. But if translated into Esperanto it would go at once among all nationalities. The reader of Esperanto in Boston would have access to the work simultaneously with all European countries."

We may add that evidences of interest among the readers of the REVIEW, forthcoming since we declared faith in the adaptability of Esperanto and announced our intention to promulgate

it, have been many and multiply daily. The primer whose publication has been begun on other pages is, we believe, the best and simplest yet made; simultaneously we have in preparation a series of text-books, which, in consonance with the spirit of the creator of the language, we shall furnish at actual cost of manufacture to all who may signify a desire to have them. Meanwhile, we shall be pleased to answer any inquiries relative to the subject and to enroll the names of all who feel sufficient interest in it to become members of a general Esperanto Society which we propose to institute under the honorary Presidency of Doctor Zamenhof. The purpose of this society will be to cooperate with similar associations in facilitating the spread of the new universal language. The special means to be employed will be:

(*a*) Promoting the formation of new local Groups.
(*b*) Distributing information and publishing propaganda literature.
(*c*) Organizing examinations and granting certificates of proficiency.
(*d*) Promoting lectures and arranging for correspondence, loans of collections of literature, etc.
(*e*) Promoting arrangements for Congresses at home and abroad.

Membership will involve no pecuniary expenditure. The entire cost of maintaining the organization will be borne by the REVIEW.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

MARK TWAIN

For information concerning this distinguished contributor, the reader is referred to the body of the REVIEW, which, during the coming year, will contain chapters selected from his Autobiography.

ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY,

President of Yale University since 1899, was born at New Haven, Connecticut, April 23, 1856, and was graduated from Yale in 1876. In 1879, after a sojourn at German universities, he became a tutor at his alma mater, and since then has been continuously connected with that university. Before his election to the presidency he held the chair of Political Science. He is author of many works of a political and economic nature, including "Railroad Transportation: Its History and Laws," "The Education of the American Citizen" and "Freedom and Responsibility."

JAMES H. BLOUNT,

a lawyer of Macon, Georgia, was born near that place in 1869, attended the public schools of Macon, and was graduated at the University of Georgia in 1887. He was admitted to the Bar in 1888, and subsequently attended the Columbia Law School, New York City, in 1890-1. Thereafter he practised law at Macon continuously until the outbreak of war with Spain. During the Spanish War he was in Cuba as a volunteer officer during 1898-9, and in the Philippines in a like capacity—1899-1901. From 1901 to 1905 he was Judge of the Court of First Instance of the Philippines, finally resigning on account of ill health and returning to his former home. Judge Blount is the author of a book on pleading and practice under the Code of Georgia, which, in

1897, was adopted by the Legislature of that State. He is a son of the late Congressman from Georgia, who was President Cleveland's Special Commissioner to Hawaii in 1893.

BISHOP CAMERON MANN

was born in New York in 1851. He was graduated from Hobart College in 1870, and later from the General Theological Seminary, taking holy orders in 1876. He had a number of pastoral charges until he was consecrated Bishop of North Dakota in December, 1901. He has written much on theological as well as secular subjects.

PROFESSOR ACHILLE VIALLATE

has for many years conducted the courses in Political and Economical Development of the United States and the Commercial Policy of the Great Powers at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques of Paris. He is editor-in-chief of the "*Annales des Sciences Politiques*," a staff contributor to the "*Revue de Paris*" and the "*Revue Bleue*," and author of the following works: "Joseph Chamberlain," "The English Crisis: Imperialism and Protection" and "Essays on American Diplomatic History."

CHARLES JOHNSTON

was born at Ballykilbeg, County Down, Ireland, in 1867, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. For several years he was Assistant and, later, Deputy Magistrate, at Murshidabad, in Lower Bengal, and afterwards at Cuttack, in the District of Orissa. In 1891, he returned to England from India, and spent the subsequent four years on the Continent, travelling in Belgium, Holland, Germany, Russia, Austria and France. Since 1896 he has resided in the United States.

LAWRENCE GILMAN,

who was born in Flushing, New York, has been a frequent contributor to the REVIEW upon musical and literary subjects. He has made a special study of musical theory and æsthetics, and of modern art and literature as they relate to the development of creative music. He has been music critic of "Harper's Weekly" since 1901. Among his books are "Phases of Modern Music," "Edward MacDowell" (in the "Living Masters of Music" series) and "The Music of To-Morrow."

Louise Morgan Sill

is a daughter of the late Major-General Morgan L. Smith, and is of New England and Southern ancestry. She was born in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. She has published a large number of poems in the leading magazines, and a volume of poems entitled "In Sun or Shade."

James Huneker,

well known as a journalist and man of letters, was born in Philadelphia in 1860. He has studied music in Paris with Theodore Ritter, and for ten years taught music in New York. Subsequently he was musical and dramatic critic on various newspapers, including the New York "Sun." Mr. Huneker has written much upon Continental literature, and he is a particularly keen student of modern literature.

Ferris Greenslet

was born at Glens Falls, New York, in 1875, and graduated from Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, in 1897. He was a Fellow of Columbia College in 1899, and in 1902 he became Associate Editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." Among his published works are "Walter Pater," "Life of Lowell" and "The Quest of the Holy Grail."

Clayton Hamilton

is a graduate of Columbia University. From 1901 to 1904 he was tutor in English at that institution, giving a course also at Barnard College. Since 1904 he has lectured extensively on literary topics, and has contributed essays, sketches and stories to the magazines. He was mainly responsible for the English version of Jacob Gordin's Yiddish play, "The Kreutzer Sonata," which Blanche Walsh produced under the management of Wagenhals and Kemper; and before that, in collaboration with Miss Grace Isabel Colbron, he produced a play, "The Love that Blinds," which Mary Shaw acted under the management of the Shuberts.

The following letter has been received from Mr. Ernest E. Williams, author of the article "How London Loses by Municipal Ownership," which was published in the Review for October 19th, 1906:

"*To the Editor of The North American Review:*

"SIR,—Will you allow me a few lines of your space in which to make clear a passage in my paper in the REVIEW under the title, 'How London Loses by Municipal Ownership'?

"When writing about the practice of the London County Council of transferring some of the capital cost involved in the construction of new tramways from its Tramways Department, I spoke of the County Council's inducing the Borough Council 'to pay a third of the cost,' and of the Tramways Department getting 'rid of another third by charging it to Street Improvements.' To have been explicit, I should have written 'a third of the cost of the road widening,' and if I had had an opportunity of reading a proof of my article I might have noticed the omission. I did not, however, suppose, in referring to the cost which the Tramways Department shared with the Council's Streets Improvements Department, and with the Borough Council on the ground of improving the Borough Council's road, that my readers would think that I was referring to the entire cost of the scheme—the cars, which run through other Boroughs, the offices and car sheds probably situated in other Boroughs, etc. Yet, as one of my English newspaper critics has affected to assume that I did mean my American readers to think that all these things were included in the division into thirds, it may be that some of those readers have misapprehended the extent of the division, and I am therefore desirous of making clear to them what part it is of the capital cost which the Tramways Department transfers to other shoulders.

"I should wish to make this explanation in any event, as the last thing I desire is to mislead any one as to the facts of a case about which I write. But there is, even in a controversial view, no need for any exaggeration in this matter; for, since I wrote my article, it has been shown in the County Council Chamber that the Tramways Department has not been paying even one-third of the cost of street widenings necessitated by its new tramways. On the 16th of October, a member of the Council, Captain Swinton, dealing with a return that had just been presented by the Finance Committee at his request, said: 'Does this Council realize that we have not been paying one-third, and that we have not been paying even as much as one-tenth? If members will add up these figures, they will see that they amount to over four millions [sterling]—to be absolutely accurate, £4,044,844—without which expenditure the Tramways would not have been got through London. Of this huge cost, we see that it is intended ultimately to charge against the Tramway Account only £377,260—less than one-tenth; the rest is charged against the people of London.' And this statement was not broken down in the subsequent discussion.

"I am, sir, etc.,

"December 7th, 1906. ERNEST E. WILLIAMS."

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—X.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated March 28, 1906.*] Orion Clemens was born in Jamestown, Fentress County, Tennessee, in 1825. He was the family's
(1825.) first-born, and antedated me ten years. Between him and me came a sister, Margaret, who died, aged ten, in 1837, in that village of Florida, Missouri, where I was born; and Pamela, mother of Samuel E. Moffett, who was an invalid all
(1837.) her life and died in the neighborhood of New York a year ago, aged about seventy-five. Her character was without blemish, and she was of a most kindly and gentle dis-

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position. Also there was a brother, Benjamin, who died in 1843 aged ten or twelve.

(1843.)

Orion's boyhood was spent in that wee little log hamlet of Jamestown up there among the "knobs"—so called—of East Tennessee. The family migrated to Florida, Missouri, then moved to Hannibal, Missouri, when Orion was twelve and a half years old. When he was fifteen or sixteen he was sent to St. Louis and there he learned the printer's trade. One of his characteristics was eagerness. He woke with an eagerness about some matter or other every morning; it consumed him all day; it perished in the night and he was on fire with a fresh new interest next morning before he could get his clothes on. He exploited in this way three hundred and sixty-five red-hot new eagernesses every year of his life. But I am forgetting another characteristic, a very pronounced one. That was his deep glooms, his despondencies, his despairs; these had their place in each and every day along with the eagernesses. Thus his day was divided —no, not divided, mottled—from sunrise to midnight with alternating brilliant sunshine and black cloud. Every day he was the most joyous and hopeful man that ever was, I think, and also every day he was the most miserable man that ever was.

While he was in his apprenticeship in St. Louis, he got well acquainted with Edward Bates, who was afterwards in Mr. Lincoln's first cabinet. Bates was a very fine man, an honorable and upright man, and a distinguished lawyer. He patiently allowed Orion to bring to him each new project; he discussed it with him and extinguished it by argument and irresistible logic—at first. But after a few weeks he found that this labor was not necessary; that he could leave the new project alone and it would extinguish itself the same night. Orion thought he would like to become a lawyer. Mr. Bates encouraged him, and he studied law nearly a week, then of course laid it aside to try something new. He wanted to become an orator. Mr. Bates gave him lessons. Mr. Bates walked the floor reading from an English book aloud and rapidly turning the English into French, and he recommended this exercise to Orion. But as Orion knew no French, he took up that study and wrought at it like a volcano for two or three days; then gave it up. During his apprenticeship in St. Louis he joined a number of churches, one after another, and taught in their Sunday-schools—changing his

Sunday-school every time he changed his religion. He was correspondingly erratic in his politics—Whig to-day, Democrat next week, and anything fresh that he could find in the political market the week after. I may remark here that throughout his long life he was always trading religions and enjoying the change of scenery. I will also remark that his sincerity was never doubted; his truthfulness was never doubted; and in matters of business and money his honesty was never questioned. Notwithstanding his forever-recurring caprices and changes, his principles were high, always high, and absolutely unshakable. He was the strangest compound that ever got mixed in a human mould. Such a person as that is given to acting upon impulse and without reflection; that was Orion's way. Everything he did he did with conviction and enthusiasm and with a vainglorious pride in the thing he was doing—and no matter what that thing was, whether good, bad or indifferent, he repented of it every time in sackcloth and ashes before twenty-four hours had sped. Pessimists are born, not made. Optimists are born, not made. But I think he was the only person I have ever known in whom pessimism and optimism were lodged in exactly equal proportions. Except in the matter of grounded principle, he was as unstable as water. You could dash his spirits with a single word; you could raise them into the sky again with another one. You could break his heart with a word of disapproval; you could make him as happy as an angel with a word of approval. And there was no occasion to put any sense or any vestige of mentality of any kind into these miracles; anything you might say would answer.

He had another conspicuous characteristic, and it was the father of those which I have just spoken of. This was an intense lust for approval. He was so eager to be approved, so girlishly anxious to be approved by anybody and everybody, without discrimination, that he was commonly ready to forsake his notions, opinions and convictions at a moment's notice in order to get the approval of any person who disagreed with them. I wish to be understood as reserving his fundamental principles all the time. He never forsook those to please anybody. Born and reared among slaves and slaveholders, he was yet an abolitionist from his boyhood to his death. He was always truthful; he was always sincere; he was always honest and honorable. But in

light matters—matters of small consequence, like religion and politics and such things—he never acquired a conviction that could survive a disapproving remark from a cat.

He was always dreaming; he was a dreamer from birth, and this characteristic got him into trouble now and then.

Once when he was twenty-three or twenty-four years old, and was become a journeyman, he conceived the romantic idea of coming to Hannibal without giving us notice, in order that he might furnish to the family a pleasant surprise. If he had given notice, he would have been informed that we had changed our residence and that that gruff old bass-voiced sailorman, Dr. G., our family physician, was living in the house which we had formerly occupied and that Orion's former room in that house was now occupied by Dr. G.'s two middle-aged maiden sisters. Orion arrived at Hannibal per steamboat in the middle of the night, and started with his customary eagerness on his excursion, his mind all on fire with his romantic project and building and enjoying his surprise in advance. He was always enjoying things in advance; it was the make of him. He never could wait for the event, but must build it out of dream-stuff and enjoy it beforehand—consequently sometimes when the event happened he saw that it was not as good as the one he had invented in his imagination, and so he had lost profit by not keeping the imaginary one and letting the reality go.

When he arrived at the house he went around to the back door and slipped off his boots and crept up-stairs and arrived at the room of those elderly ladies without having wakened any sleepers. He undressed in the dark and got into bed and snuggled up against somebody. He was a little surprised, but not much—for he thought it was our brother Ben. It was winter, and the bed was comfortable, and the supposed Ben added to the comfort—and so he was dropping off to sleep very well satisfied with his progress so far and full of happy dreams of what was going to happen in the morning. But something else was going to happen sooner than that, and it happened now. The maid that was being crowded fumed and fretted and struggled and presently came to a half-waking condition and protested against the crowding. That voice paralyzed Orion. He couldn't move a limb; he couldn't get his breath; and the crowded one discovered his new whiskers and began to scream. This removed the paralysis,

and Orion was out of bed and clawing round in the dark for his clothes in a fraction of a second. Both maids began to scream, then, so Orion did not wait to get his whole wardrobe. He started with such parts of it as he could grab. He flew to the head of the stairs and started down, and was paralyzed again at that point, because he saw the faint yellow flame of a candle soaring up the stairs from below and he judged that Dr. G. was behind it, and he was. He had no clothes on to speak of, but no matter, he was well enough fixed for an occasion like this, because he had a butcher-knife in his hand. Orion shouted to him, and this saved his life, for the Doctor recognized his voice Then in those deep-sea-going bass tones of his that I used to admire so much when I was a little boy, he explained to Orion the change that had been made, told him where to find the Clemens family, and closed with some quite unnecessary advice about posting himself before he undertook another adventure like that —advice which Orion probably never needed again as long as he lived.

One bitter December night, Orion sat up reading until three o'clock in the morning and then, without looking at a clock, sallied forth to call on a young lady. He hammered and hammered at the door; couldn't get any response; didn't understand it. Anybody else would have regarded that as an indication of some kind or other and would have drawn inferences and gone home. But Orion didn't draw inferences, he merely hammered and hammered, and finally the father of the girl appeared at the door in a dressing-gown. He had a candle in his hand and the dressing-gown was all the clothing he had on—except an expression of unwelcome which was so thick and so large that it extended all down his front to his instep and nearly obliterated the dressing-gown. But Orion didn't notice that this was an unpleasant expression. He merely walked in. The old gentleman took him into the parlor, set the candle on a table, and stood Orion made the usual remarks about the weather, and sat down —sat down and talked and talked and went on talking—that old man looking at him vindictively and waiting for his chance —waiting treacherously and malignantly for his chance. Orion had not asked for the young lady. It was not customary. It was understood that a young fellow came to see the girl of the house, not the founder of it. At last Orion got up and made

some remark to the effect that probably the young lady was busy and he would go now and call again. That was the old man's chance, and he said with fervency "Why good land, aren't you going to stop to breakfast?"

Orion did not come to Hannibal until two or three years after my father's death. Meantime he remained in St. Louis. He was a journeyman printer and earning wages. Out of his wage he supported my mother and my brother Henry, who was two years younger than I. My sister Pamela helped in this support by taking piano pupils. Thus we got along, but it was pretty hard sledding. I was not one of the burdens, because I was taken from school at once, upon my father's death, and placed in the office of the Hannibal "Courier," as printer's apprentice, and Mr. S., the editor and proprietor of the paper, allowed me the usual emolument of the office of apprentice—that is to say board and clothes, but no money. The clothes consisted of two suits a year, but one of the suits always failed to materialize and the other suit was not purchased so long as Mr. S.'s old clothes held out. I was only about half as big as Mr. S., consequently his shirts gave me the uncomfortable sense of living in a circus tent, and I had to turn up his pants to my ears to make them short enough.

There were two other apprentices. One was Steve Wilkins, seventeen or eighteen years old and a giant. When he was in Mr. S.'s clothes they fitted him as the candle-mould fits the candle—thus he was generally in a suffocated condition, particularly in the summer-time. He was a reckless, hilarious, admirable creature; he had no principles, and was delightful company. At first we three apprentices had to feed in the kitchen with the old slave cook and her very handsome and bright and well-behaved young mulatto daughter. For his own amusement —for he was not generally laboring for other people's amusement—Steve was constantly and persistently and loudly and elaborately making love to that mulatto girl and distressing the life out of her and worrying the old mother to death. She would say, "Now, Marse Steve, Marse Steve, can't you behave yourself?" With encouragement like that, Steve would naturally renew his attentions and emphasize them. It was killingly funny to Ralph and me. And, to speak truly, the old mother's

distress about it was merely a pretence. She quite well understood that by the customs of slaveholding communities it was Steve's right to make love to that girl if he wanted to. But the girl's distress was very real. She had a refined nature, and she took all Steve's extravagant love-making in resentful earnest.

We got but little variety in the way of food at that kitchen table, and there wasn't enough of it anyway. So we apprentices used to keep alive by arts of our own—that is to say, we crept into the cellar nearly every night, by a private entrance which we had discovered, and we robbed the cellar of potatoes and onions and such things, and carried them down-town to the printing-office, where we slept on pallets on the floor, and cooked them at the stove and had very good times.

As I have indicated, Mr. S.'s economies were of a pretty close and rigid kind. By and by, when we apprentices were promoted from the basement to the ground floor and allowed to sit at the family table, along with the one journeyman, Harry H., the economies continued. Mrs. S. was a bride. She had attained to that distinction very recently, after waiting a good part of a lifetime for it, and she was the right woman in the right place, according to the economics of the place, for she did not trust the sugar-bowl to us, but sweetened our coffee herself. That is, she went through the motions. She didn't really sweeten it. She seemed to put one heaping teaspoonful of brown sugar into each cup, but, according to Steve, that was a deceit. He said she dipped the spoon in the coffee first to make the sugar stick, and then scooped the sugar out of the bowl with the spoon upside down, so that the effect to the eye was a heaped-up spoon, whereas the sugar on it was nothing but a layer. This all seems perfectly true to me, and yet that thing would be so difficult to perform that I suppose it really didn't happen, but was one of Steve's lies.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

ETHICS OF CORPORATE MANAGEMENT.

BY ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, PRESIDENT OF YALE UNIVERSITY.

Our traditional system of law and ethics is based on the existence of competition. We assume that if one man does business badly, people can deal with some one else. This danger of losing business, where it exists, is a powerful force, tending to make the merchant or manufacturer do well by his customers, and is in nineteen cases out of twenty a more efficient protection than any law possibly could be.

Broadly speaking, this has been true. But competition never has been quite as free or universal as the law assumes. There have always been places too small to get the benefit of it; there have always been business men too skilful to allow themselves to be hampered by it. In his charmingly practical book on "Politics" Aristotle tells two stories which are of perennial interest to the student of industrial combination. In the first of these, he relates how Thales of Miletus was a great philosopher, but was reproached by his neighbors because he was not as rich as they were. By his acquaintance with astronomy, Thales foresaw that there would be large crops of olives, and he purchased all the olive-presses of Miletus, depositing a very small sum in each case so as to make the transaction complete. When the olives were ripe, behold! there was no one but Thales to rent them the presses whereby they might make their oil; and Thales, who was thus able to charge what price he pleased, realized an enormous sum. He did this, says Aristotle, not because he cared for the money, but to show his neighbors that a philosopher can be richer than anybody else if he wants to, and if he is not, it simply proves that he has more worthy objects of contemplation.

There was a man in Syracuse, Aristotle goes on to say, in the days of Dionysius the Tyrant, who bought all the iron in Sicily

on so narrow a margin that without raising the price very much he was able to make twice the amount of his total investment in a short time. When Dionysius the Tyrant heard of this he was pleased with the ingenuity of the man; and he told him that he might keep his money, but that he had better leave Syracuse.

These stories show plainly enough that monopolies are no new thing; that more than two thousand years ago there was a Standard Oil Company of Asia Minor and a United States Steel Corporation of Sicily; and that the President of the United States is by no means the first monarch who has addressed himself somewhat aggressively to the problem of trust regulation. But in ancient times these monopolies of producers or merchants were an exception; now they are becoming the general rule.

The development of the power-loom and the spinning-machine in the middle of the eighteenth century, followed shortly by that of the steam-engine, substituted a system of centralized industry, where a number of people work together, for the scattered industry of the older times, where people worked separately. The invention of the steamship and the railroad enabled the large factories of modern times to send their goods all over the world, and allowed the establishments to increase in size as long as any economy in production was to be gained by such an increase. The capital required for these large industries was far beyond the power of any one man or any small group of partners to furnish. The modern industrial corporation, with free transfer of stock, limited liability of the shareholders, and representative government through a board of directors, was developed as a means of meeting this need for capital. Men who could take no direct part in the management of an industrial enterprise, and whose capital was only a very small fraction of what was needed for the purpose, could, under the system of limited liability, safely associate themselves with a hundred or a thousand others to take the chance of profit which concentration of capital afforded.

These industrial units soon became so large that a single one of them was able to supply the whole market. Competition was done away with, and monopoly took its place. This effect was first felt in the case of railroad transportation. You could not generally have the choice between two independent lines of railroad, because business which would furnish a profit to one line was generally quite inadequate to support a second. Nor could

you hope for the competition of different owners of locomotives and cars on the same line of track, because of the opportunities for accident and loss to which such a system was exposed. In England, indeed, they were impressed with the analogy of a railroad to a turnpike or canal, and for nearly half a century after the establishment of railroads they made all their laws on the supposition that cars and locomotives would be owned by different people. But the failure of these laws, when so persistently enacted and backed by a conservatism of feeling so strong as that of the English nation, is the best proof of the impracticability of the scheme. By 1850 it became pretty clear that most railroads had a monopoly of their local business. By 1870 the consequences of this monopoly had become quite clearly apparent.

These consequences were in some respects good and in some respects bad. The railroad managers were quick to introduce improvements and to effect economy of organization. These improvements allowed them to make their rates very low on through business in general, and particularly on business which came into competition with other railroads or with water routes. But the extreme lowness of these through rates only emphasized the glaring inequality between the treatment of the through or competitive business, and the local business of which the railroad had a monopoly. On the old turnpike, the cost of transportation had been high, but the shipper could rely upon the price as fair. There was always enough competition between different carriers to prevent them from making extortionate profits on any one shipment. On the railroad, which took the place of the turnpike, the cost of transportation was very much lower, but there was no assurance whatever of fairness. The local rates were sometimes kept two or three times as high as the through ones; and the shipper had to see carloads of freight hauled to market past his house from more distant points at twenty-five dollars a carload, when he himself was paying fifty dollars a carload for but a part of the same haulage. Nor was this the worst. Arbitrary differences between places were bad enough; but there was a similar discrimination between different persons in the same place. The local freight-agent was a sort of almoner of the corporation. The man who gained his ear, whether by honest means or not, got a low rate. The man who failed to get the ear of the freight-agent had to pay a much higher rate for the same service.

In this country things were at their worst in the years immediately following the civil war. While we had a one-price system in the trade of the country, both wholesale and retail, and in its banking, and to a large degree in its labor market, the whole system of American railroad rates was run on principles which a decently conducted store would have scorned to admit into its management. Our industrial methods had changed too fast for our ethics to keep pace with them. In the old-fashioned lines of business, people were allowed to charge what prices they pleased, because competition kept their power of making mistakes within narrow limits. In the local railroad freight business, competition was done away with, and the managers did not see the necessity of substituting any other legal or moral restraint in its stead. In fact, they asserted a constitutional right to be free of all other legal or moral restraints. They regarded the liberty to serve the public in their own way, which had been allowed them under the competitive system, as carrying with it a right to hurt the public in their own way when the protection of competition was done away with. Instead of seeing that the constitutional rights for the protection of property had grown up because property was wisely used, they asserted that it was none of the public's business how they used the property, as long as they kept within the letter of the Constitution.

Of course this arbitrary exercise of power provoked a reaction. The State Legislatures of the Mississippi Valley passed the various Granger laws which were placed on their statute-books from 1870 to 1875. These laws represented an attempt to reduce rates as unintelligent and crude as had been the attempts of the railroad agents to maintain rates. In the conflict of constitutional authority, the courts, on the whole, took the side of the Legislatures more than they did that of the railroads; and the ill-judged laws regulating railroad charges, which could not be repealed until several years too late, were an important factor in increasing the commercial distress that followed the crisis of 1873.

Just when things were at their worst, a really great man appeared on the scene of action in Charles Francis Adams of the Massachusetts Railroad Commission. He promulgated an idea, essentially ethical in its character, which not only was of great service at the time, but has been the really vital force in all good

schemes of corporate regulation ever since. It is hardly too much to say that all our plans for dealing with corporate monopoly have been successful according to the extent to which they conformed to Mr. Adams's idea, and that their ill success in various cases has been the result of departure from it. Mr. Adams's central principle was this: In the management of a railroad, the temporary interests of the road and of its various shippers are often divergent; but the permanent interests of the railroad and of the various shippers come very much closer together than the temporary ones, and can almost be said to coincide. A railroad which is managed to make the most profit for the moment will try to make very low rates on through business that might otherwise go to another line, and will squeeze to the utmost the local shippers who have no such refuge. But if a manager looks five years or ten years ahead, he will see that such a policy kills the local business, which, after all, must furnish the road's best custom, and stimulates a kind of competitive business which can and will go somewhere else when the slightest opportunity is given. The manager who looks to the future, therefore, instead of to the present, will put the local business on the same level as the through business; and if he makes any difference at all in the charge, it will be due to a slightly superior economy of handling large and regular consignments for long distances, as compared with the small and irregular consignments of intermediate points. The agent who simply wants to get the most money that he can for the moment will see an apparent advantage in making a special bargain with each customer. The agent who takes a long look ahead will do just what the storekeeper does who takes a long look ahead. He will see that the right customer to develop is the self-respecting man who is content with the same treatment as other customers; who is too proud for begging and too honest for bribery.

I cannot go into all the details of the application of this theory. Suffice it to say that, during the comparatively short time when he was at the head of the Massachusetts Commission, Mr. Adams did in fact persuade the railroad men of his State, and of a great many other States, to take this view of the matter; that by his recommendation, made without any authority except the authority of common sense, he permanently removed more abuses in railroad management than all the various State

statutes put together; and that the judicial decisions of the years from 1875 to 1885, when Mr. Adams's influence was dominant, show a constantly increased understanding, not only of the principles of railroad economy, but of the principles which make for the permanent public welfare of shippers and investors alike.

I have spoken of Mr. Adams's influence as an ethical one. The Railroad Commission of Massachusetts, under the original bill which established it, had practically no powers except the power to report. It was for this reason regarded by many as likely to be a totally ineffective body. This absence of specific powers was just what Mr. Adams welcomed. It threw the Commission back on the power of common sense—which does not seem as strong as statutory rights to prosecute people and put them in prison, but which, in the hands of a man who really possesses it, is actually very much stronger. And when commissions of more recent years, disregarding the experience of Mr. Adams, have besought over and over again for an increase of their power to make rates, and their power to prosecute offenders, and their power to keep the courts from reviewing their acts, I am reminded of the minister in the country church who said, "O Lord, we pray for power; O Lord, we pray for power;" until an old deacon, unable to contain himself, interrupted, "'Tain't power you lack, young man; it's idees!"

In a complex matter like this we are governed by public opinion. Anything that makes it necessary for a man to get public opinion behind a measure of administration or regulation prevents him from trying unsound experiments, and assures him that the things that he carries through will be successful in fact and not merely in name. Good sense is needed to create acquiescence on the part of the courts, and to prevent widespread evasion of statutes and ordinances by the business men of the community as a body. Any measure which seems to dispense with the necessity of its exercise is pretty sure to end in disaster.

I have gone into the detail of Mr. Adams's work for the sake of this ethical lesson which it inculcates. We have passed beyond the conditions of Mr. Adams's time. National regulation has taken the place of State regulation of railroads. Other forms of corporate activity have organized into monopolies perhaps more widespread and powerful than any railroad monopoly ever was. The relations of corporations to their employees, and the

mutual duties of organizations of capital and labor toward the public in making continuous public service possible, have become vastly more complex than they were thirty years ago. But the essential fact still remains that the problem can be settled only by the exercise of common sense and a certain amount of unselfishness. Any law which seeks to render these qualities unnecessary or superfluous is foredoomed to failure. Any citizen who lets these qualities fall into abeyance falls short of a proper conception of public duty. The larger his position of influence in the industrial world, the greater is the responsibility upon him to bring these qualities into use in the conduct of corporate business.

The president of a large corporation is in a place of public trust. In an obvious sense, he is a trustee for the stockholders and creditors of his corporation. In a less obvious, but equally important, sense he is a trustee on behalf of the public.

In regard to the first of these points, the community has made substantial and gratifying progress toward proper moral standards and their enforcement. It will perhaps create surprise that I say this so unreservedly, when we have the results of the insurance scandals freshly in mind. But bad as these things were, they were not nearly so bad as many things that happened a generation earlier; and when the insurance scandals became known they created an outburst of public feeling of a very different kind from anything which would have developed forty years ago. The spontaneous and overwhelming character of this outburst shows a great moral advance. In the year 1870 it was the commonest thing in the world for the president of a large corporation to use his position as a means of enriching himself and his friends at the expense of the stockholders in general; and it might almost be added that it was the rarest thing in the world for anybody to object. The fact that Cornelius Vanderbilt admitted his stockholders to the benefit of profitable "deals," instead of taking the whole for himself and his friends, was a sufficient departure from the usage of the time to excite universal remark. The worst things which were done in our insurance companies represent a pious regard for the law and a scrupulous observance of the principles of morality, as compared with some of the transactions in Erie in the early seventies. Ten years later things had improved. It was no longer considered proper for a

president to wreck his company in order to enrich himself. Yet even in this decade it was held that minorities of stockholders had no rights which majorities were bound to respect; and while the public did not justify the president in getting rich at the expense of his stockholders, it saw no harm if he used his inside information to get rich at the expense of anybody and everybody else. It is greatly to the credit of some of our best railroad men that in the last decade of the nineteenth century we rose above this state of things. The example of a recent president of the Lake Shore Railroad, who died a relatively poor man when the stock of his corporation stood higher than that of almost any other railroad in the country, is a thing which deserves to be remembered—and which has been.

Banks and railroads were the two lines of business where corporate scandals first developed on a large scale. They are now the two lines of business where standards of corporate honor, beyond what the law could enforce, have become pretty well established. This is no mere coincidence. Corporate powers gave opportunities for abuse which did not exist before. Where these powers were greatest these abuses developed first and made the earliest public scandals. It was here that the business men themselves felt the need of remedies deeper reaching than those which the law could give. Combinations of merchants or manufacturers or of financiers outside the regular lines of banking were a later thing, and therefore we are only at this moment correcting the evils which are incident to their conduct.

It takes a long time for a man to learn to transfer a principle of morality which he fully recognizes in one field to another field of slightly different location and character, particularly if the application of strict morality in the new fields is going to hurt his personal interest. I remember a story of a country court in a warranty case which furnishes an instance in point. One man had sold another a cow, and had represented that cow as possessing certain good qualities—adding, however, that he did not warrant her. The cow proved not to possess the qualities alleged, and the buyer sought to recover the purchase-money. As there was no dispute about the facts, the plaintiff's attorney thought that he had an easy case; for it is a well established principle of law that a disclaimer of warranty in such a sale does not protect the transaction from the taint of fraud if the

matters in question were ones which the seller really could know and the buyer could not. He showed a sufficient number of legal precedents to illustrate this principle; but was somewhat dumfounded when the opposing lawyer rose and said, "May it please the court, every one of the cases cited by my learned brother is a horse case. I defy him to produce one relating to horned cattle." The court was impressed with this fact, and instructed the jury to the effect that it had been established from time immemorial that a disclaimer of warranty was invalid with regard to a horse, but that the case of a cow was something totally different. We witnessed a somewhat similar condition in recent years, when men who would have recognized that it was wrong to get rich at the expense of a stockholder, who had clear and definite rights to dividends that were earned, were perfectly willing to use all kinds of means to enrich themselves at the expense of the policy-holders, whose rights were vague and indefinite. The lesson of last year was a terrible one; but I believe that it has been thoroughly learned. The business community of to-day recognizes that the president and directors of a corporation have a fiduciary relation both to their stockholders and to their creditors; that any man who disregards this relation is guilty of breach of trust, just as much as he would be if he used his position as guardian of an orphan to enrich himself at the expense of his ward. If any man does not see this, the business community despises his intellect. If he does see this, and acts in disregard of it, the business community despises his character.

Unfortunately, the obligation of the managers of our corporations to the public is not yet as clearly recognized as their obligation to the stockholders. Some of those who are most scrupulous about doing all that they can for the stockholders make this an excuse for doing as little as they can for the public in general; and disclaim indignantly the existence of any wider trust or any outside duty which should interfere with the performance of their primary trust to the last penny. There is many a man who, in the conduct of his own life, and even of his own personal business, is scrupulously regardful of public opinion, but who, as the president of a corporation, disregards that opinion rather ostentatiously. Personally, he is sensitive to public condemnation; but as a trustee he honestly believes that he has no right to indulge any such sensitiveness. He is unselfish in

the one case, and selfish in the other. I believe that this results from an extremely short-sighted view of the matter; and that the conscientious fulfilment of wider obligations, which he assumes as a matter of course when his own money is at stake, is at once wise policy and sound morality when he is acting as trustee for the money and interests of others.

Even from the narrowest standpoint of pecuniary interest, the duty of the corporate president to the investors demands that he should by his life and his language strive to diminish the danger of legal spoliation which threatens property rights in general and the rights of corporate property in particular. This obligation is partly recognized, and partly not. Our leaders of industry, as a rule, do not spend great sums on ostentatious luxury, and do spend great sums on objects of public benefit. Both of these facts are invaluable conservative forces. On the other hand, too many of them insist publicly on an extreme view of their legal rights and claims, which cannot help irritating their opponents, and which does a great deal more harm to the interests of property than most people think. It was the arrogance of the freight-agents quite as much as the mistakes in their schedule of charges that precipitated the Granger agitation. They defiantly refused to recognize the shipper's point of view. Every such defiance by the head of a large corporation makes more converts to radicalism and socialism than the speaker ever dreams. If a man intends to stand on his legal rights it is generally wise for him to keep as quiet as the circumstances admit. The cases are few and far between where a loud statement in advance that he is going to stand on his legal rights, and that those rights, in his judgment, are consonant with the laws of God, produces anything but an adverse effect on his interests and on the interests of those whom he represents. It is not for the profit of the year's balance-sheet that the corporate president should regard himself as responsible, but for the profit in the long run; and that profit in the long run is identified with the maintenance of a conservative spirit and the avoidance of unnecessary conflicts between those who have and those who have not.

The duty of the corporate president to the investors also demands that he use all wise means for the maintenance of continuous public service. The more complete the monopoly which

he has, and the more vital the public necessity which he provides, the greater is the importance of this aspect of his trust for the permanence of the interests which he represents. For if the employer is indifferent to the public need in this regard, the employees will be still more indifferent. If he tries to make public necessity a means to reinforce his demands, they will make that public necessity a means to reinforce their demands; and in this contest the employees will have every advantage on their side. Each conflict of this kind will increase the demand for public regulation of corporate affairs, even if the interests of the investors suffer thereby; and it may reach a point where many lines of business will be taken out of the hands of private corporations and into the hands of the government.

In the old days, when the public was served by a number of independent establishments, a strike was a grave matter for the establishment where it existed, and a comparatively small thing for anybody else. The public got its goods from some other quarter. The slight shortage in the supply might raise the prices a little, but it did not produce a famine. The community as a whole could wait complacently for the fight to be settled. If, however, the company has a monopoly, the conditions are reversed. The strike, if protracted, causes great inconvenience and generally considerable suffering to the public, while the effect on the finances of the corporation is often comparatively slight. Indeed, it has become a proverb that strikes are not as a rule good reasons for sale of the securities of the companies affected. I am afraid that this fact makes the presidents of our corporations, especially those who hold a narrow view of their duties, more careless than they otherwise would be about men whom they choose for positions of superintendence, and about the policy which they adopt in early stages of labor disputes. But it is upon care in these particulars, rather than upon any machinery for compulsory arbitration, that we must rely for the prevention of strikes. I suppose that some time we shall devise systems of arbitration which will avoid a large number of our industrial quarrels; but those that I have actually seen in operation do not appear very promising. We are told that compulsory arbitration has been made to work in New Zealand; but some of the official information which we get from New Zealand has been so totally discredited that we must be a little cautious about

accepting any of the testimony which is transmitted to us. Nor do I believe very greatly in the efficiency of profit-sharing systems as a general means of preventing labor troubles. Sometimes they work well; oftener they do not. Plans for attaching the laborers to the corporate service by pension funds, by the distribution of stock, and other means of this kind, are perhaps rather more promising. Yet even these are limited in the applicability, and sometimes cause more unrest than they prevent.

For the present, it is not to any machinery that we must look for the solution of these difficulties. It is to a wider sense of responsibility on the part of directors and general officers. The man who selects his subordinates solely for their fitness in making the results of the year's accounts look best, and instructs them to work for these results at the sacrifice of all other interests, encourages the employees to work for themselves in defiance of the needs either of the corporation or of the public, and does more than almost any professional agitator to foster the spirit which makes labor organizations unreasonable in their demands, and defiant in their attitude. For the laborers, like some of the rest of us, are a good deal more affected by feeling than by reason; a good deal more influenced by examples than by syllogisms.

When I was connected with the "Railroad Gazette," we had occasion to discuss a strike on the part of one of the best of the labor unions, in which, contrary to the usual practice of that organization, the demands were quite unreasonable. There was something puzzling in the whole situation, which I could not account for. A close observer who, though he was on the side of the corporation, had sense enough to look at the facts dispassionately, said, "Do you know Blank?" naming a man high in the operating department of the road concerned. I said that I did. "Blank," he said, "is an honest man. He is, according to all his lights, an honorable man. And yet if Blank were placed over me I would strike on any pretext, good or bad, just to show how I hated his ways of doing business. This strike is, of course, an unjustifiable one. For the sake of all concerned it should be stopped as soon as possible, and your paper should say so. But when the strike is over, sail into the road with all your might for employing a man like Blank in a position precisely the opposite of anything for which Providence designed him." It soon became evident that this was a true account of the origin of the

strike. The company saw the situation, and transferred the man, on its own account, to another post for which he was more fitted.

Workmen are accessible to examples of loyalty, as well as examples of selfishness. One of our very large manufacturing concerns in western Pennsylvania a few years ago made a change in its operating head. Not many months after the change I had the opportunity to inquire of a foreman how things were working under the new management. "Sir," was the reply, "there isn't a man in the works but what would go straight through hell with the new boss if he wanted it." I told the "new boss" the story; and all he said was, "I guess they know that I'd do the same for them." That was the voice of a man—an exceptional man; but what he really accomplished represents a kind of result which all of us will do well to keep in view.

In the great railroad strikes of 1877, when the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers—at that time a far less conservatively managed organization than it has since become—intoxicated with its successes in the South, ordered a general tie-up of New England, the men of the New York and New England Railroad met the order with a flat refusal. They had no other reason, and they gave no other reason, than their loyalty to a man who was at that time a superintendent of no particular reputation or influence outside of his own immediate sphere of duty—Charles P. Clark, who afterwards became president of the road. That one man by his personality not only prevented a general strike throughout New England, but by that act restored the balance of industrial force in the United States at a time when it was more seriously threatened than it ever has been, before or since.

A few years later, when a strike on the Union Pacific Railroad was scheduled by the Knights of Labor, the president of that road prevented the strike by the simple expedient of so arranging matters that the responsibility for the interruption of public service would, at each stage of the proceedings, be clearly put upon the labor leaders themselves. If the company had been simply claiming the right to serve itself, they would have claimed an equal right to serve themselves, and might very possibly have had the sympathy of the public behind them. But when matters were so arranged in advance that the responsibility for the interruption rested upon their shoulders alone, even the Knights

of Labor—and Western Knights of Labor at that—shrank from taking the responsibility of a conflict with the nation. Of course, strikes will continue to occur after all precautions are taken. They may come to the man or the company that least deserves it. But we can impress upon the managers of corporations the duty of showing more solicitude for the protection of the public against the disastrous results of the strike when it does come, and the unwisdom of saying much about the sacredness of the rights of private property under the Constitution at a time when such words can only irritate the employees and alienate the suffering public.

There is, indeed, a sacredness of property right in this country which goes far beyond the letter of the Constitution. The Constitution guarantees that no man shall be deprived of his property without due process of law; that no State shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contract; and that a corporation has the right of a person in the sense of being entitled to fair and equal treatment. The conservatism of the American people goes farther than this. It supports a business man in the exercise of his traditional rights, because it believes, on the basis of the experience of centuries, that the exercise of these rights will conduce to the public interests. It puts the large industries of the country in the hands of corporations, even when this results in creating corporate monopoly, because it distrusts the unrestricted extension of government activity, and believes that business is, on the whole, better handled by commercial agencies than by political ones. But every case of failure to meet public needs somewhat shakes the public in this confidence; and this confidence is not only shaken but destroyed if the manager of a corporation claims immunity from interference as a moral or constitutional right, independent of the public interests involved.

Personally, I am one of those who look with serious distrust on each extension of political activity. I believe that the interstate commerce law did more to prevent wise railroad regulation than any other event in the history of the country. I think that the courts would have dealt with our industrial problems better than they have done if the anti-trust act had never been passed. I have gravely doubted the wisdom of some of the more recent measures passed by the national government. But I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that these things are what business men must

expect, unless business ethics is somewhat modified to meet existing conditions. Industrial corporations grew up into power because they met the needs of the past. To stay in power, they must meet the needs of the present, and arrange their ethics accordingly. If they can do it by their own voluntary development of the sense of trusteeship, that is the simplest and best solution. But if not, one of two things will happen: vastly increased legal regulation, or State ownership of monopolies. Those who fear the effects of increased government activity must prove by their acceptance of ethical duties to the public that they are not blind devotees of an industrial past which has ceased to exist, but are preparing to accept the heavier burdens and obligations which the industrial present carries with it.

ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY.

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE—WHEN?

BY JAMES H. BLOUNT, LATE JUDGE OF THE COURT OF FIRST INSTANCE OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

AFTER seven years spent at the "storm-centre" of "Expansion," the first of the seven as a volunteer officer in Cuba, the next two in a like capacity in the Philippines, and the remainder in the last-named country as United States judge, the writer was finally invalided home last spring, sustained in spirit at parting by cordial farewells, oral and written, personal and official. Having now been invited by the Editor of the REVIEW to prepare an article embodying his views as to our Philippine problem, he naturally enters upon a discussion of the subject with some degree of diffidence, because it involves calling in question the wisdom and righteousness of a policy inaugurated and carried out by a small group of distinguished men, under whom he shared in this nation's work beyond seas for a very considerable fraction of the average duration of life. However, he can truly say to all former fellow workers:

"I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside
And the lives that ye led were mine.

"Was there aught that I did not share
In vigil or toil or ease,—
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear friends across the seas?"

In Charles Dickens's novel "Bleak House," there is a chapter entitled "Telescopic Philanthropy," wherein is introduced the famous Mrs. Jellyby, the mother of a large and interesting family, "a lady of very remarkable strength of character, who

devotes herself entirely to the public," who "has devoted herself to an extensive variety of public subjects, at various times, and is at present devoted to the subject of Africa, with a general view to the cultivation of the coffee berry—*and* the natives"; to the great prejudice of her domestic concerns, and the neglect of her own children, the latter continually getting into all kinds of mischief while her attention is diverted from home. Seeing that the present Administration proposes to continue its policy of "benevolent assimilation" in the remote Philippines indefinitely, at whatever cost, the analogy between its attitude and Mrs. Jellyby's misplaced philanthropy toward "the people of Borrioboola-Gha, on the left bank of the Niger," is by no means remote.

Mr. Bryan maintains, substantially:*

(1) That the Filipinos want independence.

(2) That, if protected from the great land-acquiring Powers, "so far as their own internal affairs are concerned, they do not need to be subject to any alien government."

(3) That we should at once disclaim any intention of exercising permanent sovereignty over the archipelago, and declare it to be our purpose to remain only long enough to see a stable government started, and then leave them to work out their own destiny.

Mr. Taft would probably have taken issue with Mr. Bryan on the first proposition up to the time he visited the islands in the summer of 1905, accompanied by a party of Senators and Congressmen. He will hardly do so now.

Senator Dubois, of Idaho, who was a member of the Congressional party referred to, has since said in the New York "Independent":

"All the Filipinos, with the exception of those who were holding positions under and drawing salaries from our Government, favor a government of their own. There is scarcely an exception among them. . . . There is nobody in the islands, no organization of any kind or description, which favors the policy of our Government toward them."

Senator Newlands, of Nevada, also a member of the Congressional party aforesaid, has declared, in the number of this REVIEW for December, 1905, that practically the whole people desire independence. Congressman Parsons, also a member of

* See his newspaper, the "Commoner," of April 27th and May 4th, 1906.

the same party, has since said: "There is no question that all the Filipino parties are now in favor of independence."

Captain J. A. Moss, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, a member of General Corbin's staff, is quoted by Mr. Bryan, in the "Commoner" of April 27th, 1906, as saying, in an article published in a Manila paper while Mr. Bryan was in the islands, with reference to the wishes of "the great majority" of the Filipinos, that "to please them, we cannot get out of the islands too soon."

Mr. Bryan's second proposition, with which Mr. Taft takes issue, is that "so far as their own internal affairs are concerned, they do not need to be subject to any alien government," provided, of course, they are protected from the danger of annexation by some one of the great nations. If this proposition be sound, subject to the proviso, the proviso can easily be met. The foremost citizen of the world to-day, the man who brought the Japanese-Russian war to a conclusion and thereby won the high regard of all mankind, can, and if so requested by the Congress probably will, within a comparatively short period, negotiate a treaty with the great nations, securing the neutralization of the islands, and the recognition of their independence whenever the same shall be granted to them by the United States. If the Powers should thus agree to consider the Philippines neutral territory forever, Mr. Roosevelt would have done for them exactly what has already been done for Belgium and Switzerland by treaty between the great Powers of Europe. When the resolution of Congressman McCall, of Massachusetts, proposing this, was under consideration before the House Committee on Philippine Affairs on April 7th, 1906, it met with a very considerable degree of sympathy, as is manifest from the official report of the hearing, the main objection apparently being that, because there are a number of different dialects, the Filipinos are a heterogenous lot, and there is no spirit of Philippine nationality. Governor Taft said to the Senate Committee in February, 1902:

"While it is true that there are a number of Christian tribes, so called, that speak different languages, there is a homogeneity in the people in appearance, in habits, and in many avenues of thought. To begin with, *they are all Catholics.*"

The Philippine Census, published by the War Department in March, 1905, says (Vol. I, p. 447):

"A town in the Cagayan valley presents the same style of architecture, the same surrounding *barrios*,* has the same kind of stores and similarly dressed people, as a Christian municipality of the island of Mindanao."

And says the same Government publication (Vol. II, p. 9), in drawing a comparison between itself and the schedules of the twelfth census of the United States:

"Those of the Philippine Census are somewhat simpler, the differences being due mainly to *the more homogeneous character of the population of the Philippine Islands!*"

The existence of a general and conscious aspiration for a national life of their own, the *Real Presence* of a universal longing to be allowed to pursue happiness in their own way *and not in somebody else's way,* is, to the best of such knowledge and belief as the writer obtained after two years' service in the army that subjugated them, and four years in the Insular Judiciary, one of the most obvious and pathetic facts in the whole situation. During the organized fighting, no American ever discovered that the enemy was crippled, or his effectiveness diminished, by the lack of a common language. And as for the National Spirit, those people have been welded into absolute unity by the events of the last eight years. Rizal was shot for writing a political novel in which the Spaniards thought there was too much recognition of the "Nationalist" idea. And if we should get into a war with a first-class Power, and Aguinaldo, or Juan Cailles, the man who crumpled the gallant Fifteenth Infantry in 1901, should raise the standard of revolt, let the impartial reader ask any American now in the Philippines, or any American who has spent much time there, how many natives between Aparri and Cagayan de Misamis would fail to understand and rally to the cry "*Viva La Republica Filipina!*" Let us hope that if the McCall resolution ever comes up again, the Committee will have become satisfied, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, that there does, in fact, exist among all the people of the Philippine Islands *a consciousness of racial unity,* which draws them together as against all outsiders, *and is not marred by any race problem such as exists in Cuba.*

The independence of the Philippines should come about within a few years—that is, as soon as practicable—because it is best

* Suburban settlements or rural hamlets.

for both countries. We are governing them against their consent and at an enormous cost to both peoples. If the *untold* millions we have spent on "benevolent assimilation" since February 4, 1899, had been spent on Rivers and Harbors and Canals, and the improvement of our interior water transportation generally, the railroad-rate question would have solved itself without the need of a rate bill. And this is not the only one of Mrs. Jellyby's neglected children, not the only domestic problem which presents a subject for strenuous altruism sufficient to occupy all the patriotism and statesmanship of this great country with its eighty millions of people. If all the splendid ability and grim fortitude that have been concentrated during the last few years upon "telescopic philanthropy" in the Philippines had been steadily focussed upon the economic and social problems which are clamoring ever more loudly and ominously for solution at home, Hearst and Hearstism would never have arisen to voice a profound and widespread discontent having in it an element of righteousness.

But, returning to the core of Mr. Bryan's second proposition, namely, that "so far as their own internal affairs are concerned, they do not need to be subject to any alien government," he further says:*

"There is a wide difference, it is true, between the general intelligence of the educated Filipino and the laborer on the street and in the field, but this is not a barrier to self-government. Intelligence controls in every government, except where it is suppressed by military force. . . . 'Nine-tenths of the Japanese have no part in the lawmaking.' In Mexico, the gap between the educated classes and the peons is fully as great as, if not greater than, the gap between the extremes of Filipino society. Those who question the capacity of the Filipinos for self-government . . . forget that . . . patriotism raises up persons fitted for the work that needs to be done."

And here is the testimony of one of the most distinguished Congressmen who have visited the islands:

"I have little or no doubt that there are a sufficient number of wise and intelligent Filipinos to establish and maintain a government in the Philippines, that will compare in liberality and effectiveness with a very great many of the governments that have been in successful operation for a century or more."

Edmund Burke once said, in a speech for which Americans

* "Commoner," April 27th, 1906.

have long delighted to honor his memory: "The general character and situation of a people must determine what sort of government is fitted for them. That, nothing else can or ought to determine."

The Congressman last above quoted talks of twenty years as a safe period of tutelage, Senators Newlands and Dubois of thirty years, Mr. Bryan of five, or ten, or fifteen. But the gentleman last named insisted at the Convention of 1904, and still insists, that we should make them a definite promise of independence *now,* the same to be executed as soon as practicable.

To this, the proposition of the Democracy, Mr. Taft's answer is:

> "The gentlemen that are looking for office under an independent government, have very little concern about independence that is to come after they are dead; and if you permit their independence, and make it a definite promise, you will have a continued agitation there as to *when* they ought to have independence."*

The imputation of selfishness put by this statement upon all Filipinos who desire independence is uncalled for. "The gentlemen that are looking for office under an independent government" could undoubtedly get office under the present government *if they would only stop wanting independence.* And "if you permit their independence, and make it a definite promise," you will have no agitation to hasten the day, *provided the promise itself fix the day.* During nearly four years of service on the bench in the Philippines, the writer heard as much genuine, impassioned and effective eloquence from Filipino lawyers, saw exhibited in the trial of causes as much industrious preparation, and zealous, loyal advocacy of the rights of clients, as any ordinary *nisi prius* judge at home is likely to meet with in the same length of time. Some of these lawyers are ex-officers of the insurgent army. Each of them has his clients, and is the centre of a circle of influence. All of them, without exception, want independence. Of course the law of self-preservation precludes them from proclaiming this from the house-tops, especially if they are holding office under the Government. But in their heart of hearts, the dearest hope that each of them cherishes is that he may live to see the Star of the Philippine Republic

* Speech at Cincinnati, February 22nd, 1904.

risen in the Far East. Let a date be fixed by the United States Congress for turning over the government of the Archipelago to its people, a date which will afford to the great majority of the present generation a reasonable expectation of living to see the independence of their country, and all political unrest, including most of the brigandage in the islands, will at once cease. The news will spread "like wildfire," to borrow a famous phrase of our sunshiny Secretary of War. We shall have exchanged a balking horse for a willing one. The sullen submission of a conquered people will give place to genuine and universal gratitude toward America. The unborn National Life will leap for joy in the Womb of Time. *Te Deums* will be celebrated in every church of every town in the Archipelago from Aparri to Zamboanga. Aglipay himself may even say: "Now, Lord, let my schism depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

The great ocean steamship companies of the world publish the sailing-dates of their vessels a year ahead. Everything else hinges upon this point of departure. All preparations, whether by crew, shippers or prospective passengers, are shaped to that end. Why cannot the same be done in the matter of the launching of a Ship of State? If three strong and able men, familiar with insular conditions, and still young enough to undertake the task—say, for instance, General Leonard Wood, of the Army; Judge Adam C. Carson, of the Philippine Supreme Court; and W. Morgan Shuster, Collector of Customs of the Archipelago; or three other men of like calibre—were told by a President of the United States, by authority of the Congress: "Go out there and set up a respectable native government in ten years, and then come away," they could and would do it, and that government would be a success; and one of the greatest moral victories in the annals of free government would have been written by the gentlemen concerned upon the pages of their country's history.

To understand the causes of the present discontent, and how incurable it is except by a promise of independence at a fixed date, let me review this tragedy of errors which we have written in blood and selfish legislation in that unhappy land, as rapidly as may be consistent with clearness and commensurate with the ability of an inconsiderable person,—an individual whose only claim to be heard upon a great question like this must rest upon the circumstance that he was an eye-witness to the tragedy.

When trouble began to brew in the Philippines after the signing of the treaty of Paris, the Schurman Commission, it will be remembered, was sent out, bringing the olive branch. It accomplished nothing. It was too late. War ensued. When the writer reached Manila early in November, 1899, he was detailed to the command of a company of Maccabebe scouts, to develop fire for General Lawton's Division, their commanding officer, Lieutenant Boutelle, of the Artillery, having been killed the day before. On the way to join them, he met General Lawton's Adjutant-General at a place called San Isidro. The Colonel said: "We took this town last spring, after a pretty stiff fight. Then, as a result of the negotiations of the Schurman Commission, General Otis had us evacuate this place and fall back. We have just had to take it again." The Schurman Commission hoped that the Filipinos could be persuaded to give up their idea of independence. The Army knew better.

In the first half of 1899, General Otis inexcusably postponed recommending to President McKinley the call for Federal Volunteers. He did not really understand the seriousness of the situation. He conducted the campaign all the time he was there from a desk in Manila, and never once took the field.

The Volunteer Army of 1899 was to last, under the act of Congress, for two years only—that is, until the close of the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1901. The insurrection had to be over at that time, whether or no. To use an expression of the theatrical managers, that date was to be "positively its last appearance." The Volunteers began their work in the fall of 1899, twenty-five regiments of them, and, shoulder to shoulder with the Regulars, pegged away cheerfully at the war, doing their country's work; and they had been vigorously convincing the Filipinos of the benevolence of our intentions for about nine months, when the idea of a second Philippine Commission, a second olive branch, was conceived at Washington. The Presidential election was to occur in the following November, and men high in the councils of the Republican party at home believed that the success of the party would be seriously imperilled if the situation did not soon clear up, or at least improve, in the Philippines. The public press of that period contains interviews with such men, of the tenor indicated. In this state of the case, the Taft Commission was sent out. Things looked dismal. Philippine

stock was going down. Optimism was devoutly to be wished. Judge Taft did not disappoint his friends at home. He was not then a judge. He was a partisan of the Republican party, an advocate. And, like many another able advocate, he persuaded himself that the witnesses whose testimony militated against his client's interest were, if not mendacious, at least blinded with prejudice. He accepted the views of natives not in arms, as against that of the army.

In June, 1900, when the Taft Commission arrived, the military authorities had not forgotten the Schurman Commission, and the folly of its efforts to mix peace with war; and they did not look forward with enthusiasm to the coming of the new outfit. These latter brought with them, like the Schurman Commission, the theory that kindness would win the people over; and they at once proceeded to act conformably to that amiable delusion. Of course it was not long before they found abundant evidence to support their preconceived theory. Accordingly, on November 30th, 1900, they made their first report to the Secretary of War, in which, among other things, they announced this tragically optimistic conclusion:

"A great majority of the people long for peace, and are entirely willing to accept the establishment of a government under the supremacy of the United States."

The army entertained a diametrically opposite opinion. The military view of the situation about the same time was thus satirically expressed in General MacArthur's Annual Report to the Secretary of War:

". . . The people seem to be actuated by the idea that in all doubtful matters of politics or war, men are never nearer right than when going with their own kith and kin. . . ."

Allusion is then made to the "almost complete unity of action of the entire native population. That such unity is a fact is too obvious to admit of discussion." Then follows this humorous thrust: ". . . The adhesive principle comes from *ethnological homogeneity,* which induces men to respond for a time to the appeals of *consanguineous leadership.*"

If the Volunteers whose term of enlistment was scheduled to expire with the fiscal year, June 30th, 1901, should have to be replaced by anything like an equal number of other troops, a

call for further appropriations to conduct a long-drawn-out and unpopular war, would surely try the patience of the American people, and endanger the ultimate fortunes of the Republican party. Everything had to be shaped to avoid such a catastrophe. Whether the country should be ready for civil government on that date or not, *it had to be.* When Joel Chandler Harris's creation, "Uncle Remus," tells his little friend the story of Brer Rabbit's climbing the tree to elude the dogs, and the lad interrupts: "But, Uncle Remus, a rabbit can't climb a tree," the resourceful narrator very promptly replies: "Oh, but, honey, *dis* rabbit des *'bleeged* ter climb *dis* tree." The Administration was *'bleeged* to climb the tree of Civil Government. Civil Government was therefore duly inaugurated on July 4th, 1901.

Within less than six months thereafter, the flames of insurrection broke out anew in Batangas and the adjacent provinces, and it became necessary to give the military a free hand. General J. Franklin Bell accordingly invaded Batangas and the region round about, with an ample force, a brigade, and proceeded to wage *war*—the sort of war General Sherman described, only more so; for General Sherman did not practise reconcentration. General Bell went there to make those people "long for peace." And he did make them "long for peace," or, to use his own language, "want peace and want it badly." General Bell is not to be blamed for this. He is a brave and skilful soldier, one of the best in our own or any other army. He was simply doing his duty, obedient to orders. This Batangas insurrection of 1901-2 would never have occurred had not Governor Taft persisted in believing that the Filipinos could be genuinely satisfied with something less than independence. This error led him to reduce, most imprudently, the army of occupation and the number of army posts, against military advice, thereby giving the insurrection a chance to get its second wind. If the army of occupation had not been so reduced, reconcentration would never have been necessary, in Batangas or elsewhere. Reconcentration tactics are born of numerical weakness. If you have troops enough thoroughly to police a given territory, no need for reconcentration will arise there. Reconcentration is an admission that you are not able constantly to provide protection for all the people. As a corollary of the fundamental mistake indicated, a constabulary force was organized, which, it was believed, could control

the situation. That it has never been able to do so is a matter of record in the official publications both of the Manila and of the Washington Government. The fact is solemnly admitted in the recitals of a law now on the statute-books of the Philippine Islands. Section 6 of Act numbered 781 of the Philippine Commission, approved June 1st, 1903, providing for reconcentration, begins thus:

"In provinces which *are infested to such an extent with ladrones or outlaws that the lives and property of residents in the outlying barrios are rendered wholly insecure by continued predatory raids,* and such outlying barrios thus furnish to the ladrones or outlaws their sources of food-supply, *and it is not possible, with the available police forces constantly to provide protection,* etc."

Such are the conditions which to-day warrant reconcentration in the Philippines—whenever "it is not possible with the available police forces" to protect the peaceably inclined people. It will thus be seen that we are now doing in the Philippines the very thing for which we drove Weyler and his Spaniards from the Western Hemisphere. Reconcentration under the military authorities is bad enough, even with the superb equipment of the commissary and quartermaster departments of the army. But reconcentration conducted by inexperienced civilians and unfriendly constabulary is simply unsportsmanlike.

Caring for the peaceably inclined people, or *pacificos,* as they were called in Cuba,—those who upon being told to do so voluntarily come within the zone or radius prescribed in the order for reconcentration—is not the only problem which can be competently handled by the military alone. There are the prisoners brought in by the policing force, from time to time, because found outside the prescribed radius, and put in the provincial jail. An ordinary jail, with 400 to 800 people crowded into it within a short period of time, cannot be properly handled by inexperienced hands. The sanitary conditions are sure to become bad and foul, and more or less disease and death is certain to ensue.

In the latter part of 1903, about the middle of November, the writer was sent to hold court in the province of Albay, where quite a formidable insurrection had been in progress for about a year, *without suspension of civil government.* There had been as many as 1,500 men in the field on each side, at times. Reconcentration under the law quoted had been resorted to. There

had been as many as 700 or 800 prisoners in the provincial jail at one time, so he was told. Toward the close of the term, just after Christmas, when most of the docket had been disposed of, and there was time for matters more or less perfunctory in their nature, the prosecuting attorney brought in rough drafts of two proposed orders for the court to sign. One was headed with a list of fifty-seven names, the other with a list of sixty-three names. Both orders recited that the foregoing persons had died in the jail —all but one between May 20th and December 3rd, 1903 (roughly six and one-half months), as will appear from an examination of the dates of death—and concluded by directing that the indictments against them be quashed. The writer was only holding an extraordinary term of court there, and was about to leave the province. The regular judge of the district was scheduled soon to arrive. He did not sign the proposed orders, therefore, but kept them as legal curios. A correct translation of one of them appears below, followed by the list of names which headed the other (identical) order.*

If the military authorities had had charge of those prisoners, it

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* THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

EIGHTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT

IN THE COURT OF FIRST INSTANCE OF ALBAY.

THE UNITED STATES

against

	Died.			Died.	
Cornelio Rigorosa	Dec. 3,	1903	Eusebio Payadan	Aug. 10,	1903
Fabian Basques	Sept. 25,	"	Leonardo Rebusi	Nov. 2,	"
Julian Nacion	Oct. 14,	"	Julian Riobaldis	Oct. 2,	"
Francisco Rigorosa	Oct. 18,	"	Victor Riobaldis	Oct. 23,	"
Anacleto Solano	Nov. 25,	"	Mauricio Balbin	Sept. 27,	"
Valentin Cesillano	Nov. 6,	"	Tomas Regidor	July 23,	"
Felix Sasutona	Sept. 26,	"	Miguel de los Santos	July 28,	"
Marcelo de los Santos	June 3,	"	Eustaquio Mapula	Nov. 18,	"
Marcelo Patingo	Nov. 15,	"	Eugenio Lomibao	Nov. 1,	"
Juan Raynante	Sept. 7,	"	Francisco Luna	Aug. 7,	"
Dionisio Cariñaga	Oct. 4,	"	Gregorio Sierte	Oct. 31,	"
Felipe Navor	Sept. 17,	"	Teodoro Patingo	Nov. 21,	"
Luis Nicol	Nov. 23,	"	Teodorico Tua	Sept. 23,	"
Balbino Nicol	Sept. 23,	"	Ceferino Octia	Nov. 10,	"
Damiano Nicol	Nov. 23,	"	Graciona Pamplona	Sept. 12,	"
Leoncio Sabalburo	Nov. 20,	"	Felipe Bonifacio	Nov. 26,	"
Catalino Sideria	July 25,	"	Baltazar Bundi	Oct. 12,	"
Marcelo Ariola	Oct. 26,	"	Julian Locot	Oct. 13,	"
Francisco Cao	Nov. 26,	"	Francisco de la Punta	Aug. 20,	"
Martin Olaguer	Nov. 13,	"	Pedro Madrid	Aug. 24,	"
Juan Neric	Nov. 16,	"	Felipe Pusiquit	July 17,	"
Eufemio Bere	Nov. 21,	"	Rufo Mansalan	July 14,	"
Julian Sotero	Oct. 30,	"	Ignacio Titano	June 20,	"
Juan Payadan	Sept. 20,	"	Alfonso Locot	June 29,	"
Benedicto Milla	July 30,	"	Gil Locot	May 23,	"
Placido Porlage	June 13,	"	Regino Bitarra	Sept. 7,	"
Gaudencio Oguita	Oct. 11,	"	Bonifacio Bo	Aug. 2,	"
Alberto Cabrera	Sept. 8,	"	Francisco de Belen	Sept. 29,	"
Julian Payadan	Aug. 4,	"			

is safe to say that the mortality among them would have been far less, that possibly half, or even three-fourths, of those who died, would have lived. Political necessity, inherent in our form of government, kept the army from acting then, and keeps it from talking now.

When the civil government was set up in July, 1901, the army took a back seat, and looked on with more or less impatience, ready to say, "I told you so"—eager, of course, to get a chance to fight again. Gentlemen of the military profession have a predilection that way. The writer was, of course, entirely in sympathy with the civil authorities, having been promoted from the army to the judiciary, and rather enjoyed seeing the army behave with becoming subordination, according to orders, even if

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DECREE.

The defendants above named, charged with divers crimes, having died in the Provincial Jail by reason of various ailments, upon various dates, according to official report of the jailer, it is

ORDERED by this court that the cases pending against the said deceased persons be and the same are hereby quashed, the costs to be charged against the government.

Albay, December 28, 1903.

.....

Judge of the 12th District
Acting in the 8th.

The foregoing order contains fifty-seven names. As indicated in the text, the second order was like the first. It contained the names of sixty-three other deceased prisoners, as follows, to wit:

	Died.		Died.
Anacleto Avila	Sept. 2, 1903	Albino Oyardo	Oct. 1, 1903
Gregorio Saquedo	July 21, "	Felipe Rotarla	Sept. 29, "
Francisco Almonte	Oct. 11, "	Urbano Saralde	Oct. 5, "
Faustino Sallao	Oct. 9, "	Gil Mediavillo	June 13, "
Leocadio Peña	Oct. 16, "	Egidio Mediavillo	June 16, "
Juan Ranuco	Oct. 16, "	Mauricio Losano	Oct. 5, "
Esteban de Lima	Feb. 4, "	Bernabe Carenan	Sept. 27, "
Estanislao Jacoba	Oct. 7, "	Pedro Sagaysay	Sept. 29, "
Macario Ordiales	Oct. 19, "	Laureano Ibo	Aug. 5, "
Laureano Ordeales	Oct. 27, "	Vicente Sanosing	July 17, "
Reimundo Narito	Oct. 4, "	Francisco Morante	June 10, "
Antonio Polvorido	Sept. 12, "	Anatollo Sadullo	Sept. 16, "
Norverto Melgar	June 14, "	Lucio Rebeza	Aug. 27, "
Bartolome Rico	Nov. 8, "	Eugenio Sanbuena	Aug. 13, "
Simon Ordiales	Sept. 13, "	Nicolas Oberos	Aug. 26, "
Candido Rosari	Sept. 29, "	Eusebio Rambillo	Sept. 13, "
Saturnino Vuelvo	Oct. 18, "	Tomas Rempillo	Aug. 19, "
Vicente Belsaida	May 26, "	Daniel Patasin	Aug. 19, "
Felix Canaria	June 12, "	Ignacio Bundi	Sept. 7, "
Pedro Cuya	July 26, "	Juan Locot	May 23, "
Evaristo Dias	July 24, "	Zacarias David Padilla	Aug. 7, "
Felix Padre	July 8, "	Juan Almazar	Sept. 12, "
Alberto Mantes	Aug. 7, "	Rufino Quipi	June 13, "
Joaquin Maamot	Sept. 5, "	Antonio Brio	June 13, "
Santiago Cacero	May 28, "	Timoteo Enciso	Sept. 12, "
Hilario Zalazar	July 26, "	Hilario Palaad	Aug. 28, "
Tomas Odsinada	Oct. 1, "	Ventura Prades	May 24, "
Julian Oco	Oct. 4, "	Alejandro Alevanto	May 22, "
Julian Lontac	Aug. 27, "	Rufino Pelicia	May 20, "
Ambrosio Rabosa	Sept. 19, "	Alejo Bruqueza	July 19, "
Mariano Garcia	Sept. 12, "	Prudencio Estrada	Sept. 15, "
Ramon Madrigalejo	Aug. 19, "		

it did not like to do so. It is human nature to enjoy the possession of power. Nor did he ever give much thought one way or the other to the question of the original wisdom of setting up the civil government against military advice, until he became aware of the death of these 120 prisoners in the Albay jail. This gave him pause. It was impossible to escape the reflection that just about that number had died in the Black Hole of Calcutta. After that, however, he labored all the harder to uphold the civil government by speedy trials of persons incarcerated, with a view to minimizing the necessity for the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus;* and, finally, early in November, 1904, in the province of Samar, broke completely down in health from trying to dispose properly of overcrowded jails, before the people awaiting trial died. The province of Samar was at that time being overrun by several thousand brigands,* and in less than one hundred days more than 50,000 people had been made homeless by their depredations, according to the sworn testimony of a constabulary officer of the province, who appeared as a witness before the court presided over by the author of this paper.† Why was not the situation turned over to the military authorities? It was, later. But is an ambitious Chief of Constabulary of a civil government going to admit, on the eve of a Presidential election in the United States, that the public disorder in the Philippines is too great for him and his corps—the right arm of the civil government—to handle?

When the constabulary cannot protect the peaceably inclined coast people, these latter are compelled, even if they are not already in active sympathy with their hardier brethren of the highlands, to get up a *modus vivendi,* whereby they become, *ipso facto,* accessories to the crime of "Brigandage,"—technically, at least. The writer did not meet this ugly proposition in concrete form, in the case of any specific defendant. But it would have come, sooner or later, had he remained in Samar. He left that ill-fated island, November 8th, 1904, determined, if he could get well, to ask to be stationed in Manila. For, as Edmund Burke said in his speech on "Conciliation with America," "I do not know the method of drawing an indictment against a whole people."

* Representing primarily the embers of the late war, fanned into flame by the exactions of the tax-gatherer and the usurer.

† This witness did not attempt to estimate the number that had been killed, wounded or kidnapped.

Looked at from the Oriental end of the line, the governing of the Philippines by their supposed friends from the antipodes has been not unlike a game of battledore and shuttlecock between rival political creeds at home, in which the unfortunate inhabitants have been the shuttlecock.

Space does not remain sufficient to do more than briefly suggest how true this is, also, of the Washington end of the line.

For the benefit of American cotton manufacturers, cheap English textiles, previously worn by and satisfactory to millions of poor natives, have been shut out of the Philippines by a practically prohibitive import duty, a surtax of 100 per cent., imposed by the United States Congress (Act of February 25th, 1906.)*

For the benefit of American shipping interests, the Philippines have been treated by our maritime legislation as part of the United States, by extension of the coastwise shipping laws to the Archipelago.

For the benefit of American sugar and tobacco interests, the Philippines have been treated by our tariff legislation as foreign territory. Those interests defeated the effort to give to the islands the benefit of a reduction of the duty on Philippine products to twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley Tariff, their representative insisting before the Committee on Ways and Means, almost in the language of Mrs. Jellyby's critics, "I believe our own children have more claim upon us." The leading Filipinos perceive, as clearly as we Americans do, that in the nature of things this sort of argument will always be an obstacle in the path of their progress, so long as human nature retains a modicum of selfishness.

The instinct of self-preservation of our own sugar and tobacco producers would surely be satisfied with and lend their support to a free-trade—or at least a lower tariff—measure between this country and the Philippines, if the same were coupled with a promise of independence within a decade. This seems to be the only solution that is at once righteous and practicable. It is the only lever that will lift the Philippine Ship of State upon the ways, and launch her successfully upon the voyage of national life.

JAMES H. BLOUNT.

* An eloquent and indignant protest against this by Rev. Charles H. Brent, Episcopal Bishop of the Philippines, appeared in "The Outlook" for July 19th, 1906.

THE "THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS" AND THE "MORTE D'ARTHURE."

BY THE RIGHT REV. CAMERON MANN, BISHOP OF NORTH DAKOTA.

THE fifteenth century saw the final redaction of two great cycles of romance—one in the East, the other in the West—one by an Arabian, the other by an Englishman—the "Thousand and One Nights" and the "Morte d'Arthure." In each of these we have finally gathered up, and placed in sequence and connection, a multitude of stories which had been floating down the ages; getting alterations, additions, and colorings as they came along. The experts in folk-lore can trace most of the Arabian tales to Persian and Indian sources; and more than mere germs of the Arthurian legends were current in Brittany and Wales centuries before Sir Thomas Malory published his fascinating book. Both these literary edifices, as we now behold them, bear evident marks of a single mind, of an editor who may fairly be styled an author. Who was the Oriental that put the "Nights" into their present state nobody knows. But to the Englishman, Walter Map, we ascribe with reasonable confidence the main construction of the homogeneous story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, while to Malory, of course, belongs its final shaping and polishing.

Nevertheless, both the "Arabian Nights" and the "Morte d'Arthure" are, in the deepest sense, the productions of a long period and a myriad people, not of an individual. They exhibit the habits, beliefs and desires of a society, rather than of some single man. Masson speaks of the contents of Malory's book as "a rolling body of British-Norman legend, a representative bequest into the British air and the air overhanging the English Channel, from the collective brain and imagination that had tenanted that region through a definite range of vanished centuries." So,

too, the "Arabian Nights" are the condensation of a pervading atmosphere, the crystallizing of popular notions and ideas.

It is this fact which gives each of these books so great importance in history and sociology and religion. Here is not the solitary conviction or aspiration of a lonely genius—who might be quite at outs with his generation—but the very thinking of the crowd. The life pictured in these stories is, on the whole, life as men then wanted it to be, and thought it might be, or at least had been in some more fortunate days. Here is life in the light of the accepted creeds and ethics of the community, in the light of the current religion with its blessings and its bans. Here is life as imagined, not by the occasional hero, or scholar, or saint, but by the rank and file. Here, to put it briefly, is the concrete illustration of what the Koran did for the civilization of one world and the New Testament for that of another.

A comparison of the two is immensely interesting. For each book is, as just intimated, pervaded by a religion and absolutely loyal to a faith. The Mahometans of the one and the Christians of the other have no misgivings as to their doctrine, no hesitancy in their worship, and no tolerance for heretics and doubters. They confess, they pray, they conform to ritual; and, when they transgress their code, they do so wittingly, aware that they sin, and sure that they shall be duly punished therefor.

To repeat: these two books stand for the ideals of their respective communities; for what the disciples of Jesus and the disciples of Mahomet felt and wished, long after the founders of their religion had passed away. In the "Arabian Nights" is a late Mahometan portraiture of life, not the mere rules of the Koran. In the "Morte d'Arthure" is a late Christian portraiture of life, not the mere precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. A comparison of the two is strictly fair. It is not setting an obscure book against a famous one, a dull book against a brilliant one. It is putting in contrast the folk-lore, the imaginings, the dreams, the desires of two epochs, as given in the distinctive, composite, dominant literature of each.

Magnificent, indeed, are the Thousand and One Nights! They flash with gold and diamonds; they resound with lutes and songs; they exhale cinnamon and attar-of-roses. The streets are crowded by picturesque figures with flowing robes and jewelled scimitars; beauteous faces lean from latticed windows; sly beg-

gars ply their amusing trade; opulent merchants recline amid their costly bales; steel clashes on steel; mystic bouquets of flowers convey amorous messages; long caravans advance laden with ivory and silk and spices and precious stones; and stately monarchs gaze down upon it all from their gorgeous thrones.

Here is the awful silence glaring from the desert strewn with bones; there the palm-trees overshadow the cool springs of the oasis; on beyond rise the glittering minarets of the city, with its winding streets, its thronged bazars and its houses, whose stern walls protect and hide delicious gardens. We meet sorcerers and jinns and ogres and monsters of every conceivable kind. For this bright, changeful life goes on in a region of magic, now kindly and now malefic. We ride, we sail, we traffic, we fight, we feast, we make love, we shout and sing. And, as a sort of unifying thread for the various tales of adventure and delight, there towers up the majestic figure of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, who wanders through and surveys the scene,

> "His deep eye laughter-stirred
> With merriment of kingly pride,
> Sole star of all that place and time."

No wonder that children revel in these tales; that, amid the splendors and enchantments, they roam intent on the wealth of incident and furnishing, and never detect the underlying squalor and baseness.

But when we come to a scientific consideration of the quality, animus and direction of the characters in this glowing masquerade, it is quite another matter; the spectacle is sickening.

For, first, the "Nights" are thoroughly, unblushingly, callously sensual. As scholars know, it is impossible to translate them accurately in any edition meant for general reading. Their details would insure the prompt suppression of the publication and the prosecution of the publisher. Of course, one cannot give examples. Still, even in the expurgated copies of common handling the taint is detectable. But what Dean Church says of himself applies presumably to all children: "I am sure that I used as a boy read the old "Arabian Nights" without a suspicion of what is only too obvious to grown people, simply carried away by the excitement and wonder of the story." However, when we are estimating the civilization which made and liked a book, that

book must be contemplated as it was originally written and read, with all the filth clinging to its contents.

And, second, another thing which the children do not observe is the utter sordidness of these tales. Robert Louis Stevenson justly animadverts on "the rascality and cruelty of all the characters"; and the exceptions to his indictment are so scanty that it may stand in its wholesale denunciation. The lovers care simply for physical beauty. Everybody deems a full purse the insurer of felicity. Nobody makes a self-sacrifice for anybody else, except Azizah for her cousin Aziz; and that choice young scoundrel treats her with the vilest ingratitude. To hold steadfastly to the formulas given by the Prophet, to make the prescribed prayers and alms and lustrations, this is the sole conception of duty; and this mainly, if not only, because otherwise one will go to a very unpleasant material hell.

There is affection displayed by parents toward their children; but it is fitful, capricious, liable to gusts of unjust rage and even to lasting alienation. The boy or girl is prized chiefly as a reproduction and prolongation of self.

There are no magnificent aspirations, no heroic resolves. The men sometimes fight, but not as striving for a great cause; and they are never ready to die. Their sole aim is to have abundance of luscious food, gorgeous dress, flashing ornaments, obedient slaves and beautiful women, and to listen to gay music and wanton verses. "And so they abode enjoying the most comfortable life until they were visited by the terminator of delights and the separator of comrades, the destroyer of palaces and the replenisher of graves"—this is the orthodox formula for winding up a tale.

Then, third, is the brutality of the book. Men beat and kick unoffending women, and tell of it without shame. They lose faithful wives; and, after the first decorum of grief, they do not care. Take Sinbad the Sailor, as he would console his widowed neighbor, whose lamentations much surprise him: "Mourn not for thy wife; God will haply compensate thee by giving thee one better than she." And then Sinbad's horrified appreciation when he learns that the law of the land obliges the husband to be buried with his wife the day after her death, and his prompt solicitude as to the health of his own spouse! Take his murders in the burial cavern, and his robbery of corpses. He relates it all

himself without a qualm, or a suspicion that anybody who hears will feel one, as, indeed, nobody does.

The women are rather better than the men. In some instances, they show a real devotion which the sneaking objects of it do not deserve.

But, all in all, the "Arabian Nights" unroll a panorama of hateful and contemptible human beings. The jinns and afrites and so on—all doomed to damnation—are really finer than the men and women.

The charm of the book, for a mighty charm it has, lies—aside from its many humorous passages—in what takes hold of the children. It is the charm of cities of brass and castles of copper, of flying horses and gigantic birds, of valleys of diamonds, of gardens of gemmy roses, of fish who are men and horses who are women, of princes frozen into stone and princesses lying in enchanted sleep, of magic powders which create running brooks and columns of vapor which condense into dreadful demons.

Turn now to the "Morte d'Arthure." What a change!

Here are splendid groups, where "all the brothers are brave and all the sisters virtuous." Here is chivalric daring. Here is the steadfast seeking of a worthy quest. Here are souls which the bodies serve. Here is toil for toil's sake, and battle for battle's sake—or, rather, both for the sake of some unselfish yet all-repaying end. Here are stanch friendship and questionless loyalty and sacred love.

We ride through the lustrous woods with Sir Percivale, we greet the gaunt hermit at the wayside shrine with Sir Gawaine, we blow our defiant blasts with King Arthur before the towering walls of fortresses where abide the orgulous ruffians and robbers. We hear the trumpets sound at the lists, and we charge in pure joyance and strenuous combat, yet in full courtesy toward our equally courteous foe. We sit in goodly fellowship at the Round Table, which, unlike that of the ladies of Bagdad, is not laden with all cates and confectioneries; there are bread and meat and wine.

We join in the converse on noble deeds and curious haps and blessed miracles and generous devotions. We go forth seeking the Sangreal, conscious that only our sins can keep us from its blissful beholding. And when, finally, having splintered our last lance, and made our last shrift, and said our last prayer, we die,

the epitaph we crave and do somewhat deserve, is that which Sir Ector spoke over Sir Lancelot:

"There thou liest, thou were never matched of none earthly knights hands; and thou were the curtiest knight that ever beare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrood horse, and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strooke with sword; and thou were the goodliest person that ever came among presse of knights; and thou were the meekest man and the gentlest that ever eate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortall foe that ever put speare in the rest."

There are villainies and debaucheries and cruelties in the "Morte d'Arthure"; but they always appear in recognized and declared blackness, as things to be avoided, scorned, loathed and crushed. When Roger Ascham petulantly denounced the book as one "the whole pleasure of which standeth in two special points, in open manslaughter and bold bawdrie," he uttered a tremendous slander, one which no wise man has ever since repeated. It is true that Sir Lancelot sins with Guinevere, and Sir Tristram—more excusably—with Isoude. But the sins are never condoned, and never go unpunished. They are seen, in the end, to have been the source of all the woe and overthrow which finally arrive; while, to offset such transgressing loves—which yet are loves, not lusts—we have the beautiful friendship of Sir Bors, the radiant purity of Sir Galahad, the sweet, simple, hopeless affection of the lily maid of Astolat; and scores more of men and women, gallant, generous, devout, living in a "pure religion breathing household laws."

The "Morte d'Arthure" has not, indeed, the full, linked, consistent teaching, the purposed allegory and undimmed splendor which Tennyson made out of its story, in his "Idylls of the King." But all the elements of that epic are in the old book—the sense of duty to be shown by acts of faith and courage, by endurance and purity and unselfishness, by compassion and self-control. Take the single episode, "How Sir Percivale's sister bled a dish full of blood for to heal a gentlewoman, whereof she died"—where is there anything like that in the "Thousand and One Nights"?

Yes, it would be hard to find two other books so alike in their origin—each a composite of myths and legends, each with

a strict theological creed, each with its Bible in the background and its Paradise ahead, yet so utterly unlike and repugnant in their contents. In the one, we enter a palace where fountains plash in the court, where the walls reek with glowing and erotic decoration, where wild music clangs and wilder dancers spin, where lavish banquets are spread on boards of onyx and malachite, where silk-clad men and women idle out the time with libidinous toying and coarse jest. In the other, we wander through the grave forest, where we meet, now a gladsome company who have been a-maying and return laden with blossoms, now a priest with solemn eyes bent upon his breviary, now a stalwart knight in full armor riding after some perilous but noble deed. And dominant over all is the stately figure of that Arthur, "*Flos Regum*," who, though not Tennyson's faultless man, is yet a King ruling for righteousness, for courage, for the love of God and Man.

CAMERON MANN.

HOW FRANCE PROTECTS HER MERCHANT MARINE.

BY PROFESSOR ACHILLE VIALLATE.

At a time when there is under discussion in the United States the expediency of measures of special protection meant to stimulate the revival of that branch of the merchant marine which is engaged in foreign commerce, an account of the measures which France has adopted for the same purpose cannot fail to be of interest to the readers of this Review.

The practical value of protecting the merchant marine has been the subject of animated debate in France, and at the present moment the principle of free trade is supported by strong partisans, who represent, however, but a small minority. As a matter of fact, ever since the Revolution, under which the policy of the old Government was continued, the merchant marine has always been protected, except during the short period between 1866 and 1881. This long experience should, if only by reason of its duration, compel attention. It is rendered still more noteworthy by the many forms given to protection during this time. Especially within the last twenty-five years, when, as a consequence of the adoption of the principle of an equality of treatment of foreign flags with the national one, a system of bounties has been added to it, this experience becomes of prime importance. It throws into strong relief the many difficulties of a problem for which no satisfactory solution has yet been found, as may be seen from the fact that Parliament has just adopted a new law for the merchant marine necessitated by the defects which were recognized in the last statute, and which is the fourth on that head within less than a quarter of a century.

The Convention, desirous of promoting the development of the French marine, reproduced, in a law of September, 1793, the

principal provisions of the English Navigation act of 1651, to which was attributed the extraordinary growth of the British marine. The coasting trade, that is to say, navigation between two French ports, was reserved to the national flag.* The same was true of navigation between the mother country and the colonies. Furthermore, indirect commerce was prohibited and foreign merchandise might be imported into France only directly either in a French vessel or in a vessel of the exporting country. Two years before this enactment, the National Assembly, wishing to promote the ship-building industry, had, by the tariff of March, 1791, forbidden the importation of sea-going vessels, old or new, built in foreign countries.

During the Revolution and under the First Empire, war made it necessary to depart from the principles underlying the law of 1793. The Restoration Government, upon the whole, continued the policy of protection, but modified these principles in one important respect. It reserved to the national flag a monopoly of the coasting trade and an almost equally exclusive control of the trade with the colonies, but it removed the prohibition on indirect commerce. It did not, however, abandon the merchant marine to the risks of free competition in the carrying trade between France and other countries. Flag surtaxes added to the ordinary customs duties levied upon the merchandise imported into France in foreign bottoms and the tonnage charges to which these vessels were liable at the port of entry, preserved to the French flag a privileged place even in this commerce (law of December, 1814, and of April, 1816). A law of the month of March, 1822, renewed the prohibition against the importation of foreign-built ships. For almost half a century the maritime industries, namely, the building and equipment of ships, flourished under the shelter of these laws. Nevertheless, beginning in 1826, a series of treaties concluded with the principal maritime nations established an equality between the French flag and foreign flags for direct exchange, but the surtaxes on the flag were maintained upon indirect commerce.

In 1860, Emperor Napoleon III, impressed by the happy effects of the liberal economic policy which England had followed for fifteen years, resolved to direct France along the same path. The

* This measure has existed ever since this epoch, and the coasting trade has remained reserved to the French flag.

powers given him by the Constitution of 1852, in matters of commercial policy, enabled him to overcome the opposition to the plan. The more radical measures of this new policy bore most heavily upon the merchant marine. While agriculture and the manufacturing industries had to endure only a diminution of the protection by which they had profited, as a consequence of a lowering of the import duties, those who built ships and fitted them for sea found themselves suddenly deprived of all protection and subjected to free competition with their foreign rivals.

The law of May, 1866, withdrew the prohibition which had prevented the registration in France of foreign-built vessels. It was content to levy a duty of two francs upon the tonnage, a duty too slight to count as protection. To place French ship-builders upon a plane of equality with their foreign competitors, the law authorized them to import duty free the products and materials, whether raw or manufactured, including boilers and the parts of engines, which were necessary for the construction, rigging and outfitting of ships of commerce. Without this precaution the French would have been handicapped in their struggle with the English ship-builders. They would have been obliged to pay for their raw materials a price increased by the still-existing protection in favor of the manufacturing industries, while the English worked under complete free trade. The law of 1866 was no less radical with regard to the industry of fitting out ships. It is true that it secured the coasting trade to the national flag; but that was the only privilege accorded to the industry. The flag taxes were abolished and colonial navigation was opened to foreign ships.* In the case of deep-sea navigation absolutely free competition was substituted for the protection by which it had thus far benefited. The ship-building and ship-outfitting industries were not slow to complain of the new regulations to which they were subjected.

In 1870 the Government made an inquiry into their grievances, and the investigation showed that they were justified. In 1873 an extraparliamentary commission was appointed to study the question. This commission, after long and serious consideration, decided that it was impossible for these industries to endure

* The law of April, 1889, carried a restriction in this respect. It made navigation between France and Algeria like coastwise trade, and so reserved this navigation to the national flag.

competition with rival English industries; for in spite of his precautions, and notwithstanding appearances, the legislator of 1866 had not succeeded in equalizing the struggle. The shipyards had indeed the right to import free such materials as they needed; but this right could be exercised only under numerous and irksome formalities. Moreover, the ship-builder, being forced to make use of bonded receipts,* found himself obliged to leave in the hands of the middlemen a part of that tax which the state gave up in his favor. As for the outfitter, he complained of the special burdens which the law, with an ulterior purpose, laid upon him, and which the British marine, especially, did not have to bear. The law of 1793, which has never been modified on this point, requires that three-fourths of the crew of a merchantman be French seamen, and that all the officers be French. Special privileges, some of which are very onerous to the outfitter, are accorded to those Frenchmen who practise navigation professionally, that is to say, as a means of livelihood, by sea or in the ports and roadsteads. The favors granted to the "*inscrits maritimes*" are justified by the special obligations which the law imposes upon these sailors toward the navy, to which they insure a full enlistment.

The Commission of 1873 recognized the necessity of remedying the defects in the law of 1866. It refused, however, in spite of much solicitation, to advise a return to the earlier system. It feared, especially, that the reestablishment of the flag surtaxes might bring about reprisals on the part of other governments. Hence it proposed to offset by direct bounties the burdens which the tariff and special laws imposed upon the building and fitting out of ships in order that these industries might be placed upon a footing of real equality with foreign competition.

The system of bounties advocated by the Commission of 1873 was applied for the first time by the law of January, 1881. But while the Commission had intended that the bounties should serve only to offset the specific burdens of the maritime industries, the law of 1881 went farther. It used the bounty as a

* The giver of the custom-house bond can receive foreign merchandise admitted to the enjoyment of this privilege without paying customs. If, later, the goods are employed for any other object than that authorized by law, the customs become payable. The engagement to pay the customs is guaranteed either by a sponsor or by a deposit of money.

means of protection. All the other industries of the nation were protected against foreign competition by duties. It was difficult to refuse to the maritime industries a similar treatment.

The law of 1881 abolished the free admission of materials intended for the construction of ships of commerce. By way of compensation it created construction bounties in favor of French ship-builders. These bounties were in principle only the restoration to the ship-builders of the customs duties which affected their materials. The rate was fixed at 60 francs on the gross tonnage for vessels of iron or steel—it was less for wooden vessels and for sailing-ships with auxiliary power—and at 12 francs per hundred kilograms for their machinery.

The ship-owners benefited also by a navigation bounty which applied only to French-built vessels registered for deep-sea navigation. This was of 1 franc 50 on the net tonnage per 1,000 miles run, without distinction between steamers and sailing-ships.

The navigation bounty had a twofold purpose: on the one hand it offset the special burdens imposed by law on the outfitting of French vessels, and on the other constituted an incentive to encourage both branches of the maritime industries.

The ship-owner could not, indeed, hope to retain the whole of the bounty. Protected against foreign competition, the ship-builders in fixing their selling price had now to consider home competition only. Hence they could, by raising their price, oblige the owners to yield to them a part of the profit secured to them by the navigation bounties. Herein lay the danger. It would have been simple enough for the dock-yards to come to an agreement upon their selling price which should wrest from the owners the entire benefit of the bounty. In order to save the latter, therefore, from this monopoly of the home builders, the law accorded to foreign bottoms bought by French owners one-half of the navigation bounty allowed to French-built vessels.

Viewed in the light of its commercial consequences, this law showed appreciable results. The tonnage of steamers increased from 278,000 tons in 1880 to 500,000 tons in 1890. The share of the sea trade going under the French flag during the same period was proportionately increased, rising from 27 per cent. for the term 1878-1880 to 30 per cent. during the years 1888-1890. On the other hand, the results from the ship-builders' point of view were meagre. Of the increase in the tonnage of

steamships during 1880-1890 more than three-fifths was represented by vessels purchased abroad. This was the unexpected result of the half-bounty. "Ship-owners, in the face of the frequently inflated prices of the French ship-builders, had bought an excessive number of old vessels of foreign build, with the result that the French merchant marine was cumbered with all the rubbish of the foreign fleets."* An awkward clause in the law, by which its duration had been limited to ten years, was also in part responsible for this condition, so that as the date of its expiration drew steadily nearer, newly built vessels had before them a shorter and shorter time within which to profit assuredly by the navigation bounty secured to them. Thus from the year 1887 the efficacy of the law was to a great degree destroyed.

The ship-builders naturally objected to the half-bounty. To abolish it was, they said, the only means of saving them from ruin. The owners, whom such a change would put at the mercy of the builders, exerted themselves to their utmost against these pretensions. Nevertheless, they were defeated, and the law of January, 1893, favored the ship-builder at the expense of the owner.

The bounties upon ship-building were increased. They were raised, for steamships, to 65 francs on the gross tonnage, and to 15 francs per hundred kilograms on the machinery. The half-bounty given for the navigation of foreign-built vessels was abolished, while the navigation bounty upon French-built vessels was thenceforward to be based upon the gross instead of the net tonnage, as in 1881. For this the rate was fixed at 1 franc 10 per gross ton per thousand miles covered for steamers, and 1 franc 70 for sailing-vessels, and this bounty was assured to each vessel for ten years from the date of its registry.

The authors of the law, by raising the rate of the bounty upon sailing-vessels, had intended to prevent their disappearance, since they had diminished rapidly before the advent of steamers; for they regarded the former as the best school for seamen. The result exceeded their intentions, and they saw the strange phenomenon of a steady increase in the sailing fleet, while the number of steamships remained stationary, the very reverse of what was taking place in other countries.

The law of 1893, moreover, shortly after its adoption awakened

* Report of M. Pierre Baudin, for the Budget Committee, July, 1905.

other and not less serious criticism. The law of 1881 had been attacked by the ship-builders. It was now the turn of the ship-owners to seek from the Parliament the modification of a legislative measure which had sacrificed navigation to ship-building. From 1890 to 1897 the tonnage of steamships underwent no change. The volume of the exchanges carried on under the French flag in competitive commerce remained equally stationary. But whereas in the years 1888-1890 this had represented almost 30 per cent. of the total of such commerce, in 1895-1897 it no longer represented more than 24 per cent.

The French merchant marine allowed itself each year to be distanced by foreign merchant marines, and saw itself overpassed by newer fleets. This condition required consideration. An extraparliamentary commission was named in 1897 to seek a remedy. The ship-owners insistently demanded the reestablishment of the half-bounty upon navigation which had been created in 1881 and abolished in 1893. According to them this half-bounty was merely "an offset to the burdens which the maritime legislation placed upon the ship-owner, burdens inseparable from the origin of the vessel, which incurred them only by reason of its having been registered as a French ship." The ship-builders maintained, on the contrary, that the half-bounty represented "more than a mere compensation to the ship-owner and constituted a real advantage to the foreign ship-builders." In the hope of reestablishing an understanding between these two industries, each necessary to the other, and yet so often in disagreement, the Commission declared itself in favor of such a compensation to the ship-owner as should represent as nearly as possible the real burden borne by him.

The law of April, 1902, is the outcome of the labors of the Commission of 1897. It has not touched the existing status of ship-building, which industry has retained the benefits procured to it by the law of 1893. It has modified only the status of the ship-owner.

Steamships of French construction continue to receive a navigation bounty calculated upon the gross tonnage and per thousand miles run, the rate of this bounty being fixed at 1 franc 70, with an annual decrease of four centimes during the first period of four years, of eight centimes during the second period of four years, and of 16 centimes during the third period of four years.

Besides, for steamships measuring more than 3,000 gross tons, the initial bounty is diminished on the sum total of the tonnage by 1 centime per hundred tons or fraction thereof over and above 3,000 tons, save that the rate for the first year was not to fall below 1 franc 50 up to 7,000 tons. For steamships measuring more than 7,000 tons, the bounty is the same as that to which a steamship of 7,000 tons would be entitled.

A special allowance, called the "chartered allowance," is created for steam-vessels of foreign build sailing under the French flag. This compensation is based for each vessel upon the number of days during which it was chartered and upon the gross tonnage. But for the purpose of the collection of this allowance the maximum number of chartered days is to be taken 300 in any one year. The rate varies according to the tonnage of the vessel: up to 2,000 tons it is five centimes per ton, from 2,000 tons to 3,000 tons it is four centimes; from 3,000 to 4,000 tons it is three centimes, and beyond 4,000 tons it is two centimes. The existence of this "chartered allowance" prevents the navigation bounty from becoming to the same extent as under the law of 1893 merely another form of bounty upon ship-building. It can play this part only to the extent by which it exceeds the owner's bounty.

With a view to promoting the development of speed in steamships, the law deprives those which are too slow of all or a part of the navigation bounty. Steamships making less than ten knots when half laden are excluded from any right to the bounty. For those making less than eleven knots, the bounty is diminished by 10 per cent.; it is diminished by 5 per cent. for those making less than twelve knots. Only vessels having a speed of at least twelve knots receive the full bounty.

As for sailing-ships, there is for them no chartered allowance; but French-built vessels have the right to an allowance under the form of a navigation bounty. The rate of this bounty is 1 franc 70 per thousand miles per gross ton. To prevent a return of conditions similar to those which resulted from the law of 1893, this bounty is made to decrease for vessels of large tonnage; it diminishes by ten centimes per 100 tons for vessels of more than 500 tons up to 1,000 tons. As with steamships, the bounty is subjected to an annual decrease of two centimes during the first period of four years, of four centimes during the second period of four years, and of eight centimes during the third period of four years.

The navigation bounty for steamships and sailing-ships was for twelve years only.

To facilitate the use by the navy of a certain number, at least, of merchant ships, the law anticipates the duty with an extra bounty equal to 25 per cent. of the navigation bounty for steamships constructed on plans previously approved by the navy department.* Finally, it is stipulated that, in case of war, all the merchant ships may be requisitioned by the state.†

The estimates of the sum which the bounties might reach gave rise to a fear lest they should become too heavy a burden for the treasury. Prudence made it necessary to guard against such a contingency. This was done by means of a double limit—a limit of the tonnage admitted to the benefit of the law, and a limit of the appropriations allowed for the payment of the bounties.

The new tonnage admitted to the benefit of the law was fixed at 500,000 tons gross measurement for steamships — of which 200,000 at most were for ships of foreign build—and at 100,000 tons for sailing-ships. Moreover, the total sum set aside for application of the law of 1902 was limited to 165,000,000 francs. This sum was divided as follows: 115 millions—of which 100 were for steamships and 15 for sailing-ships—devoted to payment of navigation bounties and compensation for outfit, and 50 millions to construction bounties, for the 500,000 tons before mentioned. But no more than 50,000 tons could benefit by the bounty each year.

These precautions for the budget, very wise from a financial point of view, had in the application of the law an unforeseen result. To be sure of profiting by the advantages of the law, the ship-owners hastened to order vessels and to place them on the stocks. Their haste increased when it was seen that there existed a considerable discrepancy between the allowed tonnage and the money appropriated. The appropriation of 150 million francs, opened to assure the payment of the navigation bounties and the compensation for outfit, was much too little. The tonnage of 600,000 tons contemplated by the law would have required an appropriation of 238 million francs. The rush was such, so soon as this formidable mistake was discovered, that,

* This extra bounty was created by the law of 1881, but it was then only 15 per cent. It was brought up to 25 per cent. by the law of 1893.

† This stipulation was formulated for the first time by the law of 1893.

less than nine months after its promulgation, from December 20th, 1902, the useful effect of the law was completely exhausted. It could be foreseen that in the course of 1904 at latest the ship-yards devoted exclusively or in great part to the construction of merchant ships would find their stocks empty and their workmen without work, and it was to be feared that at the end of a few years the growth of the merchant marine would be completely arrested.

Thus the law of 1902 had succeeded no better than its predecessors in solving the difficult problem of the protection of the merchant marine. Again, recourse was had to an extraparliamentary commission, to create at last, in the light of past experiences, a satisfactory system. The Commission of 1903 proposed a new system, in which the principles adopted by the Government served as a basis for a new bill which the Chamber of Deputies began to discuss the 17th of November, 1905, and became the law of April 18th, 1906.

In the system followed since 1881, the industries of construction and outfit have been dependent upon each other. Constructors found their protection in the part of the navigation bounty which they could, by raising their prices, compel the owners to yield to them. The new law completely separates the ship-builder from the ship-owner.

The construction bounty will have as its object in the future not only to equalize the customs duties affecting the materials employed, but also to give the builders a compensation sufficient to enable them to concede to the French ship-owners the same prices as foreign builders. This bounty is fixed for iron and steel steam-vessels at 145 francs per ton of total measurement. The allowance for engines and auxiliary apparatus is 27 francs 50 per 100 kilograms. The rate of bounty for sailing-ships is 95 francs per measured ton. With the purpose of stimulating French builders to diminish the causes of their disadvantages, which are susceptible of being lessened, the construction bounty will decrease annually to 4 francs 50 for steamships, and to 3 francs 90 for sailing-ships, during the first ten years of the application of the law. After the tenth year they will be of 100 francs and 65 francs, respectively.

Builders receiving a bounty sufficient to enable them to meet the competition of their foreign rivals need no longer ask that

the privilege of ship-owners to buy their ships wherever it seems best to them be limited. As to the ship-owners, to place them in a position to compete with foreign vessels, it is enough to assure them an allowance equal to the special costs of operating which French legislation imposes on them. Owners, therefore, want the benefit only of compensation for running their vessels. This will be due for each day of actual running, and per ton of total gross measurement. Its rates are: for steamships four centimes per ton up to 3,000 tons; three centimes per ton more from 3,001 to 6,000 tons, and two centimes per ton more from 6,001 tons upward; and for sailing-ships, three centimes per ton up to 500 tons, two centimes per ton more from 501 to 1,000 tons, and one centime per ton more over and above 1,001 tons. This compensation will be paid to French and foreign ships going under the French flag for the first twelve years.

The form of encouraging speed in steamships is somewhat modified. Those half laden giving on trial a speed less than nine knots are entitled to no allowance. For those which have realized a speed less than ten knots, but as many as or more than nine knots, the rate of compensation is reduced to 15 per cent. This rate is increased by 10 per cent. for vessels having a speed of at least 14 knots; by 20 per cent. for those giving at least 15 knots, and by 30 per cent. for those giving at least 16 knots.

The extra bounty of 25 per cent. for ships used by the navy is preserved, as also the right of requisition by the state on all merchant ships in case of war.

The discussion of this new plan has again brought the advocates and the adversaries of the bounty system face to face. The attack against it has been directed with energy by a former minister of finance, M. Caillaux, who insisted that it has "transformed operations of industrial and commercial character into operations purely financial." "The owner on the alert to open a market for our commerce and industry has been succeeded," says M. Caillaux, "by a new school, less mindful of cargo than of bounty."

Partisans of the bounty have protested against this rigorous judgment; but it is very hard for them to urge in favor of the system the results obtained during the twenty-four years in which it has already operated. The reporter of the bill, M. Pierre Baudin, formerly minister of public works, showed no great con-

fidence in this system. "The purpose of the system of bounties," he declares, "is the development of the merchant marine; but the incoherence of the results seems to make it plain that we have always struck aside and determined too often the futile birth of artificial productions." If he cling to it, it is because he may see no means of sudden departure from the course to which the country has pledged itself. "The situation is such that, in spite of everything, we must continue to subsidize our ship-builders and our ship-owners, lest we see, at no distant date, the disappearance of our merchant marine." An ardent partisan of the bounty, M. Thierry, was forced, for his part, to recognize the small success which it has thus far had: "Who shall prove what might have happened had there never been a bounty? The result has perhaps not been brilliant; nevertheless, it has been positive and reassuring. A very clear movement in the way of progress is unmistakably discovered whenever this help has come."

From 1880 to 1904 the tonnage of steamships has indeed almost doubled, passing from 278,000 to 549,000 tons. The tonnage carried by them in the navigation of competition has likewise increased, rising from 4,562,000 tons in 1880 to 5,423,000 tons in 1904. But this increase is in no sense proportionate to that of the navigation; whereas in 1880 the French flag carried 27 per cent. of the latter, in 1904 it no longer carried more than 18 per cent.

These modest results have, moreover, been obtained only at the price of sacrifices peculiarly onerous for the treasury. The following table shows the cost of the system of bounties since 1881:*

	Construction bounties. Francs.	Navigation bounties. Francs.	Compensation for outfit. Francs.	Total. Francs.	Mean annual expense. Francs.
Law of 1881, 1881-1892	31,658,000	91,040,000	.....	122,698,000	10,225,000
Law of 1893, 1893-1901	46,755,000	104,276,000	.....	151,031,000	16,781,000
Law of 1902, 1902-1904	30,289,000	77,434,000	152,000	107,875,000	35,958,000
	108,702,000	272,750,000	152,000	381,604,000	

Within twenty-four years there has been an outlay of more than 381 million francs. According to the Budget Commission, the new law will absorb during the first seven years of its appli-

* After the figures given by M. Pierre Baudin, in his report for the Committee of the Budget, July, 1905.

cation—the only years for which a serious estimate is possible—more than 84 million francs, almost 12 millions a year, which should be added to the payments in the fulfilment of promises made in virtue of the law of 1893.

The outgo for bounties does not represent all of the sacrifice which the French treasury imposes upon itself to aid the merchant marine. Subsidies to the maritime companies charged with the postal service must also be counted.

The subsidy antedates the bounty. Its definite adoption goes back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The system is calculated to secure regular and rapid postal communication with certain countries beyond seas, and at the same time to constitute an auxiliary fleet capable of being utilized by the navy in times of war. The existence of fixed lines with constant service is also a means of favoring the expansion of the national commerce.

The state obtains, moreover, in exchange for the subsidy, direct advantages: the free carriage of the mails and the funds of the public treasury; transport of officials at a reduced price, and of arms and stores destined for the service of the state. The two great subsidized French companies are The General Transatlantic Company, which maintains the lines to New York, the Antilles, and some lines of the Mediterranean, and the Compagnie des Messageries Maritimes, which maintains the lines to the Far East, Australia and New Caledonia, Brazil and the Argentine Republic, and the eastern coast of Africa.

The postal subsidies in the budget for 1906 amount to 26 million francs. As the construction and navigation bounties and the compensation for outfit absorb 36 million francs, France spends 62 million francs a year, almost 12 million dollars, for the protection of its merchant marine.

ACHILLE VIALLATE.

THREE CRITICS OF SOCIALISM.

Mr. James J. Hill, The Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, M. Georges Clemenceau.

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON.

I.

Charles Kinglsey says that every generous man begins as a Radical and gradually grows Conservative. So, perhaps, most of us have been Socialists, whether from a desire to see mankind enter Paradise, or in some period of depression, when Fate has borne hardly on us. Yet we awake from our dreams. We come to realize that Socialism would violate some of the deepest principles of life. With the best motive, grave injury would be done. Above all, individual liberty would suffer, and we should lose ground that it cost centuries of strife and sorrow to win.

It is significant of the present day, when the tide of Socialism is rising in many lands, that the opposition to Socialism is growing clearer and more outspoken, and is resting on deeper principles and broader considerations. There is a wise apprehension lest, fleeing from lesser evils, we might fall into greater, moving backward into the darkness, not forward toward the light. Three distinguished men have recently spoken on themes related to Socialism, helping us to new views of its promises and dangers, and bringing into relief certain principles of life. Widely differing in aim, they are one in lucidity and force. And two of them are the more valuable witnesses, because they are not primarily criticising Socialism at all. With a quite different purpose in mind they nevertheless bring out certain facts in conflict with the claims of Socialism, and they make us aware of serious dangers which the Socialists ignore.

II.

Mr. James J. Hill is one of these indirect critics. At the Minnesota State Fair he delivered an address on "The Nation's Future," full of practical wisdom, and enriched with grave eloquence, which bears very strongly on our theme. Let me first try to give an outline of Mr. Hill's view, and then show how it touches Socialism.

Speaking of our national life, Mr. Hill reminds us that we should always look forward. The ideal of the prudent, loving, careful head of every family is the true ideal for a nation. Thus, looking to the middle of the twentieth century, we make the startling discovery that only forty-four years hence this country will have to meet the wants of two hundred million people. Where are these people to be employed, and how supported? When the search-light is thus suddenly turned on, we find ourselves face to face with no mere speculation, but with that grim spectre which confronts the unemployed, tramping hateful streets in search of food and shelter. We are already adding a million immigrants a year to our population, yet, with strange perversity, these newcomers all cling to the great cities, crowding into the already overflowing tenements, and refusing to spread over the length and breadth of our great land. The result is that, in the country and on the farms, labor never was as scarce or wages as high as at the present time. The farms stretch out their hands in vain. Railroads making extensions have to get help at the highest market prices, and many of their recruits are mere hoboes who desert immediately. A considerable portion of this year's magnificent crop was either reduced in quality or altogether lost because it was impossible to get labor to handle it properly. We have to face this extreme congestion in our great towns, and knowing that within forty-four years we shall have a population of over two hundred millions, we are forced to ask ourselves what we are to do with our brother, whose keeper we are, and how we are to provide our children with shelter and daily bread?

Mr. Hill is met with the objection that America has enormous natural resources. Yes, he replies; but we are burning them up with scandalous improvidence. Our great resources are four: the sea, the forest, the mines, the soil. As for the sea, we can draw little more from it. The forest, once a rich heritage, is rapidly disappearing. Within twenty years we shall have nowhere east

of the Rocky Mountains a timber product worth recording. This much is clear. What is less clear is that we are wasting in the same fashion other resources which no repentance can restore, no ingenuity can replenish. The nation publishes periodically the record of a scattering of assets never to be regained, and waits with a smile of complacence for general congratulation. The two great resources of the underearth are coal and iron. The coal output of the United States is now more than 350,000,000 tons annually, between forty and fifty per cent. of the world's entire supply. The estimated life of the Pennsylvania anthracite fields is put at little more than fifty years, and the demand for soft coal is many times greater. By the middle of the present century, when our population shall have reached the two-hundred-million mark, the greater part of our best and most convenient coal will have been consumed.

The prospect of our mighty iron interest is even more threatening and more sure. The most reasonable computation of scientific authority affirms that existing production cannot be maintained for fifty years, assuming that all the available iron ore known to us is mined. And we place a bounty on the exhaustion of the home supply of both coal and iron by a tariff which prohibits recourse to outside supplies. In England matters have gone further. Her iron supply is more nearly exhausted. Her coal is already being drawn from the deeper levels. The added cost pinches the market, and makes her trade smaller in both volume and profits. Already there is the cry of want and suffering from every street in England. From a million to a million and a half of men are huddling together in her cities, uttering the most pathetic and most awful ultimatum, "Damn your charity, give us work!"

The sea, the forest, the mines have thus reached, or will soon reach, their limit. There remains the soil. This is the only asset that does not perish, because it contains within itself the possibility of infinite renewal. Then Mr. Hill shows how recklessly and improvidently we have dealt with the soil. Only one-half of the land in private ownership is now tilled, and that tillage does not produce one-half of what the land might be made to yield, without losing an atom of its fertility. Yet the waste of our treasure has proceeded so far that the actual value of the soil for productive purposes has already deteriorated more than it should

have done in five centuries of use. In truth, we do not till the soil in any serious sense. We only skim the rich cream year by year, exhausting the virgin fertility of the earth, and rapidly extracting its productive powers. And this with that army of another hundred million people marching in plain sight toward us, and expecting and demanding that they shall be fed.

Here is our danger. Our salvation lies in a wise use of the soil, our greatest inheritance, and "the mother of humanity." If not another acre were to be redeemed from the wilderness, if the soil were treated kindly and intelligently, if industry were distributed duly, and popular attention were concentrated upon the best possible utilization of our one unfailing national resource, there would be produced all necessary food for more than six hundred million people. Now, as ever, concludes Mr. Hill, to the nation and the race, as to the individual, Nature, the unrelenting task-mistress of the centuries, holds out in one hand her horn of plenty and in the other her scourge. This country has brought itself within the reach of the thong, while grasping at the satisfaction of present appetite, and forgetting the primal relation between the earth and man. The pathway to prosperity is still open. The divinity of the earthly life at heart is kind. Under her rule there are work and abundant reward for all, but these must be won in her designated way and in no other. Her pointing finger, that has never varied since man came upon the earth, shows the old and only way to safety and honor. Upon the readiness with which this is understood, the sober dignity with which a whole nation rises to the winning of its broad and permanent prosperity, will depend the individual well-being of this and many generations. Largely by this method will posterity, our fit and righteous judge, determine whether what issues from the crucible of this twentieth century is a bit of rejected dross to be cast aside, or a drop of golden metal to shine forever upon the rosary of the years.

The eloquence of this and its truth are undeniable. What seems to me quite as noteworthy is its bearing on Socialism, which Mr. Hill himself does not point out. Socialism perceives the same symptoms: our overcrowded cities, the wretched surroundings of so many of our poor, the growing pressure of privation. And Socialism declares that these evils are the fruit of Capitalism. To gain redemption, we must give back to the people the great re-

sources of Nature. The people must own the coal, the iron, the land. Then all will be well. Now, the essence of the matter is this: the argument we have just followed shows conclusively that the nationalization of coal and iron would be the merest palliative, useless within two generations; while, as to the land, we have, in fact, distributed it to the people to a degree never seen in human history. Within the memory of men still living, half a continent has been given to the people, for the mere asking. Yet the misuse of this splendid gift has been deplorable, and threatens to be disastrous. What the people need is not more land, but the wisdom and temperance to use wisely what they already have, and of which they till only a fraction, and that so badly, that its value, instead of rising, steadily falls. There is a boundless demand for labor in our fields, but the people, flowing into this country at the rate of a million a year, cling to our cities and our tenements, and refuse to go to the land. We want, not Socialism, but a wise Individualism. Individual honesty in dealing with nature, individual providence in building for the future of the soil, individual sacrifice in refraining from an immediate gain for the sake of those who shall come after us. The whole of human experience shows that individual ownership of the soil, with individual love of the soil, such as the peasants of France and Ireland have, is the true way to increase our treasure. The ills Socialism deplores do not rest on Capitalism at all. They rest on moral deficiencies in vast numbers of individuals, ourselves included, and deficiencies well within our power to cure.

III.

The Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien is equally impressed with our national improvidence. It has been said by a man of affairs, he tells us, that we are a profligate nation. And in commenting on this, one of our daily papers has said that the phrase is one of such happy coinage that it might be styled an inspiration. The conditions which make it apt would be far from inspiring if we were forced to look upon them as enduring. For we are a profligate nation, because we are spendthrifts not only of our natural resources, but of our physical and mental energies as well. We are money-reckless, work-reckless, ambition-reckless, play-reckless, social-reckless, according to our spheres and callings. We are cutting down our forests and our nerves, exhausting our

mines and our mettle, piling our speculations and our aspirations to the tottering-point. Literally, in the heat of the day we take no thought for the morrow.

Mr. Hill has shown that one of our great dangers is the flow of immigrants and our own rural population to the great cities, thus depleting the land, which is our one permanent source of wealth. Judge O'Brien shows us another aspect of the city problem. Taking up the American city, he tells us, we find that it is composed of a heterogeneous mass of people. Emigrants have come to us from every country in the world. In the matter of assimilation alone, we have one of the most difficult social and political problems to solve. Through emigration, thousands are annually landed on our shores who differ from us in language, customs and habits. Extending, as we have, an invitation to the persecuted and downtrodden, it was not only natural, but inevitable that the increase in our population should be largely made up of the foreign born; and, while the part which they have played in the growth and development of the country in the past has not been insignificant, the continuous flow from other countries is placing upon those entrusted with the administration of affairs great burdens and responsibilities. The difference in habits, customs, mental and moral equipment of the different races that go to make up a city population has rendered it next to impossible to settle on any fixed policy which should be applied in the suppression, particularly, of the three great social evils of gambling, intemperance and immorality, which are menaces to our civilization. This uncertainty in policy, due to the complex character of the population, has added greatly to the responsibilities and difficulties of those entrusted with the administration of city affairs. It cannot be denied, however, that any attempt to lower the moral standards which are recognized by honest and decent people in every community would be fraught with the most dreadful consequences. We have made giant strides in every direction, but we must not shut our eyes to the blots on our civilization. The tendency of a too rapid material growth is to produce materialism; and it has been concluded by those who have observed the rapid growth of the modern city, with its enormous production of wealth, with its destruction of human life, with its overcrowding of the poor and laboring classes into badly equipped and insufficient rooms in tenement-houses, that

the tendency of the modern city is too materialistic, and on that account a menace to itself. This massing of large numbers of the population in one place, which will increase with the century, will tend to strengthen the forces of Socialism and materialism, the result, necessarily, of the enormous wealth of the few and the poverty of the many; and thus, upon a larger field and under new and untried conditions, will be fought out the battle between Individualism and morality on one side, and Socialism and materialism on the other, and upon the outcome will depend the defeat or the realization of the aspirations and hopes of democracy.

It seems to me that, in the closing sentence, Judge O'Brien has pointed out the root of the evil of Socialism. Before dwelling on this, let me quote one more passage. In considering American civilization, Judge O'Brien tells us it will be found that in the main it was established and built by men of severe and rugged virtues who were deeply imbued with religious principles, and that the laws and manners and customs of the people were pervaded with high moral ideals. In the past, great social problems have been adjusted in a way consistent with truth and justice, and thus we have acquired the garnered fruits of the civilization of the ages, and the promise, in the twentieth century, of a theatre wherein can be exhibited the highest achievements of man. If there should be a failure to realize this seeming destiny, it will be due to Socialism and materialism, and the inordinate growth of the vices and tendencies to which we have adverted, but which, as yet, have had no serious effect upon our growing civilization.

Judge O'Brien thus makes it clear that the dangers which menace the enormous masses of people in our rapidly growing cities are the fruit, not of Capitalism at all, but of low moral development in large masses of people; the same cause which Mr. Hill showed was the root of our greatest economic evils. It is significant that Judge O'Brien invariably classes Socialism and materialism together, and this may well remind us that Socialism is at heart intensely materialistic. In every Socialistic argument there is the tacit assumption that material welfare is the supreme good; and the impeachments of our present system are all based on the fact that material comforts are not equally distributed. One can well see that, in a social state founded on this assumption, every finer energy of the human heart and soul would

be in danger of being smothered. For the Socialist holds that these finer energies have a merely decorative value, and do not rest on eternal principles of life. In the Socialist's view, these finer qualities would all have to yield to the great end of universal comfort. But the truth is, that what is best in our humanity has sprung, not from the desire of comfort at all, but from self-sacrifice and a courageous willingness to face death. It is this failure rightly to value the finer energies of man which prevents the Socialists from seeing that the organizing faculty is one of the greatest and most benign, as well as one comparatively rare; and that it is to the possession of this faculty, and not to Capitalism, that most of our great fortunes, whether individual or corporate, are due. This organizing faculty enables its possessor to make fertile the work of fifty or five hundred or five thousand other men; in a greater degree it is able to combine the lesser organizing power of a score of gifted individuals into a corporate whole, and thus to direct and enhance the working power of tens of thousands. But the Socialist sees nothing in the creative individual but the big figures of his income, and directs all his arguments and reforming zeal against these. Yet I am convinced that there is a large measure of illusion in all this, and that in reality we are all much more nearly on a level. No one of us, even a multimillionaire, wears two suits of clothes at once, or eats two dinners, or is in two rooms at once. And the same six feet of earth will presently accommodate us all. The real difference lies not in the figures of our incomes, but in the moral forces of our lives. And I think that a right estimate of our spiritual possibilities, a truer self-respect, is the antidote for this comparing of incomes. Here again what we need is more Individualism; not less. We need to add to high individual talent a high sense of honor; the moral sense of obligation to others must be added to the power to organize the work of others. This moral force, widely distributed, will guard us against the great possibilities of evil which Judge O'Brien so wisely points out.

IV.

Lastly, we call on M. Clémenceau, representing "the clear and critical spirit of France." Mr. Hill has indirectly shown the economic weakness of Socialism. Judge O'Brien has wisely revealed its materialism. M. Clémenceau, with eloquent good

sense, touches on an extremely practical point. Replying to M. Jaurès, spokesman of the Socialists, he points out that we must distinguish between two different elements in the social organization, between the man and the system. It seems simpler to reform, in theory, the system; any one can take it up at his pleasure. But if you will reflect that the system of the social organization is only and can only be the result of successive human ideas, it is clear that arbitrarily to modify the social organization, without troubling yourself to find out whether the man is in a condition to adapt himself to it, can only lead to disorder. Thus even those who set out to remake the social organization first are brought back to the reform of the individual. If you reform the individual, says M. Clémenceau to the Socialists, if you give yourself, not exclusively, but chiefly, to the reform of the human personality, man will discover for himself the system of organization which suits him, without giving heed to your theories, or to the prophecies you have ventured on, and which certainly will not be fulfilled, because you cannot, unless you are yourselves divine, predict the evolution of mankind. When you have given us the system of the new society, you will still have to find a new man to live in it. Man, as he now exists, is not the man you need to live in your society. You propose to manufacture the future by direct means; we, on our part, manufacture the men who will make the future; and we thus accomplish a miracle much greater than yours. We do not fabricate a man expressly for our city; we take man as he is, all roughhewn from his primitive caves, with his cruelty and his kindness, his egoism and his altruism, his pity for the evils which he endures himself and for those which he himself makes his kind endure. We take him fallible, inconsistent, groping his way to he knows not what better thing. We enlighten and enlarge him; we weaken his evil propensities and fortify him in what is good, and we give him freedom and we justify him, and, drawing him away from the bestial rule of force, we lead him by degrees to an ever-nearer approximation to a loftier justice. And every day there is a little more disinterestedness, a little more nobility, goodness, beauty; a new power over both himself and the outer world.

M. Clémenceau lays us all under an obligation by pointing out that the Socialist state would in reality be a despotism, under whatever name it might be veiled. I am bound to recognize, he

tells M. Jaurès, that you have set up an organization from the principle of which my *bourgeois* soul recoils. I mean what you call *unification*. Unification, to my eyes, is nothing but a kind of *catholization* of Socialism. It is the heavy hand of a governing oligarchy laid on a democracy of workmen who are struggling for freedom. It is the introduction of that ancient state of mind which, in order to secure the triumph of the gospel, has turned a message of liberty into a most terrible instrument of authority over the free expansion of the individual. The dogmatic spirit has been banished from the purely intellectual sphere, and we will have nothing to do with reestablishing it in the sphere of economics.

One of the most courageous and valuable parts of M. Clémenceau's address raises a prime question of liberty. I have watched closely, he tells us, some strikes in which my views have brought me to take the side of the strikers; but I must avow that I found myself in dire embarrassment when I heard a man who was reproached with applying for work to the office answer: "You have gone on strike to get a better wage. I do not say you are wrong. But I have a wife and family, and I have earned nothing for three months. Work is offered me; if I refuse it, will you feed my little ones?" That is not primarily a question of Socialism, but it is a question of the dogmatic spirit of Socialism, of the tendency to coerce and tyrannize over minorities. The individual liberty of man is one of the most precious things our suffering and sinning humanity has yet attained, and we must resist to the last whatever seeks to destroy this sacred inheritance.

Another aspect of the question of liberty is this. One may well hold that whatever progress mankind has made, since the days of those primitive caves M. Clémenceau reminds us of, was due to the free creative force of exceptionally gifted individuals. But we have not yet left the darkness behind us. Our humanity has yet many victories to win, victories of the spirit, of the mind and of the body. What, then, could be more calamitous than to assent to any social system which would in effect tie the hands of the strong creative spirits, and make them servants of the blind and stumbling masses. Whatever we may think of visible aristocracy, there is an inalienable aristocracy of souls; and now, as ever, the salvation of mankind lies in obedience to the spiritual aristocracy of courage, of heroic vision, of self-sacrifice.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

RICHARD STRAUSS'S "SALOME."

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN.

A NEW opera that, within little more than a year of its production, has invaded most of the principal opera-houses of Europe, yet one that possesses no spectacular or scenic attractiveness whatsoever, and that sets at defiance every traditional requirement of the operagoer, would seem to have established some claim to a rather searching critical consideration. In this singular case is Richard Strauss's "Salome," which is to be performed at the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York, this month for the first time in America. Not since Wagner's later music-dramas set all æsthetic Europe by the ears has so intense and wide an agitation been caused by any new work for the lyric stage. "Salome," which is based upon the one-act drama of Oscar Wilde, was produced at the Dresden Royal Opera on December 9th, 1905. It was received with unbounded enthusiasm—there were thirty-eight recalls for the singers, the conductor and the composer, when the curtain fell after the brief performance (the work lasts but an hour and a half). Since then, it has traversed the operatic stages of the Continent in a manner little short of triumphal. It has been jubilantly acclaimed as an epoch-making masterwork, and virulently denounced as a subversive and preposterous aberration: yet it has everywhere been eagerly listened to and clamorously discussed.

It may be serviceable, before considering Strauss's music, to regard briefly the remarkable drama of Wilde from which it is derived. The story of Salome, her dance before Herod, her connection with the life of John the Baptist, has inspired innumerable painters, dramatists and poets; yet its most powerful and hauntingly imaginative setting is, doubtless, the one-act prose drama of Wilde. The play was written in French for Sarah Bernhardt,

and Wilde expected that she would produce it and enact the part of the heroine; but when the drama was performed in Paris at the *Nouveau Théâtre* on October 28th, 1896, Mme. Lina Munte, and not Mme. Bernhardt, played the part of *Salome*. Two years before the Paris performance, an English translation of the play, made by Lord Alfred Douglas, was published, with highly characteristic illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley; and this English version was privately performed in London on May 10th, 1905.

It has been said that Wilde in writing his play was strongly influenced by Gustave Flaubert's tale, "Hérodias," in the collection *"Trois Contes"*; for Flaubert is one of the many who, before Wilde, recounted in prose their versions and perversions of the ancient Hebrew chronicle. However that may be—and the hypothesis seems plausible enough — Wilde's chief departure from the Scriptural and legendary originals in the matter of plot consists in imputing to Salome a consuming and insatiable passion for the Prophet, and in making the request for his head in payment for her dancing a voluntary one, unprompted by her mother Herodias. Salome would kiss the lips of John; and, her passionate importunities being repulsed by him, she demands his head, that she may bestow upon his dead lips the kisses which she had burned to give them in life. Wilde has still further altered and amplified the traditional story by bringing the figure of Herod far more prominently into the action. The Tetrarch is shown as harboring an ill-concealed and growing passion for his niece and stepdaughter, Salome—a passion which is turned to horrified loathing at the close of the drama, when, at the sight of the enraptured princess caressing the severed head of John, he distractedly commands her death.

Whatever opinion one may hold concerning the subject-matter of Wilde's play—and this is not the occasion to indulge in the luxury of ethical appraisement—there can be no question of the potency of the work as dramatic literature. At the least, few will deny the maleficent power and the imaginative intensity with which the conception, such as it is, is carried through, from its vivid beginning to its climactic and truly appalling close. Passion and terror are its chief emotional accents—passion and terror, and the note of an overshadowing destiny: these are its key-notes. It has, in a conspicuous and singular degree, the true fate-burdened atmosphere of classic tragedy—indeed, a persistent

appreciator might even find in it an enforcement of the antique tradition of expiation. It might justly bear for its motto a paraphrase of the cry of the protagonist in a contemporary tragedy, equally charged with the spirit of disaster and sudden fate: "O Princess, there is no evil done upon the world that the wind does not bring back to the feet of him who made it!" One notes the insistent use of such vivid and modern symbols as wind and shadow, employed as a kind of inverted and aphoristic Chorus. Thus for Herod, crime-haunted and lustful, the wind is full of sinister omens—he hears it in "something that is like the beating of vast wings"; the wind is "icy"; again it is hot, and chokes him. The moon, to him, "is like a mad woman, a mad woman who is seeking everywhere for lovers. She is naked, too . . . the clouds are seeking to clothe her nakedness, but she will not let them. . . . Does she not reel like a drunken woman?" To the young soldier Narraboth, in love with Salome, the moon, on the other hand, "is like a little princess who wears a yellow veil, and whose feet are of silver. She is like a princess who has little doves for feet." To the apprehensive page, who foresees direful results from his friend's infatuation, she is "like a woman rising from a tomb. . . . You would fancy she were looking for dead things." While to Salome, before she has become inflamed by the sight of John, the moon is "cold and chaste. . . . She has a virgin's beauty." One cannot but think, after all this, of Shelley's moon that was

> "like a dying lady lean and pale,
> Who totters forth, wrapped in a gauzy veil,
> Out of her chamber, led by the insane
> And feeble wanderings of her fading brain."

One must not forget to give due credit to the admirably poetic and eloquent English translation of Wilde's text made by Lord Alfred Douglas, with its curious and striking mixture of the verbal style of the King James version and something of the rhythmic cadence of M. Maeterlinck—a sufficiently odd, yet influential, compound.

What, now, of the music that Strauss has contrived as a setting for this singular *mélange* of lust, piety and exaltation, this horrible, flagrant, yet beautiful and insinuating play?

Strauss completed the score of "Salome" at Berlin in June,

1905. It is numbered Opus 54, and follows the "Symphonia Domestica" in the succession of his published works. It is his most unequivocal and venturesome effort. In deliberate complexity of structure and audacity of procedure it outdistances any of his previous achievements, either symphonic or operatic —it will be recalled that Strauss has produced two other works in lyrico-dramatic form: "Guntram" (Opus 25) and "Feuersnot" (Opus 50). In polyphonic tissue — the interweaving of different melodic strands—the music is not so dense and full as the "Domestica" or "Ein Heldenleben"; but in harmonic radicalism and in elaborateness and intricacy of orchestration it is his most extreme performance. His use of dissonance—or, more precisely, of sheer cacophony—is as deliberate and persistent as it is unabashed. The entire score is a harmonic *tour de force* of the most amazing character—a practically continuous texture of new and daring combinations of tone. At more than one place the orchestra is literally divided against itself, and thunders simultaneously in two violently antagonistic keys; or the orchestra as a whole will be playing unconcernedly in A-flat major, while the singer intones valiantly a phrase in A (natural) minor. In spite, however, of its staggering novelty of effect, the music is conceived, so far as its relation to the drama is concerned, upon the lines laid down by Wagner in theory and practice. That is to say, "Salome" is a true music-drama; for the music is always and unswervingly at the service of the dramatic situation, enforcing and italicizing the significance of the text and action. Wagner himself has not wrought a more consistent and uncompromising score, considered as a dramatic commentary and exposition. The Wagnerian system of typical themes is faithfully and ingeniously exploited, and is made to serve an illustrative purpose that never flags in explicitness and detail. The score is full of every variety of tone-painting, broadly delineative as well as extravagantly minute. It is all part of the enormous and nonchalant ingenuity that has contrived the executive side of the work—that has found, for example, no more difficulty in setting the rhymeless and metreless prose of Wilde's drama than in handling the prodigious orchestra for which the music is scored.

The observer stands continually in amaze at the unconcerned ease, the technical mastery, with which structural difficulties and complexities of a truly appalling nature are invited and over-

come—especially and most strikingly in the matter of instrumentation. Strauss has scored in this work for an orchestra of colossal proportions, and he has chosen to handle it in the most blithely audacious way. It is not every music-maker who dares to devise his orchestral schemes with the serene disregard for tradition and feasibility displayed by the composer of "Salome"—to require, for example, his violas and 'cellos to play parts immemorially delegated to the violins; to make his double-basses cavort with the agility and the abandon of clarinets; to write unheard-of and nerve-destroying figures for the kettle-drums, and to demand of the trombonist that he transform his instrument into a flute: yet Strauss, on almost every page of his score, makes some such demand upon his executants. It is precisely, though, in the matter of its orchestral treatment that the music of "Salome" is most noteworthy and most admirable. Viewed purely from the standpoint of instrumentation—the disposition of the musical idea among the multiple voices of the orchestra—this score is an indisputable marvel. Never has this sonorous and many-tongued modern instrument been so resourcefully, so daringly, so ingeniously employed. Such skill in the contrivance and juxtaposition of instrumental *timbres,* so superbly sure and masterful a grasp upon the mechanism of the most formidable artistic medium in existence, is as astounding as it is unparalleled in musical literature.

It is when one turns from the bewildering magnificence of its orchestral investure to a consideration of the actual substance of the music, the fundamental ideas which lie within the dazzling instrumental envelope, that it is possible to realize why, for many of his most determined admirers, this work marks a pathetic decline from the standard set by Strauss in his former achievements. It is not that the music is often cacophonic in the extreme, that its ugliness ranges from that which is merely harsh and unlovely to that which is brutally and deliberately hideous; for we have not to learn anew, in these days of post-Wagnerian emancipation, that a dramatic exigency justifies any possible musical means that will appropriately express it: to-day we cheerfully concede that, when a character in music-drama tells another character that "his body is like the body of a leper, like a plastered wall where vipers crawl . . . like a whited sepulchre, full of loathsome things," the sentiment may not be uttered in

music of Mendelssohnian sweetness and placidity. What one objects to and grieves over in "Salome" is not that the music is often hideous, with a hideousness that is unhallowed and unashamed, but that in its hideousness it is so empty, so inarticulate, so abortive, so lacking in point, in grip, in saliency, in vividness of denotement—in a word, that it is so ineffective. To be brief, it does not speak. Time and again the thing intended simply does not "come off." There is possible in music a kind of ugliness, a kind of deliberate cacophony, that is expressive and significant—that speaks, that is eloquent. Strauss himself has achieved such an effect in that wonderful and heart-shaking passage in his "Don Quixote" which depicts the mental disintegration of the deluded knight; or, again, in the unforgettable battle-music in "Ein Heldenleben." There is also possible in music another order of dissonant effect, which may be achieved (to recall Mr. Whistler's luminous phrase) by the simple expedient of "sitting on the keyboard": an effect that is obviously possible without either inspiration or artistry. And it is upon this order of futile and afflicting expression that Strauss, for reasons which need not here be explored, relies in much of the music of "Salome." There are moments, all too brief, when the thought of the composer, in the intenser portions of the drama, touches the rim of a potent and moving conception; but far more often he is either elaborately commonplace—with a commonplaceness that is sometimes amusingly suggestive of Massanet at his worst—or he is painfully and fatuously shrill.

For those who treasure in their minds, with thanksgiving for their indisputable beauty and power, the nobler inventions of the genius who once gave us a "Zarathustra," a "Don Quixote," a "Heldenleben," a "Tod und Verklärung," and a sheaf of incomparable songs, this master of music must seem to have fallen upon evil days.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE HOOF-BEATS OF THE YEARS.

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

I FEEL on my bosom
The hoof-beats of the years—
They trample me down.
I raise bruised arms against them,
But in vain. They trample me down.

I hear everywhere the clamor of life,
The groanings of effort rolling the stones up-hill,
The clang of the hammer, the burst
Of steam, the grinding of wheels, the blast
Of truculent whistles, and booming of bells,
And strident chorus of languages everywhere
In the Babel of labor; and under it all
The tiny voices of those, the Giants of toil,
The Achievers, whose sound is so fine,
So ethereal fine, to our ears that we hear not
As they work in a seeming silence profound—
They, the Great Ones, the Kings of all labor,
Beside whose grandeur of work
Our own is as chaff in the wind—
Those artisans of universes, makers of stars and suns,
The Cell-builders, God's own handmen.
For them is the harmony eternal!
They feel not the griding of years!

But I—I—the human standing at bay,
Who am not told God's secrets, who learn
And unlearn in sweat and in tears,
I it is who feel the hoof-beats of the years

Trampling out of my bosom
Its very heart—down to the dust.

Yet from this dust I arise,
I arise and go to God,
And ask again my eternal questions;
And though He answers me naught,
Though He leaves me to suffer—
Me, a part of Him—
To suffer alone and apart from Him,
He gives me somehow, somewhere, to know
That, though the hoof-beats of the years
Beat out my heart from my bosom,
Down, down to the dust,
Yet they cannot kill my soul—
The flamelike, exuberant soul that He made
And sowed with the seed of His Soul—
Nor cut it off forever from Him.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY THE EDITOR, JAMES HUNEKER, FERRIS GREENSLET AND CLAYTON HAMILTON.

"THE BALANCE OF POWER."*

"THE Balance of Power" is not a strong story; it is the story of a strong man, such as has been told better and less well many times. The central figure is rather more than a hero; he is a paragon, not perhaps "inevitable," as described in the book, but certainly irresistible. He begins his career, in the traditional manner, at the early age of five by thrashing a bigger boy, who spoke disrespectfully of a friend. It was a manly act, culminating in an improbable result, but serving, in a sort of prelude, as an index of the character of the model. Twenty years later, the same lad, now grown to man's estate and exceptional physical bulk, surmounted by a massive head, ugly features and protruding jaw, traditionally indicative of power, lives in a humble way with his Scotch mother in the same New England mill town. His worthy father has died of a broken heart caused by the loss of money in speculation. The boy has won his way through the high school, has declined the proffer of a position in a neighbor's store, because, apparently, he regarded the acceptance of it as an additional obligation, and has begun work as a common laborer in a mill whose owner, as might be suspected, is an irascible person who has an only daughter. Divested of unnecessary and irritating entanglements, the story of the progress of the paragon proceeds simply. He becomes assistant superintendent, then superintendent and, finally, general manager of the mill. Meanwhile, the concern itself has become embarrassed financially, and a rival mill-owner acquires a large number of shares in the corporation with the purpose of securing control and, presumably,

* "The Balance of Power." By Arthur Goodrich. New York: Outing Publishing Company.

of reducing the output and depriving men of employment. Our hero divines the intention; and, with the aid of the friend in whose behalf he fought his first battle, he too seeks proxies for the shareholders' election. Then the rival mill-owner, through a walking delegate, incites a strike, and our hero is obliged to cope with the situation single-handed. That he does so heroically and effectively, facing dangers with a calm and dauntless smile, may be assumed. Still, the rival mill-owner continues his machinations, and it becomes necessary for our hero to unmask him and present him to the people in his true colors as the real source of municipal political corruption and jobbery. The paragon is pledged to support the boy whom he thrashed in the prelude, as a candidate for Mayor; but the leaders of the popular party, of which he is a member, reach the conclusion that he himself is the man who can be elected, and determine upon his nomination without his knowledge. Fortunately for his own reputation, he hears of the plot in the nick of time; and, entering the convention, with no dramatic attempt, but with the simple, earnest words of a true man, sternly puts aside the crown. His friend is nominated, and he puts his broad shoulders back of the canvass. The climax comes on the night before election, when he is to put before his fellow citizens the terrific indictment he has prepared against the Pharisees who have stolen franchises and corrupted weak and lowly politicians. While on his way to the hall, he is attacked by a small regiment of ruffians and overpowered. There is another copy of the speech, however, and the candidate, taking advantage of the tragic circumstances and the mass of evidence, scores so heavily that his audience proceeds from the Opera House to tear up the car tracks and destroy other evidences of the gain achieved through political corruption, and the conspiring Pharisees sneak stealthily away to avoid too intimate association with lamp-posts. After a time our hero regains his senses, and from the steps of his boyhood's home acknowledges a mighty ovation tendered to him by his grateful fellow citizens, along with restoration of the union label which he had lost, and assurances that the men have returned to work. We must take for granted that the purification of municipal government thereupon became permanent, to the great joy of all except the grafters and grabbers of franchise.

But what of the miller's daughter? There is little to record

except that she formed the habit of appearing opportunely at critical junctures and producing the missing paper or whatever information was essential to the full performance of duty. Naturally enough, she was supposed to be in love with the lad who got the thrashing in the prelude and subsequently became Mayor, and it was not until the very last that our hero discovered inadvertently that he was the one whom she had loved all the time; and so, when we leave the paragon and the heroine, they are preparing to be married, to the satisfaction of all concerned and unconcerned.

"The Balance of Power" is a good story, despite its incongruities and the insufferable chatter of various aged gentlemen who persist in giving weak imitations of "David Harum" and "Eben Holden." The fact that the hero is a real hero is made evident so unobtrusively that the effort in no wise impairs interest in the character. Indeed, from the very beginning we *want* him to be a paragon. We should be disappointed if he were else in any respect. He wins and holds our sympathy. At no step do we have the slightest doubt of his ultimate triumph; but, instinctively, we wish to behold his success and in a certain sense participate in it. It is the human's inherent regard for strength and simplicity, and the conviction that those two qualities constitute the basis of impregnability, that bear one gladly along such a triumphal progress, however unreal it may seem in some of its aspects, however commonplace the environment and however ordinary the realism, so long as it be, as in this case, so well drawn as to make even the minor characters truly live. The key-note of the book is homely idealism, and it is uplifting. All that was required to make it a strong story, instead of a story of a strong man, was the service of an editor capable of eliminating superfluous verbiage, dovetailing incidents and interlacing the threads in such a manner that the narrative might have run along, if not altogether smoothly, at least without a surfeit of interruption. THE EDITOR.

"LORDS AND LOVERS, AND OTHER DRAMAS."*

A NEW poet! Is it not something to say in these days of political alarums and the apotheosis of the commonplace in art and lit-

* "Lords and Lovers, and Other Dramas." By Olive Tilford Dargan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

erature? Yet, indubitably a poet of charm and power has appeared in the person of Olive Tilford Dargan, a Southern woman whose dramas, "Lords and Lovers," are put forth by Charles Scribner's Sons. Now the obvious thing when a new poet is announced, patterning after Hazlitt, is to take down from the shelf an old and tested one. In the case of Mrs. Dargan I followed this advice not literally, but out of sheer curiosity; when I saw her name I recalled an earlier performance of hers, and promptly found it: "Semiramis, and Other Plays" is its title (Brentano's). Published only two years ago, the territory—emotional, intellectual and technical—that this author has traversed since then is remarkable. I am tempted to add that the three earlier dramas must be the work of a decade ago—one in particular is painfully amateurish; it is called "The Poet," in which Edgar Allan Poe is galvanized into something terrific, unnatural and bombastic. "Carlotta" is better. It is the story of the unhappy wife of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. Yet, despite passages of eloquence there is much confusion, formal as well as in the characterization. "Semiramis" is full of excellent material; it is rather operatic, but there is no denying the climacteric force in several scenes. The verse is flowing and felicitous. Fancy coming upon an admirable picture like this in the work of an unknown poet!

> "But suddenly
> A missile struck your helmet and dislodged
> The glory of your face before my eyes,
> Your hair ran gold, the shining East looked black
> Behind the star you made upon its breast!"

It is as rich as a rich chord of Marlowe's.

The later volume comprises three dramas: "Lords and Lovers," "The Shepherd," and "The Siege." The first is a play in two parts, the scenes laid in England at the time of Henry III. Mrs. Dargan has woven a romantic double drama and in the terms of the theatre. It is dangerous to predicate the acting qualities of a book play, of a so-called "closet drama"; yet, aside from too many copious speeches the action is swift, incident is linked to incident with an unfailing sense of the technical necessities, while the curve described in both pieces is logical in characterization, orderly in development. Too often the elaborate stateliness of the

diction detracts the attention from the flight of the tale; but it is a tale and it is well told, a rare quality in any writer. With all her command of assonance, her fluidity of phrase, the author has a concern for structure as well as style.

Regarding the genesis of this particular play—indeed, of the key-note to all her plays—it is in her favor when we say that Mrs. Dargan must have saturated her imagination in Elizabethan literature; above all, have swum in the larger seas of Shakespeare. She sounds, though faintly, the same order of music. So well has she assimilated the diction of this period that it has become second nature for her to prodigally shower upon her pages its images. And an image-maker, above all else, is this poet. Her vocabulary is varied, glowing, expressive; she moves freely within the gyves of blank verse. Her rhythms have a graceful motion; they never descend to sluggish grandiloquence, nor can her lines be mistaken for prose in mechanical metric arrangement. It is good blank verse, good because, in idea and execution, it is poetic. Mr. Bernard Shaw once wrote an amusing play in blank verse to show how easy the form could be handled. He succeeded, without being a poet. It is the fatal easiness of it all for facile talent that has made the form a thing to be shunned. Yet here is Mrs. Dargan speaking it as her mother tongue and winning our ears by the supple, picturesque and finely fibred music she extorts from her instrument.

There are rough spots and windy spaces scattered through her pages; several of her characters are intolerable rhetoricians. However, the average maintained is a high one; the verse is well knit without displaying metallic precision, the enjambement neat, the flow always in modulation, though there is at times undue syllabic stress. Nor is it necessary to cry aloud the sex of the writer; she has a sense of dynamics that is almost masculine, coupled with dramatic imagination, the evocative power, the exposing in natural sequence the souls of her characters. When we credit a poet with imagination, with the gift of musical speech and the faculty of projecting upon the dramatic canvas the images of men and women and their loves, hates and sorrows, we are putting praise at a high notch. Add to these a literary quality and one may fairly claim the title of a new poet. Mrs. Dargan is a poet; not a great one, because not original, though she is decidedly individual. And, unfortunately, she has

a weakness for "happy endings" which betrays the feminine rift in her lute.

Her characters speak Shakespeare; and excellent Shakespeare it is. Modelled in the grand Elizabethan mould, the men have the right virile ring, the women are either monsters like the Macbethian Eleanor or the Perdita-like Glaia. This Glaia is an exquisite creation. The ward of the Earl of Kent, she is loved by the ardent, youthful Henry III of England. The love scenes are fresh and stirring. Henry is here a poet of ecstasy. Hear how he challenges a mighty poet:

> "Hark! Now the lark has met the clouds,
> And raises his sheer melodious flood;
> The green earth casts her mystic shrouds
> To meet the flaming god!"

Mrs. Dargan is first a lyric poet; her lyricism suffuses her every page. She can pen a rattling catch like this—and the kinship of the lines is really a matter of congratulation rather than of critical condemnation:

> "When Hobnail's store is ripe for raids,
> And grapes go to the pressing,
> And apple cheeks are like a maid's
> When Jacks would be a-kissing."

The theme being "Ho, Autumn-time, O, Autumn-time." Or take this quatrain in "The Siege" with its delicious Herrick-like strains:

> "Her voice is like the birds that wive
> When blossoms swing in April trees,
> And from her bosom's honey hive
> Sighs come and go like bees."

There is hardly a page of the volume from which some mellow conceit, some melodic jewel, informed with the crossed-fires of a singularly opulent imagination, cannot be culled. Her prose as spoken by the minor personages is as it should be, though the wit is too suggestive of a phase of humor happily long extinct. In "The Siege" Mrs. Dargan transports us to the Sicily of Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse. The architectonic of this five-act drama is mediocre. Vivid, tropical, though banal in its ending, it is a play that could never be put before the footlights. Aristocles, the protagonist, does not win our sympathies, for he deluges us with talk, gorgeous talk, but only too superfluous.

The tyrant is the best-drawn character; the women are rather colorless. The entire play is as brilliantly violent as Webster or Cyril Tourneur.

"The Shepherd" is the one prose drama in the book. Here again is the poet's versatility exhibited. She knows Russia, modern Russia, as well as she divined the No Man's Land of poetic England, Italy and Assyria. The play is moving, a story of nihilism, mad love, and the extravagant love of humanity, the ingredients, in a word, that are to be found in the romantic, unhappy Russia of the social revolution. There is a Robert Browning atmosphere, not in diction, nor yet in form; the quality of robust optimism and wholesome revolt—the young violinist Vasil has a touch of Sordello idealism in him—are of Browning. Mrs. Dargan has read the English poet without making any mocking-bird attempts to recapture his rapture. She is mistress of her own moods, and they are authentic ones. And may one venture to ask why, with her command of the apparatus of drama, she does not give us a viable modern play—not necessarily of the problem type, as if all good drama did not enshrine a problem! —and be satisfied with her conquests in the domain of the distinguished dead? This question is an ungrateful one, after a poet has proved that she possesses both voice and vision. But lyrical and blank verse exercises in the Elizabethan dramatic form are not the pabulum of our times. Mrs. Dargan can, if she will, write a drama of contemporaneous interest. It need be neither as pessimistic as Ibsen, nor as symbolic as Maeterlinck. She has the poet's greatest gift with his music, human sympathy, and that she can touch with delicacy and force modern themes is demonstrated by "The Shepherd." There she rises to a generous indignation that promises well for the future.

Among the late comers to our Parnassus we have William Vaughn Moody, poet and mystic, and like all true mystics, a realist in the conduct of quotidian life. He has actually written a popular play, "The Great Divide," he the Fire-Bringer! And there is that youthful prodigy, George Sylvester Viereck, the bilingual German-American poet, whose imaginative verse is shot through with the splendors of Heine, Swinburne and Keats; and to these names we must now add that of Olive Tilford Dargan, veritably a new poet.

JAMES HUNEKER.

"LESLIE STEPHEN."*

LESLIE STEPHEN—at this hour we may omit the "Sir," which never seemed to him "appropriate to the literary gent"—has been fortunate in his biographer. Mr. Maitland has constructed an unconventional but singularly adequate account of an unconventional literary career. As a modest legal and historical writer, rather than a professed man of letters, he has a freedom from the cant of the bellettristic shop that would have delighted Stephen's heart; yet he is as sensitive as clear-headed. Stephen inspired in all who knew him, even in those who knew him but by way of correspondence, something warmer than friendship. Clearly, Mr. Maitland has been no exception. Yet his judgment is never cajoled by affection. His attitude is consistently that of the thoroughly sympathetic but humorous friend. Thanks to this attitude, and with the aid of a wealth of letters and other documents which give the book a racy flavor of autobiography, he has drawn a lively portrait of a cheerful, melancholy, lovable man. He has, moreover, with that lack of heed to the conventions of the literary mill hinted at above, made nearly all of those observations, allusions and deductions that the periodical critic considers to be peculiarly his affair. It only remains, therefore, to retell briefly the story of that admirable and effective life, with such essays toward interpretation as a long liking for the man and his books may suggest.

Leslie Stephen was born in 1832. His ancestry was Scotch, showing for generations back a "certain greediness for work," especially in the form of literary composition. His father, Sir James Stephen, for many years Under-Secretary for the Colonies, was, in his son's phrase, a "living categorical imperative." In Leslie Stephen as a child his mother noted something of "the Wild Duck"—a disposition for a "nervous naughtiness." He was, it seems, dangerously delicate; and early in his boyhood poetry, for which he had a passion, was forbidden him as too exciting. He soon found, however, that he could get a very passable excitement from prose. Long before he went up to the University, he had conceived his lifelong delight in Boswell's "Johnson," which he read "from cover to cover, backward and forward, over and over, through and through."

* "The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen." By Frederic William Maitland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In 1850, Stephen matriculated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Here, as student and don, he tarried for fourteen years, a brilliant exponent of "muscular Christianity." The delicate boy had become the "lean long-walker" of Meredith's phrase. He was a successful coach of the college eight, and he did the "two miles" in 10.54, running in trousers on grass. In those days, it was said, "his regard for appearances varied inversely as his velocity"; he was wont to shatter the academic proprieties by discarding his shirt, when it "worked up." He was, withal, a wholesome and human teacher, though another side of his idiosyncrasy is evident when we find him, in a letter to an undergraduate, referring to the head of his college as "Old Stick-in-the-mud." In 1855, he made his first ascent in the Alps, which were to be for forty years his "playground and cathedral," and in writing of his joy in the subjugation of untrod Alpine peaks he first came to feel at ease with a pen. Early in the sixties, the rationalizing influences in the intellectual air sowed this seed in his fearless and analytical mind, and, as he said, he "ceased to accept the creed of his youth, not so much because he gave up his beliefs as because he found he had never really held them."

With 1863, we come to a phase in Stephen's life which must always possess a peculiar interest for American readers. He was one of the few Englishmen of the upper or academic class who held with the North in the war for the integrity of the Union, and his partisanship was vehement. In the summer of that year he came to America, to see with his own eyes as much as he might of the travailling country. Here he met many of the men who were best worth meeting, and his letters home are full of happy characterizations.

Of Lowell he said: "He is one of the very pleasantest men I ever met. He asked me to stay over Sunday with him, and we got so very thick together that I did not leave him until this morning, after two most pleasant days." Holmes he found "a very jolly, chirpy little man," and Longfellow "a pleasant, white-bearded, benevolent-looking man of very quiet manners, who talked agreeably but not poetically, with a want of the readiness which appears to be characteristic of the literary gent in these parts." Emerson was "so kind and benevolent, and talked so much like a virtuous old saint, that we could not help liking him." In Cambridge, too, began that friendship with Mr. Nor-

ton which Stephen was to count as one of the chief treasures of his life. From Boston he journeyed to New York, where he was chiefly impressed by "marble floors and rosewood staircases," thence to Chicago, where "their manners are those of bagmen and their customs are spitting"—this was in 1863. In due course he reached Washington, where he saw Lincoln, towards whom he "felt very kindly," though Seward "provoked" him. Finally he went to the seat of war in Virginia. There he met General Meade, "a remarkably thin, cadaverous-looking cove," and saw some skirmishing. The result of this peregrination was the celebrated pamphlet on "The Times and the War."

In the mean time, his scruples in the matter of religion had forced him to resign his tutorship at Cambridge and turn for support to journalism. His editorial and "middle" articles in the "Saturday Review" and the "Pall Mall Gazette," with their peculiar pith and "bite," soon gave him a standing as one of the most telling journalists of his time. In 1871, he became editor of the "Cornhill," Thackeray's old magazine, and, having now a suitable medium, pretty definitely forsook politics for literature, and began the long series of biographies and literary studies which were collected as "Hours in a Library" and "Studies of a Biographer."

For all his multifarious journalism, wide-ranging pedestrianism, mountaineering, and engrossing domestic joys and sorrows, he found time to build two sound and scholarly books, "The History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" and "The English Utilitarians." He wrote for the "English Men of Letters Series" four of the best short biographies in the language. And, finally, in his conduct of the "Dictionary of National Biography," he achieved a *magnum opus* of the first water.

Alongside of the tale of the labors and honors of his last years, it is good to find in the slippered ease of his friendly correspondence with Mr. Norton or Mr. Lowell such engaging characterizations as these of men about whom a vast deal of highfalutin is currently uttered: Hegel—"In many things little better than an ass"; Tennyson—"The queerest old bloke, to speak irreverently, that I ever saw"; Newman—"a curious cuss"; Carlyle—"a really noble old cove, and by far the best specimen of a literary gent we can at present produce"; Hobbes—"a delightful old cuss."

At seventy, Stephen was still the Stephen who, as Mr. Bryce has said, "never reminded you of any one but himself." We read with gratification of his going to talk pessimism with a sick friend "to cheer him up," or of his shouting Mr. Newbolt's "Admirals All" in Kensington Garden to the surprise of nursery maids. And to the end, though he became totally deaf, he took pleasure in gossip and mild scandal, for, as a lady said, "he was such a human creature." After many months of a painful illness, borne with a serenity and humor good to remember, he died on the 22nd of February, 1904.

But perhaps this abstract of his life has dwelt too much upon the humorous, the shirt-discarding side of his idiosyncrasy. Like his friend Lowell, he was a many-facetted man, though perhaps a less bewildering one. "Equable" was the word that those who knew him best thought most expressive of him; to himself he seemed "skinless, over-sensitive and nervously irritable." Yet the solution of the antimony is not difficult to find. So long as he was at work he was happy. His was the victory of character over temperament.

The quality of his work is of a piece with the whole nature of the man. Its surface is of an ironic casuistry that has been known to disturb and baffle downright, Yea-and-Nay persons. But always underneath, whether he is writing an Agnostic's Apology or the Praise of Walking, of a living friend or of some worthy long lapt in lead, abides a sincerity of both heart and mind that gives him among British essayists of the soberer sort a peculiar power over the reader's regard. Macaulay's brilliancy, Arnold's "distinction," Pater's expressiveness, were not his; but the pithy humor, the humane wisdom, the sheer *friendliness* of his essays in literature and morals should give them long life.

Yet, after all, his least corruptible monument amid the dust and drift of the libraries of the future is likely to be the great "Dictionary of National Biography," of which he was the first editor and chief contributor. Anthony à Wood has his immortality no less than Milton, and Stephen will have his no less than his more glorious contemporaries, the Victorian poets. In the literary free-for-all, some fly to the goal; some run; some walk, steadily, observantly; in literature as in life, Leslie Stephen will be remembered as the Great Pedestrian.

FERRIS GREENSLET.

"MOLIERE: A BIOGRAPHY."*

In judging a work of scholarship, we should first find out exactly what the author set himself to accomplish, and then consider to what extent he has fulfilled his purpose. Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, in the preface to his recent biography of Molière, states clearly that his "intention has been to interpret Molière's life by his plays and his plays by his life."

A somewhat overeager pursuit of the second of these purposes has detracted to some extent from the value of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's work in criticising Molière's productions. Surely a play planned for immediate presentation on the stage is necessarily the most objective of all works of art. Since the thoughts and emotions expressed in the lines must be those of the characters that speak them rather than of the author that composed them, it is dangerous to consider any speech in a play as an embodiment of the dramatist's personal opinion. Furthermore, a playwright who is also an actor and a manager is necessarily so occupied with his primary purpose to devise scenes and characters that shall please the public, and with his secondary purpose to fit his actors with parts that shall permit them to exhibit their histrionic aptitudes, that he has little opportunity in his work for the outpouring of personal emotion. And yet Mr. Chatfield-Taylor would have us believe that Molière, in his successive comedies, has laid bare the inner secrets of his life.

Especially in criticising the plays that deal with jealousy and marital misfortune, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor overstrains his attempt to make Molière his own biographer. The dramatist, at the age of forty, married a girl of twenty or thereabouts—the flighty and coquettish Armande Béjart, the younger sister (his enemies said the daughter) of his former mistress and constant companion, Madeleine Béjart. We know that Armande was a faithless wife, and that the thorough understanding of the passion of jealousy which the poet evinces in his plays was derived from personal experience. But we know also that Molière was by nature reticent. He had very few intimate friends; and even to these (unless we accept all of the anecdotes of the garrulous Grimarest) we have reason to believe that he seldom unbosomed him-

* "Molière: A Biography." By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. With an introduction by Thomas Frederick Crane. Illustrations by J. O. B. New York: Duffield & Company.

self. Yet Mr. Chatfield-Taylor maintains that, in several of the plays that Molière acted with his wife, he recited before assembled Paris his own jealous fears and personal heart-pangs. But it is hardly common-sensible to believe that in "*L'Ecole des Maris*" and "*L'Ecole des Femmes,*" produced immediately before and immediately after the conclusion of a courtship necessarily delicate, Molière should have exposed to the general public his private views on the subject of young wives. Still less is it possible to accept the suggestion that in "*Le Misanthrope*" Molière has satirized his wife as Célimène and himself as Alceste. Mme. Molière created the rôle of Célimène; and since, at the time, Molière was on bad terms with his wife, it is hard to believe that he could have forced her to appear publicly in a part that made fun of his own relations with her. 'Tis to consider too curiously to consider so. A further pursuance of the same thesis would seem to prove Molière a miser, merely because he wrote and acted the part of Harpagon. If "*Le Misanthrope*" were merely a chapter of autobiography, it would not be acclaimed, as many competent critics acclaim it, the greatest comedy the world has even seen. It is more than that. It is an embodiment of the eternal struggle between individual truth and social lie.

Again, in dealing with the dramatist's attacks upon the doctors of his time, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor strikes the personal note and suggests that Molière's antipathy to the physicians was due partly to their failure to cure him of his own persistent malady. But "*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*" and "*Le Malade Imaginaire*" are much more than ventings of the personal spite of a hypochondriac; they are a phase of the poet's ceaseless warfare in behalf of honesty against imposture.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor suggestively divides the poet's career into five successive periods, which he denominates Italian, Gallic, time-serving, militant and histrionic. But it is impossible strictly to impose this division upon the chronology of Molière's productions. His tendency was always, after creating a masterpiece in a new genre, to recur to the method of one of his earlier efforts. "*Les Fourberies de Scapin,*" produced late in his career, is just as Italian as "*L'Etourdi*" or "*Le Cocu Imaginaire*"; and his very latest plays, "*Les Femmes Savantes*" and "*Le Malade Imaginaire,*" are just as militant as "*Le Tartuffe.*"

In interpreting Molière's life by his plays, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is more successful. Somehow his biography gives a very lifelike presentation of Molière the man. The pupil of Scaramouche was something more than *le prince des facétieux, et le facétieu des princes;* he was the type of honest man that Diogenes sought vainly. And it is good to find a book that sets a great man living before the general reader.

It is for the general reader that this biography is intended. It is, therefore, not derogatory to state that to the special student it presents no material that was not already known, nor even a masterful arrangement of the material which earlier scholars had unearthed. If the words "*amateur*" and "*dilettante*" had not been debased by vulgar usage, they might justly be applied to this biography. It is the work of a man in love with his subject and delighted with his labor. And much of this love and this delight are communicated to the reader. The book is beautifully dressed by the publishers, and is picturesquely illustrated by M. Jacques Onfroy de Bréville. Professor Crane, of Cornell University, contributes a graceful introduction. The book is more readable than most biographies; and therefore, in a deep sense, is of value.

CLAYTON HAMILTON.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG.

LONDON, *December, 1906.*

ENGLAND has shown an unwonted interest in the appointment of Sir Mortimer Durand's successor. The matter has been discussed perhaps more frankly than judiciously; but, at any rate, with a palpable desire to secure the best man, and the best man only, for the office. It is unusual, if not unprecedented, to find the leading London journals on a question of this kind attempting to influence the decision of the Foreign Office. The selection of an Ambassador to this capital or to that is a matter that is normally, I think I may say invariably, left for the authorities to settle in their own way. The press has never to my knowledge presumed to interfere with an expression of its views for or against any particular candidate. If the British Embassy at Paris fell vacant to-morrow, there would be, of course, a certain amount of speculation in the clubs and the lobbies of the House, and among diplomatists and their friends, as to who its next occupant would be. But neither the public nor the press would take any part in the discussion. There would be no canvassing of this or that man's availability, no attempt, not even a spasmodic one, to force the Government's hand, no genuine popular concern in the subject at all. Officialdom, after turning the situation over in undistracted quietude, would simply announce its decision, and its decision would be ratified as a matter of course by a full editorial chorus.

That there should have been, in this instance of the Washington Embassy, so complete a departure from precedent is a phenomenon of more than a little significance. It argues, for one thing, a consciousness among English people that the Washing-

ton Embassy is not as other Embassies, and that the special ties which unite England and America ought to find an adequate expression in the British representative at the American capital. But there is more in it than that. No one can have read the articles on the subject that have appeared in the London press without detecting an undertone of anxiety. There seems, first of all, to be a very general opinion that the ordinary type of professional diplomat, trained and possibly imbedded in European traditions, is precisely the type that is least needed at Washington. Sir Edward Grey has been importuned to look outside the ranks of the regular service for the man to fill what Sir Mortimer Durand has rightly called "the most important diplomatic post in the world." There is precedent for such action—Lord Pauncefote, for instance, was a Foreign Office official when he was translated to Washington; but, naturally, it is a proceeding that is not relished by the regular service and one that a Foreign Secretary will only countenance when he is very sure of his ground. It may have been with some idea of assuring Sir Edward Grey that public opinion would support him that the London journals have, all but unanimously, urged the appointment of the best man, irrespective of whether he is a conventional diplomatist or not. As they have stated the case, the type of man who ought to represent England in the United States is the type of man who represents the United States in England —the broad-gauged, accomplished, many-sided man whose interests stretch far beyond protocols and despatches, who will make himself at home anywhere, who will rely more upon his personality than upon his office, and who will regard himself rather as an Ambassador to the American people than to the American Government. England's problem, in short, as one journal has put it, is to find a Whitelaw Reid.

Secondly, the feeling seems to obtain that the British Embassy at Washington has lost something of its former prestige, that Anglo-American relations have in consequence become slightly overcast and that the unparalleled predominance of Mr. Roosevelt over the thought and politics of America makes it essential that the British representative should, at any cost, be a man who is likely to prove congenial to the Rooseveltian temperament. Some of the London journals have harped on this string a little excessively. To read them, one might think that

Anglo-American good-will is in jeopardy because Baron von Sternberg rides with the President and M. Jusserand plays tennis with him. Americans, I conceive, must have been divided between laughter and irritation by the insistence of certain London journals upon these trivialities. But, unquestionably, in the minds of those Englishmen—now happily a growing number—who follow American affairs with keenness and knowledge, there is an uneasy suspicion that the intimacy which exists not only between the President and Baron von Sternberg, but between the President and the Kaiser, if it has not the positive effect of doing much to promote German interests, has the negative one of ousting Great Britain from the first place in American consideration and relegating her somewhat to the background. And I am bound to add that Englishmen to whom this suspicion is a reality have found a good deal to confirm it in Mr. Root's handling of the Newfoundland difficulty and in the dogmatic and almost minatory tone of his argument. The great bulk of Englishmen take all too little interest in Anglo-American questions, not because they are indifferent to anything that threatens even for a moment to ruffle the relations between the two countries, but because they assume beforehand — too confidently, in my judgment—that a friendly issue is a foregone conclusion, and that no Anglo-American question can ever again be really serious. Those who know America best do not share this complacency. To them Mr. Root's brusqueness seemed more than merely disagreeable, it seemed ominous. Its adoption emphasized, at any rate, the necessity of England's being represented at Washington by a man of peculiar parts and competency.

While I am on the general subject of Anglo-American relations, let me add that Great Britain, as the ally of one Power and the close friend of the other, is watching with keen solicitude every development in the unhappy dispute between the United States and Japan. Opinion here, while treating the difficulty over the schools as little or nothing in itself, regards it as the opening gun in a campaign against the unrestricted immigration of Japanese skilled and coolie labor, and as such fraught with disquieting consequences. Englishmen endorse every word of the President's eulogy on the character and achievements of the Japanese people; but they perfectly understand why California should have rejected with such vehemence his appeal to Congress

for an Act to allow them to become American citizens. The whole incident is looked upon over here as by far the most important event in the foreign affairs of the United States since the Spanish war, and there is no attempt to minimize its gravity. The growth of anti-Japanese feeling throughout the United States since the Portsmouth Conference has been watched in England already with a good deal of concern. It is diagnosed as the product partly of a commercial rivalry that can only intensify with the years and partly of a suspicion in the back of the American mind that Japan, after benefiting enormously by the moral and financial support of America during the war, has since shown a remarkably short memory for the services rendered her. And now that this sentiment has been reinforced by an explosion of the long-smouldering antagonism of California against Japanese immigrants, Englishmen begin to fear lest matters may be nearing a crisis. Rightly or wrongly, they suspect that if such an agitation as led to the passage of the Chinese Exclusion Laws were to be engineered against the Japanese, it would find much in the present conditions of America to feed upon; and being stimulated by the new interest that is now being taken in the immigration problem as a whole, by the determination, never apparently sharper than to-day, that the United States must as far as possible be preserved as a white man's country, and by the rise of an American Labor party hostile to yellow competition in any form, it might end by sweeping all before it. That is a contingency Englishmen cannot from any standpoint contemplate without dismay. And they have two other reasons for being interested in the progress and upshot of the trouble. One is that California's position in the matter, relative to the United States as a whole, curiously resembles that of Newfoundland in the fisheries question, relative to the British Empire as a whole. The other is that both Australia and British Columbia are following every step in the agitation against the Japanese with an enthusiastic approval they make no pretence of hiding. It is America's turn to-day to deal with the problem of Japanese immigration; it may be Great Britain's to-morrow. By to-morrow, in this connection, I mean, of course, the date, still nine years distant, when the Anglo-Japanese Alliance comes up for renewal.

I have left myself little space in which to touch on home affairs. The Government, on the whole, has no reason to be dis-

satisfied with the results of its first year in office. It has passed more than forty bills into law; it has worked with an enthusiasm and energy almost if not quite without precedent in British annals; it has driven the Parliamentary machine with such force as to leave it trembling; and its exertions have immensely widened the scope of social and industrial democracy. If in the administration of Colonial affairs it has not been always happy, its foreign policy has been admirably firm without provocation and conciliatory without weakness. Mr. Chamberlain's illness, by providing Mr. Balfour with an unlooked-for opportunity, of which in his quiet and skilful way he is making the fullest use, to wean his party from food taxes, has demoralized the Opposition in the House of Commons; and the Government, as it looks back on its year's work, may fairly claim to have established a record for energetic and practical usefulness.

ST. PETERSBURG, *December, 1906.*

RIP VAN WINKLE was not more surprised on his return home from his twenty years' sleep than a well-informed Russian would be who, having fallen into a slumber thirteen months ago, should suddenly awake to-day and take stock of the changes effected during his sojourn in the realm of dreams. Certainly more numerous and more stirring events were crowded in that short span of time than in the thirty years that preceded it. Armed insurrections, general and partial strikes, military and naval revolts, the follies of backsliding noblemen, murderous peasants, disaffected officials and provisional governments, in places hardly marked on the average map, were among the characteristics of the first year of the Russian Revolution. A twelvemonth ago the very existence of the Empire, the fate of the dynasty, the survival of the social system were all at stake. A complex of potent solvents appeared to be rapidly undermining the whole political and social fabric, and, sooth to say, nobody seemed very anxious to save them. For the fatalism of the Slav got the better of his other qualities, and what he took in hand he botched utterly, including the revolutionary movement. Whatever object he set himself to attain was thwarted by himself, the monarchists playing into the hands of the revolutionists, and the anarchists doing the work of reactionaries. Verily it was a mad world!

The year is now coming to an end, passions are no longer white hot, disenchantment has taken the place of enthusiasm and people are comparing notes, casting up accounts and making provisional estimates for the coming year.

The insurrection may now be said to be at an end. It was a movement confined to the surface of the nation; the depths were not stirred, the masses of the people were not carried away. The peasants, who number between eighty and ninety millions, are not attuned to a revolutionary mood; there is probably no more conservative element in the Empire than they. But they are open to suggestion from every side. Ignorant to a superlative degree, they are easily led away from the path of legality. From time immemorial one of the fundamental dogmas of their simple faith has been that all the land belongs to them of right, but that part of it was at some remote period lent to the members of the nobility for a time, and that, the term having now lapsed, the Tsar is desirous of taking back the land from the gentry and restoring it to the lawful owners. But his intention is being thwarted. The marplots are the officials who keep spinning webs of untruth around the Tsar, and thwarting all his generous schemes for the prosperity of his people. Such, in brief, is the simple canvas on which all the grotesque and complex scenes of the past ten months have been embroidered. Agitators from cities and towns assured the credulous rustics that the Emperor had issued a ukase depriving the nobility of their estates and empowering the peasants to take them by force. And their primitive endeavors to accomplish this task form the essence of the agrarian disorders which were supposed to mark the beginning of an unparalleled upheaval. The arrival of professional revolutionists, anarchists and Social Democrats among them imparted political color to the movement, which it lacked. Land is all the peasant wants, more land for nothing, if possible, but at all costs more land.

The Government, which misinterpreted the significance of the disorders in the rural districts as completely as did the revolutionists, finally discerned its mistake. Too terrified at first to take measures calculated to ward off the apparent disaster, it has since done as much for the peasantry as remedial legislation can effect. Last month I ventured to foreshadow a most important series of laws, the object of which would be to strike off

the remaining fetters from the peasant and render him wholly free. I wrote, "By the time this article is in the hands of the readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW a series of remedial measures will have been promulgated by which the Premier hopes to score a victory and restore permanent peace to his country." On November 24th that set of reforms was officially published, and at this moment all Russia is discussing its merits. On one point all parties would appear to be agreed: the ukase embodying the new statutes will effect a revolution. The village commune, in which many idealists once perceived a peculiarly Russian institution of the highest economic and social value to the State, is henceforth to be a voluntary association, each member of which may leave it whenever he wishes, becoming the sole and full proprietor of his farm. The chief objection of the radicals to the measure is that, although it changes the destinies of over eighty million Russians irrevocably, it was enacted without the assent of the people's representatives. Technically, however, the Premier was right in promulgating the new law, because in form it is but the interpretation of an old one. But, in reality, it is a revolution from above, which among other consequences takes the wind out of the sails of the radical parties whose leverage in the country is being rapidly narrowed.

In this manner M. Stolypin has undoubtedly scored a success, which will sooner or later manifest itself in the shape of a solid breakwater against which the revolutionary wave may dash itself to spray. Yet that agrarian law is only one of the Government schemes, of which some are to be realized before the Duma meets, while others are to be laid before the nation's representatives. Of the former category, by far the most important and most hotly contested bill contains a number of clauses abolishing the restrictive measures still in force against the Jews. It was high time, foreign critics remark. And yet it required a considerable degree of courage in any Russian Minister to tackle such a thorny question as this without first securing the support of the nation's spokesmen. But, on the other hand, it needs a still higher degree of courage to ignore the matter wholly, and to withstand the enormous pressure brought to bear upon the Tsar's advisers by Jewish capitalists, Liberal journalists and enlightened men of letters throughout the globe. For Russia needs and will long continue to need money from abroad, and the Jews have made it

known to the last three Russian Ministers of Finance that unless a decisive step is taken in the direction of enfranchisement, there will be no foreign loans, no friendly appreciation of the Government's acts in the foreign press. And it is further clear from other symptoms that there will not be any peace from the Jewish population at home.

The statutes at present in force which regulate the unenviable position of the Jews are antiquated, obsolete and unjust. Dating from various epochs, they reflect conflicting moods, mark noteworthy fluctuations, and in many cases eliminate each other. But, besides the statute laws, there is a set of orders and provisional measures which are devoid of the essential characteristics of laws, having been issued without the previous knowledge and assent of the Council of the Empire. These are most irksome and galling. Thirdly, there are the "authoritative interpretations" of all these laws and by-laws; and these may be truly said to constitute the acme of personal caprice, the ideal of petty persecution. It would, doubtless, be a gross exaggeration to affirm that during the past twenty-five years the Russian Government set itself to devise a series of restrictive and in some cases intolerable measures from which the Jews have no legal means of escape. Yet that is one of the direct and salient consequences of the action and inaction of the Tsar's successive advisers. To-day there are as many prescriptions and orders respecting the Hebrew subjects of Nicholas II in the Russian Code as there are in the Books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy. And some of them are equally minute. But they are mostly honored in the breach. Connivance at their violation is one of the never-failing sources of the extra income of the police, and the anti-Jewish penal laws are one of the many fountains of corruption which have turned the Empire into an Augean stable. And the time for cleansing it has come.

Hitherto, every Minister, every Government, every adviser of the Tsar recoiled shudderingly from the responsibility involved in remedial legislation. In theory, they would go to any length. The custom of the more liberal-minded dignitaries, therefore, was to pose as friends of the Jews, to proclaim their firm belief in the necessity of removing all the disabilities without exception from which the Hebrew population suffered, but to add that this was an act which no individual would or could take upon himself.

The repeal of the anti-Jewish laws must be voted by the people's representatives in the Duma. That line might have been followed by the present Cabinet had it not been for the strong representations made by foreign Jews and foreign Governments, to the effect that, if the Government be as completely master of the situation as its agents affirm, it can readily strike off many of the disabilities which at present handicap the Jews. The upshot is M. Kokovtseff's project, which would entitle a great number of the persecuted people to circulate freely throughout the Empire. For instance, all those who have freely served as soldiers in the army would enjoy that right, which would also be conferred upon persons who had passed through certain intermediate educational establishments or who had learned trades and crafts. Moreover, the only limitation of the rights thus bestowed would consist in the prohibition to own land anywhere outside the Pale of Settlement. But all the limitations which diminish the rights now enjoyed by Jews who are enfranchised—such, for instance, as the prohibition to reside in certain military and other specially guarded districts—would disappear.

This measure seems moderate, reasonable, timely. Indeed, most people will characterize it as too moderate. But many of those who know the temper of the Russian people are of opinion that the measure ought to have been either adopted earlier or postponed until the Duma meets. For it is too inadequate to satisfy the Jews, and too liberal to please the bulk of the Christians. The truth is that, if once the Jewish problem is seriously discussed, the only remedy which any dispassionate politician can propose as adequate is complete enfranchisement. That and that only would be logical, just, definitive. Yet it would be perilous to promulgate it without the support of a strong Duma. The present Cabinet hints through its semiofficial organ, the "*Rossia*," that the coming Duma will have it in its power to pass such a law if it wishes.

Meanwhile all Russia is in a ferment. The bare thought that the Jews will soon be free to settle in the Empire wheresoever they list is gall and wormwood to millions of Russians; to the peasants who hate the Jews on religious or economic grounds or simply because they have been deliberately prejudiced against them, and to the monarchist party in the press, in the universities, at the bar, in the army and navy, the Church, and among

bureaucrats and literary men, because that political group regards the Jews as disseminators of anti-monarchist doctrines. Philippics have been delivered against the bill in various towns and cities; conditional excommunications have been fulminated against the Government should it carry the measure, petitions have been forwarded by telegraph and by post to the Emperor beseeching him to hold his hand, and to refuse to give the Jews "the means of destroying the Russian Empire and founding a Jewish State on its ruins." The Government organ replied in a vehement article which provoked the wrath of M. Gringmuth, one of the leaders of the reactionaries, who attacked it as the work of a Jewish pen in the employment of Count Witté. As a matter of universal belief it was written by the Premier himself. The piquancy of the situation lies in the work of mine and countermine which is carried on by influential personages, all of whom are supposed to be cooperating with each other, whereas one-half of them are secretly sapping the foundations of the structures raised by the other half. It can hardly be termed a secret that the heads of the Court Party are bitterly opposed to Stolypin's bill. That may be wisdom on their part, or folly; there is something to be said on both sides. But, unfortunately, the opinion unfavorable to the measure is not uttered to the official responsible for bringing it in, but to third parties whose cue is to assail him. If obstacles were openly thrown in M. Stolypin's way by the Court Party, he would probably tender his resignation, a contingency which fills them with dread. In lieu of frank remonstrances, therefore, they have recourse to secret expedients. Always in touch with the reactionary party of the "Genuine Russian People," they let loose the latter against Stolypin and his colleagues. And forthwith an agitation begins in a series of petitions to the Tsar, and bids fair to end in a series of anti-Jewish riots. Already telegrams have been forwarded in large numbers and articles hinting at the massacre of the Hebrews followed. And now the question is, Will M. Stolypin allow himself to be intimidated and give up the intention of relieving the Jews before the Duma meets? If he retreats before the "Genuine Russian People," he will forfeit his prestige throughout the country, even among those who deem the present moment inopportune for a Jewish Relief Bill. And if he carries his point, he will be decried as a traitor who sold his

fatherland to the Jews; and, possibly, a sequel of sanguinary riots may render the measure memorable in Russian annals.

Everybody is asking, Will the second Duma be better than the first? Will it accept the present Constitution, with its drawbacks, as offering sufficient leverage for helpful legislative work, or will it imitate its predecessor and sacrifice the real for the imaginary? There is not any one in the Tsardom whose acquaintance with the temper of the people is so intimate, and whose authority among Russians is so widely recognized, that he could foretell the result of the elections and have his forecast accepted. Symptoms are numerous and unconvincing. In the provinces, for instance, the Zemstvo elections have ended in the utter defeat of the extreme popular parties and the return of conservatives. On the other hand, the Constitutional Democratic party, by incorporating passive resistance in its programme—passive resistance, too, of a kind which must of necessity culminate in active resistance and bloodshed—has forfeited its right to be treated as a constitutional group, and has been bracketed by the Government with the revolutionists. In a word, many of the signs and tokens of the moment are construed by friends of the Cabinet as pointing to a conservative or moderate Duma, which will accomplish something for the nation.

And yet—it is nearly always the improbable that happens in Russia. Before the first elections took place, the Government was firmly convinced that a majority of conservative deputies would be returned by the peasants. They were so certain of the peasants that there was a majority of the Cabinet in favor of extending the franchise and introducing universal suffrage. But they were mistaken. In the Duma the bulk of the opposition deputies were representatives of the peasantry. That proves that even Russians who have every facility for acquainting themselves with the mood of the population are liable to be utterly wrong in their forecasts. Personally, I am disposed to believe that, even if a large number of seemingly moderate peasants manage to get elected, they may prove so amenable to opposition influences that they will follow the lead of the radicals, call the authority of the Government in question, obstruct legislation, provoke a second dissolution, and bear out the opinion of those who maintain that representative democratic institutions cannot for generations be engrafted upon the Russian people. *Qui vivra verra.*

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

THURSDAY, *January 10.* **The President and the Constitution.**

WAS Secretary Root's speech, delivered before the Pennsylvania Society of New York on December 12th, misinterpreted by those who found therein a menace to the preservation of the right of local self-government conferred by the Constitution upon the people of the United States? We learn from authority we cannot question that the Secretary intended to convey, not a threat, but a warning—a warning to each of the individual States comprised in the Union to meet its lawmaking obligations more effectively or face the inevitable consequence of a transference of its authority to the Federal Government. This definition of Mr. Root's intent we readily accept, but we are utterly unable to perceive a distinction in effect. To hold that a warning has no threatening significance, especially if it emanate from those who are able and disposed to carry it into effect, is to rob it of force and meaning altogether. President Roosevelt recently warned the citizens of San Francisco to treat the Japanese more tolerantly, and with characteristic promptitude and irrefragable logic he added that, if they should not do so, they might expect to encounter the armed forces of the Union. True, Mr. Root did not pass so brusquely to the irresistible conclusion—perhaps because it had been rendered unnecessary for him to do so. President Roosevelt had already declared in unmistakable terms:

"We need, through executive action, through legislation and through *judicial interpretation and construction of law, to increase the power of the Federal Government. If we fail thus to increase it, we show our impotence.*"

It was with this firm declaration of the President fresh in mind that we heard what seemed to be the supplementary assertion of the Secretary of State that constructions of the Consti-

tution would be "found" to effect the predicted "obliteration of State lines." We noted the fact that Mr. Root carefully refrained from saying whether he personally regarded the "tendency" with favor. Upon that point he will do well to enlighten the people at no distant day, if he would remove the impression created by his speech that he shares the expressed views and avowed purposes of the President. The impulsive utterances of the latter at Harrisburg would have been amazing if they had come from the lips of any of his predecessors, but for temperamental reasons they were really of far less serious import than the seeming acquiescence in them of the calmer, better-trained and more reflective judgment of his chief adviser.

That we were not alone in perceiving a direct relationship between the pronouncement of Secretary Root and that of the President, and in treating the two combined as a definitive declaration of the policy of the present administration, is easily established. The "Springfield Republican" pertinently inquired:

"Mr. Roosevelt does not hesitate to call for this great and largely gratuitous measure of centralization following upon his call for national assumption of insurance control. Does he find in the Secretary of State a defender of his political principles and policies to this sweeping extent? Are all State delinquencies and variations in policies and methods of local government to justify substitute national action? If so, what, then, becomes of our great experimental ground in public policy which has been so fortunately provided for the American nation through the existence of self-governing States independent of the national Government and of each other in their own several spheres?"

The "Brooklyn Eagle" said:

"The speech was more than an expression of individual opinion. It was delivered in New York, but it came from Washington. It was not addressed more particularly to the State of California. It served notice upon all of the commonwealths, telling each one what to expect should it become refractory, declaring it to be useless for the advocates of State rights to protest against the extension of national authority, and adding that sooner or later constructions of the Constitution would be found to vest power where it would not go by default—in the national Government. Which is straight from the shoulder."

The "Hartford Courant" said:

"Year after year the consolidating of power at Washington proceeds apace, and we are told from the high places that what we see now is

only the beginning. Yet it is as true now as when Francis Lieber said it that the fate of civil liberty in this country is bound up with the fate of local self-government."

The "Boston Transcript" said:

"The objection to too much centralization springs not from any selfish consideration, but from grounds of all-around expediency. The Federal Government is a long way off; it is cumbersome and inelastic in its operation; it distributes its favors in a district and State system which is often not closely related to real needs. Wherever the States can do things efficiently and safely they should be allowed the privilege, and the burden of proof ought to rest on those who desire the transfer of anything to Washington. . . . It may perhaps be recalled that all this concentration of authority in Washington might be even more distasteful to a State like Massachusetts, if the time should come that we were out of harmony politically with the party in control there. It is none too soon for the thoughtful senator and member to try to see what he can save for his State government."

The exceptionally well-informed Washington correspondent of the "Providence Journal," *apropos* of the assertion that Secretary Root had fallen into the habit, supposed to have been preempted by the President, of being misunderstood, wrote:

"It is probably well for Secretary Root's political future, to say nothing of his reputation as a public man, that he is able to make this explanation, because there is no doubt about the interest and dissatisfaction among the public men in Washington caused by his published speech, which, even yet, many of them think, commits the Secretary to the principle of increased powers for the Federal Government and the corresponding curtailment of the rights and jurisdiction of the States."

The "Philadelphia Public Ledger" said:

"The President is the most active and forceful exponent of federalism and of the broadening of the scope and powers of the national Government that the country has ever seen, and only a few weeks before Mr. Root delivered his address the President, at the dedication of the Harrisburg Capitol building, made an earnest plea that the courts in their decisions and the legislators in lawmaking should interpret Constitutional questions and make their laws in such a liberal and broad-minded spirit as would unshackle the inconvenient Constitutional chains which now bind and hamper the national power. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that lawyers and laity, wise and simple, should have interpreted the speech delivered by the chief man in the President's cabinet as something of a warning and threat of further action to come."

These are journals of the highest class, thoughtful and discriminating, but independent. Here are the remarks of two partisan Republican statesmen.

Senator John C. Spooner said:

"It appears to be a most remarkable deliverance, and altogether unprecedented; the suggestions are startling, to say the least."

Senator Joseph B. Foraker said:

"The speech seems to be rather radical in its advocacy and approval of the centralization of power; the expression I read being that in an important sense State lines are to be obliterated. I do not sympathize with that idea. I believe our dual form of government is a most happy one, and that the Constitutional limitations were wisely provided, and that they should be, and will be, upheld. I was glad to notice that Judge Brown, who followed Mr. Root, responding for the judiciary, forcibly reminded his hearers that the judicial department of the Government has power under the Constitution to preserve and uphold it, even to the extent of restraining all violations of its limitations by either of the other departments of government. I think we had better hold on to the Constitution."

Nevertheless, we accept thankfully Mr. Root's statement that it was not his purpose to champion the Hamiltonian doctrine of centralization, and we trust that he will seize upon the first suitable opportunity to define his attitude so precisely as to dissipate all doubts and misapprehension. Our own view conforms with that of the "New York Times," which said:

"The very fact that an able lawyer, trained in accurate thinking and accurate exposition, sitting down on the afternoon previous to the delivery of a speech to jot down what came to his mind on the subject of the tendency of the nation toward centralization, should evolve such a statement as Mr. Root gave to his hearers and readers, is highly significant. It shows that the mind of this lawyer, who is also an experienced statesman, with an unusual record in two departments of the national Government, was surcharged with the impressions he conveyed so simply and forcibly. They had, in the good old Quaker phrase, been 'borne in on him' in the eventful period in which he had been personally engaged in the national administration, and they were confirmed by the reflection which his lawyer's habit impelled him to indulge in."

It was the apparent effect of association and environment upon the calm mind of the foremost administrative statesman, in our judgment, now living that seemed to us so startling as to demand

full exposition and due reprobation. The real question relates to the responsibility for the "tendency" towards centralization. Upon this point we differ absolutely from the Secretary of State. He endeavors to fix it upon the people. We charge it directly upon the President. From the day Mr. Roosevelt was elected, he has chafed under any form of restraint whatsoever, has gleefully exercised, by indirection, authority forbidden to a President by the Constitution, has encouraged the growth of disrespect for the judiciary by denouncing members thereof for rendering decisions distasteful to him, has deliberately injected into the minds of unthinking people the virus of paternalism and Socialism as represented by a willingness to divide accumulations of wealth and to cure all ills by arbitrary acts, and all too frequently he makes a fresh demand for additional power to indulge in his proverbial indiscretions. Of the growth of this "tendency" there is no doubt. Replying, in March, 1903, to a question relative to the retention in the army of a man accused of murder, he said:

"In this matter, even if this man is a murderer, I am helpless. *I have absolutely no power to dismiss anybody from the army in time of peace.*"

And yet, in October, 1906, he does not hesitate to discharge with dishonor an entire battalion, of whose members it is admitted a large proportion were wholly innocent; simultaneously, he asks from Congress legislation that would transfer to himself all functions of courts martial, and announces to the newspaper correspondents that, in the event of the passage over his veto of a bill ordering the restoration of the dismissed men, he would refuse to obey it, and that, as one trustworthy correspondent wrote, he "would not be deterred even by threat of impeachment proceedings" from defying the law of the land as defined by the Constitution. In view of the conflict of jurisdiction developed in the New Orleans lynching cases, President Harrison suggested that Congress might "make offences against the treaty rights of foreigners cognizable in the Federal courts"; President Roosevelt demanded that the statutes "be so amended and added to as to enable the President"—without regard to determination of rights or any judicial consideration whatever—arbitrarily "to enforce the rights of aliens under treaties." The one proposal

was that of a respecter of fundamental law and a seeker of justice by judicial methods; the other was, as the "New York Times" well said, "hasty, ill-considered, unfortunate" and teeming with possibilities of "impeachable offences."

The following statement was issued from the White House on December 19th, when the President received a committee representing the Child Labor Society:

"A member of the delegation remarked that undue centralization is to be reprehended, that whatever *can safely be left to the States* should be left to them, but that where the interests of the nation require action on the part of the Federal authorities such action should not be withheld on grounds of mere abstract theory. To this statement the President cordially assented."

Herein lies the crux of the whole matter. It does not seem to have occurred to the President that such powers as are now vested in the Federal Government were held originally by the States and were surrendered voluntarily by them for a definite purpose; and that all others were specifically retained. In the phrase "whatever can safely be left" to them, we find a plain implication of purpose, not to ask that additional authority be delegated, after the manner provided by the Constitution, but to take it virtually by force. This is very far from being mere disregard of "abstract theory"; it is in flat violation of a solemn compact, frankly derisive of the binding force of contractual obligations, and is based upon the false and dangerous assumption that it is the Nation, and not the States, that possesses the right to give or take away.

We have seen no definite announcement as to who is to be the judge of the time and conditions requiring Federal interference with State functions, but we feel safe in assuming that the President will not ask that such determination be left to either Congress or the Supreme Court. A more concise statement of his real view, we firmly believe, could be found in his despatch to Secretary Taft, dated September 28th, and reading as follows:

"I do not care in the least for the fact that such an agreement is unconstitutional."

The Constitution thus spat upon was not that of the United States, but of Cuba—an instrument which our Government had participated in framing, had expressly approved and by plain

implication promised to sustain. The assertion, therefore, was not treasonable, but it does clearly indicate a frame of mind which spurns restraint, despises law and is dominated by despotic instinct; incidentally, moreover, it was the most gratuitous and insulting utterance respecting a friendly neighbor and helpless ward that ever emanated from the lips of an American President.

FRIDAY, *January 11.*

Of Woman's Right to Enhance Nature's Charms.

WE have never been able to understand why any one should wish to be younger or older than he or she really is. Vanity, of course, must be reckoned with as a potent force among human frailties, and is responsible, doubtless, for much of woman's resentment at the ravages of passing years. But it is not the flight of time, nor even the contemplation of a steady approach to the limit of human existence, that offends her instinct; neither of these considerations really enters her mind. It is the change in physical appearance inseparable from growing old that sinks into her heart with every glance at a mirror and makes her sad; angry, too, with God for not imposing the same penalties upon aging men. She would not express the feeling in those words; if so bluntly put, she might affrightedly deny its existence; but pressed for an answer, if truthful, as most women are in such matters, while dodging the fixing of responsibility for this seeming discrimination against her sex, she will insist invariably upon the unfairness of the arrangement whereby a process that adds to man's physical distinction detracts from woman's charm.

For ourselves, we make it a point seldom to criticise publicly the methods of the Creator in shaping the destinies of the human race; but in this instance we frankly concede the apparent justice of woman's instinctive attitude. Happily, however, we seem to perceive in the wearing away of men's prejudices signs of mitigation of the inequity. Time was, not so long ago, when, holding the fixed opinions of youth, we sternly reprehended such innocent practices as changing the color of one's hair, or brightening the complexion on occasion, or even dieting seriously for the figure's sake. Not so, now! The most casual consideration growing out of philosophical observation has not merely modified our views, but has virtually changed them altogether. It may

still be, as once we confidently asserted and now often hear from others like foolish, that there is nothing so beautiful as a young face in a frame of silver gray; but when the possessor of those incongruous features happens to be the wife of a man most often taken to be her son, we declare her resort to henna to be not only a right, but a duty to both. The custom of lacing we judge to be far less prevalent than it was a dozen years ago; the wiser method of dieting seems to have superseded it; but, even so, no fair-minded person can behold a woman without realizing that God meant her to be attractive; and He knows, as well as we, that there is nothing more hideous than a plashy feminine appearance. In passing judgment upon this point, therefore, even on religious grounds, we could go no further conscientiously than St. Paul went in enjoining moderation in all things.

Moreover, we believe in woman's right as well as in women's rights, just as we hang tenaciously to the doctrine of individual liberty for man. As a people, we will not go far astray if we sustain the time-honored principle that they are best governed who are least governed, and further insist that each and every thinking person may do whatever in the world best pleases himself or herself, so long as such conduct does not affect deleteriously the welfare of the community. That is the distinctively American idea and the basis of all true freedom; wherefore, we set our face fixedly against every opposing tendency, political or otherwise, and earnestly maintain that woman's enhancement, by harmless artifices, of Nature's endowment of charm is as clearly her inalienable prerogative as immunity from interference with thought and speech is that of man.

SATURDAY, *January 12.* **On Being Younger or Older.**

THERE seem to be a beginning and an end of the above reflection, and there may be correlation between the two, but if so we humbly confess our inability to detect it. What the desirability of growing old gracefully, in conformity with the plain intent of nature, has to do with safeguarding personal liberty would pass the comprehension of a Solomon. Who cares? No journey is so delightful as that which leads no one knows whither, and whose end is unforeseen even by the wayfarer himself. And yet the mere orderliness of mind which should not countenance

vagaries, leaving a premise suspended in the air, and never so much as pointing to a conclusion, surely calls for duteous observance.

Why, then, *do* persons wish they were younger in years? Is the motive to be found in an honest desire to live one's life over and better, or in mere envy of those who seem to be lighter-hearted? If the former, there is no good reason to believe that the wider experience brought into play would make adequate compensation for the certain loss of the enthusiasm of ignorance; if the latter, there could be no effect other than the unhappiness of mental, moral and even physical isolation. The fulness of enjoyment of companionship can be had only with one's contemporaries in years, faculties and sympathies. Ignorance may profit from association with wisdom, but only through distasteful confession of inferiority by the one and shameful waste of time by the other. Not even egotism can long abide such relationship; overweening conceit, which itself is the essence of folly, alone can endure it. Undeniably, inspiration may be drawn from the young and useful lessons from the old, but these are mere helps to one's own equipment, such as can be obtained with greater readiness and a sense of surer guidance from books. We heard once, not authoritatively, of course, and yet with sufficient indication of verity, of an aged man who died and went to heaven, and, being accorded the privilege of appointing his own form of beatitude, seized the opportunity to gratify a desire that had possessed him for many years, and took his place among the young angels. He found himself in hell. The immaturity of their knowledge inspired in his breast only pity and contempt; his own superior wisdom, on the other hand, so bored their buoyant spirits that they flew away from him at every opportunity; necessarily, therefore, he was left solitary and miserable, and was glad indeed to return to the company of his equals.

The famous American philosopher who related to us this incident would not guarantee its authenticity, but we have no doubt whatever that the result of a similar experiment on earth would be the same. Nature hedges us about with certain restrictions which may as well be recognized cheerfully, since they cannot be ignored. For ourselves, after no small waste of time in testing theories, we find personal association with men slightly younger and with women a few years older to be the most profitable. Lacking

the opportunity of communing with either, we turn promptly to the ambitious and well-bred American lad or to his placid and spiritually inclined grandmother; with silly girls and vain old men we have no patience, and we extend to them only such consideration as courtesy exacts.

Under no circumstances would we, if we could, be a single day further from or nearer to the grave. A desire to be younger, carried to its logical conclusion, would result in a hope to live and strive for food and clothes or their equivalents forever, than which surely no prospect could be more dreary or fatal to incentive. On the whole, we are disposed to believe that the wish to renew one's youth which we hear expressed so often is wholly thoughtless and, if the opportunity for its gratification really offered, would be abandoned as quickly as any person living would reject a proposal to make a complete exchange of soul, mind, body and all surrounding conditions with any other person.

MONDAY, *January 14.* The Progress of Esperanto.

IF the number of responses to our proposal to enrol members of a general society for the promulgation of Esperanto affords a true indication of the enthusiasm likely to be developed, there is already ample justification for the prediction of Doctor Zamenhof that America will become the centre of interest in the new universal language. Expressions of desire to become members of the society and participate in the movement have come from every part of the Union and from persons in all walks of life, although naturally, and encouragingly, of course, the class most largely represented is that engaged in educational work of some sort. Following the custom pursued in England and other countries, we shall assign to each person signifying a wish to enrol a number in the order of applications received, and make due notification by mail. A convenient form of request for enrolment will be found in the advertising section of this REVIEW.

In answer to many inquiries, we wish to say that we shall publish soon in convenient, but materially amplified, book form the simple primer now being printed upon our supplementary pages; and we have in process of preparation other books which will be supplied to enrolled members at cost. We wish particularly to encourage the formation of local groups, and we shall present in

an early number a set of by-laws designed to serve the purpose of those forming such organizations. No obligation, pecuniary or otherwise, attends enrolment as a member of the general society; on the contrary, certain distinct advantages, we are confident, will accrue as the movement progresses. From England generally, and especially from Mr. William T. Stead, the famous publicist, who presently will visit this country, we acknowledge the receipt of most encouraging messages supplementing the inspiriting words of Doctor Zamenhof in the latest number of the REVIEW; in return, we feel justified in giving assurance that America will be suitably represented at the World Congress to be held at Cambridge, England, in August of the present year.

It is gratifying to be able to record that the serious newspapers of the country have given prompt recognition to the movement and manifest a disposition to help it forward. Of the many that have made favorable comment, the two most conspicuous are the New York "Sun" and the Boston "Herald," each of which is noted for its distinction and its literary quality. The "Sun" says:

"Esperanto is ridiculed no longer by the observing. Thirty periodicals are published in it. Esperanto clubs are everywhere in Europe, and thousands of people practise with it in their correspondence. The Esperanto conventions are large, noisy and enthusiastic. Almost any one can understand some of the words, and a linguist can guess at the meaning of nearly all of them. Extra words are obtained by simple affixes to the root, so that in course of time Esperanto will have a copious, possibly a cumbrous, vocabulary. Any word-builder will be able to add to it if not to improve it.

"Dr. Zamenhof is nothing if not enthusiastic. He expects to see a great boom in Esperanto among Americans, whose love of novelty and nervous energy he admires. They are soon to outstrip Europeans in the cult, and 'before long America will be the centre of Esperanto.' When the doctor submits that we need it in our business, who shall gainsay him, seeing that we do business with the whole world? He hastens to assure us that Esperanto is a convenience, not a substitute. We can still keep our literature in the old spelling. The convenience is the practical use of Esperanto, but it is the ideal function of it that the worthy doctor is most interested in. He believes that it will be more potent than the Hague tribunal in preventing wars between the nations, because the more their people understand one another the less provocation there will naturally be for resorting to force to settle their disputes. 'The brotherhood of man,' says Dr. Zamenhof, 'is the object for which Esperanto was created and the reason why Esperantists always

so obediently and self-sacrificingly fight for their language, despite the attacks and the ridicule they suffered during the early years.'"

The Boston "Herald" says:

"It is not always true that 'necessity is the mother of invention,' for a direr necessity never existed for the appearance of some great philosophical genius like Dr. Zamenhof, the inventor of Esperanto—a genius able to prepare and sell for two cents a grammar and a vocabulary of 2,000 root-words, from which 70,000 nouns, verbs, adverbs and adjectives could easily be formed by a few simple rules.

"Anybody ought to be able to swing fluently, gracefully and eruditely around the linguistic circle with a vocabulary of 70,000 words—probably 65,000 more than the majority of us are masters of in our own native English, French or German. Yet all this has Dr. Zamenhof achieved in his creation of a new inter-racial language which any intelligent man or woman can learn to read, write and speak in a month or two. Only get it once universally adopted, as an auxiliary to one's mother tongue, and then one might travel at will, not only to France or Italy, but among the Kalmuck Tartars or people of Borneo, and ask for koumiss or head-money and get it every time.

"In the last number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW there was printed an intensely interesting and touching address of this same Dr. Zamenhof before the 'Second European Esperanto Congress,' a congress attended by eminent men from England, France, Germany and Russia.

"The most cursory perusal of the speeches there will soon disabuse the mind of the idea that Esperanto is only another kind of lingo like the pidgin English used in Canton and Shanghai to facilitate imperfect intercourse between coolies and Britishers who want their shirts washed. It is a scientifically constructed language as much superior in simplicity to the grammatical chaos of our own tongues as the astronomy of Copernicus to the cycles and epicycles of Hipparchus. 'It is a language of humanity,' declared venerable Ernest Naville of France, 'that once adopted as an auxiliary will constitute one of the great dates of history.'

"Dr. Zamenhof himself is clearly a man of combined philological and humanitarian genius. Born in Bialystok, even from childhood his mind was tortured with the sight of the hates and massacres growing out of the ignorance of people of one another in southern and eastern Russia, induced by total inability to exchange a word through common speech. To the solution of this terrible problem he consecrated his life, enduring poverty, persecution and scorn in his resolve to annihilate this barrier, and, so to speak, get even with the Tower-of-Babel curse."

But for lack of space we should have pleasure in reprinting many other similar expressions; the editorial utterances of these two leading journals, however, suffice to indicate the seriousness with which the movement is regarded already. We repeat that we shall gladly answer any inquiries either in these pages or by personal communication, as may seem to us best.

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—XI.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated March 28th, 1906.*] About 1849 or 1850 Orion severed his connection with the printing-house in St. Louis and came up to Hannibal, and bought a weekly paper called the Hannibal "Journal," together with its plant and its good-will, for the sum of five hundred dollars cash. He borrowed the cash at ten per cent. interest, from an old farmer named Johnson who lived five miles out of town. Then he reduced the subscription price of the paper from two dollars to one dollar. He reduced the rates for advertising

(1850.)

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in about the same proportion, and thus he created one absolute and unassailable certainty—to wit: that the business would never pay him a single cent of profit. He took me out of the "Courier" office and engaged my services in his own at three dollars and a half a week, which was an extravagant wage, but Orion was always generous, always liberal with everybody except himself. It cost him nothing in my case, for he never was able to pay me a penny as long as I was with him. By the end of the first year he found he must make some economies. The office rent was cheap, but it was not cheap enough. He could not afford to pay rent of any kind, so he moved the whole plant into the house we lived in, and it cramped the dwelling-place cruelly. He kept that paper alive during four years, but I have at this time no idea how he accomplished it. Toward the end of each year he had to turn out and scrape and scratch for the fifty dollars of interest due Mr. Johnson, and that fifty dollars was about the only cash he ever received or paid out, I suppose, while he was proprietor of that newspaper, except for ink and printing-paper. The paper was a dead failure. It had to be that from the start. Finally he handed it over to Mr. Johnson, and went up to Muscatine, Iowa, and acquired a small interest in a weekly newspaper there. It was not a sort of property to marry on—but no matter. He came across a winning and pretty girl who lived in Quincy, Illinois, a few miles below Keokuk, and they became engaged. He was always falling in love with girls, but by some accident or other he had never gone so far as engagement before. And now he achieved nothing but misfortune by it, because he straightway fell in love with a Keokuk girl. He married the Keokuk girl and they began a struggle for life which turned out to be a difficult enterprise, and very unpromising.

To gain a living in Muscatine was plainly impossible, so Orion and his new wife went to Keokuk to live, for she wanted to be near her relatives. He bought a little bit of a job-printing plant—on credit, of course—and at once put prices down to where not even the apprentices could get a living out of it, and this sort of thing went on.

I had not joined the Muscatine migration. Just before that happened (which I think was in 1853) I disappeared one night and fled to St. Louis. There I worked in the

(1853.)

composing-room of the "Evening News" for a time, and then started on my travels to see the world. The world was New York City, and there was a little World's Fair there. It had just been opened where the great reservoir afterward was, and where the sumptuous public library is now being built—Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. I arrived in New York with two or three dollars in pocket change and a ten-dollar bank-bill concealed in the lining of my coat. I got work at villainous wages in the establishment of John A. Gray and Green in Cliff Street, and I found board in a sufficiently villainous mechanics' boarding-house in Duane Street. The firm paid my wages in wildcat money at its face value, and my week's wage merely sufficed to pay board and lodging. By and by I went to Philadelphia and worked there some months as a "sub" on the "Inquirer" and the "Public Ledger." Finally I made a flying trip to Washington to see the sights there, and in 1854 I went back to the Mississippi Valley, sitting upright in the smoking-car two or three days and nights. When I reached St. Louis I was exhausted. I went to bed on board a steamboat that was bound for Muscatine. I fell asleep at once, with my clothes on, and didn't wake again for thirty-six hours.

(1854.)

. . . I worked in that little job-office in Keokuk as much as two years, I should say, without ever collecting a cent of wages, for Orion was never able to pay anything—but Dick Higham and I had good times. I don't know what Dick got, but it was probably only uncashable promises.

One day in the midwinter of 1856 or 1857—I think it was 1856—I was coming along the main street of Keokuk in the middle of the forenoon. It was bitter weather — so bitter that that street was deserted, almost. A light dry snow was blowing here and there on the ground and on the pavement, swirling this way and that way and making all sorts of beautiful figures, but very chilly to look at. The wind blew a piece of paper past me and it lodged against a wall of a house. Something about the look of it attracted my attention and I gathered it in. It was a fifty-dollar bill, the only one I had ever seen, and the largest assemblage of money I had ever encountered in one spot. I advertised it in the papers and suffered more than a thousand dollars' worth of solicitude and fear and distress during the next few days lest the owner should see the advertisement

(1856.)

and come and take my fortune away. As many as four days went by without an applicant; then I could endure this kind of misery no longer. I felt sure that another four could not go by in this safe and secure way. I felt that I must take that money out of danger. So I bought a ticket for Cincinnati and went to that city. I worked there several months in the printing-office of Wrightson and Company. I had been reading Lieutenant Herndon's account of his explorations of the Amazon and had been mightily attracted by what he said of coca. I made up my mind that I would go to the head waters of the Amazon and collect coca and trade in it and make a fortune. I left for New Orleans in the steamer "Paul Jones" with this great idea filling my mind. One of the pilots of that boat was Horace Bixby. Little by little I got acquainted with him, and pretty soon I was doing a lot of steering for him in his daylight watches. When I got to New Orleans I inquired about ships leaving for Pará and discovered that there weren't any, and learned that there probably wouldn't be any during that century. It had not occurred to me to inquire about these particulars before leaving Cincinnati, so there I was. I couldn't get to the Amazon. I had no friends in New Orleans and no money to speak of. I went to Horace Bixby and asked him to make a pilot out of me. He said he would do it for a hundred dollars cash in advance. So I steered for him up to St. Louis, borrowed the money from my brother-in-law and closed the bargain. I had acquired this brother-in-law several years before. This was Mr. William A. Moffett, a merchant, a Virginian—a fine man in every way. He had married my sister Pamela, and the Samuel E. Moffett of whom I have been speaking was their son. Within eighteen months I became a competent pilot, and I served that office until the Mississippi River traffic was brought to a standstill by the breaking out of the civil war.

. . . Meantime Orion had gone down the river and established his little job-printing-office in Keokuk. On account of charging next to nothing for the work done in his job-office, he had almost nothing to do there. He was never able to comprehend that work done on a profitless basis deteriorates and is presently not worth anything, and that customers are then obliged to go where they can get better work, even if they must pay better prices for it. He had plenty of time, and he took up Blackstone again.

He also put up a sign which offered his services to the public as a lawyer. He never got a case, in those days, nor even an applicant, although he was quite willing to transact law business for nothing and furnish the stationery himself. He was always liberal that way.

Presently he moved to a wee little hamlet called Alexandria, two or three miles down the river, and he put up that sign there. He got no custom. He was by this time very hard aground. But by this time I was beginning to earn a wage of two hundred and fifty dollars a month as pilot, and so I supported him thenceforth until 1861, when his ancient friend, Edward Bates, then a member of Mr. Lincoln's first cabinet, got him the place of Secretary of the new Territory of Nevada, and Orion and I cleared for that country in the overland stage-coach, I paying the fares, which were pretty heavy, and carrying with me what money I had been able to save—this was eight hundred dollars, I should say—and it was all in silver coin and a good deal of a nuisance because of its weight. And we had another nuisance, which was an Unabridged Dictionary. It weighed about a thousand pounds, and was a ruinous expense, because the stage-coach Company charged for extra baggage by the ounce. We could have kept a family for a time on what that dictionary cost in the way of extra freight—and it wasn't a good dictionary anyway—didn't have any modern words in it—only had obsolete ones that they used to use when Noah Webster was a child.

(1861.)

The Government of the new Territory of Nevada was an interesting menagerie. Governor Nye was an old and seasoned politician from New York—politician, not statesman. He had white hair; he was in fine physical condition; he had a winningly friendly face and deep lustrous brown eyes that could talk as a native language the tongue of every feeling, every passion, every emotion. His eyes could outtalk his tongue, and this is saying a good deal, for he was a very remarkable talker, both in private and on the stump. He was a shrewd man; he generally saw through surfaces and perceived what was going on inside without being suspected of having an eye on the matter.

When grown-up persons indulge in practical jokes, the fact gauges them. They have lived narrow, obscure, and ignorant lives, and at full manhood they still retain and cherish a job-lot of left-over standards and ideals that would have been discarded

with their boyhood if they had then moved out into the world and a broader life. There were many practical jokers in the new Territory. I do not take pleasure in exposing this fact, for I liked those people; but what I am saying is true. I wish I could say a kindlier thing about them instead — that they were burglars, or hat-rack thieves, or something like that, that wouldn't be utterly uncomplimentary. I would prefer it, but I can't say those things, they would not be true. These people were practical jokers, and I will not try to disguise it. In other respects they were plenty good-enough people; honest people; reputable and likable. They played practical jokes upon each other with success, and got the admiration and applause and also the envy of the rest of the community. Naturally they were eager to try their arts on big game, and that was what the Governor was. But they were not able to score. They made several efforts, but the Governor defeated these efforts without any trouble and went on smiling his pleasant smile as if nothing had happened. Finally the joker chiefs of Carson City and Virginia City conspired together to see if their combined talent couldn't win a victory, for the jokers were getting into a very uncomfortable place: the people were laughing at them, instead of at their proposed victim. They banded themselves together to the number of ten and invited the Governor to what was a most extraordinary attention in those days—pickled oyster stew and champagne—luxuries very seldom seen in that region, and existing rather as fabrics of the imagination than as facts.

The Governor took me with him. He said disparagingly,

"It's a poor invention. It doesn't deceive. Their idea is to get me drunk and leave me under the table, and from their standpoint this will be very funny. But they don't know me. I am familiar with champagne and have no prejudices against it."

The fate of the joke was not decided until two o'clock in the morning. At that hour the Governor was serene, genial, comfortable, contented, happy and sober, although he was so full that he couldn't laugh without shedding champagne tears. Also, at that hour the last joker joined his comrades under the table, drunk to the last perfection. The Governor remarked,

"This is a dry place, Sam, let's go and get something to drink and go to bed."

The Governor's official menagerie had been drawn from the

humblest ranks of his constituents at home—harmless good fellows who had helped in his campaigns, and now they had their reward in petty salaries payable in greenbacks that were worth next to nothing. Those boys had a hard time to make both ends meet. Orion's salary was eighteen hundred dollars a year, and he couldn't even support his dictionary on it. But the Irishwoman who had come out on the Governor's staff charged the menagerie only ten dollars a week apiece for board and lodging. Orion and I were of her boarders and lodgers; and so, on these cheap terms the silver I had brought from home held out very well.

At first I roamed about the country seeking silver, but at the end of '62 or the beginning of '63 when I came up from Aurora to begin a journalistic life on the Virginia City "Enterprise," I was presently sent down to Carson City to report the legislative session. Orion was soon very popular with the members of the legislature, because they found that whereas they couldn't usually trust each other, nor anybody else, they could trust him. He easily held the belt for honesty in that country, but it didn't do him any good in a pecuniary way, because he had no talent for either persuading or scaring legislators. But I was differently situated. I was there every day in the legislature to distribute compliment and censure with evenly balanced justice and spread the same over half a page of the "Enterprise" every morning, consequently I was an influence. I got the legislature to pass a wise and very necessary law requiring every corporation doing business in the Territory to record its charter in full, without skipping a word, in a record to be kept by the Secretary of the Territory—my brother. All the charters were framed in exactly the same words. For this record-service he was authorized to charge forty cents a folio of one hundred words for making the record; also five dollars for furnishing a certificate of each record, and so on. Everybody had a toll-road franchise but no toll-road. But the franchise had to be recorded and paid for. Everybody was a mining corporation, and had to have himself recorded and pay for it. Very well, we prospered. The record-service paid an average of a thousand dollars a month, in gold.

('62 or '63.)

Governor Nye was often absent from the Territory. He liked to run down to San Francisco every little while and enjoy a rest from Territorial civilization. Nobody complained, for he was

prodigiously popular. He had been a stage-driver in his early days in New York or New England, and had acquired the habit of remembering names and faces, and of making himself agreeable to his passengers. As a politician this had been valuable to him, and he kept his arts in good condition by practice. By the time he had been Governor a year, he had shaken hands with every human being in the Territory of Nevada, and after that he always knew these people instantly at sight and could call them by name. The whole population, of 20,000 persons, were his personal friends, and he could do anything he chose to do and count upon their being contented with it. Whenever he was absent from the Territory—which was generally—Orion served his office in his place, as Acting Governor, a title which was soon and easily shortened to "Governor." He recklessly built and furnished a house at a cost of twelve thousand dollars, and there was no other house in the sage-brush capital that could approach this property for style and cost.

When Governor Nye's four-year term was drawing to a close, the mystery of why he had ever consented to leave the great State of New York and help inhabit that jack-rabbit desert was solved: he had gone out there in order to become a United States Senator. All that was now necessary was to turn the Territory into a State. He did it without any difficulty. That undeveloped country and that sparse population were not well fitted for the heavy burden of a State Government, but no matter, the people were willing to have the change, and so the Governor's game was made.

Orion's game was made too, apparently, for he was as popular because of his honesty as the Governor was for more substantial reasons; but at the critical moment the inborn capriciousness of his character rose up without warning, and disaster followed.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

THE PONTIFICATE OF PIUS X

BY THE MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

THE brief review which I propose to give of the three and a half years of the pontificate of Pius X is intended in the main as a reply to an article in the January 4th REVIEW, signed "A Catholic Priest." In its treatment of its theme, it will follow largely upon the lines chosen by the writer of that article.

The writer should not have veiled his personality under the anonym, "A Catholic Priest." Anonymity is not always censurable; but it is decidedly censurable when it involves in its contentions others than the writer. Here a whole class is brought upon the scene, the whole priesthood of the Catholic Church. Naturally, the reader remarks to himself: If the author of this article is a member in good standing of the Catholic priesthood, if opinions such as his are authorized, or even tolerated, within its ranks, a novel and ominous situation is created for the Church, which at once is made to face an era of disintegration, disciplinary and even doctrinal. "A Catholic Priest" should have signed his name to his article; the reader, then, would have known what value to put on his words, what conclusions to draw from his paragraphs, one more startling than the other, all going to prove that the Papacy is properly characterized by Carlyle, as personified "finesse, chicanery, hypocrisy, false or foul dealing"; that the best of men, a very saint, ascending the throne of Peter, "New Testament in hand," becomes ensnared in its meshes and is plied beyond recovery into its worldliness of spirit and perversity of method of action.

I must note the manner of argument to which "A Catholic Priest" is so ready to resort—generalizations to bewilder *a priori* the fancy of the unreflecting reader, cumulative charges of crime and infamy, unsupported by facts, to prejudice his judgment.

Here it is: "The abominable traditions that have disgraced the Roman See"; "the bigotry, cruelty, hatred of truth and defiance of civilization which characterize the Papacy at this hour"; "the gigantic fabric of centuries of Papal traditions with their secular aims, their aristocratic pride, their immovable stubbornness and their theocratic pretensions." This manner of argument denotes excitement and passion: instead of leading to conviction, it should put us on our guard. It is not the calm voice of logic or history; it is bluster and swagger to conjure with before the crowd. It is unworthy of the writer in whom we are invited to see a serious searcher of truth; it is unworthy of the theme which "A Catholic Priest" has in hand—the Papacy. Let critics belabor the Papacy as they will: when all has been said, the Papacy is still the loftiest embodiment of moral grandeur and beneficent well-doing pictured upon the pages of the story of humanity; even in criticism, it should be treated with respect and reverence.

"Pius X entered upon his pontificate with the New Testament in his hand. . . . Of the New Testament spirit there is none, under the present régime, at Rome."

The charge, as formulated by "A Catholic Priest," is not altogether and exclusively his own. It comes from pens of others—notably from Fogazzaro in the well-known volume "*Il Santo*," with this difference, however, that, far different from "A Catholic Priest," Fogazzaro is dignified and respectful, equally so when he blames the Papacy as when he praises it.

Pius X entered upon his Pontificate "with the New Testament in his hand." He chose for his motto the words of St. Paul, "*Restaurare omnia in Christo*"—to renew all things in Christ. And Pius X has not departed from the spirit of his motto; he has not allowed the New Testament to drop from hand or mind.

The New Testament is Christ speaking and doing, nineteen hundred years ago, in Palestine; the Christian, chieftain or subject, must hold it as his rule of life, and breathe into his acts the lessons and the spirit of its teachings. But it needs to be properly understood; its lessons need to be properly applied.

The words of Christ in the New Testament are vital principles of religion and ethics — ever unchangeable as truths, yet ever changeable in form of practical application, as are changeable the circumstances of human life. The acts of Christ, ever

perfect and all-holy, as the acts of a Divine Person, were, in fact, limited to such form as was called for by the demands and the characteristics of the people among whom He walked, by the situations into which He was cast amid men and things in the Palestine of His day. And then the institutions, reported in the New Testament as ordered by Christ, were germinal, destined to grow and expand in time. As time went by, the acorn pushed upward its branches and leaves; the institutions of Christ took upon themselves new vestures and new modes of action, to suit their new stature. Were the visible Christ in the world to-day, ruling in person the Church, and a Testament were to be written of Him, it should not, in principle and in spirit, be a different Testament from that which was penned in the early days of the Christian religion: but this second Testament would not be identical with the first in the facts it should witness, in the discourses and conversations it should record. Christ would have lived with His Church in the twentieth century, and His acts and words would have been such as the needs and the opportunities of the century suggest or require.

In the New Testament, the Church of Christ was the mustard-seed, the smallest of grains. It has grown up; it is greater than all herbs; it has become a tree so that the birds of the air come and dwell in its branches. To insist that the ruler of the Church of to-day move and speak according to the letter of the New Testament, and not otherwise, is to demand that the great tree, severing itself from roots spread through every land of earth, lopping off branches amid which all tribes and peoples seek shelter, should become the atomic mustard-seed of its Palestinian years.

"Thoughtful Catholics," writes "A Catholic Priest," "have long been aweary of Pontiffs that were great diplomats, great builders, great theologians. A great Christian is what they have been sighing for; a Christian, that is, in its one sole proper meaning—a man, namely, who is like Christ." This is mere juggling with words: if a meaning is intended, it is that the Papacy go back to the fields and lake shores of Galilee, that the world of modern times resolve itself into the conditions of olden Judea.

Diplomats, builders, theologians—that is, precisely, what the Church requires, what correct-thinking Catholics delight to see installed upon the throne of the Fisherman.

The Church, by virtue of its constitution and its mission, is a

mighty commonwealth, set down by God upon earth, spiritual in its inmost soul and in the purpose of its being, temporal in its habitat and in much of the means it must make use of to do its work among men. Of course, the Church is a spiritual Kingdom; but it is, also, a temporal Kingdom. The spiritual is not held up in mid-air; it must be housed upon earth. It works, not among angels, but among men; with the affairs of men it must perforce concern itself and it must deal with them by methods within the reach of men, by methods that are human in their nature, whatever otherwise be their intent and ultimate result.

And so the Pope, the Head of the Church and the Supreme representative of its spiritual life and aims, must be a diplomat. He must speak to men individually and collectively; he must address those who are governed and those who govern. With those in power he must argue and negotiate in order to safeguard the interests of religion, to secure for it liberty of speech and of action; and the matter upon which he argues and negotiates will often be the temporal, inasmuch as the spiritual is often bound up with the temporal. Let us take, as an instance, the present condition of things in France. The French Government is glib in proclaiming liberty of conscience for all Frenchmen alike, whether Catholics or non-Catholics. But, at the same time, it enacts laws which do not allow Catholics to enjoy liberty of conscience, unless it be in their interior soul. They are refused the control of their temples requisite as a condition of the outward and public exercise of their religious duties. Is the Pope to sit still in the Vatican — merely to lament and pray, or, as "*Il Santo*" wishes him to do, to go out and spend himself in comforting the sick in some neighboring hospital? No, he must step boldly forward and tell the Government of France that its "Cultual Associations" violate the primary principles of Catholic faith: he must instruct bishops and priests as to their duty in the hour of conflict; he must exhort the faithful to steadfastness, and menace with the penalties of the Church the weaker ones, disposed to perilous compromise. This is diplomacy, and a neglect of it should be a stigma on the Pontificate of Pius X.

Times have changed since the days of the New Testament. There was then no Clémenceau, no Briand: there was then no law of "Cultual Associations." There is no act of Christ giving immediate and explicit warrant to what Pius X is doing. But

should Christ have done otherwise than Pius X is doing, had similar circumstances confronted him? Methinks, Christ laid well the foundation of future Papal diplomacy when He chased the money-changers from the Temple, when He proclaimed the great principle that was to regulate in all coming ages the relations between Church and State—"Give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; but give to God the things that are God's."

What is meant by a "builder" in the Roman Pontificate, I may not exactly divine. I take the word to indicate one who organizes the work of the Church in the world, who plans for the widening of its sphere of influence, for its progressive march amid the nations. Surely, in this sense, the Pope must be a "builder." The order of the Master was: "Teach all nations." What else, then, will the Pope do, but open the highways to His messengers, strengthen them in the positions they have been able to occupy, direct, counsel and command, according to succeeding needs, as directs, counsels and commands the general of an army, or the sovereign of a vast empire? What else will he do but build up around him, within his central citadel of action, a group of auxiliaries, and secure to himself and to them such facilities and guarantees of freedom as he may deem conducive to the weal of his ministry? And, throughout, the Pope will be dealing largely with things temporal and adapting himself to rulings and methods of conduct that are human, that are worldly, in the sense that they are necessarily the rulings and methods of the world in which he lives and labors. We are not, indeed, obliged to believe that each and every act of the Pope, in building up and directing the affairs of the Church, is always the wisest and best. No privilege of infallibility was promised to the administrative, as there was to the teaching, Papacy. The individual Catholic is not forbidden to have his own opinion, and to give of it discreet expression. But to question the motives of the Papacy, where reasons for so doing are not evident, to taunt it cavalierly as contrary to "honesty and truthfulness," without clear demonstration of the charge, is unfair and unrighteous. Language of this kind is not that of the loyal soldier of an army, which, in order to win against multitudinous enemies, must be serried in its ranks and united in its object-view; nor is it, even, the language of ordinary good sense, which dictates that, until the contrary is conclusively proven, the judgment of the chieftain is to be trusted and fol-

lowed, because the chieftain has a deeper consciousness of his responsibilities and is allowed a wider breadth of observation, and is, consequently, more likely to be better informed, and to be more earnest in the performance of duty, than the individual may presume to be. The Catholic Church is by no means a school of slavish subjection, nor of total surrender of thought or action. But the Church, no less, is a school of obedience to authority and of respect for its mandates, and therein has ever lain its strength and its power of ultimate triumph.

"Teach ye all nations, teaching them all things whatsoever I have commanded you." . . . "Preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned." The primary mission of the Church is to teach: as its chief guide and spokesman, the Pope is primarily a teacher. Whatever else he does, he fails supremely if he has not reechoed through the world the words of Christ—"all things whatsoever I have commanded unto you"—if he has not guarded pure and intact the deposit of faith entrusted to his keeping. Dogma is not the whole religion of the Catholic Church: belief in dogma is not the whole or all-sufficing duty of its members. There must be also the rectitude of conduct, the holiness of soul, if members of the Church are to find favor with the Master. But belief in dogma is a necessary element in this rectitude of conduct, inasmuch as of itself it is prescribed by Christ, and is the recognition of divine authority over the human mind. And belief in dogma has this further importance, that dogma encases the rules making for rectitude of conduct, and gives to them their reasons of being, and the motives that impel to their observance. One of the most marked evils of the day is the neglect, even the contempt, of dogma. Conduct, we are told, is the one thing necessary: why trouble oneself with matters of mere belief? Why does the Church annoy us with its creeds? The answer is given in the words of the Gospel: "Teaching them all things whatsoever I have commanded." . . . "He that believeth not shall be condemned." And, then, what will conduct be without principles and motives? As well may we ask what will the ship be on the broad seas without chart and compass? It ill becomes a writer, willing to sign himself "A Catholic Priest," it ill becomes any one willing to call himself a Christian, to throw slurs upon dogma, as if dogma had the effect of "de-

stroying the spiritual insight of the heart"; since, on the contrary, dogma it is that quickens that insight and imparts to it supernatural aim and power of action.

The infallibility which the Church attaches to its teachings is limited to formal, authoritative, so-called *ex cathedra,* declarations of matters of faith and morals. Deductions from dogma by theologians, applications of it to practical life, relations established between it and science or history, are not dogmas, are not stamped with the Church's seal of infallibility.

An outcry not seldom raised against the dogmas of Catholic belief is that they are not the plain and simple reading of the New Testament, that the New Testament should be all-sufficient, that Catholics should return to the New Testament, throwing off the burthen heaped upon their shoulders age after age by Councils and Popes. But what has been happening since the New Testament was written? Its germinal truths have been growing, unfolding their divine meaning branch by branch, leaf by leaf, assimilating to themselves cognate truths from every garden of human knowledge, interpreting themselves ceaselessly in accordance with the never-ceasing growth of humanity, with the ever-changing circumstances of its life. The truths of the three earlier Gospels grew with the advent of the fourth; the truths of all the Gospels grew under the pen of Paul: the truths of the whole New Testament grew in every century of the life of the Church. Christian truth has life and motion; it progresses. It is not a dead letter, a mere archæological mummy locked up within the pages of the New Testament. It has grown; and over its growth the Church, under divine guidance, has kept vigilant watch, to hold it ever true to its first germ, ever true to the mind of Him who placed that germ in the soil of the world's life and thought. We must needs be wary with our words when we talk of going back to the New Testament, when we reproach the Church with apparent accumulations of dogmas, as if those were contrary to the teachings of Christ, instead of being the selfsame teachings in their legitimate maturing form. Bring back the teachings of the Church to the New Testament! Will you bring back adult manhood to the cradle of its infancy?

The chief part in the Church's watchfulness over divine truth falls to the Papacy. Is not this to mean that we must have theologians on the throne of Peter?

But not to the official and formal definition of dogma is the teaching office of the Papacy to be limited. The Pope is the guardian of dogma. His duty is to watch over the approaches: to ward off peril. His duty is to hold dogma intact in the minds of believers, to warn them against assertions and doctrinal opinions that may weaken their faith, either because of inherent falseness, or of imprudence in form, or of untimeliness in utterance. He is the shepherd of the flock, the father of the family: he must advise, exhort, command, as the need may be: he must guard the sacred "deposit." To do this the more effectively, he gathers in his auxiliaries: hence the Roman "Congregations," or Committees of Cardinals and theologians. The Roman "Congregations" are a bugbear to "A Catholic Priest." Against the "Congregations" under the Pontificate of Pius X are levelled his severest blows. "Our best scholars," he writes, "have been condemned, their writings have been put on the Index; a violent effort is making by the official theologians of Rome to close the door in the face of scholarship." Let us see what foundation there is for this onslaught upon the "Congregations."

It is not held that Papal infallibility sheds its rays over the deliberations of the Roman "Congregations." Infallibility is personal; even in the Pope himself it is brought into act only on solemn occasions and in a solemn manner. The "Congregations" represent the administrative authority, not the infallibility of the Papacy.

No doubt whatever, the attitude of the Congregations of the Holy Office and of the Index — to which specifically appertain questions of faith and morals—is that of anxious care lest error come near, that of severe restriction when its presence is detected. The "rigidity of Rome" has been talked of, and she is not herself unwilling to pronounce the word. There is so much at stake —the purity of doctrine. There is such wild menace against faith in the recklessness of modern research, in the audaciousness of modern thought. Were Rome to lower the barriers and allow the flood of uncertain and unproven opinion, so rife to-day, so proud and daring, to sweep unchecked into her schools and into her courts, evils there were, far more deplorable than those of an occasional discouragement to a thinker or an explorer, than those of an occasional mistake in her decisions, from which, later, she may have to recede. What if there was a Galileo case? It was

one out of a thousand: and when it did occur, something was needed to prevent scandal in Christendom from a mode of exegesis to which scholarship had not yet prepared the public mind. Decisions of the Congregations need bring no alarm to the scholar. They put him on his guard, lest with the gold of truth he mingle the dross of error—as is so often the case in books censured by the Index. They do not forbid further investigation, when the decision bears on science or history. It is the rash, the unproven thesis, not that which is nearing a demonstration, that the Congregations fear and reject.

The record of the Roman Congregations for centuries lies open before the public eye: zeal for religion, intelligence of the needs of the Church, prudence of deliberation characterize its pages. But only to decisions of theirs under the Pontificate of Pius X am I called to make special reference.

There was, first, the condemnation of the books of Abbé Loisy. This condemnation caused an uproar, which has not yet been stilled, among "modern scholars" who are willing, as they say, "to take account of historical and Biblical criticism." But where was there blame for Pius X and the Congregations? Read "*Autour d'un Petit Livre,*" and tell me what is left therein of the doctrine of the Incarnation and the Redemption, what is left therein of the divine origin of the Church and the Sacraments? Either Loisy was to be condemned, or Pius X was to fold his tent and hie himself and his illusion of a divinely established Church into the nebulous regions of fable.

Next, there was the ban put by the Index on the books of Viollet, Laberthonière and Fogazzaro. There may be in those volumes, and undoubtedly there is, much that is true and healthful. The notice was to the writers to revise their pages, to trim here, to add there, if their books are to merit unimpaired circulation among the Catholic laity, and free ingress into Catholic schools and colleges. It is not necessary to have been in the counsels of the Congregation to discover in those books, as they read to-day, mistakes and shortcomings. Viollet, a most estimable jurisconsult and a sincere Catholic, is decidedly too strict a constructionist in the limitations he puts upon the teaching authority of the Sovereign Pontiff. Laberthonière, a philosopher of no mean merit, makes out, it may be admitted, a good case for his apologetics of "immanence"; but he spoils all by, seemingly at least, constru-

ing it as the sole practical system of apologetics befitting the age, to the neglect and exclusion of the more objective argumentation of the older schools of the defenders of the faith. Fogazzaro is a dismal failure as a theologian. His "*Il Santo*" minimizes the importance of dogma and misapprehends totally the public mission of the Church and the Papacy.

Finally, there was the decision of the Scriptural Commission on the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. The decision refuses, indeed, to expel altogether the authorship of Moses from the first five books of the Bible. But, we may ask, does prudent, calm and duly conservative exegesis—so far as exegetic scholarship has gone—deny him therein certainly and absolutely a place as author? The decision lays down rules, by which glaring objections to a complete Mosaic authorship are obviated. Is not this an evidence that the Commission moves with eye intent on the results of modern Scriptural investigation? And, again, by its indirect appeal to well-established facts and theories, it opens the way to further careful study, to the clear conclusion of which it impliedly promises its adhesion. Is there not here an encouragement to scholarship to continue its labors?

What he means by "Truth," we may well ask of "A Catholic Priest," when he defiantly warns Rome that, "despite the despairing rage of the Curia," she "cannot" annihilate Truth. "Like wildfire, the 'new' views," he tells us, "are spreading among Catholics." All depends on what the "new views" are. Are they well-substantiated discoveries in realms of archæology or philology? Such discoveries are spreading among Catholics, and Rome willingly bids them to spread, confident always that no harm can come from true science or from true history to the Christian revelation, even though outposts of its defences may, now and then, suffer alteration. But are the "new views" mere guessings, mere will-of-the-wisps, such as fill the air in these days of mental restlessness? Catholics stand on guard and refuse to recede a single step from olden positions—waiting patiently until the "views" are dissipated into invisible air, or pass from guessings into proven conclusions.

This is the policy of Catholics, the policy of Rome, in presence of "Modern Scholarship," real or fancied; and I will not say that it is not the policy of wisdom on the part of the great Church whose God-given office it is to guard, as the very apple of the

eye, the all-precious treasure of the revelation once delivered to the Saints.

It is easy to make out a case with a one-sided presentment of facts and circumstances. It is thus that summary judgment is entered by "A Catholic Priest" against Pius X for treatment awarded to Monsignor Bonomelli and to Father Tyrrell. But are there reasons for this judgment? Monsignor Bonomelli, the sweet-tempered and zealous bishop of Cremona, issued a pastoral letter, opposing union of Church and State, and for that he was rebuked by Pius X. Was the rebuke unmerited? I do think that Monsignor Bonomelli would himself now agree with me that his letter was, to say the least, untimely, appearing, as it did, while the French Government was preparing the law of separation, which the Pope has since declared to be, not a law of separation, but a law of oppression. Father Tyrrell has had no quarrel with Pius X. His quarrel is with the Society of Jesus. The rules of the Society he, no doubt, understood well when he entered into its membership; and he should now abide resignedly by the consequences of those rules. As to the letter written in his regard by Cardinal Ferrata, requiring that before he be allowed to say mass he promise to "submit his epistolary correspondence to ecclesiastical authority," I think that all should have been well, if, instead of breaking out into an angry screed, he had questioned further the Cardinal as to what exactly was comprised under the term "epistolary correspondence." Father Tyrrell's so-called "epistolary correspondence," in one instance, at least, has been made the vehicle of dissemination for very perilous theological opinions. Correspondence of that kind the Cardinal would have subjected to ecclesiastical supervision; letters on private personal matters most likely would have gone scot-free.

The "*Lega Democratica Nazionale*" of Italy met with a rebuff from Pius X. Is this such a horrid mistake of his Pontificate? While professing to be a Catholic Association, the "*Lega Democratica*" mingled to no small degree political democracy with religious democracy, thereby compromising the Church before the Italian Government. And, furthermore, while professing to be Catholic, and "wishing above all to promote the highest interests of the faith," it showed little readiness to follow the directions of the hierarchy, the official and divinely appointed keepers of "the interests of the faith." The Catholic Church

is a hierarchical institution: whatever is put forth as professedly Catholic must come under its supervision. Pope and Bishops are the responsible parties: the battle, if waged in the name of the Church, must be under their supreme direction. Is Pius X to overlook the vital framework of the Church?

"*Modernita*" is a wide-winged term; it shelters many living things, some clean, others unclean. By itself the term is no clearing-house certificate for all freightage which it may have labelled. This, and nothing more, was intended by Pius X in his Encyclical "*Pieni d'animo,*" addressed largely to the younger Italian clergy. New recruits must neither lead the army, nor be trusted by themselves at a distance from its lines. In their ambition to do new things, as befitting a new age, priests are, at times, exposed to the temptation to do things mischievous—"*novità malsana*": they must be cautious. "Progressive civilization"—a term to be spoken with care, lest tares sprout up under its shadow and the good grain be smothered by the rankness of their growth. To what is truly "progressive civilization" the Catholic Church opposes no objection; she gathers into her bosom "the old and the new"—"*nova et vetera*": but she will ever look beneath the name before she makes "the new" her own, before she serves it up as wholesome food to her children.

But "the temporal power"—"the scandalous clamor for provinces and principalities"—"the barbaric pomp of secular kingship"! Why does "A Catholic Priest" study by cunning words to turn the reader's attention from the real point at issue? "Barbaric pomp of secular kingship," in the thought of Pius X and in that of his Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, plays no part in their protest against the situation to which the Papacy is reduced to-day. The question at issue is the spiritual independence of the Holy See. It is believed, and rightly so, that a *status quo* whereby the Head of the Universal Church is the civil subject of any one potentate gives no stable guarantee of an unfettered spiritual sovereignty. Many are the supposable contingencies in which the subject of one civil power is barred from the confidence of other civil powers. History had solved the problem by granting to the Papacy temporal kingship. The settlement of history was broken up by Italy. The problem is reopened. The Catholic world has not renounced the ideal; the Papacy has not renounced it; the Papacy will not renounce it.

The present position of the Holy See is abnormal: it cannot be taken as permanent. We can leave the solution to Providence; but, meanwhile, the principle must be upheld. This is what is done by Pius X in refusing to be a subject of the Kingdom of Italy. Indeed, it is by so refusing that he maintains *de facto* the dignity and the unfettered spiritual independence of the Holy See. It is not true that the Catholics of the world are opposed in this regard to the policy of the Vatican. They patiently await a solution—nothing more. Few among American Catholics, I imagine, would have been pleased to read in the newspaper despatches, the morning after his accession to the Pontificate, that Pius X, as a liege subject, had repaired to the Quirinal to present his homage to his King and Sovereign. Nor is it true that Italy itself regards the question of the independence of the Holy See as a closed incident. It sees the problem: it may not know how best to solve it: but it is aware that the problem remains. Meanwhile, Pius X has done much, very much, to rid the problem of its practical asperities in Italy.

The "Loubet incident" was deemed by the Vatican a measure of expediency in the public maintenance of principle. The supreme ruler is the supreme judge of what should be done. No one has the right to misjudge his motives, or attribute to him such motives as are utterly impossible to one whose motto, in deed, as in word, is—"*Instanrare omnia in Christo.*"

The Pontificate of Pius X has fallen upon evil days. The unrest of the age is terrific—social, political, moral, religious. Seldom, if ever before, in history was the sea so tempestuous over which the successor of "the Fisherman" is called to steer his Ship of State. That all will be well, despite billows and breakers, we are sure. Christ is with the Church. That, for the time being, the position of His Vicar is most trying, we cannot doubt. The duty of the hour, incumbent upon Catholics, is to gather around him in serried ranks, comfort him by their sympathy, if they cannot aid by word or act—at least never weaken his work, or sorrow his heart, by misjudging his motives, or misrepresenting his purposes and labors.

JOHN IRELAND.

RESERVE OUR ANTHRACITE FOR OUR NAVY.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS, U.S.N., COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET.

I BELIEVE that the Government of the United States should at once possess itself of the entire anthracite field of Pennsylvania and retain it for purposes of national defence. And if, through accidental discovery, other deposits of this precious mineral are developed, they should be instantly appropriated by the national Government and reserved for its own uses. Being a sailor, of course I mean naval uses, first of all.

The proposition is, I know, startling, but I believe its soundness can be demonstrated.

A Matchless Naval Weapon.—No other maritime nation possesses a naval weapon of such tremendous power as America in its anthracite. Now and again comes the announcement from some enthusiastic geologist that rich deposits of this coal have been discovered in various foreign lands; but, somehow, these promises never materialize, and the fact remains that America alone possesses hard coal in workable locations. The quantity is not infinite, it is true; and that fact is the basis of this argument; but, practically, America alone produces anthracite, and the nation should realize the value of that possession as a naval weapon beyond the reach of any other sea Power.

And that value is found in the fact that, of all fuels possible of use in war-ships, anthracite alone is capable of developing great power without producing smoke. Clean, hard, of uniform size and easily handled, it burns brightly and strongly under the boilers, without betraying, by the faintest visible emission of smoke from the funnels, the tremendous work it is doing.

Billions of Tons of Bituminous Coal.—Bituminous coal is the world's fuel. It can be found in various degrees of

excellence everywhere. Poor indeed is the country that cannot count among its resources at least brown coal, capable of being consumed in specially devised furnaces. Even our Western prairie lands, beyond the Mississippi, yield an inexhaustible store of this material. The quality increases towards the Appalachian range, until we reach the rich Pocahontas fields of Virginia and the inexhaustible deposits of the Cumberland region. France and Germany and Austria possess it, and in the Welsh mines of Great Britain it finds its final development. Even in far-away Australia, in New South Wales and the Japanese Orient, and in that latest great battle-ground of the world, Manchuria, bituminous coal is being dug out of the earth in quantities sufficient, not only for local consumption, but for export as well. It is not possible to estimate with any fair degree of accuracy the amount of this mineral "in sight," as the experts say. Countless billions of tons is the guess of the geologist.

American Consul Mahin of Nottingham, in an official report to the Department of State, quotes German statisticians to show that their country has enough bituminous coal in sight to last two thousand years; 280 billion tons is the figure. Even Great Britain and Ireland can yield nearly 193 billion tons—a supply for four hundred years at the present rate of consumption. Belgium has 23 billion tons underground; France, 19 billion; Austria, 17 billion; and Russia, 40 billion. These figures are dwarfed by the estimates of the resources of the Far East, for one Chinese province—that of Shansi—is credited with the possession of more than a trillion tons of bituminous coal. Siberia and Sakhalin are believed to contain vast deposits of unestimated extent.

So bituminous coal is to-day the fuel of the world's industries; it turns the wheels of all factories; sweats out the iron and the steel from the reluctant earth, and furnishes the electric current that has revolutionized our whole system of life. Also, it propels across the seven seas the ships that carry the world's commerce, and in time of need do its fighting.

Superiority of Anthracite.—But, in my opinion, anthracite is the ideal fuel for American naval purposes. A paramount consideration in naval warfare is invisibility. Strategically, this is one of the greatest factors, either for offence or defence. The ability to creep close upon an enemy's ship without detection is an enormous advantage in the attack; and it goes without saying

that the possibility of accomplishing a safe retreat before a superior naval force, or of slipping undiscovered through an enemy's line of battle, is not to be disregarded.

Anthracite helps to these ends, and to others equally desirable. It makes no smoke; and smoke is the telltale signal which betrays the war-ship. Did you ever sit on the deck of a liner, or perhaps on one of the ocean piers of Atlantic City, and watch a merchantman creep along many miles away—even below the horizon—betrayed by its line of smoke? That vessel was going easily, trying to burn her fuel economically—which means, to consume as much as possible of the carbon in her coal, instead of sending it up through her smoke-stacks.

Multiply the coal consumption a dozen times; send out clouds of inky blackness two hundred feet in the air, trailing along ten miles across the sea, and you have a picture of a great battle-ship forging along under forced draught. Mass five or ten or twenty such ships in one fleet, and then imagine the vastness of the signal spread to the enemy, and calculate the chances of escaping detection in a hostile manœuvre.

Costly War Lessons.—When Admiral Dewey made his entrance into Manila Bay on that memorable First of May, disaster nearly followed the use of soft coal. Wisely he chose the night for his enterprise, so as to disguise his approach and conceal the dense clouds of black smoke emitted by his ships. Yet, at a critical moment, the funnels of the "McCullough," urged as the little cutter was to keep up with the leaders, spouted blasts of flame that drew upon her the fire of the great guns on Corregidor Island, at the mouth of the bay. Perhaps it was a fortunate disposition that she was at the end of the fleet, and that all of the fighting-ships had safely passed beyond range of the forts before the "McCullough" hung this warning in the skies.

The testimony of the Russians who defended Port Arthur for nearly a year is also important in its bearing on this question of naval fuel. The lookouts rarely failed to discover the approach of the Japanese besieging fleet and give timely warning to their scouting-ships outside the harbor, and always by the telltale clouds of smoke. Torpedo-boats especially were detected, and when they made their forays by night they were often betrayed by an untimely blaze from their funnels, and forced back by a merciless fire from the guns on the heights.

Obscure Signals. — My own experience on the flag-ship "Maine" has revealed another, and a very grave, objection to the use of bituminous coal in naval warfare, and that is the confusion of signals caused by smoke. A "fleet in being" lives and coheres through the ability of the admiral in command to keep in close touch with its every unit, from the battle-ships of the fighting-line to the scouting cruisers far in advance and on the flanks; with the torpedo-boat-destroyers, the colliers and supply-boats, and perhaps the troop-transports under convoy. The installation of wireless-telegraphic apparatus has done much to make the communication easier and more far-reaching; in fact, it has revolutionized naval strategy. Taking advantage of the progress across the Atlantic of the floating-dock "Dewey," fitted out with the admirable naval system of wireless telegraphy, the capable commanders of my fleet, by a proper method of disposition of their ships, were enabled to keep in touch with Commander Hosley on the "Glacier," leading the towing fleet, and to report to Washington directly, when the "Dewey" was more than a thousand miles distant from our shores.

But these are new and unstable conditions. In time of stress and trouble and for every-day work, the sailor turns to the old reliable system of flag signals—a string of triangles and squares and differently colored bits of bunting hung from the signal-mast of the flag-ship, that indicates precisely to every commander in the fleet the orders of the admiral in command.

That is where we have trouble on the "Maine" when we burn bituminous coal under her boilers. The clouds of dense black smoke frequently so obscure the signal-flags that they cannot be read by the signal-man on the other ships. Sometimes it even becomes necessary for the flag-ship to surrender the position at the head of the fleet that she should preserve, and to fall astern and to the rear, in order that her signals may be seen. That might be disastrous in time of war.

All of this difficulty might be avoided by the use of anthracite, as has been proved by actual trial. Not without remonstrance from the engineers and firemen, most conservative of men, anthracite was tested in the boilers of the "Maine." The fuel was not all that could be desired; it was of the cheapest grade, what is known as "pea coal," for economy was a consideration that could not be lost sight of, and this kind of coal cost no more—

ton for ton—than good bituminous. The results, however, fully justified the experiment. There was no smoke; the heaviest firing of the furnaces brought forth no torches of flame from the smoke-stacks, and the "Maine" could easily have crept past the most closely guarded harbor entrance in time of war without detection, so far as her firing was concerned. Contrast that trial with the experience of the coast-defence ship "Monterey," burning the soft coal of Puget Sound, with flames issuing from her red-hot funnels, and the decks around them scorched and burning, as reported to the Navy Department, when she made the experiment of using that kind of fuel, to satisfy a local demand. The converted yacht-cruiser "Mayflower" has also tried anthracite, with results as favorable as followed my own test.

Anthracite in the Civil War.—It is a fact not generally known at present that anthracite was the naval fuel of the Civil War, on the Northern side at least, and every American should be proud of that page of history. Only by the use of that fuel was the Federal fleet enabled to maintain the greatest blockade the world has ever known, on thousands of miles of coast-line, from the Virginia Capes to the Mexican boundary on the Gulf of Mexico. The blockade-runners were obliged to use soft coal, and that was their undoing in most cases. Some got through the lines in fogs and bad weather; but, for the most part, they were detected by their trails of smoke and flame long before they could espy the blockading craft burning smokeless fuel, and either driven away or captured. It has been said that the Confederacy was "starved to death"; maybe this was one of the factors that has been overlooked by the historian.

Why Was Anthracite Abandoned?—The question naturally arises, Why was the use of anthracite abandoned by the American Navy? The answer is to be found in two words, "economy" and "speed." For many years after the Civil War, American naval vessels continued to use hard coal. Those were the days of combined sailing and steaming ships, and coal was used sparingly and only in cases where great haste was required. In the ordinary course of naval cruising, the furnaces were lighted only in stress of weather, against head-winds or in making port. There was not as much steam-power in a whole fleet as is represented in a single armored cruiser like the "Maryland." So the coal consumption was small and the bills insignificant.

When, in the early eighties, the nation awoke to the need of a new navy, our designers naturally turned to British models. Officers were sent abroad to study their plans, and some of these were bought outright and laid the foundations of our New Navy. What are known as our "A-B-C ships" were built on these plans. Good and serviceable ships they were, too, as I can testify, having sailed on and commanded them.

Like all foreign-designed ships, they were planned for the use of soft coal. Their grates were constructed for bituminous coal and their speed calculations based on it. Engineers say that for a given grate surface more power—and that means speed—may be obtained from soft than from hard coal, and speed was then regarded as everything. But we now know that there are other factors in naval warfare quite as important, and I have endeavored to demonstrate that fact. At the time, however, we were swept along in the mad race for speed; the close grate disappeared, and bituminous coal displaced our own black diamonds as the fuel of the Navy. The change satisfied the engineers, ambitious to get the most work out of every pound of machinery and boilers in the ship. And it was agreeable to those high in authority, who were obliged to meet the demands of an economical Congress, because bituminous was cheaper than anthracite at that time, and more cruising could be done for the same amount of money.

Is there a Better Naval Fuel?—Recent wonderful developments in the oil-fields of Texas and California have led many engineers to urge the use of crude petroleum as the ideal naval fuel. The suggestion is enticing; and so strong were the arguments advanced in favor of this easily handled means of producing power, that the Navy Department was induced to enter upon a series of long and costly experiments to determine the comparative value of liquid fuel and coal. For nearly a year some of the most expert naval engineers worked upon the problem in a specially devised plant installed in Washington, trying specimens of every oil offered and testing innumerable inventions in burners.

So far the results have been disappointing. Coal-oil will burn freely under boilers and meet many of the demands of the maritime engineers, especially of the merchant marine. But there are grave objections to its use as a naval fuel. It can be burned with advantage in a ship that is required to jog along at a certain uniform speed on its voyage between ports, but it will not admit of

forcing, which is absolutely necessary in naval use. There are occasions when a naval captain must be prepared to drive his ship at top speed, regardless of consequences, and forgetting economy. He may be chasing a blockade-runner or an enemy; he may be fleeing before a greatly superior force. Forced draught must be applied under closed fire-hatches. That is where the oil-fuel fails. Only a certain quantity can be consumed under each boiler, the burners are limited in number, and the steam-pressure cannot be increased, which means that the ship is limited in its speed—there is no emergency ratio.

There are two other objections to the use of oil in the Navy as fuel. The storage aboard ship of the thousands of gallons of this fuel necessary for a cruise, alongside of tons of high explosives, would be exceedingly dangerous. The ship's company would be living over a volcano, so to speak. And in battle a single shell from the enemy might fire the whole ship.

And where will it be possible to secure oil on foreign stations to replenish the tanks of our war-ships? At only a few ports could the petroleum be had at reasonable rates; at most its cost would be prohibitive.

Anthracite for Us.—No; let us turn again to our own anthracite, and let us keep it for our own Navy, every ton of it. Pile it up in our naval stations at home; make great stores of it at the coaling-stations we now have abroad, and acquire more of these stations from friendly nations at convenient points in foreign lands. In a way, it will be safely stored; for, though we may be deprived of it, the ships of no other maritime Power can use it, by reason of the construction of their boiler furnaces, while our own ships may use their bituminous, in case of need, by a few simple mechanical changes in the grate bars.

The Cost of It.—It will be costly, of course, but it will pay to keep our anthracite for our own Navy. The estimates of the Geological Survey place the amount of anthracite "in sight" in America at great figures — no less than sixteen billion tons four years ago; but of this only six billion four hundred and fifty million tons is minable. The Census reports say that this will be exhausted by domestic uses in about fifty years. The consumption in 1905 was 69,339,152 tons and was yearly increasing.

Suppose we should stop this industrial and domestic consumption, and reserve the supply which can never be replenished;

the American Navy would be coaled for a long time. Last year the Equipment Bureau bought 543,000 tons of coal, and about 50,000 tons were used in the winter manœuvres of the Atlantic fleet in the Caribbean Sea. With the steady annual growth of the Navy, that must surely proceed if America is to retain her place among the World Powers, the coal consumption of the ships must necessarily increase. To be efficient, seamen must be trained, and that means that ships must be kept in commission and must burn much coal.

About eighteen billion dollars would represent, at present values, the available anthracite deposits which the United States Government should acquire to possess the entire store of this fuel. The figures are startling; but remember that this vast sum is not necessarily to be disbursed at once. In fact, it may be spent in the course of centuries—only, indeed, as the fuel is mined and consumed. It will be for the actuary to calculate the compensation which the Government shall make to the individual owners of the coal-fields; to capitalize their holdings, and provide for a systematic reimbursement. Of the wisdom of such a transaction I have no doubt. Think of the insurance value of the great ports of America. Many millions are spent every year to guard against losses by such earthquakes and fires as almost destroyed San Francisco; why not spend a few millions annually to safeguard all of these ports against a fierce naval attack?

Against our will; by the practice of the arts of peace; indeed, through our industrial competition with foreign nations and our insistence upon our rights to equal privileges and fair treatment; we may at any moment be plunged into hostilities. That is where that celebrated utterance of Pinckney's would find its bearing—"Millions for defence but not one cent for tribute." The millions would lie in our anthracite-beds, and our Navy would do the rest. Picture the fate of a vast hostile fleet assembled off our Atlantic seaboard, with its colliers and tenders laden with soft coal, belching great clouds of smoke of inky blackness by day and columns of fire by night, while around them circled our swift scouts and cruisers and torpedo-boats and, within convenient signal range, our great battle-ships, each representative of a sovereign State—all well-nigh invisible, but ready to dash in at an opportune moment and deal a vital stroke. And all because of anthracite. Would it not pay?

R. D. Evans.

PHYSICAL DETERIORATION AMONG THE POOR IN AMERICA AND ONE WAY OF CHECKING IT.

BY THE REV. PERCY STICKNEY GRANT.

At the Naval War College, Newport, my host mentioned to me, when I left him for the night, that it would be worth my while next morning to be on hand before breakfast for the marching past, at a little distance from the college, of the naval apprentices. The definiteness and originality of Admiral Chadwick's observations are too well known to be disregarded. Indeed, I was splendidly repaid for my descent into the freshness of the bright summer morning. To the west, the blue channel was active with passing craft. To the south, the harbor was white with the sails of anchored yachts. Near our shore lay the white bulk of war-vessels. On the training-ship, which was anchored against a wharf, fluttering lines of washed, sailor togs were bleaching. Along the carriage-drive, from a neighboring green, advanced, in column by fours, a white-canvassed army of apprentices. Their faces and necks, between their white hats and white blouses, were bronze. Besides color there was contour—large strong curves. The boys were of football build, broad and big-limbed. The carved similarity of feature reminded me of the big wooden faces of the Finnish sailors in the Russian navy, enough alike to be of one family. The column tramped by and lost itself in the barracks.

I had received a strong impression. I inquired about the lads, from what class of Americans such a stocky set was recruited. "Oh," said an officer, "we pick them up in the cities. They do not look like that when they come to us—not a likely set—narrow-shouldered and knock-kneed, many of them appear.

Once here, however, they have a routine—plenty of sleep, fresh air and salt-water swimming; plenty to eat, beginning with a cup of cocoa in the morning, when they turn out for the exercise they have just now finished; and on top of all this, the best oversight we can give them." "But how long does the transformation take from a spindling boy of the tenements to one of these roly-poly athletes?" "We have had them two or three months," said the officer.

I had received another strong impression. If such remarkable physical development could be induced in so short a time in such unlikely stock, ought not municipalities, at their own expense, maintain during the summer, training-camps where the children of the slums could be set out to blossom into finer physique?

Physical Deterioration Pronounced among our City Poor.—Nothing has surprised me more, in twenty years of parish work in a manufacturing town and in a metropolis, than to discover the wretched physique of the poor. In most European countries, height and weight are slightly decreasing. In England, Tommy Atkins is getting smaller and smaller; recruits even five feet two inches tall, and with a chest measure of thirty-three and one-half inches, are hard to find.

Our own National Guard, a selected body of men, does not prove at a crisis to represent the necessary physical condition for modern warfare. Many militiamen, at the outbreak of the Spanish War, could not pass the physical requirements of the United States Army. The War Department informs me that although there are no accurate figures, such failures to qualify from the National Guard amounted at least to twenty-five per cent. At the time the enlistment was going on, the newspapers stated that, in some regiments, fifty per cent. were unable to pass the doctors.

The school children of New York are given physical examinations and supervision by the Board of Health. This expert inspection and treatment have done much good and cannot be too highly praised; but it is found that 66 1-3 per cent. of the children examined need a physician's care, and that 95 per cent. of the backward and truant children are defective.

The Causes of Impaired Physique among our City Poor.—The causes of physical deterioration among the poor of the cities, are not far to seek. One is overcrowding, another is underfeeding.

In 1803, only three per cent. of the population of the United

States was urban; now nearly forty per cent. reside in cities; while in such a State as New York the percentage is a great deal higher. The growth of cities is not a peculiarity of a new country; in Europe, the capitals have carried away surrounding suburbs in the push of their packed condition. In fact, a general condition has operated to the same end in Europe and America.

A farm laborer in the United States to-day can produce five times as much as in 1850. "The introduction of machinery has increased the productive power of each laborer in agriculture, so that fewer persons produce more product; and the consequence has been that a large portion of the population has changed from agriculture to various kinds of manufacture and transportation."* The vastness of this change is illustrated by the State of Virginia, eighty per cent. of whose population is still employed on the soil. In this respect, it is on a level with India, where the percentage is the same, but India is a congeries of nations not yet emerged from an agricultural and handicraft civilization. Less than 40 per cent. of our population is agricultural.

The city has come to stay. We cannot correct city congestion by spreading its population in the unsettled lands of the South and West, upon our nearer and abandoned farms, or in our suburbs. The city is an economic and spiritual necessity. Men must be in closest association to produce wealth with the least possible waste, and also for that personal contact which, patiently and kindly met, develops, as nothing else can, mind, heart and will. They must labor together for economic advantage and live together for spiritual elaboration.

The increased density of population increases the death-rate. Dr. Newsholme declares:†

"The higher death-rates which are usually associated with increased density of population are not the direct results of the latter. The crowding of people together doubtless leads to the rest, to fouling the air and water and soil, and to the increased propagation of infectious diseases, and thus affects the mortality. But more important than these are the indirect consequences of dense aggregation of population, such as increase of poverty, filth, crime, drunkenness and other vices, and, perhaps more than all, the less healthy character of urban industries. Of the direct influences connected with the aggregation of population,

* United States Census, 1900.
† "Vital Statistics," pp. 157, 159.

filthy conditions of air and water and soil are the most important. Poverty of the inhabitants of densely populated districts, implying, as it does, inadequate food and deficient clothes and shelter, has a great effect on swelling their mortality."

Where there is a high death-rate, there will be deterioration of physique. Many are attacked by disease who do not succumb, and these have their vitality diminished and carry through life physical weaknesses or blemishes produced by the disease.

Class and Race Acclimatization Potent Factors in City Physical Deterioration.—With the growth of industrialism, cities must expand. In the country farms are deserted; in the city, mushroom apartment-houses spring up. The man whose father followed the plough, must spend his days on a bookkeeper's stool and breathe close, city air. A majority of the men and women of the United States will soon live in tenement-houses. The cradle of the future American citizen will be the tenement. Our cities are not only filled from our abandoned farms with people who for generations have been used to the vigor of country labor; our cities are filled with aliens. We are crowding the tenements with foreigners. The American farmer's boy is trying to breathe in the devitalized air of the city, and the European peasant is trying to keep his health in America. Class and race acclimatization are going on at once. The farmer is bent upon becoming a factory or mercantile unit; the foreigner hastens to become an American. This is serious business. If you know any mill town full of foreigners, you have mourned over the deterioration of physique in the second generation. American food, hot summers, cold winters, stuffy tenements play the mischief with ruddy, beefy Englishmen or Irishmen or whom you will. I have been repeatedly shocked to find girls of sixteen among cotton operatives with full sets of false teeth. Our own ancestors had to fight the climate. The children of the colonists made hard work of survival. Cotton Mather (and he was of the intelligent, comfortable class three generations from Plymouth Rock) had some fifteen children, of whom only four survived him. After three hundred years we ought to know how to assist acclimatization and largely escape its losses.

Underfeeding a Factor in Physical Deterioration.—In England thirty per cent. of the population are living below the margin of proper nourishment. In Edinburgh seventy-five per cent.

of the school children have disorders due to underfeeding. In New York seventy thousand school children, Robert Hunter tells us, go to school without sufficient breakfast. Whatever the exact number may be, there are too many ill-nourished school children, as teachers can testify, who find that empty stomachs make drowsy and dull brains. It is a fallacy due to political exigencies to suppose the American working-man fares sumptuously. From observation in the homes of working-men I believe that their food is meagre in nutritive value, if not in amount. "Perverse or defective nutrition tends to retard growth and to delay the characteristic growth periods and also final size attained is thus reduced."*

Child Labor.—Mrs. Florence Kelley, Secretary of the National Consumers' League, says:

"Child labor exists in the United States on a large scale, in spite of the trade-unions and of recently formed philanthropic committees to restrict it and to mitigate the evils which attend it."

There are 1,752,187 children, between the ages of ten and fifteen years, working for wages in the United States, more than half the number in non-agricultural pursuits.† In a single factory in New York, 300 children under school age were found. The employment of children in factories of the United States from 1890 to 1900 increased forty per cent.

Wendell Phillips, in describing Boston's reception to Lafayette upon his return to America in 1824, said that "the city gave him the best it could afford, a sight of its school children." What children they were from whose ranks looked out those piercing eyes, that later did not quail at mobs or obloquy, the eagle glance of Phillips! Does New York consider its school children its most interesting and distinguished possession? Should we collect a procession from the swarming tenements to grace a great foreigner's visit? Poor children, poor guest! While we are shocked at what crowding and poverty can do to destroy physique, we are having looming illustrations of what air and exercise can do to improve it. Nature is struggling always to improve her children. The children of mixed racial marriages in America tend to the physique of the larger parent.

* "Adolescence," Stanley Hall, II., p. 32.
† Bulletin of the American Institute of Social Science.

"The anthropometric committee's study in England found that boys from the better classes at ten were 3.31 inches taller and 10.64 pounds heavier than industrial-school boys, and at fourteen were 6.65 inches taller and 21.85 pounds heavier."*

Professor Phillips of Amherst declares that "the young man to-day at every age is taller and heavier than the man previous to 1894, the difference, as a rule, amounting to an inch in height and three pounds in weight." The increase of height and weight of Princeton students has been such in thirty years that, if it continued until 1950, the average student would be six feet tall and weigh 160 pounds. The part that out-of-door exercise plays in this general improvement can be guessed by the fact that, in one summer camp I know, the boys usually gain in weight from six to twenty pounds.

Physical betterment which is the effort of nature and the result of increasing knowledge, is retreating to-day, among the poor of great cities, before unusual conditions. A change from a lower to a higher civilization, from an agricultural and handicraft to an industrial manner of life, for the time being, is injurious to the individual. Evidently, there should be improvement in health accompanied by increase in strength and longevity, due to the recent enormous enlightenment from science, especially in those departments that teach sanitation and the cure of disease. But with the coming of a better hygiene has cropped out a new enemy to health, the overcrowding and underfeeding of the poor in great cities. This deterioration, that should be temporary and merely a matter of readjustment, as great populations pass from an agricultural to an industrial manner of life, can be counteracted by a systematical plan of physical betterment.

A Summer Camp for Public-school Boys.—One remedy for deterioration of tenement physique is very evident. Give at public expense to the poor the physical opportunities and some of the food the rich secure for themselves. A summer camp for boys is no novelty. Camps for the sons of the rich are in high favor. Started about twenty years ago, they have offered such rough out-of-door living and training in physical independence to hothouse children, that they are now innumerable. Why cannot the summer camp be grafted upon our public-school system? It could be approached from two directions: either from

* "Adolescence," I, p. 34.

the philanthropic fresh-air work which sends thousands of children every summer into the country for a week or so; or from the side of educational tendencies. Schools are now used after regular sessions for play. A few contain gymnasiums and some new buildings are to contain baths; they have, besides, elaborate evening classes running over into myriad courses of popular lectures. In England and France, experiments have been tried in feeding as well as teaching school children, with marked results. Extension of agencies, of seasons, of objects aimed at, marks public education. Why not undertake a further school extension to practically unused seasons—the summer; toward that which underlies mental power—the firm muscle, the obedient nerve, the agreeable bodily condition. All this, of course, means *compulsory physical training.* And why not? What a number of anxieties our modern life would be in a way to get rid of, if the War College human exhibit could be multiplied by the cities and towns of the United States.

Ineffective Physical Training in our Public Schools.—No public-school system of physical training, that I am acquainted with, is thorough. In the New York elementary schools, gymnastics are given eighteen minutes daily the first year; fifteen minutes the remaining seven years. This little more than corrects the spinal deformities of "the school-desk attitude." In the High School there seem to be two forty-minute periods weekly. But infrequent exercise only makes muscles sore and disinclines the sufferer to their use. The absence of baths, etc., neutralizes the advantage of any exercise that opens the pores. Very little of our public-school physical culture takes hold. The New York Public School Athletic Association is an admirable attempt to meet public-school deficiencies; but its existence argues the need of extending the department of physical instruction in the public schools. What the Turners or the class system in the Young Men's Christian Association, or the setting-up exercises in the United States Army or Swedish gymnastics accomplish, I ask to have done for every boy and youth in America. Every human body has latent physical possibilities. I knew a young fellow of the "tough" class, who served a term of four years in a State prison for manslaughter. Although he was twenty-two years of age when he entered, such were the improved conditions of his life while in prison that, when he

was discharged at the age of twenty-six, he had gained an inch and a half in stature and thirty pounds in weight. Even great physical development is generally possible. "I firmly believe that the now so wonderful performances of most of our strong men are well within reach of the majority of men, if such performances were seriously enough part of the ambition."*

In addition, if necessary, I would provide nourishing food for these boys in training at least once a day. "Poor children, brought into a better nutritive environment, grow more rapidly than those who remain in unchanged conditions."†

Compulsory Physical Training in Europe.—A general system of physical education in America would produce many of the advantages derived in Europe from compulsory military service and its attendant compulsory physical training. In France, Germany and Austria, a compulsory system of physical training is in force in all educational institutions, both civil and military, and has had an influence upon the national physical development. The soldier, after his enrolment, continues a course of physical training with which as a boy and youth he has become familiar, and the main features of which still remain the essentials of his military education. Among the schools of England, as in our own, no special gymnastic training is officially required. The taking of proper exercise is left largely to the individual, much to his physical disadvantage when compared with the corresponding classes in the countries just named, and to the detriment of the military service of which he may ultimately become a part.

In 1873, the French Government made physical training compulsory in all schools, and since that time immense improvement has been made in the development of the French. As in the other Continental armies, swimming is taught at all stations where the facilities exist. Some of the gymnastic exercises are accompanied by music.

In Austria, the highest importance is attached to the physical education of both soldiers and civilians, it being compulsory.

In Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland physical culture is looked upon as necessary as, and also as being an aid to, the mental and military education of the individual.

* H. G. Beyer, "Adolescence," I, p. 197.
† The same, I, p. 32.

American Precedent for Compulsory Physical Training.—If we resent or fear to follow foreign example, our impulse need not come from abroad:

"In 1790, President Washington transmitted to the First Senate of the United States an elaborate scheme prepared by General Henry Knox, then Secretary of War, for the military training of all men over eighteen and under sixty. The youth of eighteen, nineteen and twenty years were to receive their military education in annual camps of discipline to be formed in each State, and a military prerequisition was proposed as a right to vote. This plan failed of adoption, as did also the following recommendation, that was urged in the national House of Representatives in 1817 and 1819, 'that a corps of military instructors should be formed to attend to the gymnastic and elementary part of instruction in every school in the United States.'"*

Noah Webster seems to have been the first American of note to propose the institution of a college course of physical training. In 1820, he declared that it should be "the buzziness of young persons to assist nature and strengthen the growing frame by athletic exercise."†

The Round Hill School at Northampton, Massachusetts, under George Bancroft, in 1823, was "the first in the new continent to connect gymnastics with a purely literary establishment."‡

The Boston gymnasium, opened in the Washington Gardens, October 3, 1826, with Dr. Foolen as its principal instructor, seems to have been the first public gymnasium of any note in America.

Gymnastic grounds were established at Yale in 1826, and at Williams, Amherst and Brown in 1827.

Between 1830 and 1860, no general revival of interest in school or college athletics occurred.

The study of physiology and an enthusiasm for its benefits which appeared in the first half of the nineteenth century, is largely responsible for the renewal of interest in gymnastics just before the war. Modern athletics in America were not produced by the Civil War, and are not the fruit of militarism. It may, however, require military defeat to spur us to compulsory physical training, as was the case with Germany, Austria and France.

The gymnastic revival in America has taken place in our own times. "Tom Brown's School-days" and "Tom Brown at Ox-

* United States Education Report, 1897–98, p. 553.
† The same, p. 552.
‡ The same, p. 554.

ford" stimulated it in the later sixties. Dio Lewis and Dr. Winship gave it eloquent publicity and system.

Although in Boston there is a normal training-school for physical training where the Swedish system is taught, although calisthenics are used in most schools to ease the physical strain of sitting for hours on school seats and to correct harmful positions, there is in America no serious consideration of physical training as a part of the educational system.

The Economic Advantage of Better Physical Training.—When a general scheme of compulsory education is advocated, the adoption of such a plan must be proved to be of economic value. It is easy to show this. An increase of five per cent. in the economic value of working-men in Germany under fifty years of age, would pay for the standing army. In England, many men who have had army training are paid twenty-five per cent. more than current wages in their trades. Physical betterment is already recognized as a financial asset. If we may reckon the wage-earners as a third of our population, and suppose them to earn a dollar and a half a day for three hundred days, the value to the country of extending their working careers by only one year would be twelve billion dollars. The actual figures are probably much higher.

The economic effect of education should be to endow every person with wealth-producing ability. In the United States, in 1890, each member of the population was credited with the production of new wealth values to the amount of fifty-one and a half cents a day. How can these figures be raised still higher? While invention and machinery enter largely into the answer of this question, the effectiveness of every worker is a great factor. His mental efficiency, moreover, furthers invention and the use of machinery. Whatever contributes, then, to the strength of mind and body increases the production of wealth. Physical health and strength, directly and indirectly, are prime factors in national economics.

Physical culture for military service, although undertaken in maturity, is of so large advantage that it reacts beneficially upon the productive energies of society. In the training of recruits, it is found that "the greatest of all changes was the change in bodily activity, dexterity, presence of mind, an endurance of fatigue; a change a hundredfold more impressive than any other."

A man's economic value to-day depends with fresh illustration upon his physical powers. Some railway corporations will not tolerate cigarette-smoking, and some New York banks forbid the use of alcohol among their employees on or off duty. The tests of eyesight for color-blindness have become in our generation a requirement of great services. Corporations, too, are getting rid of old men and try to employ no one over forty years of age. One reason for child labor is the early decrepitude of parents among laboring populations. Physical betterment would preserve the vigor of the average working-man beyond early middle life; would free him from need of stimulants; would extend the period during which he could support himself and educate his family; would increase the ability of wage-earners to provide for old age; and would enlarge the wealth-producing population.

The enormous increase of late in automatic machinery will throw thousands of mechanics into the ranks of unskilled labor, there being no longer demand for their skill. The only hope for these men is to lift themselves and children by education and physical force to the class of brain workers or superintendents.

Moral Advantages of Better Physical Training.—A great deal of work that we, in our debilitated and nervous generation, throw upon the moral nature of man ought to be put upon the physical nature. We have overburdened the moral and have asked altogether too many tasks of it; it not only is expected to stand the stress of great crises and to develop higher spiritual traits, but it must be constantly on duty to drag the erring individual away from casual lapses. A normal body should do this.

It is a well-known fact that physical exercise diminishes sexuality. Talcott Williams, of Philadelphia, investigated the morality of students of the University of Pennsylvania. Upon the testimony of the physicians at the University, he discovered student morality to be incredibly higher than it was twenty years ago. The reason assigned was the attention almost universally given by students to athletics. The same facts, morality and athletics, are associated in the leading American Universities.

At Elmira Reformatory, the introduction of athletic exercise among the prisoners produced astonishing results, not only in the physique but the behavior and moral attitude of the men.*

* New York State Reformatory at Elmira. Seventeenth Year-Book, pages P′ and following.

To judge from the photographs, much moral delinquency might have been set down to the physical plight of incoming prisoners.

Health is the best mentor; a sick, devitalized man is restlessly driven to all sorts of substitutes for strength, to drink, to pleasure, to passion—in fact, to any excitement that momentarily stimulates his energies. Health has no need of narcotics and will hold a man to a proper and reasonable manner of life. To ask the will to keep a neurotic out of mischief, is to postpone physical improvement and hasten a final catastrophe. We have no business to be asking for the commanding officer when his orderly can answer our questions. Even healthy-mindedness has enormous physical utility. The thought of sunny, quiet, fertile fields can deliver the mind from despondency and even dissuade from desperate action.

The problem of crime is simplified by compulsory physical training. "Lack of exercise," said Miss Agnes M. Hayes, of Public School No. 35, "is the chief cause of thieving. If the boys had more playground, more air and sunshine, they would not gamble, and it is gambling that leads to stealing. They would rather play football than get down in a cramped position to play craps."

Summer is the season of crime. Law-breaking, like a noxious plant, flourishes with the sun; even among school children, unruliness increases with the temperature. There are twice as many bad boys as usual when the temperature ranges between 80 and 90, and three times as many when the thermometer soars still higher. Crime, immorality and suicide hold high carnival in June, July and August. If the children who swarm the tenement-houses could live during the summer in the country, under a splendid physical regimen, not only would much actual law-breaking be prevented, but incipient tendencies towards crime averted.

Mental Advantages of Improved Physique.—To-day we can trace physical advantage very far. Professor Mosso, of Turin University, says:*

"We attain in training a maximum of intensity, and we keep ourselves, not for an instant only, at the culminant point of physical force, but even when the muscles have returned to their natural size after long rest, even for months the beneficent effect of exercise remains."

* "The Theory and Practice of Military Hygiene," by E. L. Munson, p. 400.

This benefit is largely in the storage of nervous strength. Charles Mercier, the English alienist, points out that, as states of mind are but the obverse side, the shadows, of nervous processes, whatever has effect upon the nervous processes has effect on the mental states. Memory, for instance, is on the bodily side the reviviscence of a physical process that has previously been active. The physical basis of memory is only too apparent to most of us, who can remember better in the morning than in the evening, better before eating than after, better after exercise than before. Physical exercise is used to-day by alienists as a means of mental development. A few muscular movements, tried over and over again, may constitute the first steps of a progressive education and the starting-point of mental improvement.

Mental and physical power are normally found together. "The children who make the best progress in their studies are on the average larger in girth of chest and width of head than children whose progress is less satisfactory."

Physical Training as a Hygienic Precaution.—Besides economic and moral advantage from improved national physique, there would be the individual blessings which accrue to any one who has added to his health and to his intelligence.

Physical buoyancy, the feeling of worth and serviceableness, goes far to transform life from a treadmill into a delightful opportunity. The brain is directly benefited by muscular exercise and cleared of humors and freakiness.

"Proper physical training favors a symmetrical brain development, as exercise of the functions governing the action of muscles must favor the growth and development of those centres. Bodily exercise does not interfere with mental activity, and all nervous functions by it are improved in tone."

Length of days, that Biblical blessing, more likely now to be enjoyed than ever before, is directly fostered by physical culture.

"The habit of breathing properly is a great factor in longevity, and a roomy thorax and strong heart are no mean allies in resisting invasion by disease. When the latter has actually gained a foothold a few additional cubic inches of respiratory capacity or a small reserve of disciplined cardiac power may suffice to turn the scales in pneumonia or typhoid fever."*

* "The Theory and Practice of Military Hygiene," by E. L. Munson, p. 38.

It is an old saying that every inch a man adds to his chest measure adds to the measure of his days. America can show twice as many physicians to population as Great Britain, and four times as many as Germany.* We have seventy times as many physicians in proportion to the general population as physical directors. We permit this disparity on the theory, perhaps, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Prevention needs more numerical representation. I am, then, pleading that the following steps may be taken in public-school instruction:

1. An effective system of physical education to be a recognized part of our public-school system. By "effective" I mean one that does for a boy, so far as his physique is susceptible, what the United States Army setting-up exercises do for a recruit. The precise system to be established by a committee of experts.

2. Athletic exercises in schools, using gymnasiums, baths, etc.

3. Open-air exercises and sports under official supervision.

4. Summer camps, free of cost and compulsory in attendance, for boys of school age.

5. A noon meal for poor children in elementary and high schools.

* "Adolescence," I, p. 197.

PERCY STICKNEY GRANT.

A REVIVAL OF THE "KNOW-NOTHING" SPIRIT.

BY THOMAS L. JAMES, FORMERLY POSTMASTER-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE possible outcome of the anti-Japanese agitation in California may be productive of such grave consequences that the position of the administration relative to it becomes one which to my mind is of the utmost importance. The incident may seem to the casual observer to concern only a small portion of the country, but this is not so. It is a matter that concerns the entire nation. Hence the prompt and decisive action of President Roosevelt has inspired me with profound confidence in the perception and the wisdom which he has displayed. Apparently, he has fully appreciated how critical the situation has really become and has conceived the right way and the right time in which to act.

The attitude of the school authorities of California in insisting that Japanese children shall receive instruction apart from others —that they shall be isolated from other races—illustrates a spirit which is not new in the United States. Some of our citizens can well remember the agitation of fifty years ago, which widely prevailed among us—an agitation against a class of people who today are most essential to our progress and prosperity by reason of their numbers and their ability. I need only recall the famine in Ireland in the early fifties. The sending of shiploads of food from America to its starving peasantry was followed by an exodus from the island to these shores. The time, however, seemed especially propitious for the coming of these people. The opening of the Erie Canal had quickened the development of the West, and that was speedily followed by the building of the railroads, so that the demand was great for men who could use the shovel, pick

and the spade. Nearly all of these immigrants obtained employment, and those of us to-day who were then young can remember that the work upon the highways, the excavating and grading for railroads, the digging of trenches through the city streets for the laying of gas and water mains were labors almost exclusively performed by the Irish immigrants. In fact, so truly foreign were many of these people that they spoke, if not the pure Gaelic language, at least a dialect of it. Their conversation with one another as they labored was as unintelligible to an American as is that of the Italian working-men who have, through their great immigration, succeeded the Irish so largely as unskilled laborers.

But with the coming of these immigrants and the frequently improper use of them to political ends, there arose a jealousy on the part of certain people who pretended to see in them danger to native American labor. It is an interesting fact that those who now discriminate against the people of Japan that come to the United States, and who also have discriminated against the Chinese, are employing almost the identical arguments that were used by the enemies of the Irish, even the German, immigrants half a century ago. This hostility became so wide-spread that in Massachusetts even convents were searched to discover the hiding-place of some unhappy Irishman, also to discover documents or anything that would tend to show that this immigration was permanent, and that the immigrants expected to become American citizens. In Pennsylvania, opponents of the foreigner displayed their enmity to such an extent that riots and bloodshed occurred. In New York City, this opposition resulted in the now traditional Astor Place riots, even threatening the life of the renowned English actor, Macready.

The opposition crystallized into that secret political organization, the "Know-nothing" party. In New York State, this party nominated Daniel Ullmann for Governor. Of him it was said that he was born in India, and he was, therefore, nicknamed "The Hindoo." In some States where the movement was triumphant for a time, as in Connecticut, the "Know-nothing" party was at least of indirect influence. It may be needless to say that the agitation reached its climax in 1856, through the nomination of Millard Fillmore and Andrew J. Donaldson for President and Vice-President, the party calling itself "the American party," although it proclaimed the "Know-nothing"

principles, colloquialized into the expression, "Put none but Americans on guard."

I was one of those, and I am proud now to recall the fact, who then opposed this political party and the entire spirit represented by the "Know-nothing" movement, as I felt that this opposition to immigration was in complete violation of the fundamental principle upon which the American Republic is built. I opposed it exactly as I opposed the extension of slavery, and for the same reason. I felt that if we were not able to receive and care for the oppressed of other lands, who sought freedom and an opportunity in the United States, then there was no vitality in the principle of popular sovereignty, and that the expressions in the Declaration of Independence that were afterwards formulated into organic law by the Constitution of the United States were mere empty platitudes. Time showed that the majority of American citizens not merely repudiated the "Know-nothing" party, but reproached it and held its members in contempt.

My views were afterwards confirmed by many experiences, such as the cordial welcome which the United States gave to the first Japanese Embassy that visited this country. The two civilizations met, neither finding anything fundamentally repugnant to it in the other, notwithstanding the extreme racial distinctions which were emphasized by the comparison of this embassy with the men of our own formal gatherings who met and welcomed them.

In the seventies the distinguished American citizen of Chinese birth, Yung Wing, who was in favor with the dynasty and authority of China at that time, persuaded his home Government to make choice of some two hundred young men who were to be sent to the United States, and so educated, not merely in the text-books and in the language of this country, but also in our principles of the science of government, our conception of popular sovereignty and our scientific achievements, that they would be able upon their return to China to make such use of their learning as would be for the welfare of that nation. Yung Wing, himself, was a convincing illustration of the capacity of the Chinaman to accept and to understand American civilization, while at the same time in no sense ignoring or repudiating the traditions and history of the Chinese Empire, or the inevitable relation which it is to bear in the future to the nations of the

world. He was a man of the highest cultivation, of simple dignity, great learning, true courtesy, and a welcome friend at the homes of the great statesmen of this country and of Europe. The personality and achievements of Yung Wing caused those who met him to note the perfect assimilation of the new and the old civilization of which he was an example. The students whom he brought to the United States attended schools at Hartford, at Springfield and at other places. They were graduated at our colleges, as have been many of the young men of Japan.

Some of us can recall the approach of Commodore Perry to Japan; how he, with the guns of his frigates pointed, if not menacingly, at least impressively, towards the shore, brought about communication with the natives, followed by the Treaty which opened Japan to the United States for certain reciprocal trade. And it is a fact that, to-day in Japan, Commodore Perry's is a name surpassed in the veneration and traditional admiration in which it is held only by those of the great heroes of the Empire. Since the visit of that famous American sailor, we know how the Japanese have welcomed the American, establishing American colleges, cultivating trade, tolerant of the missionaries, and striving in every way to maintain friendly relations with us.

We would be false to our principles if we did not earnestly repudiate the disposition manifested by some of the people on the Pacific Slope, which, it seems to me, is no more than the adoption of the abandoned principles of isolation which were maintained in Japan and China for so many years. If these nations can afford and dare to open their gates to Americans, and even welcome them, why should we fear a reciprocity of that sentiment and method? The statement attributed to President Roosevelt, that he will exhaust all the authority which he possesses before he is willing to abandon the solemn obligations expressed in our Treaty with Japan, is this but a twentieth-century echo of the demonstration made by Commodore Perry in Japan at the middle of the past century? If Americans could then applaud with enthusiasm the action of Commodore Perry and give to him such tributes as they have accorded to him for his achievements, why should not Americans now unanimously applaud the determination of President Roosevelt to maintain in the United States, by all the power which he possesses, that which Commodore Perry secured to us in Japan? If the spirit that inspired the "Know-

nothing" movement of half a century ago was so abhorrent to American institutions, then the disposition at this time to revive that spirit, purely for racial reasons, is equally objectionable.

I have always been one of those who believe that, while we should freely receive the foreigner and extend a cordial welcome to people of other lands who wish to throw in their lot with us, we should be careful to discriminate so that we may not become, as it were, the dumping-ground of the slag of humanity. Stringent immigration laws are absolutely necessary, but stringent only as respects the individual, not in any way affecting a man because of his race, his previous condition of servitude, his religious belief or even his lack of religious faith. The Government officers should make careful inspection, so that the victims of disease, in mind or body, the criminal who is not a mere political malefactor, may be refused admittance. But I am utterly opposed to racial distinction or discrimination, and I believe that, in the long run, a policy of that kind, directed against the people of any race or civilization, will lead to national injury, almost inconceivable in its malign consequences.

In a series of visits to England, I have discovered that in that limited monarchy there is actually greater toleration than in the United States towards the immigrant foreigner seeking a new home. Sometimes, when I have made this statement, I have been met with the answer that "England is a little country, and that there is no opportunity for immigration to overrun it." But, in reply to that, we can point to Canada, almost as great in area as the United States, and with boundless possibilities for the future. Yet Canada has never had any fear that there would be such an invasion from the Orient across the Pacific as would endanger the industries, or contaminate the morals, of the Canadians. The laws relative to the immigration of objectionable persons are as stringent in Canada as in the United States; but no group of persons find an intolerant or obstructing hand raised against them when they disembark at a Canadian port, merely because they are of a certain race.

The treatment often accorded to gentlemen, scholars, merchants, who have sought to enter the United States from the Orient is so offensive that we should not be surprised to hear that throughout China there is resentment too, because men held in high esteem in the Empire should have been subjected to igno-

miny and insult, when seeking entrance to the United States, solely because they are citizens of China.

The question, as I have said, is one which, in both a material and a moral sense, affects not merely the Pacific Slope, but the entire United States. We have been for fifty years endeavoring to cultivate friendly relations with these people of the Orient. We have sent our missionaries there. We have obtained great concessions. Statesmanship brought to us the half-way islands of the Pacific; and that strange and unexpected destiny, consequent upon the war with Spain, irresistibly committed to us, though not of our own volition, the Philippine Archipelago. We are to spend two hundred millions or more in the construction of the Panama Canal, whose chief purpose is to make us paramount competitors for the trade of the Pacific. We expect to secure a far broader market for our products in China and Japan. We are dependent on these countries for the greater proportion of our foreign trade across the Pacific. Consequently, there has never been a time when the relations of the United States with these two Empires were more important. The necessity of cordial sentiment between the three nations is of vital import, not only to the merchant and manufacturer, but to the banker, in view of the truly vast trade possibilities which await us with the countries of the Orient which are friendly to us.

The people of the Orient, whatever else they may be, are unsurpassed in their sensitiveness. It is not to be presumed that they will hear that, in any part of the United States, humiliating discrimination is practised, solely because of race, without being disposed thereby to resent it. Their resentments are something to be reckoned with. They inspire a deeper and more continuing feeling than any hope for trade or commercial advancement. If there is conflict, I am persuaded that it will be, in the first case, free from physical violence. If the people of the Pacific Slope feel justified in discriminating against Japanese children, it is inevitable that Japan, by the very power of public opinion, will feel compelled to discriminate against the United States. What that may ultimately lead to, I do not care at present to contemplate; but, as I have intimated, the question is not a local one, it deeply concerns the entire American nation. If it is legally wrong for any State to grant charters that would render legislation in other States null and void, as the United States Supreme

Court declares it to be wrong, it is certainly morally, if not legally, wrong for any State to adopt a policy which tends seriously to impair the friendly relations of the whole United States with a foreign nation. My only knowledge of international law is that which I have gained through a certain period of public service; but it seems to me that no State has a moral, and I doubt if it has a legal, right to adopt restrictive or discriminating legislation respecting a people or race, which is in conflict with the spirit of the fraternal treaty entered into between the United States and the Government of which these people are citizens.

When the people of the East repudiated and condemned the agitation against the European in the last century, their attitude was that of true American citizens. Time has shown how they were justified in their disapproval. But the principles they then upheld are the same on which our progress and prosperity are based to-day. The anti-Oriental movement on the Pacific Coast is directly opposed to these principles. Thus it seems to me that we would be false to our traditions if we did not insist that the wisdom of the mid-years of the last century, which prevailed, is also the wisdom of to-day; so that no race, as a race, is to be proscribed, to be discriminated against or to be humiliated.

THOMAS L. JAMES.

THE WAR AGAINST CHRISTIANITY IN FRANCE.

BY ALGERNON SARTORIS.

It is a curious fact that one of the greatest revolutions in all history has been in progress, for the last few years, among the most enlightened and liberty-loving nation of Europe, without even the loss of a single life, and also, apparently, with the practical apathy of the vast majority of the population. As a result of this revolution, the greatest diplomatic achievement of the mightiest genius who ever presided over the destinies of any people has been overthrown by a set of mediocre statesmen, led by a renegade priest!

I refer, of course, to the treaty commonly known as the Concordat, signed between the representatives of General Bonaparte and of the Holy See. By means of this treaty, the Church and State in France have been enabled to live in peace and concord during seven different régimes. By this same treaty the temporal power was superior to, and controlled, the spiritual, but the Government of France recognized the necessity and utility of the spiritual influence of Christianity, and was the stronger on that account.

Even Robespierre and his bloodthirsty associates, while attempting to stifle Christianity, replaced it by decreeing the existence of a Supreme Being. The present Republic attempts to destroy Christianity, and what does it offer in return? Simply to save the money which used to be spent by the State in upholding not only the Roman Church, but also the Protestant and Jewish creeds, by the suppression of the Budget of Public Worship, and thus to lessen the burden of taxation! The legislators begin their economies with singular unanimity by voting an increase in their own salaries from $1,750 *per annum* to $3,000.

This money will be partially paid from the funds which the violation of the Concordat, an odious offence against international law, will place in their hands. Not only is a sacred treaty violated, but a drastic, though liberal, law which came into force under the premiership of the late M. Waldeck-Rousseau is turned into an act of persecution against helpless women whose only crime was the nursing, free of charge, the wounded, the sick and the poor, and of many useful and industrious men—such as the fraternity of the Chartreux—who have been turned out of their homes, or the hospitals, or the camps of the soldiers because M. Emile Combes, Prime Minister of a great Republic, was afraid lest the gentle Sisters and good Brothers threatened the safety of France by devoting their lives to the service of God! Further, upon his head must be laid the pitiful end of some of these martyrs who died of cold in the mountains, wandering and destitute. It is only just to say that Waldeck-Rousseau himself, shortly before he died, horrified at the abuse of the law for which he was nominally responsible, denounced M. Combes, and stated clearly in a spirited speech that he had meant the law to be applied with sense and impartiality, and not with a brutality and petty spite unequalled in the annals of modern civilization.

A good example of the pettiness of spirit which animated Combes and his associates is found in the fact that he ordered the removal of the crucifixes from the law courts (itself an act of impiety and vandalism), but he also chose Good Friday for the execution of this order, thus unnecessarily wounding not only the susceptibilities of the Catholics, his avowed enemies, but also offering a gratuitous insult to every Christian in France. Under Combes (a renegade priest), the war against clericalism became a war against Christianity.

Another long and amplified law was passed in 1905, which purported to be a law of Separation; but it has fallen completely short of its intention, since Pius X has decided to ignore its provisions. The object of this Bill is, apparently, to supplant the Concordat, because, upon the violation of that instrument, France was no longer diplomatically represented at the Vatican. It also purported to give absolute freedom to the Church, but we have the word of M. Clémenceau himself that it is still full of the Concordatory spirit, and hence does not give full liberty of action to the Church. I have found, from personal inquiry amongst

Catholics of all shades, of the clerical type and the liberal type, that an "honest separation" would have been welcomed heartily in every quarter. The new law, however, does not give that; but, under one form or another, makes the Church dependent on the good-will of the State, whilst depriving her of her treasury. I do not believe that the Catholics would object so strongly if they had not been so often deceived before. The example of the Waldeck-Rousseau law, as applied by a succeeding Ministry, is still too fresh to be forgotten. Monsieur Combes might again return to power, or rather the abuse of it, and find some ingenious way of turning what perhaps Messieurs Clémenceau and Briand render liberal and bearable into another law of spoliation, treachery and cruelty.

There are a great many Catholics in France who wish that the Holy Father had accepted the law; but, after due deliberation and prayer, the Supreme Pontiff issued a clear, dignified and careful statement, in strong contrast to the justificatory and violent vaporings of his opponents, in which he declared his outraged sense of the destructive work of the Republic, and forbade Catholics to accept a law that was founded on spoliation and violation of sacred treaties. Pius X even foresaw what came to pass, and stated what the reply of his enemies would be. He said that he knew that one of the chief arguments would be the inquiry, Why did he not accept in France what had been accepted in Germany? The answer would be, though he was too diplomatic to employ such forcible language, that the German Government could be relied on not to set aside obligations lightly, while the French Republic's policy had been one of continued deception and duplicity.

In vain did the Government under Combes attempt to shake the loyalty of the French Bishops by offering them the tempting bribe of its support, as well as material advantages, if they failed to obey the order to go to Rome; but, to their honor be it said, they were incorruptible. Even M. Briand, the present "areligious" (I use his own word) Minister of "Cultes," paid a grudging tribute to the fidelity of the Bishops in bowing to a decision in which they did not all agree, and which was bound to bring down much discomfort on their venerable heads.

It is somewhat difficult for Americans, to the great majority of whom Christianity is the foundation upon which their lives

are built, to understand exactly why a great and powerful Christian people should be indifferent to the attack upon the Christian Churches, and also why a Government supposed to be founded upon the principles of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" should desire to starve out—for this is what the suppression of the Budget of Public Worship really means—the Christian faith, by taking away its resources. There are two or three causes which contribute to this state of things. In the first place, the Roman Catholic Church is the only really powerful creed in the Republic. In a population of nearly 40,000,000, there are only 600,000 Protestants, who seem to follow that faith rather from geographical and traditional reasons than from other causes. Therefore, the history of the Roman Church in France is, to all intents and purposes, the history of Christianity in that country, and upon the maintenance of that Church Christianity in France depends, unless Protestantism should succeed it, a contingency which all students of political and religious history are of one mind in declaring to be impossible of realization. Unfortunately, it must be admitted that the French clergy, while living upright and honest lives, are drawn from a class which fails to represent the intellectual growth of the people. They are, as a whole, very narrow in their views, and they are, with but few exceptions, drawn from the ignorant peasant class and the class just above it. These men, quite unconsciously, often offend the sensibilities of those who are better educated by the narrowness of their vision. They abstain from reading any newspapers other than those printed especially for their edification. Knowing little themselves, they are unable to cope intellectually with their more cultured opponents. It is the custom of the old nobility to pose as the champions of the Church, but they do not enrich her priesthood with any drafts of recruits from their ranks; and it is just because the clergy have been duped by the championship of this feeble class, and led into supporting their dubious claims to rule, that they incurred the anger of vigorous men such as Gambetta, and of honest Republicans such as Waldeck-Rousseau. The "noblesse"—that is to say, the class which in England is known as the "aristocracy" and "landed gentry" combined, but which has no counterpart in the United States—has played a very miserable part in modern French history, and upon them must lie much of the blame, not only for the existence of the

present very mediocre Government of France, but also for the dangerous apathy of the people towards religion in general. Their sins have been rather of omission than commission, rather of negligence than overzeal. As a class, they have rigidly avoided taking any active or even passive part in the political affairs of their country. Upon the ground that they do not care to mix with their social inferiors, they have neglected their duty to the State and thus lost the natural leadership acquired by centuries of rule, and which had become a tradition with the people. They live shut up in their châteaux, hunting or shooting, when they should be voting or working to improve the situation of the land; or else they live dissolute or innocuous lives in Paris, to the detriment of their morals and the disgust of the honest *bourgeois*. It was most unfortunate that the clergy and the clericals should have allied themselves with this justly discredited class when the Republic was formed. If France now suffers from misrule and is threatened with anarchy or radical socialism—and the two go together—it is the French aristocracy who are mainly responsible for this state of affairs. They have failed in their duty to the country.

Another cause for the discontent with the clergy is found, somewhat unjustly, in the Dreyfus case. There are two bogies which are used with great success, in all times of political excitement, to frighten the French people—namely, the Order of the Jesuits and Freemasonry. The French Freemasons are in no sense to be confounded with those of other lands. Indeed, the latter are forbidden to enter a French lodge; but, nevertheless, the disgraceful career of the Freemasons in France points to the danger of any secret society, however worthy its origin may be, degenerating into a political machine, with selfish purposes uppermost. In speaking of the French Jesuits, I may mention that, though they are an Order possessing many excellent qualities, their actions are often questionable and, indeed, their methods are not unlike those of the Freemasons themselves. Many good French people found it necessary to withdraw their sons from the influence of these men, whose system seems to be to implant in the minds of the young a dislike to liberty, either of thought or action, and hence a dislike to Republican institutions. There can be no doubt that this Order has brought much sorrow and trouble upon other religious communities by bringing down upon

them the hatred of the people, who do not stop to study the difference between one Order and another. The people think they have reason to dislike the Society of Jesus; the Society of Jesus is a religious Order: therefore, they hate all religious Orders. This is not very logical, but is a populace ever logical?

To return to the Dreyfus case; this "*cause célèbre*" so deeply affected the peace of France as to range family against family. It did, indeed, break up many homes which had hitherto been peaceful. The clergy, along with the vast majority of the people, certainly did, for the greater part, commit the error of taking violent sides against the pro-Dreyfusards; so, when finally justice triumphed over prejudice, and an innocent man, to the honor of the French Magistracy and, truth compels me to say also to the honor of the Socialists, was restored to his place in the army, the people, seeking a scapegoat, found it in the clergy, who had really erred no more than the majority of their countrymen; and, after all, priests are human.

It was a great pity for France, and for both the Church and the Republic, that Waldeck-Rousseau had to resign his office at a time when his impartial and just rule was needed for the safety of the land. His successor, Combes, instead of applying a liberal law with moderation, stirred up for political purposes all the hatred and violent passions the Dreyfus case had generated against the Church and embodied this into a law which suppressed the teaching Orders—and a more useful body of men it were difficult to find.

Under this same Minister, the Freemasons had full play. They set about destroying the strength of the country by wasting its substance. They had emissaries in the army who spied upon their superior officers, and it was considered a crime to simply attend Mass or even, in the case of Protestants, to go to church. General André, a Freemason, was made Minister of War. This creature set about "republicanizing" the army by employing his Masonic associates to act the spy and by means of the now-famous "*fiches*" to inform him who were clericals and who were not. The preference was always to be given to the man who denied Christ. Happily, this disgusted the nation when it was discovered, and André was forced into an innocuous retirement, from which it is to be hoped he will not emerge again.

It became a dangerous thing at this time for any official to

publicly profess faith in Christianity. The list of petty persecutions would fill volumes, and though to-day these have abated, still the war against Christianity is going on.

The idea of the Government is to gradually stamp Christianity out of France, by suppressing the various means the Church has of maintaining its organization. The feeling against clericalism has been changed to one against Christianity. A Department not long ago asked the central Government to remove the motto still printed on the coins of the Republic, "God protect France," since, they said, "there was no scientific proof of the existence of Deity." There is a bill now pending to put this request into force, and there is not much opposition to it.

Thus, at the beginning of a new century, the Government of a great and powerful people, a people who have led the world hitherto in art, science, war; whose place in literature is second to none; who, as a curious coincidence, have waged great wars for the propagation and maintenance of the doctrines of Christ, suddenly turns and attempts to destroy by every means in its power the name and teachings of Christ. We have heard the Prime Minister openly jeer at the Scriptures. We have seen M. Briand, in an address of recognized ability, speak of the Government as being "areligious," or without religion, a declaration which was looked upon as "liberal" and "moderate" by the greater part of the people. The natural question is, Will it succeed? The times seem very dark and troubled. The apathy of the masses to this awful transformation fills me with dread; but, on the other hand, the clergy, if not broad, are good and faithful; they are used to persecution, and persecution always generates heroes and martyrs. There are still Christians in France; and, in the light of past history, we know how, when all the power of the Empire of Rome was used to strangle the little following of Jesus, it only succeeded in stimulating the growth of the benign religion it sought to suppress. And I firmly believe that, in the end, the French people will discover that they are following a false path, and that, when they learn that that path ends in darkness and moral obloquy and despair, they will throw over their false leaders, as they did Robespierre and others of his ilk, feeling more strongly than ever the necessity of acknowledging in one form or another the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ.

ALGERNON SARTORIS.

PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF ESPERANTO.

BY JOSEPH RHODES, F.J.I., MEMBER OF THE LINGVA KOMITATO, AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ESPERANTO ASSOCIATION.

A GOOD deal of water has flowed down the Vistula since the appearance of Dr. "Esperanto's" little pamphlet at Warsaw in June, 1887, and there is so much to be told of the nature and diffusion of Dr. Zamenhof's auxiliary international language, to say nothing of the 150 abortive projects that preceded it, as to make it difficult to decide where to begin, and less easy still to know where to leave off. The limits of the present article forbid, at all events, any dealing with Esperanto from the grammatical or illustrative point of view.

The story has already been told how the internecine quarrels among the four sharply separated communities of his native Bialystok — Russians, Poles, Germans and Jews — stirred the soul of the young Jewish dreamer, Louis Lazarus Zamenhof, and how, after gaining a working knowledge of several European and classic languages, he set himself to devise a secondary tongue, not by the *a priori* method of a Psalmanazar or the inventor of a system of shorthand, but by basing a system upon the observed tendencies of civilized nations. And after years of effort, sustained by the hope and confidence that he was laboring not only for the good of his neighbors, but of the wider world without, his tiny bark was launched on the sea of public criticism.

Russia, the birthland of Esperanto, is hardly a soil on which an artificial language could be expected to thrive, if only for the reason of the lamentably small percentage of the population who can read and write. And the veto of the censor is another factor with which the setter-forth of new projects has to reckon. The publication in the little magazine "Esperantist" of a commendatory opinion by Tolstoy led to the discontinuance of the

monthly, which reappeared the same year (1895) at Upsala as "Lingvo Internacia," and after a transfer to Hungary it continues from Paris its useful career as a fortnightly.

The movement grew in Sweden, where it has had some of its steadiest and most hard-working adherents. Austria, not long before the scene of ardent Volapükist propaganda, took up the cause, but all previous efforts were put into the shade by the activity which developed in France. Here a young French marquis —with a touching romance of his own—who has been content to be known as plain Monsieur Louis de Beaufront, became so struck with the superior merits of Esperanto over those of the unpublished "Adjuvanto" upon which, and along strikingly similar lines, he had labored hard for a dozen years, that he cheerfully laid aside the child of his own brain and enrolled himself under Dr. Zamenhof's banner. He entered the field at a time when the energies and hopes of the tiny pioneer band seemed almost spent, and but for de Beaufront it is hardly too much to say that little would be heard of Esperanto to-day.

A third name deserves mention in this connection. In the published list, or "Adresaro," of the names of the first 1,000 persons who signified in writing to Dr. Zamenhof their intention of learning Esperanto there are only eleven British or American names, the United States being represented by two—Adam C. Orr, of Park Ridge, Illinois, and Henry Phillips, Secretary of the American Philosophical Society, 320 South Eleventh Street, Philadelphia. The place of honor must be accorded to Mr. Geoghegan. The son of a Dublin physician, he was born in 1865, and a misfortune which inflicted on him, while a mere child, a permanent lameness seems to have stimulated his mental powers, for he early showed a fondness for languages, and was led to turn his attention to Chinese. He attracted the notice of the late Professor Jowett, of Oxford, under whose patronage he entered Balliol College, Oxford, and fully justified the hopes which had been formed of him, for he carried off two of the Exhibitions in Chinese, only to find that, after all, his lameness proved a bar to entrance into the Chinese Civil Service. After joining his brothers on the Pacific coast he added stenography to his acquirements, and learned Japanese, while for six years secretary to Count Saito, Japanese Consul at Puget Sound. From later service at the British Vice-Consulates at Tacoma and Seattle,

Mr. Geoghegan became official reporter of the Federal Court of Alaska, and since 1903 most of his time and efforts have been devoted to his official duties in that remote and somewhat frigid possession of the Union.

It is to Mr. Geoghegan that we owe our earliest English translation of Dr. Zamenhof's instruction-book. Subsequently he translated a rather fuller handbook from the German of Herr Trompeter, a second edition of the brochure being issued later on from Upsala. Mr. Geoghegan tells how his own introduction to Esperanto was through an article in the "St. James's Gazette," and that a letter in Latin to Dr. Zamenhof brought back a German instruction-book. The writer of these lines gained his first knowledge, in November, 1900, from a French manual printed in Nüremberg, and amplified it by Geoghegan's second or third booklet—a pretty fair illustration of the internationality of the new language!

The first British organization was The Esperanto Society for the Study and Dissemination of Esperanto among English-speaking Peoples, founded by the writer and a few friends at Keighley —a Yorkshire industrial borough midway between London and Edinburgh—on November 7th, 1902. London formed its Club in January, 1903, and since then the progress of the cause has been steady. Much of this has been due, without doubt, to the powerful help of a monthly column in "The Review of Reviews," and a series of paragraphs in the language which have appeared in the "Daily News." Sixty-eight groups and societies with a similar aim have been formed not only in many parts of the Kingdom, but in the colonies and dependencies, including Canada (Winnipeg), Malta, India, Australia and New Zealand. The foundation of "The Esperantist" at a meeting held at Mr. W. T. Stead's house, and subsequently its incorporation with "The British Esperantist," have also been powerful aids to propaganda and unification of effort. The establishment, October 14th, 1904, of the British Esperanto Association gave the national movement a focus, and its creation of an Examination Board has made it possible to offer some kind of guarantee that the holders of its higher diploma have shown something more than a cursory knowledge of the language they may be teaching. The President of the British Esperanto Association, Lieutenant-Colonel Pollen —a name suggestive of fruitful propaganda—is an Irish barrister

of extensive linguistic attainments, who effectively points to Hindustani, the regularized camp-jargon of Akbar's armies, as in itself a precedent for the success and usefulness of an artificial language.

Canada made a bold start in 1902, and was doing a grand work from Montreal when typographical difficulties connected with the accented letters and the Linotype machine led to the discontinuance of "La Lumo," and the cessation for a time of the propaganda there. It is hoped, however, that the awakening of the United States to the advantages of Esperanto will call her neighbor to resume a mission, commenced by Mr. Beauchemin, Mr. Saint-Martin and other devoted workers, in which she showed such promising initiative.

Among the latest countries to join the movement come the United States, and others will be better able to tell how the few scattered early disciples of Dr. Zamenhof throughout the Union have been welded into an active phalanx as a consequence of the visit of an eminent German scholar to Harvard. The whole "Esperantistaro" is looking on with eager interest at this new development among the English-speaking peoples, and hoping large things from the go-ahead character of the younger and more vigorous Western branch.

Last, but possibly not the least important in point of ultimate influence, the Japanese are taking up Esperanto with an enthusiasm that promises to furnish an object-lesson alike to the Esperanto world and the indifferent outside it. The agglutinative character of the language is a strong recommendation to natives of the Far East, who find it difficult to master a Western speech, so different is it from their own in word-formation and syntax. The new instruction-book for Japanese lies before the writer, as also a copy of the excellently printed Japanese-Esperanto magazine. Alongside them is a well-constructed post-card from a Japanese correspondent who tells how 400 of his college companions are studying the language, and that he believes the number in Japan cannot be less than 2,000. It is the turn of China next. The first drop in the future rainfall came in the shape of a letter to the Keighley Society from far-off Lung Chow, somewhere about 1,000 miles west of Pekin, whence an official in the Chinese Customs, one Sung Sik, begged the privilege of membership in the English society.

Statistically considered, up to June, 1906, Esperanto was known to have penetrated to 31 countries, and 377 societies or groups were at work, Europe being credited with 349, America with 16 —the United States having then 10 societies in 7 centres—Asia with 7, Africa with 3, and Oceania with 2. To give a census of Esperantists is impossible, but a recent moderate guess at their number is 300,000. There are also 31 professional societies or organizations using Esperanto for special objects, 28 Esperanto magazines, in which the national language appears side by side with the international, and 8 national periodicals containing a regular Esperanto column. Europe is, so far, the centre of gravity, and here the societies are distributed: France, 94; Great Britain, 64; Germany, 35; Austria-Hungary, 28; Switzerland, 22; Russia and Spain, 21 each; Bulgaria and Sweden, 15 each; Belgium, 14; Holland, 7; Denmark and Malta, 3 each; and Monaco, 1.

It may now be useful to consider the prospects of Esperanto with regard to its fitness for the demands which will be made on any international language, and with regard to its prospects of success.

The writer frankly cannot lay claim to any special qualification to speak on the former point, except so far as a thirty years' journalistic experience, a tolerable acquaintance with French, and some special study of the subject of artificial languages, added to an extensive experience of spoken Esperanto, may be admitted as titles in this behalf.

As to the first point, then, Dr. Zamenhof's labors have been conducted throughout in a scientific spirit, guided by an uncommon endowment of common sense. If genius is evinced as often by the defter use than ordinary of every-day materials, as by startling novelties, the author of Esperanto is entitled to rank. Any twenty-foot craft may now discover America, but a Columbus—or was it the Norseman Leif, the son of Eric the Red?—had to show how it could be done. And so it was left to Zamenhof to show the world how a common language might be built up of familiar materials. In his "Universala Vortaro" of 2,600 roots expressive of what may be termed fundamental ideas a person of neo-Latin speech would recognize from 36 to 60 per cent.; one of Teutonic origin, including English, 30 per cent.; and a Slav, 28 per cent. And an exceptionless grammar so tiny

that a scholar could master it in an hour or so rounds off a language that defies competition on the score of facility. And what bids fair to insure vitality for the system is that the "roots" have suffered so little disturbance in their transplantation that they can continue their natural growth and obey the laws which govern language no less than do other living organisms. But just as the gardener directs and restrains the processes of growth, so as to insure the maximum of symmetry and beauty, so Dr. Zamenhof, at the request of the First Universal Congress of Esperantists held at Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1905, has set up a *Lingva Komitato* which will perform for the language itself the office of an Academy, only the more effectually that its labors commence with the beginning rather than the maturity of Esperanto.

And the language itself, with its ingenious equipment of affixes, has such an inherent power of word-building that the finest shades of meaning may be expressed. The Esperanto experts, indeed, find themselves in possession of an instrument whose potentialities stretch out before them like a Newtonian ocean; and it will only be when a Shakespeare or a Dante comes into or grows up within the movement that the possibilities of this euphonious instrument can be adequately explored.

There is a large class of persons friendly to Esperanto and even enthusiastic on its behalf who, from a failure to appreciate the ancestry and high lineage of the language, feel a shiver down the spine if one ventures in the same breath to mention the sacred word "literature." While granting that Esperanto may serve for securing bed and breakfast at some French auberge, ordering a few casks of wine from Burgundy, bales of cotton from Texas, or lumber from Duluth, these good people resent the idea that such a hotchpotch of a language is fit for literary expression. It were wisdom to be careful before advancing such an objection too hastily, for that might lead to some awkward questions as to how our own hotchpotch tongue has come into being, or why a language which selects the excellencies of several should necessarily be inferior to any of them. It may, perhaps, be conceded that no translation into another tongue can in every minute particular give a photographically exact portrait of the original, and Esperanto must ultimately be judged by the original matter produced in it; but the "literary" objector may

be invited to study the language for himself, to see how it has served for the translation of three Shakespearean plays, a couple of Byron's dramas, portions of the "Iliad" and the "Æneid" and Schiller's "Tell"; and how scientific and medical subjects are handled in the "Scienca Revuo" and the "Medicina Revuo." Such a course of investigation is calculated to convince the objector that one's philosophy may usefully widen its area with benefit to the judgment. The "ugly duckling" sometimes turns out to be a swan.

But leaving this debatable ground out of view, Esperanto in its application to trade and commerce has already opened out a wide field of usefulness, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the possibilities of the service it will render to the nations when once the value of such an instrument has been realized. The writer has operated—though only in an experimental scale—in soap with a Paris house before the English Soap Trust or Combine blew its little bubble; he has sampled the real attar of roses from the Kezanlik valley; might have stored his cellars with claret innocent of logwood, had he not been a teetotaler, or furnished a smoking-cabinet with the best brierwood pipes from Upper Savoy; and he carried out a negotiation with a Russian jeweller in the Baltic Provinces. He was consulted by an inventive Frenchman in Algeria as to submitting to an English firm of fishing-tackle makers an ingeniously devised snare for inshore fish; assisted an English colleague in a transaction in stationery for a Russian or Greek banker in Teheran; and replied to a correspondent near Moscow who was interested in English leather. All these were conducted in the one international medium, Esperanto, between parties for the most part ignorant of each other's language. One may see from month to month in the national Esperanto magazines advertisements relating to girders and roofing, to typewriters and dried fish, to thief-resisting locks and patent medicaments, to special brands of whiskeys or electrotherapy; and firms anxious to extend the area of their business are having translated into Esperanto their price-lists of photographic apparatus, of weaving appliances and other productions. Technical dictionaries are always of slow growth, but several special vocabularies have already been issued in Esperanto. During the recent General Congress one enterprising Swiss printer had an attractive little

handbook printed in Esperanto to induce visitors to prolong their stay among the beauties of the Bernese Oberland. A devoted colleague, Mr. J. Ellis, has carried through an important legal commission in England for French clients in Esperanto.

One remarkable utilization of Esperanto, which alone would justify its creation, has been its impressment into service for the international blind. Already the sightless of various countries had had ample reason to bless the memory of Braille, whose six-dot radical has brought within their touch so many of the joys of literature. But here, again, the barrier of language has been doubly difficult to surmount. A few of the extra-alphabetical signs, diversely used as logograms by the different countries, have been applied to the accented letters of the Esperanto alphabet, and now the blind have their national instruction-books in the raised dots, and an international magazine, "The Ligilo" (The Tie, or Bond of Union), six times a year, which, with one expense of production, serves the whole international "blindularon." Well might a blind Swiss voice the thanks of the sightless at the Geneva Congress, and two blind women express, in his own melodious accents, their gratitude to Dr. Zamenhof for the rays of light and cheer he has caused to stream so pleasantly into darkened lives.

A good deal depends, in the case of an "artificial" language —which is, of course, nobody's mother tongue—upon the extent to which it is taken up by educationists, and encouraged by the authorities. France has given a striking lead, for not only have the soldiers and marines received special permission to attend Esperanto classes, but the University authorities in several districts have consented to the inclusion of Esperanto as a class subject. The language is to form the subject of an important motion in the Chamber of Deputies with regard to its general official recognition.

In Great Britain, if the progress has been slower, the elementary and secondary teachers are taking up the personal study of Esperanto very freely, and great hopes are being built on the forthcoming Third International Esperanto Congress, to be held at Cambridge in August next, as to its effect on the attitude of the Universities to the language. Then, also, the Board of Education has recognized the pioneer work of Keighley by extending provisional sanction to the classes which the writer is conducting

in the Municipal Technical Institute. At Burnley, also, Esperanto is admitted as a grant-earning subject in the evening classes, and the Board of Education is being literally bombarded with applications for recognition from all parts of the country.

Another factor of very great moment is the inclusion of Esperanto by the London Chamber of Commerce in their curriculum side by side with modern languages, and the encouragement afforded by the London County Council evening Esperanto classes. And now that one hears of Prince Oscar, of Norway, and the Queen of Spain being taught Esperanto, it really seems as if the language threatens to become fashionable.

With regard to the spoken use of Esperanto it is hardly necessary to fill space with an enumeration of the many striking services it has rendered to the traveller. The writer has spent his holidays during the past four years on the Continent with a slender equipment of spoken French which he has rarely needed to unpack, while Esperanto has served all occasions. He has had most pleasurable sojourns with "samideanoj"—delightful word, translatable to its nearest power by the expression "like-minded ones"—in Havre, in the leading Esperantist centres of Belgium, at Boulogne and in Geneva, and has found everywhere that the international language has made of him a "citizen of the world."

At Geneva he had the pleasure of meeting with Messrs. Grillon and Lüders, of Philadelphia, from whom he received very encouraging reports of the reception that the language is meeting in America, and he assured them of the warm sympathy of Esperantists in the "old country."

In conversation with Esperantists from many different lands it was interesting to note how little variation is to be found in the pronunciation of a language which President Roosevelt may note is strictly phonetic. One occasionally met, it is true, with a Frenchman who placed a little extra stress on the last syllable of a word instead of on the penultimate, or a Slav who betrayed the same tendency with regard to the first syllable, but these were scarcely noticeable, and certainly one never found anything like the variety observable between an Englishman from a northern county and another from a southern.

All the business proceedings of the Congress, and the many side gatherings of special interests — Pacificists, Red Socialists, Chess-players, Mathematicians (in room "X"), Geologists, Ro-

man Catholics, Protestants and Lawyers — were conducted in Esperanto, and that business was effected with a lucidity and a despatch that many national assemblies might envy. It was the same at the social functions, the theatrical representations and the lectures—facility and intelligibility were the leading notes. How different this from the ordinary procedure and experience of international congresses! It was the intense feeling of the necessity of doing something to facilitate business at such gatherings, becoming year by year more numerous, that led to the formation, at the Paris Exhibition in 1900, of the "Delegation for the Adoption of an Auxiliary International Language,"* and since then the Committee of the Delegation has been approaching the learned of all countries with a view of obtaining their support to its programme. Which is, in brief, to urge upon the International Association of Academies the duty of examining and recommending for adoption some one language for international use as a secondary tongue. Such a language, it is seen, must (1) be capable of serving the needs of the ordinary intercourse of social life, of commercial communications and of scientific and philosophical relations; (2) be easily acquired by every person of average education, and especially by persons of European civilization; and (3) it must not be one of the national languages. The memorial in this behalf is being extensively signed by the learned bodies of Europe.

There is no room to discuss the reasons here for the discarding of any national tongue, but a last word will be to urge the American Esperantists to do their part to insure that the choice of an international language cannot possibly fall elsewhere than upon Esperanto.

* Secretary: L. Leau, Docteur ès Sciences, 6 Rue Vavin, Paris, VI.

JOSEPH RHODES.

"THE FUTURE IN AMERICA."*

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

> Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
> Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.
> Hic meret aera liber Sociis; hic et mare transit
> Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.
>
> HORACE.

MR. WELLS has done important literary work, appreciation of which must increase as time goes on; but he has done nothing which so clearly entitles him to a prominent place among the distinguished men of letters as his "Future in America," issued from the press of Harper & Brothers. Whether we consider its substance or its form, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to name another author equally well equipped to produce such a book. His stay in this country was short, but the two chapters written before he reached America—one in his study in England, and one on the ocean—indicate how complete was his preparation for a correct interpretation of our problems and so-called progress, with which, although he had been free of actual and interested contact, he had, nevertheless, been intimately identified in their intellectual and economic and spiritual import. Accordingly, we have a work of rare merit and absorbing interest, though the charm and effect of a graceful, vigorous style are distinctly marred by the "isn'ts" and "don'ts and "haven'ts" and other similarly irritating colloquialisms appearing so persistently on many pages.

To turn from the discussion by the demagogue of the problems that are confronting us, to this book, is like coming from a foul tunnel into the exhilarating atmosphere of a bracing day.

Its views may not minister to our vanity, but it ought to have

* "The Future in America." By H. G. Wells.

a wide influence with us as a people. There would be no doubt about its having such influence, if we did not so much exaggerate the importance of the views of the so-called practical man—whose judgment is rarely based on contemplation, but is often warped by interest or excessive activity—that we are disposed to neglect the best counsel of the worthy men of letters. For the world of ideas and the world of activities lie close together, and, sooner or later, there will be some just appraisement of our legacy from great authors — not alone from the standpoint of mere literary excellence, but of the immediate relation of their writings to a correct disposition of social and economic ills. Then we shall appreciate infinitely more than we do to-day the value of what these men of letters have done for the well-being of the world, and shall realize that while many others have been seeking, like economic quacks, to deal with the symptoms of a disease, it is they who have given wise but often rejected counsel for its complete eradication. And men like Emerson, and Arnold, and now Wells—for this book entitles him to an intellectual kinship with them in the expression of great truths about us—have more knowledge of our true condition than we are inclined even to conjecture.

Fortunately, the "Future in America" has appeared at the period of our disillusionment, when what Mr. Wells terms our egotistical interest in our own past is at an end. Now, if ever, we should be prepared to receive such a book without irritation and perhaps with a distinct welcome.

The "Spectator," in a comment full of crudities and contradictions, has reviewed the book somewhat unfavorably; but, apparently, the "Spectator" has volunteered to see to it that nothing from an English source critical of American institutions shall pass unrebuked. It mistakes, however, the present temper of the American mind, which is no longer solicitous for adulation, but is seeking and insisting upon true enlightenment and guidance as it gropes its way through its labyrinth of doubts and difficulties. And to apply the term "caricature," as does the "Spectator," to the splendid picture Mr. Wells presents, with its extended horizons and true perspective, its fine spiritual coloring, and with only such detail as serves to emphasize its proportions, evinces for us a lack of that frankness which is the true test of friendship, while from the intellectual standpoint the

characterization is a close approach to unpardonable nonsense. Yet the "Spectator," with an inconsistency of which it seems quite unconscious, admits that Mr. Wells has produced a "remarkable book," and that "no bird's-eye view of a nation that we know has a keener imaginative insight." Fortunately, however, full justice is done to Mr. Wells in England by Mr. Sydney Brooks's scholarly and appreciative review of the book.

Aside from a startling clairvoyance, so to speak, which enables Mr. Wells to see our problems in their relative importance and to point out the peculiarities of our existing and threatening difficulties, one of the chief attractions of his book is the absence of anything like an attempt to dogmatize about us; and he often doubts the accuracy of his own impressions, leaving to us the answer to many of the questions he has asked, though the answer is often but too obvious. His playful fancy, characteristic of so much of his other writings, does not desert him, nor is there wanting a certain grim humor centring largely about our "spike-crowned" Statue of Liberty, that, dwarfed by the sky-scraping commercial structures forming its background, suggests to him something of the regard in which hitherto in our national life we have held liberty in comparison with trade and commerce.

What he believes to be our failure to live close to high ideals in business does not escape his notice; but then he considers this a condition in no way peculiar to us, and he is of the opinion that business, for the most part, is without high ideals; and his views generally as to the natural effect of excessive devotion to the pursuit of trade will not weary the reader with platitudes. Even for the "much-reviled" Mr. Rockefeller, who, in so much of the newspaper discussion of the day, is put down as the incarnation of all that is evil and unprincipled in business methods, he confesses to a "sneaking liking," recognizing in him almost an unconscious product of a glut of opportunity; and he thinks if the product had not been Mr. Rockefeller, it would have been some one else suspiciously like him. From his standpoint, Mr. Rockefeller is not the criminal; but the thing criminal is the economic and industrial cut-throat game, which—with the little children of the factory and the sweat-shop among its pitiable victims—he considers we have made in part our national occupation.

He regards as comparatively of trivial and negligible importance in our national life "things like the Chicago scandals, the

insurance scandals and all the manifest crudities of the American spectacle." He knows well enough that as a matter of self-preservation men cannot permit such things to have any abiding-place in a community. Long ago Fisher Ames uttered this truth:

> "If there could be a resurrection at the foot of the gallows; if the victims of public justice could live again, unite and form themselves into a society, they would find themselves constrained, however loath, to adopt the very principles of that justice by which they suffered, as the fundamental law of their State."

The insistence upon honesty in such cases is not a virtue, it is merely a policy. Penal Codes do not furnish the foundation on which a great nation's life can be reared.

This, too, should be added, that much in our method of announcing these scandals is itself scandalous. Some wrongdoing there doubtless has been; yet, as Mr. Wells says, "graft is no American specialty." It appears everywhere in the world in spots and places, but the moral sense of the men of this country who are making its true and enduring history is sound and wholesome. And in default of the whipping-post, there should be the appropriate social or business or political outlawry for those who, in high or low places, are to our lasting shame blazoning forth to the world the untruthful and repulsive assertion that a great body of American citizens are afflicted with a loathsome disease —the contagious itch for other people's property.

Quite apart from such things he sees our real dangers. He looks for disastrous consequences from the unwisdom of inviting to our shores, without any attempt at discrimination, an immigration which does not impress him "as an influx of energetic people, of economically independent settlers, . . . but in the main as an importation of laborers increasingly alien to the native tradition"; and he adds some valuable suggestions for the avoidance of this menace. Dr. Darlington, the health officer of New York City, in a most thoughtful article in a late issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, says something quite similar as to the quality and character of our present immigration. Nor can we ask for any more impressive comment upon our perfunctory insistence that the suffrage will elevate these people than Mr. Wells's words: "The immigrants are being given votes, I know; but that does not free them, it only enslaves the country. The negroes were given votes."

Then, with keen insight, he points out how, in association with the momentous consequences of this immigration, we are summoned to deal with the pathetic and ominous problem presented by our great and increasing colored population, that he terms the "Tragedy of Color." He cannot be said to have any specific remedy for this ill, but he does not think there is much admixture of the true American spirit in our treatment of it. He excuses himself, but many will think he needs no excuse for idealizing the dark, submissive figure of the negro in this spectacle of America, who seems to him to "sit waiting—and waiting with a marvellous and simple-minded patience—for finer understandings and a nobler time." And if the negro problem does not appeal to our sense of justice, it ought at least to teach us the prudence of not adding to it the further menace of fresh and unrestricted importations of an inferior population, which he is confident cannot be assimilated into our citizenship. Our hurry and disposition to "step lively" furnish him with evidence of our disregard of much which must be a part of a nation's creed and practice, if it would realize its ideals. As typical of our contradictory extremes, he found Chicago squalid and joined to its idols of acquisition, "smoky, vast and undisciplined"; but in even such an environment there were not wanting evidences of a moral awakening that in all communities of the world is groping its way upward; while Boston, with all its intellectual virtues, impressed him as "cultured, but uneventful," and without leadership or even an appropriate interest in the struggle to solve the great problems of to-day. At such a time as the present he has no tolerance with the "immense effect of finality" of Boston. He was distinctly disappointed in not finding what he looked for in Washington, a "clearing-house of thought."

In the world at large he recognizes some national conditions not radically different from ours; and though he sees them magnified here, because all our activities are so impressive in their vastness, he points out, as did Arnold, how this very vastness may bring to us the sense of our solemn responsibility to ourselves and to the world. But he is of the view that our political degradation, the lack of a "curb upon our lust of acquisition," and what he terms our "State blindness," are among the faults peculiar to ourselves. And, if it had been permitted to him to continue his investigation further, he would not have

failed to see startling evidences of our proneness to condone political transgression, the beneficiaries and even the perpetrators of which so often escape unrebuked.

By State blindness he does not mean a lack of patriotism in feeling or expression, but a disposition to look upon our activities and conduct as absolute things affecting only ourselves or our immediate surroundings, when, in fact, they must be looked at in their relation to the common good of the State. It will profit us to read without irritation, but with deep thoughtfulness, this startling statement, which a candid but friendly critic of us feels justified in making:

> "Patriotism has become a mere national self-assertion, a sentimentality of flag-cheering with no constructive duties. Law, social justice, the pride and preservation of the State as a whole, are taken as provided for before the game began, and one devotes oneself to business. At business all men are held to be equal, and none is his brother's keeper."

To the catalogue of our dangers he adds our tolerance of, if not our sympathy with, the injustice of mere public clamor, a certain "flash of harshness" and an "accompanying contempt for abstract justice." He wishes, however, to regard this as an "accident of the commercial phase that presses men beyond dignity, patience and magnanimity," and is "loath to believe it is something fundamentally American." Yet, when he cites to our shame the instances of McQueen and Gorky, though he refrains from much injurious comment, he offers no excuse for our conduct.

He sees in the greedy acquisition of vast wealth and its vulgar display, and in the centralization and concentration of that wealth and of our organized industry within an increasingly few hands, more than the beginnings of the collapse of our much-vaunted individual competition and the equal opportunity for all. It is apparent to him that our economic process has begun to grind living men as well as inanimate matter. And he notes the ominous mutterings of a disapproval that will not be mute, even though it must speak with the economic jargon of the demagogue. It is no longer a case of our avoiding or stifling the debate, but of the substitution of wise counsels for intemperate utterance and for possibly intemperate acts; and by wise counsels is meant the introduction into our conceptions of our national life of many considerations we have up to the present time ignored.

All of us frequently hear expressions of surprise at the appearance of this disapproval at a time when the evidences of material prosperity confront us everywhere. Yet we must not forget that, fortunately, the American people think as well as eat; and it is a hopeful sign for the future that their consciences and intellects cannot be drugged with the "full dinner-pail."

By this it is not meant to suggest that all or even the larger part of this disapproval is justified. On the contrary, much of it is superficial or manufactured by men with evil or interested motives; much of it is full of crudities. Yet, when all this is said, it remains true that at the present time there is flowing through this and other lands a great stream of influence to which, accordingly as men view from different standpoints the contributions it has received from its many sources, they have applied the several names of "discontent," "unrest," "socialism," "humanitarianism" and "a great spiritual awakening." Whatever be its proper characterization, only our folly can persuade us that this influence in the world will, or that it is wise that it should, utterly disappear. On the contrary, if indications count for anything, it gains in depth and volume as it sweeps on, and threatens to undermine the foundation of many things whose security we have until now regarded as beyond menace. Nor, as some think, can its current be dammed; for through or over any obstruction placed in its way it is likely one day to rush with even more disastrous consequences. What appears to many of us, superficially viewed, merely as a meaningless or destructive agency, can be utilized for good; for, just as men by directing the course of mighty rivers into countless channels have turned deserts into fertile lands, so we, with this influence, can perhaps restore to usefulness the places in our national life laid waste by selfishness, neglect and the lack of regard for those things which concern the welfare of our neighbor and the State.

Mr. Wells does not write in despair of our future; and, despite our shortcomings, and despite his patriotic views of his own country, and his belief in the preeminence in certain directions of Germany, he inclines to the conviction that "the leadership of progress must remain with us"; and that if we fail, ours will not be an isolated failure, but a failure of the realization of great ideals of all the world, destined, as we are, perhaps, to express the final judgment of mankind as to the experiment of a democracy.

The doubts that existed in his mind, when he came to America, were largely resolved in our favor while he was in the midst of our excitement and rush and a part of our "step-lively" brigade, but back again in his study by the sea, where he writes the last, as he wrote the first portion of his book, his doubts recur, reinforced somewhat by later reflections.

He believes, however, that true friendship is shown to the American people not by concealing, but by indicating, the dangers that threaten us, which are many and conspicuous to the observer, who, by reflection and contemplation, sees them in their true perspective and proportions. We have not, as he points out, the problem confronting Great Britain, of holding together a vast and extended empire, and we are not, as are the other countries of Europe, to use his language, weighed down with the armor of war. In our legal entanglements, which perhaps he may emphasize too much—but in the other things he refers to that cannot be too much emphasized—in our persistent and reckless affirmation by word and deed that individualism is a thing to be worshipped; in our excessive devotion or yielding to the exacting demands of a material progress that precludes the continuous exercise of our highest intelligence and best thought; in our lack of appreciation that our acts have a relation other than to ourselves; in the absence among us of a social environment that enjoins a discipline of respect for a governing class or for some appropriate substitute, and of a national tradition that insists upon a high sense of responsibility to the State; and in our vast and irresponsible new immigration and in our colored population —in all these things he finds conditions requiring that the loins even of a great people like ours be girded up for a struggle in whose issue not only we, but all the world, have a momentous interest.

Perhaps, on the whole, it may be said that, with his passionate belief in an intelligence which insures the irresistible progress of mankind, his conclusions concerning us are not essentially different from those of Emerson, who—though he refers in plain speech to

"our great sensualism, our headlong devotion to trade, our extravagant confidence in our talent and activity, which becomes, whilst successful, a scornful materialism, but with the fault, of course, that it has no depth, no reserve force to fall back upon when a reverse comes,"

nevertheless believes that with us

"there is even an inspiration, God knows whence; a sudden undated perception of eternal right coming into and correcting things that were wrong, a perception that passes through thousands as readily as through one."

Nor are his conclusions essentially different from those of Arnold that, in the world at large,

"in spite of all that is said about the absorbing and brutalizing influence of passionate material progress, it seems to me that this progress is likely, though not certain, to lead in the end to an apparition of intellectual life."

Fortunately for our present safety, and for our future creative work in the world, we are, as Mr. Wells views us, feverish with desire for trustworthy information as to our whereabouts and true destination. Though he believes that we have drifted far from our true course, he realizes that our voyage has been over unknown seas, without the possession of the delicate instruments of tradition and contemplation for the taking of observations, and without beacons on the shore to warn us of dangers; and that, therefore, we have been obliged to cover great distances in our national life by mere dead-reckoning. But he does not wish to believe that we have yet made, or shall make, shipwreck of our own hopes and of the hopes of mankind.

Carlyle says of our harsh, cruel judgment of men who err:

"Granted, the ship comes into harbor with shrouds and tackle damaged; the pilot is blameworthy; he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know *how* blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs."

And Burns, on whose behalf he pleads, has said, in verse that is immortal:

"What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*."

So we who have the doubts, but also the hopes, of Mr. Wells wish to believe, and in large measure have persuaded ourselves to believe, that here in America, in the fulness of time, there will be reared that new State—with its realization of something akin to a perfected citizenship, with its creed of intelligence and with altars raised to the worship of great truths and of righteousness; where for offences against the standards of right conduct there shall be a swifter condemnation in the Court of Conscience

than there is punishment for violations of criminal statutes in the courts of law; and where to the imagination of men there shall rise in the midst of these harmonious surroundings not a dwarfed statue, but a noble and commanding monument to liberty, from whose lofty summit there shall, for us and all the world, shine forth with increasing splendor the light of a true civilization — that ideal State for which mankind has watched and prayed, and of whose certain coming Mr. Wells and other great authors, in their creative writings, have given prophetic utterance.

It will be difficult, indeed, for the American people to discharge the great debt of gratitude they owe to Mr. Wells.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

FRANCE'S TRIBUTE TO FULTON'S MEMORY.

BY HENRY BAYER, SPECIAL COMMISSIONER OF THE INTERNATIONAL MARITIME EXPOSITION OF BORDEAUX TO THE UNITED STATES.

From the end of April until November, 1907, Bordeaux, the important and well-known French port, will hold an International Exposition in commemoration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the application of steam to navigation. It was in 1807 that Robert Fulton launched on the Hudson River the first steamboat, the "Clermont," which made regular passages between New York and Albany. The trial was successful; it excited great admiration, and steamboats were rapidly multiplied, not only on the American rivers, but also on all the navigable waters of the civilized world.

To the first centenary of such a great event — the most important and interesting in the history of navigation—such a powerful naval and maritime nation as France could not be indifferent; furthermore, it must be remembered that it was in France, on the river Loire, that Fulton, in 1803, made his initial experiment. He remained in France quite a long time, living in Paris for nearly seven years, in the home of the American poet, Mr. Joel Barlow, at that time Minister to France. There, besides studying physics, chemistry and mathematics, he learned the French language, which he spoke fluently when he returned to America.

The French have decided to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the successful application of steam to navigation by illustrating the history of navigation from the earliest times. Models of every kind of ship, ancient and modern, commercial and naval, are to be collected, together with a display of all that pertains to ocean geography and to river and sea navigation. This will be complemented by an International Exposition of all kinds of raw

and manufactured goods, as the extension of trade has been the consequence of Fulton's invention.

The International Maritime Exposition, while organized by the competent *"Ligue Maritime Française,"* which has for President Admiral Gervais of the French Navy, is under the official patronage of the French Government, the General Council of the Gironde, the Municipality, the Chamber of Commerce and the Philomathic Society of Bordeaux. The Commissioner-General for this important world's fair, which will be more interesting than any other of that kind ever held, is M. Bertin, ex-Engineer-in-Chief of the French Navy, Member of the *"Institut de France."* He has for Deputy Commissioner-General M. V. Morlot, the distinguished Parisian publicist.

They have decided, for the Exposition, a general classification of subjects into seventeen groups, as follows:

"Marine History and Fine Arts; Instruction; Charts and Instruments; Navigation and Commerce; Navy; Materials for Construction; Motor Machines and Propellers; Fittings and Apparatus; Automobile Navigation and Boats of all types; Aeronautics; Port and Harbor Works; Sea and River Fishing; Hygiene, Salvage and Sports; Ship's Provisions, Food; Various Industries; Commercial Relations of Bordeaux with the Colonies; Social Economy, Works of Mutuality and Charity."

Each group is divided into classes, which sometimes number as many as eleven.

The Exposition of Bordeaux being in honor of an American inventor, all exhibits coming from the United States will go into the main building, a splendid construction, 750 feet long and 400 feet wide, built on the model of the Palace of the Doges at Venice. It will be a reproduction of the most elegant kind, a piece of art of exquisite beauty.

Numerous international congresses will reunite the experts on maritime, commercial and scientific questions, and important and profitable discussions will take place.

A Special Committee of Honor, composed of forty-six prominent Americans, is patronizing the United States Section.

The General Committee of Honor of the Exposition has for President M. Armand Fallières, President of the French Republic; after him come Messrs. Casimir Périer and Emile Loubet, formerly, also, Presidents of the French Republic; then, the most famous French names in politics, industry, trade, finance and science.

The English, Germans, Japanese, Russians, Italians, Dutch and Spaniards are represented also in the General Committee of Honor by the most prominent men of their countries.

Official notification and invitations have been despatched to all the nations, most of which have already agreed to participate, as Fulton's genius has been profitable to every country, no matter where it is located, no matter what its degree of civilization or the density of its population.

The principal naval nations, including the United States, have decided to send imposing squadrons either for the inauguration of the Exposition or during the continuance of the Fair. Furthermore, the leading countries of the world, participating officially, will each erect, or are already erecting, a national pavilion on a site placed freely at their disposal. The effect of these pavilions, scattered throughout the magnificent gardens of the Exposition, will be extremely pleasing—here, an old English mansion full of simplicity and charm, with upholstery and furniture of some other century, or a Russian building, with lengthened and high-pointed domes; there, a reduction of a massive and solid German castle, with gray stones, Gothic-carved windows and an "open door," or an elegant Japanese pagoda, with superposed roofs, complicated carpentry work and, as decorations, strange animals in metal and wonderful flowers; farther on, a coquettish Italian construction of the purest Renaissance style, or a Flemish belfry, with a delightful chime of bells playing at all hours; elsewhere, a Swiss cottage with flowery belvedere, or Dutch, Austrian, Spanish and Mexican buildings reproducing faithfully the respective national characters. Each construction will stand on a site carefully selected for it, and will be surrounded by landscapes the most appropriate for the nicest artistic effect.

President Roosevelt has sent a special message to the Senate recommending an appropriation to permit the United States to be represented in that cordial and fraternal meeting of the nations.

The message accompanies a report from the acting Secretary of State suggesting that the appropriation should be granted quickly.

Under such influential and favorable auspices, no doubt, the United States, also, will have their own pavilion at Bordeaux; it will contain, mainly, Robert Fulton's relics, kindly promised by his descendants living in this country, American flags, busts, and

pictures of United States Presidents, paintings recalling historical episodes in which this country and France were connected, some governmental exhibits, etc.

As a citizen, Robert Fulton was a very good one; he ardently loved his country. In 1796, he published in London a treatise upon canals, and secured a patent for a double inclined plane to be used for purposes of transportation. All this, with models of machines, was submitted to Sir John Sinclair, President of the British Board of Agriculture, and was received with complimentary resolutions of recommendation. Remembering his own country, Robert Fulton sent to the Governor of Pennsylvania and to General George Washington copies of this treatise and full explanations. The acknowledgment to Fulton was expressed in the most thankful manner. Patriotism as well as gratitude to the promoters of progress are the great civic virtues of the American people, and, owing to this precious fact, we may confidently hope that the distinguished statesmen who have to decide upon the official participation of the United States in the International Exposition of Bordeaux will say that Fulton's own country shall take part in celebrating his achievement.

The application of steam to navigation—the most pacific, useful and beneficent invention — has extensively developed trade, disseminating wealth and prosperity; it has made practicable bold expeditions, such as those led by Peary in his search for the Arctic Pole; it has aided important scientific observations and discoveries; it has brought together the people of very dissimilar countries, facilitating the study of languages, industries and fine arts.

The Robert Fulton Monument Association of New York, which has Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for President, will this year lay the cornerstone of a splendid mausoleum in memory of the great inventor; while, in France, at Bordeaux, there will be not only this International Exposition, but also the erection, in Paris, of an allegorical monument as a tribute of respect and esteem to Robert Fulton, and to his precursors, Denis Papin and Jouffroy d'Abbans, who also made studies and experiments on the same subject, though it was only after Fulton's triumph that the invention became effective.

HENRY BAYER.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY HENRY JAMES FORMAN, ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE AND SIMEON E. BALDWIN.

LORD ACTON'S "LECTURES ON MODERN HISTORY."*

THE profound student of history will beyond all doubt find a vast deal of absolutely authoritative and reliable information in these sixteen lectures of Lord Acton collected by careful editors in the present volume. No historian of recent years possessed a more thorough knowledge of facts, no one had a clearer mind for associating and grouping them, and no one a deeper reverence for them. But to that great majority made up of what is called the "lay reader" the book is of greater importance even than to the student of history generally. It is, in fact, a primer of history.

The word "primer" may suggest a sort of elementary text for the young, but that it is emphatically not. He who would venture into these lectures must be resolved for serious work. Their very style has a forbidding air. Indeed, Lord Acton's conviction that history must be approached with gravity and sobriety brings to his work a regrettable kind of cloistral austerity. "His lectures," the editors tell us in the introduction, "were not either in delivery or substance adapted to the assiduous note-taker." Obviously they were not. The reader may recall Stevenson's opinion upon the style of Lord Acton's predecessor at Cambridge, Sir John Seeley, whose manner of writing Stevenson termed "a winking, curled-and-oiled, ultra-cultured, Oxford-don sort of an affectation that infuriates my honest soul." And Seeley's style, be it said, was perhaps ten times simpler and better than the best of

* "Lectures on Modern History." By the late Rt. Hon. John Edward Emerich, Lord Acton. New York and London: The Macmillan Co.

Lord Acton's. The virtue of the present volume, clearly, lies in the substance, and the gist and heart of it is a kind of pious zeal and fervor for historical knowledge.

Those who follow French literature may remember how a recent life of St. Francis of Assisi, by the perfervid religious enthusiasm in its pages, wrought so potently on certain French minds that even some students of the Latin Quarter, it is said, embraced the cult of St. Francis. For a brief space they walked in his footsteps and added chastity and charity to the virtue of poverty, already theirs. The lectures of Lord Acton will, in similar fashion, though perhaps more abidingly, instil in the reader a great desire for historical study. On his very first page, the author cites that famous dictum of Seeley's that, "Politics are vulgar when they are not liberalized by history, and history fades into mere literature when it loses sight of its relation to practical politics." With him we stand aghast at the darkness of the Middle Ages when men "became content to be deceived, to live in a twilight of fiction, under clouds of false witnesses," and with him we rejoice that "unlike the dreaming historic world ours . . . has devoted its best energy and treasure to the sovereign purpose of detecting error and vindicating entrusted truth." No intellectual exercise, he tells us, "can be more invigorating than to watch the working of the mind of Napoleon, the most entirely known as well as the ablest of historic men." And every part of modern history, he assures us, "is weighty with inestimable lessons that we must learn by experience and at a great price, if we know not how to profit by the example and teaching of those who have gone before us, in a society largely resembling the one we live in."

The sixteen lectures, naturally, do not pretend to cover the whole domain of Modern History. If the work of Lord Acton could without a feeling of irreverence be compared to anything journalistic, it might be said that these lectures are like the captions of a newspaper. Run your eye over them and you gain an idea, though not a very complete one, of the day's news. In the same manner a perusal of these chapters will give the reader a kind of bulletin of the history that was made between the dates of the Renaissance and the American Revolution. The lectures are crowded with facts. Take, for instance, the one on "The New World." Beginning with the explorations of Henry

the Navigator, the lecture touches, however briefly, upon every important point of exploration and discovery down to the voyages of Cortez. Even more complex and comprehensive is the subject of the "Renaissance." It was the age of the revival of Greek learning and humanism, and also the age of endless bloodshed and cruelty. Every one penned sentimental poems after Petrarch, while, at the same time, Machiavelli wrote his famous treatise. Savonarola thundered against vice and vanity, while Pope Alexander VI and his children practised every crime to such an extent that even to-day the name of Borgia is synonymous with monster. And yet, for all its complexity, Lord Acton treats of the subject in one lecture in such a way that no important group of facts is left untouched. And the net result of reading this portion is an awakened desire in the student to penetrate further into that brightly colored, vivid period. Some of the other topics dealt with in similar fashion are "Luther," "The Thirty Years' War," "The English Revolution," "Lewis XIV," "Peter the Great" and "The American Revolution." Every sentence carries with it the conviction of truth, and every page creates an impulse to delve deeper into the subject-matter. And before long we become at one with the author in his idea that the study of history "fulfils its purpose even if it only makes us wiser, without producing books, and gives us the gift of historical thinking, which is better than historical learning."

HENRY JAMES FORMAN.

A NEW HUMORIST.

IF contemporary fiction is to be judged and classified according to the standards which have prevailed for the past eight or ten years, Mr. Nesbit must be credited with having, in "The Gentleman Ragman,"* tapped what is practically a new vein of humor, for to find the plausible suggestion for its spirit and atmosphere one must turn back to the rollicking, whimsical and yet always half-serious pages of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." This is a bold comparison, and one which, even with the necessary modification, constitutes bold praise. Yet it is an inevitable

* "The Gentleman Ragman." By Wilbur Nesbit. New York: Harper & Brothers.

comparison, and the praise is far from being entirely undeserved. For while "The Gentleman Ragman" has in detail many minor faults, and as a whole is singularly uneven, in strict fairness all this must be subordinated to the frank recognition of a genuine achievement. Mr. Nesbit has succeeded in creating an environment. The Gentleman Ragman is one Asbury Dabney Colquhoun, otherwise known as the Emigger—a local corruption of the old French *émigré*—a Virginian gentleman of lineage and mettle, who, having left his native State to avoid, on account of reasons which are to his lasting credit and which in no way reflect upon his personal courage, an hereditary feud, settles down in Plainville in the humble capacity from which the story takes its name, and speedily turns his Quixotic impulses to practical account. The Emigger, when he first drifts into the office of the "Chronicle," that redoubtable moulder of public opinion conducted by the eminent Eli James Bashford, "late of Cincinnati, Ohio," seems a rather formidable figure of a man, tall and dark-eyed, and with a long black drooping mustache that in the mind of Johnnie Thompson, the youthful narrator of the tale, conjures up visions of Simon Legree in the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" pictures. But his voice is not that of Legree, and instead of the anticipated truculent outburst his first remark is a genial interrogation as to whether his young interlocutor is "any connection of the Thompsons of Virginia," which amiable method of breaking down the barriers of formality he is wont to use with every person with whom he comes in contact. Lowly and unromantic as is the occupation by which the Emigger introduces himself to Plainville, his force of character and his quaint chivalry make him from the beginning a decided factor in the life of the little community, sharing its furtive tragedies, and participating, with a quaint, unconscious gravity in its droll pastimes and social diversions.

The originality of "The Gentleman Ragman" lies almost wholly in its characterizations and descriptions. The main thread of the narrative is one of the oldest in fiction, although here it is handled with a genuine freshness and vigor. There is the expected Tempter who enters the tale in the person of Arthur Keene Branthorpe, "Stage Director and Impresario," who visits Plainville for the purpose of getting up theatrical productions by home talent of his own play, "The Last Shot," for the benefit of the Sons of Veterans, and persuades Annie Davis, the stage-struck

heroine of the story, to leave her home for the purpose of meeting him in a near-by city, where he will be able, he promises, to embark her upon a great dramatic career. Luckily part of his plans go astray, and Annie Davis, after an unpleasant but not irrevocable experience, through the agency of the Emigger and Oscar Ferguson, Plainville's juvenile Sherlock Holmes, is brought back to her family and friends. Branthorpe later appears with a travelling theatrical troupe, but after an encounter with the Emigger that is marked with plenty of vigor and spirit, finds his courage ooze at the crucial moment, and makes a hurried escape by means of a strange horse and buggy. Add to this comparatively time-worn complication some exciting episodes pertaining to the invasion of the Emigger's adopted town by his feudal enemy Pinkney Sanger, the resulting pistol battle in which Sanger comes out second best, the Emigger's love-affair with Annie Davis, and one or two other love-affairs, and you have briefly all that there is to "The Gentleman Ragman" as a story pure and simple.

But if the action be slight, there is never the impression of its being strung out or thin, for with the background of Plainville, and the acquaintance of Eli James Bashford, and Oscar Ferguson, and Ike Peters, and Ira Growley, and Mrs. Flora Beavers, the action becomes of very secondary importance. The editor of the country newspaper is by no means a new type in fiction, but one must look far to find a more delightful specimen of the tribe than Mr. Bashford, whose only explanation of his reason for coming to Plainville was that some one had told him that there was a fine opening for a young man, and that while he was looking for the opening somebody had pushed him in. Then there is Ike Peters, called by Mr. Bashford the "before-taking exhibit of Plainville," an incorrigible reader of medicine advertisements and almanacs, forever boasting of his symptoms, always buying the first bottle offered by the travelling patent-medicine salesman, no matter what it is meant to cure. Had he not had false teeth "he would let the travelling dentists pull them for nothing to exhibit their painless system." Nor is it possible to overlook the bouncing Mrs. Flora Beavers, who finds her affinity in the amorous Bashford, whose mania for collecting premiums has led her to the acquisition of the most extraordinary accumulation of odds and ends — swings and centre-tables, photograph-albums, panels of kittens over the mantels, yards of puppies, imitation

oil-paintings of Washington Crossing the Delaware, parlor suits, bookcases and sets of Dickens and Shakespeare. And a youth who would have proved a comrade dear to the heart of Tom Sawyer is Oscar Ferguson, with his revolvers, his handcuffs and his nickel-plated detective star, a follower of clues, a delver into ciphers, a jotter-down of mysterious notes that strangely enough serve a purpose, who meets Bashford's attempts at sprightly badinage with the portentous retort, "We cannot divulge matters to the press at this stage of the investigation." For this generous gathering of interesting people, for the quaint humor and the ring of homely sincerity, "The Gentleman Ragman," as a book by itself, will demand of the discriminating reader much more than mere passing attention. But, above all, the discriminating reader will lay it aside with the conviction that good as the book is as a story, it is far more distinctive as a promise than as an actual achievement. And by him, Mr. Nesbit will not be lightly forgotten, but will be remembered as one who should go far.

ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE.

"THE FEDERAL POWER OVER CARRIERS AND CORPORATIONS."*

THIS is the book of a lawyer, but one written less for lawyers than for those, whatever may be their lines of life, who are now studying from the historical standpoint the Rooseveltian theory of constitutional government.

The point of departure in all discussion of the particular subject of the volume is the opinion of Chief-Justice Marshall, delivered in 1824, in the case of the Fulton steamboats, known as Gibbons *vs.* Ogden. It is there that, after observing that the Constitution of the United States contains an enumeration rather than a definition of powers, and that "an enumeration presupposes something not enumerated," he declares that, as no power over the completely internal commerce of a State was among those enumerated in the grant to Congress, none was entrusted to it. But what is that "completely internal commerce"? It is, he continues, the commerce "carried on between man and man in a State, or between different parts of the same State, and which

* "The Federal Power over Carriers and Corporations." By E. Parmalee Prentice. New York: The Macmillan Co.

does not extend to or affect other States." But where is the power to regulate what precedes commerce between States? Can there be a refusal to allow goods to become the subject of that commerce by the State until it has given its approval of their quality, or by Congress until the United States have given their approval of the manner in which, or the agency by which, they were produced?

Marshall answers the first of these questions in the affirmative. State inspection laws, he declares, are expressly recognized in the Constitution, but not as an incident to any State power over interstate or foreign commerce:

> "They act upon the subject before it becomes an article of foreign commerce, or of commerce among the States, and prepare it for that purpose. They form a portion of that immense mass of legislation which embraces everything within the territory of a State, not surrendered to the general government. . . . No direct general power over these subjects is granted to Congress; and, consequently, they remain subject to State legislation. If the legislative power of the Union can reach them, it must be for national purposes; it must be where the power is expressly given for a special purpose, or is clearly incidental to some power which is expressly given."

Mr. Prentice devotes a chapter (chap. III) to Gibbons *vs.* Ogden, but its main purpose is to narrow its doctrine to the case in hand. Thus read, it amounts, he argues, to nothing more than a decision that a State monopoly of a particular mode of navigation between States, being a regulation of the coasting trade, cannot avail as against a coasting license issued by authority of the United States. It is true that this was the point on which the case turned, but to reach it certain lines of reasoning were necessary, and to the steps in these, as above outlined, the author seems to have hardly paid the attention which they deserve. They are by no means *obiter dicta.* It would have been an *obiter dictum* had the court done what in one or two places he says it did (pp. 68, 74), namely, decided that the power of Congress over interstate commerce was in its nature exclusive. While Mr. Justice Johnson took this ground, it was simply observed in the opinion of the court that the argument in favor of that position was of great force, and they were not satisfied that it had been refuted. On the other hand, it was vital to the precise point in issue to proceed to it by a determination of what

commerce between States was, and how it differed from the commerce within a State.

It is the second branch of the second of the questions stated to which the work of Mr. Prentice is particularly addressed. His position is that Congress cannot limit the subjects of interstate commerce by excluding such as are produced by agencies which the United States may not approve, and so cannot insist on Federal charters or licenses for corporations desiring to engage in trade of that description. There is, he asserts (p. 4), "no doubt that the plan is entirely beyond the scope of the Constitution." This treats perhaps too cavalierly a project of legislation, proposed in form by the executive department, but it is spoken with the earnestness of conviction, and a considerable array of historical facts is produced in its support. He proves beyond question (pp. 17, 22) that the prime motive of giving to Congress its powers over commerce was to regulate navigation, but this hardly goes as far as he claims towards constituting a test for interpreting the words of the grant (pp. 147, 223). A more important circumstance is effectively stated and pressed (pp. 30-37), that the right to engage in commerce is "part of the liberty derived from the States," and so not the proper subject of a governmental license.

The position taken in late years by the Supreme Court (contrary to the views of Marshall, Story and Taney, and to the repeated use of the terms in the general Customs Act of 1799), that the "imports" and "exports" referred to in the Constitution do not include the transportation of goods between States, is vigorously challenged (pp. 39-47, 136).

A valuable feature of the book is its full statements as to State grants of monopolies of land carriage (pp. 62, 93), which were only suppressed as to interstate railroads by Act of Congress in 1866.

The plan of forcing interstate carriers to incorporate under a Federal law, Mr. Prentice thinks radically unsound, because the United States can only create corporations for the better fulfilment of some Federal administrative function (pp. 146, 149, 155). To make them, while incorporated by a State, subject to inspection or visitation, as corporations, in any matter not directly connected with interstate or foreign carriage, would, he argues, be equally unjustifiable; and here he is able to quote passages (p.

170) from decisions of the Supreme Court which strongly support his contention that the power of Congress is "limited to such regulations as will prevent burdens upon the act of communication." That this is an arbitrary limit has, he thinks, been often ignored by courts, but though logically undiscoverable from the premises of the Constitution, he believes it to be a logical consequence of the principles which the Constitution built upon those premises (p. 171). President Roosevelt tells Congress that "it is difficult to be patient" with an argument that the regulation of corporations formed for interstate transportation should be left to the States, but Mr. Prentice insists that this is mere impatience with the Constitution of the United States, which was not designed to transfer the oversight of corporations, whatever be their business, from the government which created them to a government that did not and could not create them (p. 175). Rather, in his view, as in that of Judge Evans, who has held the recent Federal Employers' Liability Act, for this reason, to be void, the power of Congress over commerce, taken by itself, is too narrow to support even the existing legislation. That must be rested on its duty to preserve interstate commerce from unconstitutional impediments and keep it free (p. 225).

The work contains the results of a careful study by a thoughtful man of the conditions out of which the provisions of the Constitution of the United States respecting commerce arose, and of their whole judicial history. It was evidently inspired by a profound conviction that the tendencies of the past few years, countenanced in high quarters, towards centralization of power at Washington, gravely menace the liberty of the individual and the security of the government to which he must always look, in most things, for the protection of his natural rights. It is the same conviction which Justice Brewer forcibly expressed in his address in 1906, before the Virginia State Bar Association on "Two Periods in the History of the Supreme Court"—that of national stability, and that of national enlargement.

Both in that address and in the volume under review it is conceded that the changes of a century in commercial and social conditions may call for changes in law. "Population," observes Mr. Prentice (p. 212), "has become dependent upon remote sources of supply. Each State is no longer sufficient for itself." But the remedy suggested is to amend the Constitution; not for

courts or Presidents or Congresses to twist and distort it into something else. The same thought appears in Justice Brewer's address. "Never," said he, "let the courts attempt to change laws or Constitution to meet what they think present conditions require. When they do this, they clearly usurp power belonging to the legislature and the people."

SIMEON E. BALDWIN.

WORLD-POLITICS.

BERLIN: WASHINGTON.

BERLIN, *January, 1907.*

THE electoral campaign, of which the result will be proclaimed from the polling-booths a few days after the publication of these pages, marks the beginning of a new era in the political history of the German Empire. It is the opening phase of a long-delayed struggle between the supporters of the personal régime and those of representative government. That struggle has been rendered inevitable by the character of the present Emperor. When, some weeks before the dissolution of the Reichstag, Prince von Bülow challenged the deputies to quote a single instance in which the Emperor had violated the Constitution, he was answered with a burst of mocking laughter. Yet it was impossible to refute the contention. The Emperor has, indeed, kept within the letter of the Imperial Constitution. But he has transgressed its spirit. Had he not done so, there would have been little disposition to cavil at Prince von Bülow's affirmation that the office and functions of the Chancellor furnished the most absolute guarantees against any violation of the Constitution by the monarch. It is, however, precisely in his relations to the successive Chancellors of the Empire that the Emperor William II has acted in flagrant opposition not to the letter, but to the spirit of the Constitution. For he has reduced the office of Chancellor to insignificance. And however much Prince von Bülow may boast that he has brought the actions of the Emperor into conformity with the law, by means of his "authentic interpretations" of them, the fact remains that as Chancellor he is merely the diplomatic secretary of his master, who too frequently disdains to avail himself of his services. It is true that the Prince, in a passage that requires much reading between the lines, hinted to the Reichstag that

there was a limit to his subservience to the autocratic eccentricities of the Emperor; but, even if that problematical limit were far less remote than appears to be the case, the argument would lose none of its force that a Chancellor, dependent for his office upon the royal will, constitutes but a frail safeguard against any breaches of the Constitution by the monarch. So far, the history of the German Empire has not produced a single Chancellor who has demonstrated his independence of mind by resigning of his own accord. Bismarck and every one of his successors have clung to office until they were virtually dismissed. They have chosen to consider themselves the servants, not of the people, but of the Emperor, and have in too many instances prostituted their exalted office to his caprices. Not without justice, therefore, did a great Liberal organ reply to Prince von Bülow's speech with the trenchant observation that the office of Chancellor could never be regarded as a bulwark of the liberties of the people until Chancellors should have learned how and when to resign.

Two decades ago, few people, outside the ranks of the Social Democrats and the extreme Radicals, would have disputed the contention of the Chancellor that Germans expect their monarch to be a man of powerful volition and initiative, and not a mere constitutional puppet. Now, however, it is generally admitted that the present Emperor has cured the nation of its taste for "individuality" in its sovereigns. For William II has obtruded his individuality into every department of the national life with a persistency which, it is felt, has become intolerable. In questions of art, religion, science, sport and politics he has paraded his views and exploited his prerogatives, with a pompous display of superficial knowledge which has alienated the sympathies, and set on edge the nerves of almost the entire people. At first the hypnotized belief of the public in his abilities, and in his apparently phenomenal powers of work, rescued him from general criticism. But, in recent years, and more especially in recent months, faith both in his capacities and in his industry has been converted into frank scepticism. It is in vain that the Emperor inveighs against the spirit of pessimism that is abroad in the land. In rank mutiny, his mentors admit the correctness of his affirmation that the material prospects of the Empire were never brighter than they are to-day, and that any other country, blessed with similar prospects, would be inspired by feelings of the ut-

most elation. Most true, say the critics; but, unfortunately, this brilliant economical outlook does not justify Germans in anticipating their future with confidence, because that future is jeopardized by the individuality and the impetuous blunders of their present monarch. William II, in fact, is himself the cause, so his mentors inform him, of the pessimism which to-day afflicts, as with a fell disease, the educated classes of the Empire.

So wide-spread is the discontent with the monarch that His Majesty has felt it incumbent on himself to speak in his own defence. He has been especially piqued by the observation, attributed by the late Prince Hohenlohe in his historical memoirs to the Empress Frederick, that her son wasted far too much of his time and money in satisfying his passion for travelling. To this palpable hit the monarch has replied in the form of a published conversation with Dr. Ganghofer, the Bavarian poet, and in that dialogue he describes himself as an inveterate worker, who seeks relief from the almost intolerable burden of his exalted duties by frequent indulgence in changes of scene. In this way, so the Emperor remarks, it becomes possible for him to obtain, at one and the same time, recreation and first-hand information regarding the different quarters of the Empire. His only regret, according to his own version, is that his journeyings cannot be conducted without pomp and circumstance. The Emperor's defence has not been favorably, or even respectfully, received by the public. One Radical journal, after recounting the vast sums squandered by various corporations in entertaining him, suggests that he might, if he wished, obtain a more accurate view of the condition of his subjects by travelling *incognito,* as do other princes and monarchs. As to the Emperor's devotion to the gospel of work, that, as Kipling would say, is another tale. It is a tale, unfortunately, in which the nation refuses any longer to believe. It used to be credited, but the popular mind is now filled with insidious rumors, which no amount of protestation by His Majesty can dissipate, that His Majesty is more addicted to pleasure than to duty, and that it is with the utmost difficulty that Prince von Bülow and the Secretaries of State can ever induce him to attend to public business. Why, the public with many mysterious nods inquires, does Herr von Lucanus defy the growing infirmities of his old age in order to retain his position as Chief of the Imperial Cabinet? The answer is that he does

so from patriotic motives which are appreciated by none more than by the Chancellor; that Herr von Lucanus, knowing the psychology of His Majesty better than any other living man, is able to watch for the rare moments in which the Kaiser can be induced to attend to the business of state. Those moments he deftly exploits by suddenly placing before the monarch's eye some document or bill requiring immediate attention, and so unerring is his judgment in this particular that the veteran courtier seldom fails in his object and in satisfying the requirements of the statesmen of Germany.

Many of these characteristic stories of Berlin Court life, which have long circulated among the initiated, are the subject of guarded references in a remarkable book, published just before the dissolution of the Reichstag, under the title "Our Emperor and his People: German Anxieties." The writer, who undoubtedly is a man of position having access to the intimacies of Court and official life, has made a profound study of the character of the Emperor, and he acquaints the nation with some very significant conclusions to be drawn from his observations. He delineates the monarch as a man who is haunted by the ambition to appear omniscient, and to impress his personality upon all with whom he comes into personal contact. This ambition, which is inflated by an overweening sense of his "divine rights," leads the Emperor deliberately to discard the cloak of ministerial authority and to assume personal responsibility before the world for the policy of the Empire in all its ramifications. But while it stimulates him to interfere perpetually with the course of public business, it is impotent to overcome his dislike, and even hatred, of the dry details of administration. The consequence is that, despite his extraordinary powers of rapidly assimilating information, the Emperor is rarely if ever correctly informed upon any question. He unconsciously imbibes the prejudices and predilections of his courtiers, and rejects the systematized knowledge of his statesmen. Rarely, says our author, are the official advisers of the Emperor able to communicate their views to him, for he invariably cuts short their expositions in order that he may lecture them at length on their own specialty. The Emperor, in fact, is an eloquent talker, but a most indifferent listener; and his sense of omniscience fans his passion for suddenly soaring away from the region of details into the empyrean of delectable

generalities. To this passion Prince von Bülow makes constant concessions. He has reduced to a fine art the task of preparing witty summaries of fact, which it is essential the monarch should know, and of adorning those facts with appropriate literary and philosophical allusions. In this way he has established a greater ascendency than any of his predecessors over the affections and mind of the Emperor. But, dexterously as he handles the monarch, even Prince von Bülow is never secure from disagreeable surprises in the shape of occasional Imperial actions undertaken at the inspiration of a sudden impulse, or as the result of suggestions skilfully thrown out by members of the Court Cabal, to serve special ends and with the object of humiliating the Chancellor and flattering the Emperor by exhibiting him as his own Chancellor and as the head and fount of German policy.

In every department of the national life the Emperor sporadically intervenes with capricious displays of his power. He sends messages to school-teachers commanding them to grant a holiday to their scholars; despatches a regiment of cavalry to a previously ungarrisoned town in order that a promise made to a deputation of young ladies may be fulfilled; denounces leading dignitaries of the Lutheran Church or distinguished artists whose politics, theology or pictures fail to conform to his taste; and generally comports himself in a way that renders explicable the unique success which attended the exploits carried out in the Imperial name by the "Captain of Koepenick." His love of display, as the author of "German Anxieties" points out, has banished from the army and the Bureaucracy the traditional Spartan spirit. Officials are now no longer content to work for the satisfaction of their own immediate superiors; they have their eyes constantly fixed upon the Emperor, and indulge in every manner of intrigue in the hope of attracting to their persons the notice of the monarch.

The Colonial Department has been affected to a notorious degree by this spirit of Byzantinism. A peculiar significance consequently attaches to the fact that the Reichstag has joined issue with the Imperial Government on a colonial question. For the German Protectorates, more than any other province of the administration, are the children of Imperial Autocracy. They are governed by Imperial decree; by Imperial decree their laws and by-laws are promulgated, and their Governors are appointed by

virtue of the Imperial prerogative. The Reichstag, in fact, has no other function than the modest one of voting ever-increasing funds for their up-keep. Should the Government be defeated, what will it do? Will it flout the decision of the electorate by dissolving the Reichstag a second time? There are many influential personages in the vicinity of the Emperor who would like nothing better than to see him execute a *coup d'état* by abolishing the system of universal manhood suffrage which obtains in all elections to the Imperial Diet. That, however, would be an extremely dangerous experiment, and one that the Emperor has declined to sanction in previous electoral crises. Those who know His Majesty best predict that he will give vent to his anger rather in words than in deeds, and that the new Reichstag, when it assembles, will find itself confronted with a situation in regard to Southwest Africa ideally suited to a compromise. In other words, the Hottentot war will be declared at an end, a large portion of the troops will be recalled, and the deputies will be able with a clear conscience to vote the supplies necessary to bring them home. They will in this way have won a victory, which the Government may deny, for the authority of Parliament. And the fight thus begun may be continued, through many compromises, to an ultimate issue in favor of representative institutions.

WASHINGTON, *January, 1907.*

SINCE the reassembling of Congress for the post-holiday session, the principal topic of discussion in the Federal capital has been the Brownsville affair, of which the latest phase is the President's avowal in a special message that, when in his order disbanding three companies of colored soldiers he undertook to debar them from subsequent employment in the civil service, he exceeded the limits of his constitutional authority. So far as the rest of the order is concerned, Mr. Roosevelt reiterates his belief that he did not transcend the powers vested in him by the Federal organic law. Not a few judges and eminent lawyers, however, concur with Senator Foraker in thinking that the President has no constitutional right to discharge "without honor" a soldier who has not been tried and convicted of an offence specified in the military code. It is by no means impossible that the Senate may ultimately express such an opinion in the form of a resolution. Mr. Roosevelt has said, however, that, even if a joint resolution de-

nouncing his order of dismissal as unconstitutional should be passed by both Houses, he would refuse to sign it, and, in the improbable event of its being passed over his veto by a two-thirds rule, he would decline to obey it, until the United States Supreme Court should have approved the judgment of Congress. This is the first time in American history that an American President has made such a declaration, much less lived up to it. During the Reconstruction period, bill after bill was vetoed by Andrew Johnson; but, after a bill had been passed over his veto, and had thus become a law, he did not challenge its authority, or venture to suspend the execution of it until it should have been sanctioned by the highest Federal tribunal. There is no doubt that a bill passed by a two-thirds vote over a veto *is* from that moment a law, and remains so until it has been set aside as unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. During the interval, the President is bound by his oath to obey it. Yet Mr. Roosevelt asserts that, by virtue of his executive authority, he would suspend it. There is no warrant in the Constitution for the assertion of such authority, and we cannot believe that such expert lawyers as Secretary Root and Secretary Taft would uphold the threatened usurpation.

Andrew Jackson is, so far, the only President who has left the Presidential office more influential and popular than when he entered it. That Mr. Roosevelt's career would resemble Jackson's in this respect seemed probable six months ago, but no one who listens to the private conversation of public men in Washington would now pronounce it probable. The discussion provoked by the President's treatment of the Brownsville incident has caused observers to recall and review other acts of his which have evinced an arbitrary spirit and a lax conception of executive authority. Where, it is asked, did Mr. Roosevelt find a constitutional warrant for his appointment of the Anthracite Coal-Strike Commission? It is true that Congress practically acknowledged the constitutionality of that proceeding by appropriating a sum of money for the payment of the Commissioners. Could an appropriation for a similar purpose be secured to-day? Another question which is often put is, Did not the President violate the sixth clause of the first section of the second Article of the Constitution when he departed on a voyage to the Isthmus of Panama, without recognizing his inability to discharge during his absence

from the country the powers and duties of his office, and without calling upon the Vice-President to assume his office *ad interim?* Another inquiry which one hears in private conversation, though it has not yet been made in either Chamber of the Federal Legislature, is, Can Mr. Roosevelt's acceptance of the Nobel prize, which was awarded to him by the Norwegian Storthing, be reconciled with the eighth clause of the ninth section of the first Article of the Constitution, the clause declaring that "no person holding any office of profit or trust under the United States shall, without the consent of the Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office or title of any kind whatever, from any king, prince or foreign state." Another query is propounded: Where did Mr. Roosevelt find constitutional warrant for his threat to use the military force of the United States to secure for Japanese pupils admission to any of the San Francisco public schools that they might desire to attend? If there is any power not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States, but reserved to the States respectively, or to the people considered as a whole, it certainly is the power to regulate public education. The President and his friends contend, we understand, that the segregation of Japanese pupils in San Francisco under a California law is a violation of the treaty between Japan and the United States, whereby we assured to the Mikado's subjects all the privileges conceded to the "most favored nation." That treaty, they say, is made the supreme law of the land, by the second section of the sixth Article of the Constitution, and the judges in every State are bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. But what are the specific words of the Constitution? They are that "All treaties made or which shall be made, *under the authority of the United States,* shall be the supreme law of the land." Where are the limitations of "the authority of the United States" defined? In our Federal Constitution itself, and especially in the Tenth Amendment. There are many who think that our Federal Executive has no right so to frame or interpret a treaty as to infringe upon powers reserved to the several States.

When the various assumptions of authority to which we have here referred are brought together and surveyed collectively, they are seen to compose a record which even those most ready to recognize the fine traits which Mr. Roosevelt possesses can hardly

help regarding with some misgiving and dismay. On the whole, the truest and wisest friends of the present Chief Magistrate must, in their hearts, acknowledge that it may prove just as well for the country, and for Mr. Roosevelt himself, that, owing to his own exemplary act of abnegation, it is settled that his term of office will come to an end on March 4th, 1909.

Another subject which has been discussed with a good deal of interest during and since the holidays is the question mooted in the December number of this REVIEW, the question whether, in the event of a war between Japan and the United States, England would side with the former Power. Would the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Alliance require the British Government to pursue such a course? Arguments *pro* and *con* have been advanced. On the one hand, it is pointed out that the preamble seems to narrow the operation of the treaty to the maintenance of the rights of the signatories *in Asia,* but this objection is met by recalling the rule followed in the interpretation of treaties, the rule, namely, that, where a preamble seems inconsistent with, or narrower than, the declaratory articles which follow, the latter must control the construers of the document. Now, the second article of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty provides that, "Should either of the high contracting parties be involved in war in defence of its territorial rights, *or special interests,* the other party shall at once come to the assistance of its ally." It will scarcely be asserted that the upholding of the treaty rights of her citizens would not be looked upon by Japan as one of her "special interests." There could be no doubt about the matter, if the violation of the treaty rights whereof Japan complained had been committed, not in San Francisco, but in Manila. Some of those who have written on the subject say that the British people would never permit its Government to take part in a contest waged by an alien race against their kinsmen beyond sea. The London "Standard," however, denies that under any circumstances would the British nation repudiate a treaty, no matter how repugnant might be the obligations imposed, or how possibly disastrous to Britain herself might be a faithful compliance with them. The general disposition of Englishmen is to dismiss the question as academic, and to declare that the supposed contingency of a war between Japan and the United States will never occur.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

WEDNESDAY, *January 23.* Is God Omnipotent?

WE find much that is appealing in the new theology that is making such headway in England. Its objection to ecclesiastical labels; its belief in the essential oneness of God and man, sharply differentiating from the Unitarian theory which makes a great gulf between God and man; its refusal to admit any essential distinction between humanity and the Deity; its insistence that all men are divine, although in a lesser degree than Jesus Christ; its treatment of the Bible as literature, "a unique record of religious experience," instead of as a fount of dogma; its rejection of the common interpretation of atonement, which makes one suffer for another's fault; and, finally, its basing belief in the immortality of the soul only on the ground that every individual consciousness is a ray of the universal consciousness and cannot be destroyed—all these are tenets of our own faith.

But one basic principle of the old theology retained by the new we must reject absolutely. We do not believe that God is omnipotent. To our mind, the name or word, "God," stands for the infinite reality which is the source of all things, but is itself still in process of fulfilment, in a manner which is suggestively adumbrated in the evolution of humanity. The insistence of all sects that God really is all-powerful has done more to retard the progress of true religion, to create doubts and misgivings and to check moral and spiritual development than all other false teachings combined. How many thousands, perhaps millions, have been driven from the church, from ideals, from uplifting to down-bearing associations, by the hideous picture of such a Being threatening to visit eternal punishment upon all who do not visibly fear and tremble before Him, instead of letting them live their lives with such clear conscience as they might,

manfully willing to abide the consequences of a fair balancing of their good and evil deeds—as worthy creatures of a noble Maker! How many sincere beliefs have been shattered and how many pure hearts have been broken by instances seeming to prove that, if He is omnipotent, He must be indeed a jealous God, revelling in practices wantonly cruel! What answer, other than the futile expression of inability to fathom the inscrutable ways of Providence, has ever been, or ever can be, made to the infidel's pertinent query, If your God be all-powerful and true and kind, why does He permit sin and suffering to sadden countless generations of His children who wish to revere and love Him? What possible motive can induce service of such a God except the very cowardice and fear which must be in His own eyes the most contemptible attributes of humankind?

How quickly, on the other hand, are all doubts resolved, how readily are all questions answered, when once admission is made that, lacking complete potency, He, too, is striving against the forces of evil, and that He seeks the cooperation of His children instead of demanding their abasement! What inspiration in the call of such a God—of a partly human God to his partly divine children—as contrasted with the irresistible despair attending the hateful threats of a God whom we have been taught, not to love, but to fear—lest we perish!

THURSDAY, *January 24.* Great Britain, Japan and the United States.

THERE was never for a moment a possibility that the surly and ungracious act of a pompous British Colonial Governor would give rise to any feeling in this country other than one of disgust at the stupidity of an individual; and yet the first impression that prompt repudiation by the enlightened Liberal Government would tend happily to yet more sympathetic relationship between the two peoples seems likely to fall short of realization. A dispassionate study of the effects of the incident only confirms the judgment we have often expressed that, while the educated middle class of English society is distinctly friendly to Americans, whose liking for democratic government they find congenial, the selfish and arrogant aristocracy, represented in politics by the Conservative party, is as completely dominated by a spirit of envy and contempt to-day as it was in the days of George the Third. We have not the slightest doubt, in point of fact, that the real opinion

of this class was accurately represented by the Tory journal which frankly "applauded" the "firmness with which Governor Swettenham asserted the rights of his sovereign and flag in a position of peculiar difficulty"; nor do we question the perspicacity of Mr. Waldorf Astor, in his constant quest of aristocratic favor, in permitting his Pall Mall journal to declare that the Governor "took the only possible course open to an official whose duty required him to consider, not only the special relations of his province, but vital questions of international law."

It remained, however, for the organ of the late Lord Salisbury to evolve the more direful suspicion of Americans "bearing gifts." Jamaica, it suggested darkly, was a prize for any naval Power which might choose to overcome its tiny garrison; and "to obtain such a port of vantage when the Panama Canal is open, there are Governments which would incur great risks, not shrinking even from the charge of perfidy." Inasmuch as the Monroe Doctrine definitely forbids such aggression by another Power, there remains no question of the identity of the Government suspected of perfidious intent. Time was, as the "New York Times" sagely observes, when our tender sensibilities would have been rasped by this suggestion, but our official performances in Panama were of such a character and so recent, comparatively, that it is probably well to heed a well-remembered injunction and "tread softly."

The same Tory journal takes up our recent suggestion that England's professions of friendliness would ring more truly if uncontaminated by her pledge to join Japan in waging war upon any nation with which the latter might become involved, and sternly closes the loophole afforded by a hint of the difference between a treaty obligation and compliance therewith under all circumstances. "It is not in this spirit," says the "Standard," "that Great Britain deals with its solemn engagements. For good or for evil, it will stand to its plighted word, and abide by the consequences. As to its attitude towards its ally in the Far East, there cannot be room for doubt or hesitation. Not even the immeasurable advantages of a cordial friendship with our kinsmen in the United States would be weighed against the dishonor of breaking a national pledge."

In what spirit other than this England dealt with the similar "solemn engagement" between Charles II and Louis XIV to

make war on Holland, we confess inability to determine; but we make little of awkward precedents ourselves and exact even less regard for them from others. It is the present condition, regardless of theory or possibility of evasion, that Americans will begin to consider as soon as their Chief Magistrate vouchsafes to them a moment for reflection. And that condition was the outcome of no convention in which we participated, but ensued from a political idiosyncrasy which for the time induced England to believe that she had more to fear from Russia than from Japan. Having, from mere isolation, been spared the necessity of considering political exigencies of this nature, we surely may claim exemption from the attendant and inevitable folly of that close association with alien races which already has become so poignant as to threaten the autonomy of the British Empire, in respect, at least, to the fidelity of her Colonies. Our racial difficulties are trying enough, and sufficiently obvious to evoke derisive comment from our transatlantic relatives; but, in point of fact, they are no whit more serious than those of our kinsmen across the sea, whose very national existence beyond the confines of their dominating isles is dependent upon their ability to solve a precisely similar problem.

If, then, this condition be admitted, as surely it must be by all English intellects except those besotted by ignorance or arrogance, the obvious necessity of the time among Anglo-Saxons is that cooperation which can be found only in freedom from unnatural alliances that seem to be entangling. Frankly, we do not believe for a moment that a militant demonstration of the cocksureness of Japan against this country would fetch down upon us the armed forces of Great Britain; but, as we have pointed out regretfully, and as the Tory representative with characteristic obtuseness insists, the solemn treaty obligation now existing surely does contain that very menace. Journals of keener vision, especially in Scotland and Ireland, perceive the situation more clearly than the obdurate supporter of a Swettenham.

The "Aberdeen Free Press" says:

"A heavy task is imposed upon Mr. Bryce by THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. This well-informed and influential fortnightly throws genial banter on the idea that the Ambassador required was one capable of participating with President Roosevelt in the strenuous joys of physical existence. It has been suggested that Sir Mortimer Durand failed to

develop the friendship of the two countries because he did not play tennis on the White House courts. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW takes a graver tone on the subject, and declares that friendly professions are incompatible with our treaty obligations to make war with Japan against any Power which menaces her special interests. It is feared that the Japanese claim respecting the equal rights of her students in San Francisco may be included within these interests. Anyhow, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW says that, if we are to convince the United States of the sincerity of our professions of friendship, we must lose no time in attempting to modify the treaty so as to limit it to the case of Continental aggression. Continuance in the present position will, it adds, soon come to be regarded in the States as a wilful and serious menace to their security and welfare. To remove this feeling, Mr. Bryce will devote his heart and brain. It appears unreasonable, but is none the less likely to be adhered to tenaciously."

The Dublin "Freeman's Journal" says:

"When Mr. John Morley alone, or almost alone among leading public men in this country, strongly criticised the policy of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement, he showed both foresight and courage. The maintenance of good relations between England and the United States is professed to be one of their first objects by leaders of both English parties. These professions are now about to be tried by a severe test. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which may be taken as more or less inspired in this regard, says that if England really wants to prove her friendship with the United States she must not hesitate about denouncing certain portions of the Treaty. When Mr. Bryce gets to Washington, he will find that this question will become increasingly pressing, and it will be interesting to note how he deals with it. The Treaty was concluded at the time when the late Government was in a state of panic after the disastrous experiences of the South African War. Its immediate purpose was served when it enabled Japan to crush the Russian fleet without interference, to get control of Korea and the mastery of China. The supporters of the Treaty are now realizing that Japan is an infinitely more dangerous and insidious enemy in the Far East than Russia ever could have been. They are not now such enthusiastic pro-Japanese as they were when Japan was slaughtering the giant that they had stood so long in deadly terror of."

The "Leeds Mercury" says:

"There seems to be no doubt that, in the event of hostilities between Japan and the United States, the text of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, concluded in 1905, would bind Great Britain to make common war upon America. This eventuality was assuredly never contemplated when Lord Lansdowne, the Conservative Minister for Foreign Affairs, entered into a Treaty intended to apply to Central and Eastern Asia. With eyes intently fixed on India, our far-seeing statesman overlooked Canada and the United States. The Treaty recalls the famous Bull of

Pope Alexander, which, after the first voyage of Columbus, assigned to Spain all discoveries of land west of the sixtieth circle of longitude."

That the enlightened Ambassador, James Bryce, already so deservedly popular in this country, will readily do as much as can be done to allay the growing distrust of English sincerity, may be regarded as certain. But parsnips are not buttered in that way. The solemn covenant of a great Power cannot be ignored or explained away. We repeat that, so long as Great Britain remains bound by treaty to place her armed forces at the disposal of Japan in the deplorable contingency of that nation becoming involved in warfare with the United States, the friendly professions of our cousins will be accepted with the qualification of a certain reserve—and Germany will find the door to our favor opening more widely every day. We perhaps should add, in emulation of our distinguished Secretary of State, that this is said in no threatening sense; it is a mere statement of fact which may suggest a friendly warning.

FRIDAY, *January 25.* Woman Suffrage in Great Britain.

THAT women will vote at the next general election in Great Britain may now be accepted as a virtual certainty. The leaders of the two great parties, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Arthur Balfour, along with more than four hundred of the six hundred and seventy members of Parliament, have definitely pledged their support of the Enfranchisement Bill introduced by Mr. Keir Hardie, leader of the Labor party, which is a unit in its favor. Of the two hundred members who have not given positive pledges, it is said with apparent authority that not more than fifty would vote against the bill if action could be had now. Unfortunately, the custom of British Governments forbids the consideration of franchise questions until a final session, on the ground that, if the electorate be enlarged, Parliament must dissolve forthwith in order to give the new constituency immediate voice. If, as seems likely, the present Parliament shall run its full course, six years will elapse before the bill can be passed; but the sentiment is now so nearly unanimous that only an extraordinary change in public opinion, as well as in the disposition of the members, can prevent its ultimate enactment. It is by no means clear that the recent energetic action of the agitators, followed by their arrest and imprisonment, has resulted

in the damage to the cause anticipated by many who feared the possible effect of ridicule. The famous novelist, George Meredith, was convinced from the beginning that demonstration to the verge of violence afforded the only way to arouse the English mind, and he wrote bluntly:

"The mistake of the women has been to suppose that John Bull will move sensibly for a solitary kick. It makes him more stubborn, and such a form of remonstrance alienates the decorous among the sisterhood, otherwise not adverse to the emancipation of the sex. It cannot be repeated if the agitating women are to have the backing of their sober sisters, yet it is only by the repetition of this manner of enlivening him that John Bull—a still unburied old gentleman, though not much alive—can be persuaded to move at all."

Members of the House itself hold similar views. One of the most influential, Mr. Philip Snowden, expresses confidence that the suffrage will be extended during the lifetime of the present Government, "but how soon depends entirely on the persistency of the exertions of the agitators." Directness and simplicity characterized the creed of these successful crusaders, thus:

"We demand our immediate enfranchisement on the same terms as men:

"(1) Because we have, by long and painful experience, proved the absolute impossibility of securing any further redress of the many legal wrongs from which we still suffer, and because we fully realize the great danger of further careless, mischievous and unjust legislation, gravely imperilling the well-being of women.

"(2) Because the equal citizenship of women is essential to the growth and development in men of the sense of social and political justice.

"(3) Because the enfranchisement of the women of Great Britain and Ireland will hasten the enfranchisement of the women of all civilized nations, and will thus lead to the development of a higher social and political morality all the world over."

The most popular expression developed in the campaign was that of Mr. Frederick Thoresby to the effect that:

"Man alone may be expected to secure from a merely physical and individualistic standpoint the survival of the *fit*, but if woman is taken into partnership in the management of our every-day world, all that she stands for, namely, purity, sweetness and gentleness, will insure, in our upward struggle, the survival of the *best*."

—which also seems worthy of commemoration.

SATURDAY, *January 26.* Untruths Respecting Child Labor.

WISE persons always make allowance for overstatement on the part of zealous advocates of a good cause, but the shrewdest of us may be deceived occasionally if the exaggeration be sufficiently gross. Not long ago, in considering the proposal to apply the Interstate Commerce Act to the evil of child labor, we presented certain conclusions based upon figures gleaned from census statistics by the secretary of the national committee which was formed to accomplish reforms and has enlisted the powerful aid of the President and other great-hearted citizens. The presentment was, indeed, as we remarked, startling, showing, in the words of the secretary, that "out of a total of 9,613,252 children in 1900, there were 1,750,178, or 18.2 per cent., at work; while, out of a total of 6,649,483 children in 1880, 1,118,356, or 16.8 per cent., were at work." Technically, we find this statement to be accurate; it is the truth, but so far from the whole truth as to create an utterly false impression. The committee, for example, raises no objection to the employment in factories of children who have reached the age of fourteen, and none whatever to the employment of children in agricultural pursuits, for the reason that their occupation is healthful and under the personal direction of their parents. Of those comprised in the first class there are 501,844, and in the second no less than 1,061,971. Deduct the sum of these two sections considered exempt, and the grand total of 1,750,178 shrinks immediately to 186,363—a sufficiently large number to call for attention, to be sure, but vastly different as the basis of a demand for interference by the Federal Government.

MONDAY, *January 28.* Why Bachelors Should Not be Taxed.

To insist, as some do, that if spinsters be taxed bachelors likewise should be compelled to contribute to the general fund is to our mind absurd. The two classes are quite distinct. As we have noted hitherto, any woman may marry if she will; but it often happens that the only lady who appears sufficiently pleasing in the eyes of a man obstinately refuses to mate with him. The one condition, therefore, is in a broad sense voluntary, while the other is unavoidable and, of course, not properly punishable. In the old days, it is true, the unmarried man was considered fit prey for the tax-gatherer. Ancient Sparta, indeed, treated celi-

bacy as a crime of a minor nature, such as we would term a "misdemeanor." Rome was less brutal, but Julius Cæsar discriminated shockingly against bachelors in the allotment of the Campanian lands, and a law was enacted, under Augustus, forbidding an unmarried man under sixty to accept a legacy. The purpose of Julius plainly was to induce the rearing of large families, as he barred from sharing in the spoils even the fathers of less than three children; and it is probable that the motive of Augustus was similar, since the prohibition against the inheritance of legacies applied also to women under fifty, besides actually compelling a widow to remarry within two years after the decease of her husband in order to secure her portion of his estate.

From time to time, special taxes have been imposed upon single men in Great Britain and Ireland, but only, it was always carefully stated, for the purpose of increasing revenues. In France, on the other hand, fear of depopulation is said to be at the root of the present movement, unsuccessful thus far, to exact toll for celibacy. It will be seen, then, that the actuating causes have varied widely; but, generally speaking, the discrimination has rested upon the Spartan principle that it is the duty to the state of every citizen to rear up legitimate children, although there is room for suspicion that, in some instances, the hen-pecked married men who made the laws felt that bachelors should pay well for happiness that seemed to them exceptional.

Of the forty millions of persons of both sexes of a marriageable age in this country, more than twelve millions remain single. This number seems large enough to justify our Chief Magistrate's recent insistence that, from the view-point of a far-seeing ruler, desirous of providing cadets and midshipmen for a large navy, the indefinite continuance of such a condition is intolerable. Lest he may suddenly direct the various States to enact laws that would bear unduly upon unmarried men or suffer them to be brought under the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act, along with old maids, we earnestly beseech reflection upon certain facts established by our Federal census. According to the statistics of 1900, for example, the country contained only 1,182,293 widowers, or only 3 per cent. of the entire male population, as against 2,721,564 widows, or 7.3 per cent. of all the females. This surprising disparity surely merits serious consideration. We

may not assume, for chivalric reasons, that our delicately nurtured ladies are of tougher fibre and more enduring physical nature than their husbands; hence, we are driven to the conclusion that the hazard of matrimony is vastly greater for men than for women, as is evidenced by the great disparity in the actual fatalities. Moreover, the total of divorced men is only 84,903, or 2 per cent., as against 114,965, or 3 per cent., of divorced women, showing clearly that even after being freed from irksome bonds a comparatively small proportion of men have sufficient strength left to withstand the effect of their previous existence.

That these significant facts do, or should, escape the thoughtful attention of a prudent bachelor is not to be expected; realizing, as he must from a study of the statistics, the comparative paucity of his chances of longevity during the matrimonial period and the virtual certainty of his discouraged spirit wasting away soon after divorce, is he not reasonably warranted in evading, in all seemly ways, the wiles of the spinster, and should he in equity be taxed for so doing? Clearly, it seems to us and we trust it will seem to the President, such a course finds ample justification in the mere instinct of self-preservation, which induces even a soldier to avoid engagements against undue odds.

Having, therefore, as we believe, fully established the rightfulness of discrimination in favor of the bachelor as against the spinster in matters relating to taxation, we regard the advancement of further obvious arguments, based upon the inherent rights of married hostesses in unattached men, as wholly supererogatory. Of the danger of matrimony itself falling into disfavor as an avocation, we frankly have no apprehension; the philosopher, we fear, did not err greatly when he declared that, so long as the race continues human, marriage will be—"like a cage; those birds that are inside desiring to get out, and those that are out wanting to get in."

TUESDAY, *January 29.* **Is Shakespeare Popular?**

IF one were to assert that Shakespeare is an unpopular author, little read, and that the average man has but a slight and intermittent taste for him, one would doubtless be met with flat contradiction. The ever-multiplying editions would be pointed to, and the fact would be cited that every household of pious intent

and respectable tendencies supplies itself with Shakespeare immediately after it buys the family Bible. It is incontrovertibly true that every one of average education has been piloted through two or three plays while in the high school; and college graduates can usually claim a bowing acquaintance with two or three plays, *plus* some volume of textual criticism. People in love usually read the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet" once or twice. But is this a test of popularity? The great question is, What does the tired man read when he comes home from business, and what does the worn-out mother of the family read when she has time to fold her hands and sit still? And the truthful answer is that he reads the evening paper, and she reads the advertisements in the back of the magazines to see what she *would* buy if only she could pay.

The popular misconceptions of Shakespeare are many and great. As a matter of fact, the early plays are too delicately observant, too full of fancy and the sheer glint of fairyland, to catch the average intelligence; the later plays are simply too difficult to understand. The obscurity of Browning is a fashionable phrase, but the obscurity of Browning is transparent compared with the obscurity of "Troilus and Cressida" or "Timon of Athens."

That it would be a consummation devoutly to be wished that Shakespeare should be popular is unquestionable, but the noblest course in life is to look facts squarely in the face and then shape one's conduct as wisely as one may. And it is futile to concur in the popular fallacy that the average man reads Shakespeare for amusement, because he does not. Tolstoy and Maeterlinck to the contrary notwithstanding, Shakespeare's view of life is still far in advance of that of the mass of mankind, and we still go to him only when we are not too weary to climb the steeps of his thought.

WEDNESDAY, *January 30.* Writers' Writers.

A SUCCESSFUL novelist was recently asked what he read for diversion. He responded: "Plotinus, Jamblichus, Fichte sometimes, or Kant." "And what," asked the baffled questioner, "do you read when you work?" "When I work hardest," the novelist replied, "I read my friends' novels." The intellectual quality of the "best sellers" may have given us an exaggerated idea of the low plane of the public taste, but it is a dangerous rock to rest

upon. The public has shown its taste for novels that are worth while, that combine literary skill with profound perceptions, as witness the wide esteem accorded Hardy and Meredith, and the ready acclaim with which Robert Hichens has been greeted.

But, even allowing this, there remain writers who are and very likely always will be writers' writers—writers upon whom other writers batten and grow fat. A writer naturally desires the matter he feeds upon to be stimulative; he has not time for mere padding with commonplace reflection or average observation or matter-of-fact, unilluminative detail. When he reads he wants his page, as it were, highly charged with thought. There are certain writers of whom it is safe to say that they will never belong to the general public. Donne is most notably a poet's poet, as is Landor. The one is too fantastic, too truculent, too profoundly thoughtful; the other too eclectic, too distant, too elegantly refined for "human nature's daily food."

Pater, despite ebullitions of enthusiasm in colleges for his style, will remain ever a novelist's novelist, with his far-removed interests, his poetic conception of life, his detachment from anything like personal desire, his freedom from partisanship or passion. He has removed the whole interest of life from the plane of having to the plane of thinking, and is throughout all his books a quiescent observer of ideals.

The great question is whether, as the army of writers multiply, the number of great writers who feed them will keep up the pace. Fortunately we have many ages and tongues to draw inspiration from; and those writers will stand highest who most resolutely refuse to be drawn into reading the mass of evanescent stuff as it emerges from the press. He, at least, will do well to follow Emerson's advice, and wait till a book is ten years old before reading it.

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—XII.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

Orion Clemens—resumed.

[*Dictated April 5, 1906.*] There were several candidates for all the offices in the gift of the new State of Nevada save two—

(1864-5.) United States Senator, and Secretary of State. Nye was certain to get a Senatorship, and Orion was so sure to get the Secretaryship that no one but him was named for that office. But he was hit with one of his spasms of virtue on the very day that the Republican party was to make its nominations in the Convention, and refused to go near the Convention. He was urged, but all persuasions failed. He said his presence there would be an unfair and improper influence and that if he was to be nominated the compliment must come to

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him as a free and unspotted gift. This attitude would have settled his case for him without further effort, but he had another attack of virtue on the same day, that made it absolutely sure. It had been his habit for a great many years to change his religion with his shirt, and his ideas about temperance at the same time. He would be a teetotaler for a while and the champion of the cause; then he would change to the other side for a time. On nomination day he suddenly changed from a friendly attitude toward whiskey—which was the popular attitude—to uncompromising teetotalism, and went absolutely dry. His friends besought and implored, but all in vain. He could not be persuaded to cross the threshold of a saloon. The paper next morning contained the list of chosen nominees. His name was not in it. He had not received a vote.

His rich income ceased when the State government came into power. He was without an occupation. Something had to be done. He put up his sign as attorney-at-law, but he got no clients. It was strange. It was difficult to account for. I cannot account for it—but if I were going to guess at a solution I should guess that by the make of him he would examine both sides of a case so diligently and so conscientiously that when he got through with his argument neither he nor a jury would know which side he was on. I think that his client would find out his make in laying his case before him, and would take warning and withdraw it in time to save himself from probable disaster.

I had taken up my residence in San Francisco about a year before the time I have just been speaking of. One day I got a tip from Mr. Camp, a bold man who was always making big fortunes in ingenious speculations and losing them again in the course of six months by other speculative ingenuities. Camp told me to buy some shares in the Hale and Norcross. I bought fifty shares at three hundred dollars a share. I bought on a margin, and put up twenty per cent. It exhausted my funds. I wrote Orion and offered him half, and asked him to send his share of the money. I waited and waited. He wrote and said he was going to attend to it. The stock went along up pretty briskly. It went higher and higher. It reached a thousand dollars a share. It climbed to two thousand, then to three thousand; then to twice that figure. The money did not come, but I was not disturbed. By and by that stock took a turn and began to

gallop down. Then I wrote urgently. Orion answered that he had sent the money long ago—said he had sent it to the Occidental Hotel. I inquired for it. They said it was not there. To cut a long story short, that stock went on down until it fell below the price I had paid for it. Then it began to eat up the margin, and when at last I got out I was very badly crippled.

When it was too late, I found out what had become of Orion's money. Any other human being would have sent a check, but he sent gold. The hotel clerk put it in the safe and went on vacation, and there it had reposed all this time enjoying its fatal work, no doubt. Another man might have thought to tell me that the money was not in a letter, but was in an express package, but it never occurred to Orion to do that.

Later, Mr. Camp gave me another chance. He agreed to buy our Tennessee land for two hundred thousand dollars, pay a part of the amount in cash and give long notes for the rest. His scheme was to import foreigners from grape-growing and wine-making districts in Europe, settle them on the land, and turn it into a wine-growing country. He knew what Mr. Longworth thought of those Tennessee grapes, and was satisfied. I sent the contracts and things to Orion for his signature, he being one of the three heirs. But they arrived at a bad time—in a doubly bad time, in fact. The temperance virtue was temporarily upon him in strong force, and he wrote and said that he would not be a party to debauching the country with wine. Also he said how could he know whether Mr. Camp was going to deal fairly and honestly with those poor people from Europe or not?—and so, without waiting to find out, he quashed the whole trade, and there it fell, never to be brought to life again. The land, from being suddenly worth two hundred thousand dollars, became as suddenly worth what it was before—nothing, and taxes to pay. I had paid the taxes and the other expenses for some years, but I dropped the Tennessee land there, and have never taken any interest in it since, pecuniarily or otherwise, until yesterday.

I had supposed, until yesterday, that Orion had frittered away the last acre, and indeed that was his own impression. But a gentleman arrived yesterday from Tennessee and brought a map showing that by a correction of the ancient surveys we still own a thousand acres, in a coal district, out of the hundred thousand acres which my father left us when he died in 1847. The gen-

tleman brought a proposition; also he brought a reputable and well-to-do citizen of New York. The proposition was that the Tennesseean gentleman should sell that land; that the New York gentleman should pay all the expenses and fight all the law-suits, in case any should turn up, and that of such profit as might eventuate the Tennesseean gentleman should take a third, the New-Yorker a third, and Sam Moffett and his sister and I—who are surviving heirs—the remaining third.

This time I hope we shall get rid of the Tennessee land for good and all and never hear of it again.

I came East in January, 1867. Orion remained in Carson City perhaps a year longer. Then he sold his twelve-thousand-dollar house and its furniture for thirty-five hundred in green-backs at about sixty per cent. discount. He and his wife took passage in the steamer for home in Keokuk. About 1871 or '72 they came to New York. Orion had been trying to make a living in the law ever since he had arrived from the Pacific Coast, but he had secured only two cases. Those he was to try free of charge—but the possible result will never be known, because the parties settled the cases out of court without his help.

(1867.)

(1871.)

Orion got a job as proof-reader on the New York "Evening Post" at ten dollars a week. By and by he came to Hartford and wanted me to get him a place as reporter on a Hartford paper. Here was a chance to try my scheme again, and I did it. I made him go to the Hartford "Evening Post," without any letter of introduction, and propose to scrub and sweep and do all sorts of things for nothing, on the plea that he didn't need money but only needed work, and that that was what he was pining for. Within six weeks he was on the editorial staff of that paper at twenty dollars a week, and he was worth the money. He was presently called for by some other paper at better wages, but I made him go to the "Post" people and tell them about it. They stood the raise and kept him. It was the pleasantest berth he had ever had in his life. It was an easy berth. He was in every way comfortable. But ill-luck came. It was bound to come.

A new Republican daily was to be started in a New England city by a stock company of well-to-do politicians, and they offered him the chief editorship at three thousand a year. He was eager

to accept. My beseechings and reasonings went for nothing. I said,

"You are as weak as water. Those people will find it out right away. They will easily see that you have no backbone; that they can deal with you as they would deal with a slave. You may last six months, but not longer. Then they will not dismiss you as they would dismiss a gentleman: they will fling you out as they would fling out an intruding tramp."

It happened just so. Then he and his wife migrated to Keokuk once more. Orion wrote from there that he was not resuming the law; that he thought that what his health needed was the open air, in some sort of outdoor occupation; that his father-in-law had a strip of ground on the river border a mile above Keokuk with some sort of a house on it, and his idea was to buy that place and start a chicken-farm and provide Keokuk with chickens and eggs, and perhaps butter—but I don't know whether you can raise butter on a chicken-farm or not. He said the place could be had for three thousand dollars cash, and I sent the money. He began to raise chickens, and he made a detailed monthly report to me, whereby it appeared that he was able to work off his chickens on the Keokuk people at a dollar and a quarter a pair. But it also appeared that it cost a dollar and sixty cents to raise the pair. This did not seem to discourage Orion, and so I let it go. Meantime he was borrowing a hundred dollars per month of me regularly, month by month. Now to show Orion's stern and rigid business ways—and he really prided himself on his large business capacities—the moment he received the advance of a hundred dollars at the beginning of each month, he always sent me his note for the amount, and with it he sent, *out of that money, three months' interest* on the hundred dollars at six per cent. per annum, these notes being always for three months.

As I say, he always sent a detailed statement of the month's profit and loss on the chickens—at least the month's loss on the chickens—and this detailed statement included the various items of expense—corn for the chickens, boots for himself, and so on; even car fares, and the weekly contribution of ten cents to help out the missionaries who were trying to damn the Chinese after a plan not satisfactory to those people.

I think the poultry experiment lasted about a year, possibly two years. It had then cost me six thousand dollars.

Orion returned to the law business, and I suppose he remained in that harness off and on for the succeeding quarter of a century, but so far as my knowledge goes he was only a lawyer in name, and had no clients.

My mother died, in her eighty-eighth year, in the summer of 1890. She had saved some money, and she left it to me, because it had come from me. I gave it to Orion and he said, with thanks, that I had supported him long enough and now he was going to relieve me of that burden, and would also hope to pay back some of that expense, and maybe the whole of it. Accordingly, he proceeded to use up that money in building a considerable addition to the house, with the idea of taking boarders and getting rich. We need not dwell upon this venture. It was another of his failures. His wife tried hard to make the scheme succeed, and if anybody could have made it succeed she would have done it. She was a good woman, and was greatly liked. She had a practical side, and she would have made that boarding-house lucrative if circumstances had not been against her.

(1890.)

Orion had other projects for recouping me, but as they always required capital I stayed out of them, and they did not materialize. Once he wanted to start a newspaper. It was a ghastly idea, and I squelched it with a promptness that was almost rude. Then he invented a wood-sawing machine and patched it together himself, and he really sawed wood with it. It was ingenious; it was capable; and it would have made a comfortable little fortune for him; but just at the wrong time Providence interfered again. Orion applied for a patent and found that the same machine had already been patented and had gone into business and was thriving.

Presently the State of New York offered a fifty-thousand-dollar prize for a practical method of navigating the Erie Canal with steam canal-boats. Orion worked at that thing for two or three years, invented and completed a method, and was once more ready to reach out and seize upon imminent wealth when somebody pointed out a defect: his steam canal-boat could not be used in the winter-time; and in the summer-time the commotion its wheels would make in the water would wash away the State of New York on both sides.

Innumerable were Orion's projects for acquiring the means to

pay off the debt to me. These projects extended straight through the succeeding thirty years, but in every case they failed. During all those thirty years his well-established honesty kept him in offices of trust where other people's money had to be taken care of, but where no salary was paid. He was treasurer of all the benevolent institutions; he took care of the money and other property of widows and orphans; he never lost a cent for anybody, and never made one for himself. Every time he changed his religion the church of his new faith was glad to get him; made him treasurer at once, and at once he stopped the graft and the leaks in that church. He exhibited a facility in changing his political complexion that was a marvel to the whole community. Once the following curious thing happened, and he wrote me all about it himself.

One morning he was a Republican, and upon invitation he agreed to make a campaign speech at the Republican mass-meeting that night. He prepared the speech. After luncheon he became a Democrat and agreed to write a score of exciting mottoes to be painted upon the transparencies which the Democrats would carry in their torchlight procession that night. He wrote these shouting Democratic mottoes during the afternoon, and they occupied so much of his time that it was night before he had a chance to change his politics again; so he actually made a rousing Republican campaign speech in the open air while his Democratic transparencies passed by in front of him, to the joy of every witness present.

He was a most strange creature—but in spite of his eccentricities he was beloved, all his life, in whatsoever community he lived. And he was also held in high esteem, for at bottom he was a sterling man.

About twenty-five years ago—along there somewhere—I suggested to Orion that he write an autobiography. I asked him to try to tell the straight truth in it; to refrain from exhibiting himself in creditable attitudes exclusively, and to honorably set down all the incidents of his life which he had found interesting to him, including those which were burned into his memory because he was ashamed of them. I said that this had never been done, and that if he could do it his autobiography would be a most valuable piece of literature. I said I was offering him a job which I could not duplicate in my own case, but I would

cherish the hope that he might succeed with it. I recognize now that I was trying to saddle upon him an impossibility. I have been dictating this autobiography of mine daily for three months; I have thought of fifteen hundred or two thousand incidents in my life which I am ashamed of, but I have not gotten one of them to consent to go on paper yet. I think that that stock will still be complete and unimpaired when I finish these memoirs, if I ever finish them. I believe that if I should put in all or any of those incidents I should be sure to strike them out when I came to revise this book.

Orion wrote his autobiography and sent it to me. But great was my disappointment; and my vexation, too. In it he was constantly making a hero of himself, exactly as I should have done and am doing now, and he was constantly forgetting to put in the episodes which placed him in an unheroic light. I knew several incidents of his life which were distinctly and painfully unheroic, but when I came across them in his autobiography they had changed color. They had turned themselves inside out, and were things to be intemperately proud of. In my dissatisfaction I destroyed a considerable part of that autobiography. But in what remains there are passages which are interesting, and I shall quote from them here and there and now and then, as I go along.

(1898.) While we were living in Vienna in 1898 a cablegram came from Keokuk announcing Orion's death. He was seventy-two years old. He had gone down to the kitchen in the early hours of a bitter December morning; he had built the fire, and had then sat down at a table to write something; and there he died, with the pencil in his hand and resting against the paper in the middle of an unfinished word—an indication that his release from the captivity of a long and troubled and pathetic and unprofitable life was mercifully swift and painless.

[*Dictated in 1904.*] A quarter of a century ago I was visiting John Hay at Whitelaw Reid's house in New York, which Hay was occupying for a few months while Reid was absent on a holiday in Europe. Temporarily also, Hay was editing Reid's paper, the New York "Tribune." I remember two incidents of that Sunday visit particularly well. I had known John Hay a good many years, I had known him when he was an obscure young editorial writer on the "Tribune" in Horace Greely's time,

earning three or four times the salary he got, considering the high character of the work which came from his pen. In those earlier days he was a picture to look at, for beauty of feature, perfection of form and grace of carriage and movement. He had a charm about him of a sort quite unusual to my Western ignorance and inexperience—a charm of manner, intonation, apparently native and unstudied elocution, and all that—the groundwork of it native, the ease of it, the polish of it, the winning naturalness of it, acquired in Europe where he had been Chargé d'Affaires some time at the Court of Vienna. He was joyous and cordial, a most pleasant comrade. One of the two incidents above referred to as marking that visit was this:

In trading remarks concerning our ages I confessed to forty-two and Hay to forty. Then he asked if I had begun to write my autobiography, and I said I hadn't. He said that I ought to begin at once, and that I had already lost two years. Then he said in substance this:

"At forty a man reaches the top of the hill of life and starts down on the sunset side. The ordinary man, the average man, not to particularize too closely and say the commonplace man, has at that age succeeded or failed; in either case he has lived all of his life that is likely to be worth recording; also in either case the life lived is worth setting down, and cannot fail to be interesting if he comes as near to telling the truth about himself as he can. And he *will* tell the truth in spite of himself, for his facts and his fictions will work loyally together for the protection of the reader; each fact and each fiction will be a dab of paint, each will fall in its right place, and together they will paint his portrait; not the portrait *he* thinks they are painting, but his real portrait, the inside of him, the soul of him, his character. Without intending to lie he will lie all the time; not bluntly, consciously, not dully unconsciously, but half-consciously—consciousness in twilight: a soft and gentle and merciful twilight which makes his general form comely, with his virtuous prominences and projections discernible and his ungracious ones in shadow. His truths will be recognizable as truths, his modifications of facts which would tell against him will go for nothing, the reader will see the fact through the film and know his man.

"There is a subtle devilish something or other about auto-

biographical composition that defeats all the writer's attempts to paint his portrait *his* way."

Hay meant that he and I were ordinary average commonplace people, and I did not resent my share of the verdict, but nursed my wound in silence. His idea that we had finished our work in life, passed the summit and were westward bound down-hill, with me two years ahead of him and neither of us with anything further to do as benefactors to mankind, was all a mistake. I had written four books then, possibly five. I have been drowning the world in literary wisdom ever since, volume after volume; since that day's sun went down he has been the historian of Mr. Lincoln, and his book will never perish; he has been ambassador, brilliant orator, competent and admirable Secretary of State.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL IN THE PAPACY.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES AUGUSTUS BRIGGS, D.D., D.LITT.

THE Papacy is one of the greatest institutions that have ever existed in the world; it is much the greatest now existing, and it looks forward with calm assurance to a still greater future. Its dominion extends throughout the world over the only œcumenical church. All other churches are national or provincial in their organization. It reaches back in unbroken succession through more than eighteen centuries to St. Peter, appointed by the Saviour of the world to be the Primate of the Apostles. It commands the great central body of Christianity, which has ever remained the same organism since Apostolic times. All other Christian organizations, however separate they may be from the parent stock, have their share in the Papacy as a part of the Christian heritage and are regarded by the Papacy as subject to its jurisdiction. The authority of the Papacy is recognized as supreme in all ecclesiastical affairs, by the most compact and best-organized body of mankind, and as infallible in determination of doctrines of faith and morals when it speaks *ex cathedra*.

The history of the Papacy has been a history of storm and conflict. About it have raged for centuries the greatest battles in all history. The gates of Hell have been open in Rome, if anywhere in this world. At times it seemed as if Hell had emptied itself in Rome, and, to use the language of the Apocalypse, it were become "a habitation of devils and a hold of every unclean spirit" (Rev. xviii, 2). It is not strange that zealous Protestants, when they looked at the abominations that enveloped the Papacy in their times, saw in it the "woman sitting upon a scarlet-colored beast, full of names of blasphemy," and regarded it as "the mother of harlots and of the abominations of the earth" (Rev. xvii, 3-5). And yet these forces of evil have

always been driven back. When the conflict has subsided the Papacy has stood forth stronger than ever. If zealous Protestants, in their antipathy to the Papacy, picture it in all the imagery of the Biblical Anti-Christ, can we blame the defenders of the Papacy from applying to it the words of Jesus to St. Peter? Is there not historic truth in saying, "The gates of hell have not prevailed against it"? Are not the words of Jesus to St. Peter equally appropriate to his successors? "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan asked to have you, that he might sift you as wheat, but I made supplication for thee, that thy faith fail not: and do thou when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren" (Luke xxii, 31, 32).

The Papacy has a much firmer basis in a number of texts of the New Testament and in Christian history than most Protestants have been willing to recognize. There can be no doubt that Roman Catholic controversialists have warped the meaning of several passages of the New Testament in the interest of the most exaggerated claims for the Papacy. But, on the other hand, Protestant controversialists have minimized the importance of these texts and emptied them of their true meaning. Jesus, in His vision of His Kingdom, when St. Peter recognized Him as the Messiah, said (Matt. xvi, 17-19):

"Blessed art thou, Simon, son of Jonah,
For flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee,
But my Father which is in heaven;
And I say unto thee: Thou art Peter,
And upon this rock will I build my church,
And the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.
I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of God.
And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven,
And whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

All attempts to explain the "rock" in any other way than as referring to Peter have ignominiously failed. As I have said elsewhere:

"St. Peter was thus made by the appointment of Jesus the rock on which the Church was built as a spiritual house, or temple; and at the same time the porter of the kingdom, whose privilege it is to open and shut its gates. The Church is here conceived as a building, a house, constituted of living stones, all built upon Peter, the first of these stones, or the primary rock foundation. It is also conceived as a city of God, into which men enter by the gates. These conceptions are familiar in

the Old Testament, as well as in the New Testament. The significant thing here is the primacy of St. Peter. He is chief of the Twelve, who elsewhere in the New Testament are conceived as the twelve foundations of the temple and city of God. He is the chief porter, as elsewhere the Twelve have the authority of the keys, and the Church has it, as an assembly of Christians. Jesus gave them authority to admit into His kingdom, or to exclude therefrom."*

This saying of Jesus is confirmed by the history of the Apostolic age. Peter was certainly the chief of the Apostles, according to all the Gospels, during the earthly life of our Lord. The early chapters of "Acts" represent him as the acknowledged chief of the Apostolic community down to the Council at Jerusalem. If we had the continuation of the narrative of St. Peter's work in Antioch, western Asia and finally in Rome, in all probability the same undisputed leadership would appear. But the last half of the book of "Acts" follows the career of St. Paul, based on the narrative of one of his companions, probably Titus, and naturally St. Paul is the hero of that narrative. Furthermore, St. Paul's work is illustrated by his Epistles, which assume a most prominent position in the New Testament. It is very common among those who follow the Lutheran tradition, which makes the Epistle to the Galatians the test of the genuine theology of St. Paul and the key to Apostolic Christianity, to depreciate St. Peter in comparison with St. Paul. But, in fact, the Council of Jerusalem decided for St. Peter, and St. Paul himself abandoned his earlier unflinching adherence to theory in favor of the Christian expediency of St. Peter, in all of his subsequent life, as is evident from his own later Epistles and from the story of the companion of his travels. It has been established by modern historic criticism that the Church of the second century did not build on St. Paul, but rather on the Gospels and, presumably, on St. Peter. Harnack puts it in the form of an Irish bull when he says: "Only one Gentile Christian, Marcion, understood St. Paul, and he misunderstood him."

It is evident that Jesus, in speaking to St. Peter, had the whole history of His Kingdom in view. He sees conflict with the evil powers and victory over them. It is, therefore, vain to suppose that we must limit the commission to St. Peter. We could no more do that than we could limit the Apostolic commission to the Apostles. The commission of the primate, no less than the

* "Ethical Teaching of Jesus," p. 277.

commission of the Twelve, includes their successors in all time to the end of the world. The natural interpretation of the passage, therefore, apart from all prejudice, gives the Papacy a basal authority, as it has always maintained. Therefore we must admit that there must be a sense in which the successors of St. Peter are the rock of the Church, and have the authority of the keys in ecclesiastical government, discipline and determination of faith and morals. Inasmuch, however, as the commission is given to the Twelve and their successors also as to the power of the keys, it is necessary to take the several passages together, and conclude that the authority was given by our Lord to the Apostles in a body, and that it was given to St. Peter as the executive head of the body.

There are two other passages upon which the Papacy builds its authority. The chief of these is John xxi, where Peter is singled out from the seven who were with Jesus on the shore of the Sea of Galilee after his resurrection, and the command was given to Peter to "feed the sheep." Here Jesus appoints St. Peter to be the shepherd of the flock of Christ, which, in accordance with the usage of the time with reference to the kings of David's line, and with reference to Christ Himself as the Good Shepherd, implies government of the Church. It is all the more significant that this passage singles out and distinguishes Peter in the presence of the sons of Zebedee and others, the most prominent of the Twelve, and that the narrative is contained in the Gospel of John. Here again it cannot be supposed that this is a commission to St. Peter as an individual. He is given an office as the chief shepherd of the flock of Christ. If the flock continues, the chief shepherd must be the successor of St. Peter, to carry on his work as shepherd. The third passage is given in Luke xxii, 31, 32, mentioned above. None of these passages is in the Gospel of Mark, which represents the preaching of St. Peter as nearly as we can come to it; but in the other three Gospels, Matthew from Palestine or Syria, John from Asia Minor, and Luke from a disciple of St. Paul. They may well, therefore, represent the consensus of the Apostolic Church. These three words of Jesus to St. Peter were all uttered on the most solemn and critical occasions in the life of our Lord. They may all be regarded, therefore, as visions of our Lord, visions of His Kingdom and ideals of the Papacy.

I cannot undertake to give even a sketch of the history of the Papacy. We shall have to admit that the Christian Church from the earliest times recognized the primacy of the Roman bishop; and that all the other great Sees at times recognized the supreme jurisdiction of Rome in matters of doctrine, government and discipline. It can easily be shown that the assumptions of the bishops of Rome were often resented, their intrusions into the rights of other patriarchates, provinces and dioceses were often resisted, their decisions were often refused; but, when the whole case has been carefully examined and all the evidences sifted, the statement of Irenæus stands firm:

"Since, however, it would be very tedious, in such a volume as this, to reckon up the successions of all the churches, we do put to confusion all those who, in whatever manner, whether by an evil self-pleasing, by vainglory or by blindness or perverse opinion, assemble in unauthorized meetings; (we do this, I say) by indicating that tradition derived from the Apostles, of the very great, the very ancient, and universally known Church, founded and organized at Rome by the two most glorious Apostles, Peter and Paul; as also (by pointing out) the faith preached to men, which comes down to our time by means of the succession of the bishops. For it is a matter of necessity that every church should agree with this church on account of its preeminent authority, that is, the faithful everywhere, inasmuch as the Apostolic tradition has been preserved continuously by those (faithful men) who exist everywhere."

The historical development of the Papacy is one of the most stupendous series of events in history. Throughout the greater part of its history, until the Reformation, the Papacy represented the cause of the Christian people against emperor, kings and princelets. It was the saviour of Christian civilization from heathen barbarism. But towards the close of the Middle Ages, owing to its entanglement with political affairs and the exaggeration of its civil interests over against its ecclesiastical, the Papacy so stretched its prerogatives as to become a peril to the states of Europe, where absolutism had to be resisted at all costs in the interests of humanity and even of Christianity itself. After many ineffectual attempts to reform the Papacy by Christian Councils and movements of various kinds that had resulted in wide-spread and well-nigh universal dissatisfaction, Luther applied the match, and Europe was aflame in resistance to the unholy despotism of the Popes. Few, if any, thought of over-

throwing the jurisdiction of the Papacy in ecclesiastical affairs, but they were determined to rid themselves of its despotism in all other affairs. But the inevitable result of the conflict was the repudiation by Protestantism of the jurisdiction of the Pope altogether. It was found that the ecclesiastical and the civil were so inextricably interwoven, at the time, that the whole fabric had to be cast off.

The Protestant Reformation was essentially a Protest, and so it might always have remained, a protest against Papal usurpation, with a willingness to recognize all valid, historical and Biblical rights of the Pope. But, by the irresistible force of circumstances, Protestantism was compelled to go further and organize itself in National Churches, entirely apart from any jurisdiction of the Pope. So far as there was a historical necessity for this course, it was valid. But when, later, Protestants went so far as to deny all the historic rights of the Papacy, Protestantism put itself in a false position which must ultimately be abandoned. In the mean time the Papacy has been obliged gradually to reform itself. The Council of Trent was a reforming Council, and there has been a slow, cautious, but steady advance in reform ever since. Catholics and Protestants all over the world are looking with hope and eagerness for great and wide-spread reforms, such as may remove the evils that brought about the division of the Church, and destroy the barriers which perpetuate the separation; and, in a spirit of love and concord, rally the entire Christian world about Christ our Lord and a successor of St. Peter who will be as near to Christ as St. Peter was, and as truly a representative of the Lord and Master as Shepherd of the flock of Christ, the executive head of a reunited Christianity. Is there in the Papacy as at present constituted any hope for the future? Can we see any prospects for such reforms as are necessary to reunion?

(1) The unity of the Church is in Christ, the head of the entire body of Christians. Such a Christianity embraces the world of the living and the dead, those in various stages of preparation, as well as those already Christian. Christianity in the world is organized in one Church, under the Apostolic ministry, culminating in the Universal Bishop, the successor of St. Peter. The three constituents necessary to complete unity are the Pope, the ministry and the people, a threefold cord which should not

be broken. The unity of the Church is not in the person of the Pope, but in his office, as the Universal Bishop, and as such the head of all the bishops, as these are of the ministers and people. In Christian history, the unity of the ministry has been expressed in Œcumenical Councils, that of the people in their lawful civil governments. Any failure to recognize and give due weight to each and all of these constituents of unity impairs the unity of the Church, but does not destroy it, so long as even one of the lines remains unbroken.

(2) The Pope, as the successor of St. Peter, is the executive head of the Church. But that which is essential to his office and the exercise of its functions should be distinguished from what is unessential and unnecessary. The primacy is independent of national or circumstantial relations. It is not necessary that the successor of St. Peter should be Italian or Roman. St. Peter was not a Roman, but a Jew of Palestine. The Popes have been, in fact, chiefly Roman or Italian, except for the periods of the supremacy of the German Empire, when there was a series of German Popes, and the supremacy of France and the residence of the Popes at Avignon, when there was a series of French Popes. This is a provincialization or nationalization of the Papacy, and is a serious hindrance to its universality. However important it may be, for historical reasons, that the successor of St. Peter should have his seat in Rome, it is not essential. St. Peter was primate before he went to Rome. His residence in Rome was brief, and there is no evidence that he would have remained permanently in Rome if he had lived. The residence of the Popes at Avignon for a long period makes this position necessary, otherwise the succession would be broken. It is not essential that the successor of St. Peter should be bishop of Rome. There is no sufficient evidence that he was ever bishop of Rome, or that Rome had a bishop in Apostolic times. The combination of a universal episcopate with a diocesan episcopate, however necessary in early times, has been productive of a multitude of evils. The Roman people have ever made claims in their choice of their own bishops which, while entirely appropriate to a diocesan bishop, could not be recognized as valid to a universal bishop, and were intolerable to other cities and nations. The interests of the city of Rome have ever been exaggerated at the expense of other cities and nations. This has tended to make the Papacy

metropolitan and provincial, rather than universal. The efforts of the great Popes to do justice to their universal episcopate have kept them in constant strife with Rome and Italy until the present day. If in some way the office of the primate could be separated from diocesan, provincial and national episcopates and limited to œcumenical duties, a multitude of evils would be overcome.

(3) The primacy of the Pope does not depend upon any particular theory as to the extent of his jurisdiction. This has varied from age to age. The theory of the primacy of the Pope which prevailed in the ancient Catholic Church must be regarded as sufficient to maintain the unity of the Church in the Papacy, otherwise this unity did not then exist and cannot be derived by succession from the Apostles. The theory of the Papacy which now prevails in the Roman Catholic Church may be regarded as a development of the original definition of the primacy, but cannot be regarded as essential to its existence. Those who hold to the primacy of the Pope in the ancient Catholic sense cannot be regarded as violating the unity of the Church in the Papacy, because they refuse to regard this late development as valid. If the Papacy of to-day makes it impossible for them to take part actively in this unity, the Papacy itself is to blame.

The primacy of the Pope was recognized in the ancient Catholic Church even by Churches which were compelled to separate from Rome by unrighteous and intolerable tyranny of the Popes. The chief fault was with the Popes, who strained the lines of jurisdiction so far that they broke. If these faults of Rome should ever be reduced to a minimum, there is no sufficient reason why the separation should continue because of ancient faults. The slender thread of a recognized primacy, latent and inoperative, is still sufficient to maintain the essential unity of the Church.

The primacy of the Pope was recognized by the Protestant Reformers, who appealed from a Pope ill informed to a Pope well informed. They receded from the position only when expelled from the Roman Catholic Church, and when such a position became no longer practicable. Theoretically, Protestantism still remains Protestant, protesting against the excessive claims of the Papacy and willing to recognize its legitimate claims. When the jurisdiction of the Papacy is reduced to its

normal dimensions, there will remain no sufficient reason for the separation of the Protestant Churches, provided other obstacles have been removed.

(4) The primacy of the Popes does not depend upon any particular theory as to the subject-matter of their jurisdiction. That has varied from time to time, and only the Catholic essentials can be rightly demanded. The claims of the Papacy to jurisdiction in civil affairs and to dominion over civic governments have been justly refused by the nations at the expense of many wars, and are no longer of any practical importance. Even in the mild forms of mediation for peace, it has recently been rejected with unanimity by the nations at the Conference at The Hague. Such claims are against the express teaching of Jesus and His Apostles, and the practice of the ancient Catholic Church.

The claims of the Papacy to a Papal domain in the former States of the Church and the city of Rome have been rejected by the people of those States and the city of Rome itself. Whatever historic necessity there may have been for so extensive a civil dominion in the past, at present such an extended civil jurisdiction is impracticable and of no real importance. The Papacy must have a territory in which it may carry on the government of the Church throughout the world outside the jurisdiction of any particular civil government. But a very limited territory, such as the American District of Columbia, would be amply sufficient for that purpose.

The claim of the Papacy to determine questions of civil government for Roman Catholic citizens is resisted by modern peoples, and must be eventually withdrawn. Whether the attempt is made to influence the governments by representatives of the Papacy, as in Austria and Spain, or by the organization of Catholic parties for the maintenance of so-called Catholic principles, as in Germany, they intensify political strife by religious interests, they mix politics and religion, they provoke religious conflicts, and are demoralizing to the Roman Catholic Church itself.

The sad results of such Papal interference are now disturbing the great French nation. Whatever faults there may have been on the part of the French government, it was in fact defending itself against Papal interference, and it is not surprising that

the defence was at last transformed into an aggressive campaign, in the determination to get rid of the enemy once for all, and at all hazards. In such a conflict, it is vain for the Papacy to assert the divine constitution of the Church, for that divine constitution has nothing whatever to do with civil jurisdiction or rights of property.

The claims of the Papacy to determine questions of Science and Philosophy, of Sociology and Economics are resented and resisted by scholars and people interested in these matters. The syllabus of Pius IX was just such an intrusion of Papal jurisdiction, which has injured the influence of the Roman Catholic Church to a very great extent and has been productive of great mischief. The proposed issue of another syllabus by Pius X is a reactionary policy, which if carried out can only greatly imperil the influence of the Papacy upon the present generation. The continual inscribing on the Index of many of the best works of modern scholars, even those of devout Roman Catholics, is resented by scholars of all faiths. The recent decisions of the Papal Commission, under the lead of incompetent divines, against the sure results of modern criticism, present clear evidence of the intolerance of modern Roman scholasticism.

The claims of the Popes to determine social questions, such as marriage and divorce and public education, in their civil relations, have been resisted in all free countries, and have resulted in civil marriage and divorce, and in public schools without religious instruction. There can be no question of the right of the Pope to determine all ecclesiastical questions as regards marriage and divorce for Roman Catholic citizens, and to fortify ecclesiastical opinions by ecclesiastical penalties; or of the right of Roman Catholic citizens to organize parochial schools with religious instruction after their own mind; but any interference by the Pope directly or indirectly with such questions when under debate by modern governments cannot be less than a misuse of Papal jurisdiction.

(5) The jurisdiction of the Pope should be defined and limited by a constitution, as the executive office has been in all modern governments. The development of modern civil governments has been in the growth of constitutions, defining and limiting the power and jurisdiction of the executive, made necessary in order to the removal of the evils of absolutism and tyranny. The same

development is greatly needed in the Papacy for the same reasons. The Papacy is at present more absolute in its government than the Tsar of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey. It can no more be allowed to the Popes to define their own powers and the subject-matter of their jurisdiction than it can be allowed to modern monarchs. The history of the Papacy is a history of errors in this regard. The Popes have, in fact, claimed anything and everything they wished. Let them limit their jurisdiction to that which St. Peter exercised, and the world will have no quarrel with them. Constitutional definitions and restrictions are needed to restrain the Popes and their councillors, the cardinals, within their legitimate limits of jurisdiction; and also to defend the rights of the Papacy from the intrusion of civil governments. If the peril of former times was the excessive claims of the Popes, the peril at present is also the intrusion of the civil powers into ecclesiastical affairs. Such a constitution would protect the Pope in his rights as the executive head of the Church, and limit him only within his just sphere of jurisdiction.

The definition of the Vatican Council limits the sphere of the infallible authority of the Pope to faith and morals, and thereby declares fallible, though authoritative, his jurisdiction in all other matters. What is needed to make that definition more practical is to define not only the rights and liberties of the Church, but also the limits of that liberty, restraining the Church from interference with the States, and modern learning, and social and economical affairs, as well as restraining the States from interference with ecclesiastical affairs.

(6) The Primacy of the Pope is not apart from the Apostolic ministry but in union with it. The Orientals hold to the Œcumenical Councils and their supremacy, and maintain their unity through them. The subjugation of Oriental Christianity, with the exception of Russia, by Mohammedanism, has rendered it impracticable for the Orientals to engage in General Councils in modern times. The Roman Catholic Church, after the separation of the Orientals, continued to hold Œcumenical Councils down to the present time, twenty-two in all; but inasmuch as these Councils were limited to bishops, doctors and heads of Orders, in subjection to Rome, and excluded, especially since the Protestant Reformation, the representatives of the majority of Christian and Orthodox Churches, they are not regarded as œcumenical, except by

the Roman Catholic Church itself. Protestants demanded an Œcumenical Council to reform the Church and settle the great problems and controversies of Christianity. The Council of Trent, which excluded them, and all others except those who submitted to the Pope, they could not recognize as truly œcumenical. Protestantism still demands an Œcumenical Council; and, so far as is practicable through international alliances and conventions and assemblies of various denominations, is striving to realize it. Those Christian Churches which recognize the unity of the Church in Œcumenical Councils adhere to those of the early Church, which were truly œcumenical, and long for such in the present time, to remove the distractions of Christianity, and hold to this line of unity so far as practicable—they are not so much to blame for the perpetuation of discord in the Church as those who make such Councils impossible.

The Roman Catholic Church has reduced the bishops to submission under the absolute dominion of the Pope. The overruling of the Councils of the episcopate of France on several recent occasions by the Pope, and their humble submission to his will, constitute one of the most melancholy situations in the history of Christianity. There is no other provision for a General Council of bishops than the desire, or need, of the Pope to convoke them. He alone determines the members of the Councils, which in any case are composed largely of bishops without jurisdiction, entirely dependent upon himself for support. If they are not sufficiently submissive, their decisions may be overruled and reversed at his will. The Vatican Council abdicated the rights of Councils in favor of the Pope. The Papacy thus deprived itself of the support of a Council at the very time when modern States, even Italy, found it necessary to establish and exalt the powers of representative bodies. A Council will not be called until needed to sustain the Pope. But it is evident that the Pope needs just such a Council and that he must call it erelong. It would not by any means injure the Primacy of the Pope if he were sustained by an episcopate meeting at regular intervals in a Council, as the Council of Constance prescribed. It would destroy his absolutism, which can only invoke passive obedience, but it would enhance his authority by giving it greatly needed support, and arouse the enthusiasm of the Church for greatly needed reforms. The Papacy should limit itself by a representa-

tive Council of Bishops, giving to such a body the legislative functions of the Church, and restricting the Papal authority to executive functions and the right of initiative and veto in legislative matters as in all modern civil governments. The usual objections made to such representative Councils are evidently insincere. They simply indicate the reluctance of Rome to have any check upon its will. The bishops are required to report to the Pope every three or five years. It would be no more difficult to gather them at regular intervals of five years in Council. Other Christian Churches find no difficulty in assembling representatives from all parts of the world.

The Cardinalate is not a representative body, and can hardly be made one, because it is essentially engaged in the executive work of the Church, as the cabinets and officials of modern States. It is chiefly Italian, and largely Roman, and as such is influenced by Roman and Italian interests, often at the sacrifice of œcumenical relations. There is a strong feeling throughout the world, and even in Rome, that the Cardinalate should be a more representative body, less Italian and Roman. It is generally said that the present Pope will gradually bring this about. But he has done nothing thus far in this direction. The reluctance in Rome to appoint American cardinals, and the eager use of any and every excuse to avoid it, are striking evidences of the desire not to give the American Catholics their just share in the government of the Church and to keep them under the dominion of Rome. In view of the fact that the cardinals are diocesan bishops of the Roman province, presbyters of Roman Churches and deacons of the Roman diocese, they are too Roman to be œcumenical in office. Furthermore, the cardinals are really the cabinet of the Pope; and it is necessary that most of them should live in Rome in order to transact the business of the Church; therefore they cannot be truly representative of other nations.

In the Protestant world, the principle of representation is much further developed than in the Roman Catholic. The synods, diocesan, provincial, national and international, represent the ministry in most Protestant Churches. The representative principle has little influence at present in the Roman Catholic world. But there is no impediment to the full recognition of that principle and its practical efficient use, if the Papacy should so determine.

(7) The third line of unity is the consent of the Christian people. This consent has been recognized from the most ancient times, but its practical operation has been suppressed by the hierarchy in the Roman Church. When the Roman Empire became Christian, the Emperor, as the supreme ruler of the Christian people, had a potent influence in determining ecclesiastical and doctrinal affairs in the West, as well as in the East. The Emperor represented the Christian people, over against the clergy, and the people thereby had in fact an exaggerated influence in the Church. The right of the Emperor was inherited by the modern nations into which the Empire was divided, and passed over from king to princes, presidents, parliaments and congresses of the people. In all State Churches, the rights of the people centre in their sovereigns in all ecclesiastical affairs. In the Free Churches, the consent of the people is expressed by their representatives sitting with the ministry in various representative assemblies.

The Roman Church has always recognized this great original Catholic principle of unity, and therefore insisted upon the union of Church and State. Centuries of struggle with the Empire and the Kings and States of Europe were necessary, because of the conflict between civil and ecclesiastical jurisdictions, in which the emperors and kings were more often at fault than even the Popes, who resisted to the utmost every restriction upon a jurisdiction which they were ever eager to enlarge. The battle of the Reformation resulted in the overthrow of the Papacy in the north of Europe, and in the definition of the rights of the nations with regard to the affairs of the Church in southern Europe, by the establishment of Concordats.

A Concordat is something more than a commercial agreement. It is nonsense to say that a nation may not annul such an agreement without the consent of the Papacy. The Pope himself violated the Concordat with France by summoning two French bishops to Rome in spite of the prohibition of the French Government. The ecclesiastical and the civil interests were irreconcilable at the time, and the Pope had to act in accordance with the spiritual interests of the Church. But if the Pope may violate the Concordat in the interests of spiritual religion, the French Government may abrogate it in the interests of civil government. The separation of Church and State in Italy and France leaves

but two important Roman Catholic States, Austria and Spain, and these will doubtless soon follow the example of France. The fear of this result doubtless influences greatly the Papacy in its resistance to the present French Government. This is probably the last desperate struggle of the Papacy for political power. Its inevitable defeat will reduce its political relations to a minimum. It will be an immeasurable blessing to the world when civil politics disappear from the Papacy altogether.

For much the greater part of the Roman Catholic world the Popes have at present no means of determining the consent of the Christian people, except by their submission to the decisions of Rome made known through the episcopate. The Papacy has absorbed unto itself the authority of Councils and of the peoples also, and so has become the most absolute despotism on earth. The future of the Papacy in the modern world depends upon the reinvigorating of the latent principle of the consent of the people through their representatives in some form of ecclesiastical Council. There are, here and there, signs of the beginning of some such movement, and there is no obstacle to it except the consent of the Papacy.

(8) The eventual reunion of Christendom depends upon the reinvigoration and harmonious working out of the three lines of unity as a threefold cord of invincible strength. So far as the Papacy is concerned, it should be constitutional, and should give adequate representation to the clergy and the people, meeting in Councils at regular intervals. The three great divisions of Christendom have only partial unity through the use of one only of the lines of unity. The Roman Church makes the Papacy the most essential principle of unity to the neglect of the Œcumenical Council and the consent of the Christian people, which remain latent principles. The Greeks make the principle of unity the Œcumenical Councils and the consent of the people in the Emperor, the real head of the Church; the executive principle of the Papacy is latent. The State Churches of Protestantism emphasize the consent of the people in the authority of kings, princes and legislative bodies. The Free Churches employ the consent of the people in representative bodies. There are no valid reasons why the Papacy in the future may not reinvigorate the Council by making it truly representative of the ministry and the people of the Christian world.

(9) In the most advanced modern States, the government distinguishes three great functions—the executive, legislative and judicial—each having its own appropriate organization. The executive function is exercised in monarchies by a king or emperor, in republics by a president. The legislative function is exercised by legislative bodies usually in two Houses, the one more directly representing the people, the other representing the nobility, or the more conservative interests. The judicial function is exercised by a bench of judges. In no Church has there been a sufficient discrimination in the development of these functions. All Churches alike are a long distance behind the civil governments in this matter. The Roman Catholic Church combines them all in the Papacy, just as in former ages they were combined in the Emperor. Protestant bodies combine all three functions, in Free Churches in national synods; in State Churches under various ecclesiastical authorities appointed by and subject to the State. The executive function is in the background even in Episcopal Churches. The judicial function is the one that is most neglected, and therefore it is always difficult to get a valid judicial decision of any important question, whether of doctrine, government, or discipline, in any of the Protestant Churches. There is no adequate training of the clergy in Canon Law, and they are therefore as a body altogether unfitted to sit as jurors or judges. The transformation of Church government into full accord with modern civil government would be a most important step towards the restoration of the full unity of the Church.

(10) There are no serious barriers in the way of such a transformation of the Papacy as may remove the chief objections of those Churches which do not at present recognize its supreme jurisdiction. The great principle of unity of Greek and Oriental Churches may become operative in Œcumenical Councils truly representing the entire Christian world. Such Councils may by their decisions so supplement, enlarge and improve the past decisions of the Roman Catholic Church and Popes that the objections to them may be removed and the entire world may accept the results. The infallible and irreformable determinations of Councils and Popes are few, and these may be so explained, limited or enlarged, and the essential so discriminated from the unessential, that even these discriminations may no longer be stumbling-blocks to the world. The great principle of Protestant

Christianity, the consent of the Christian people, may become operative in the introduction of representatives of the people into the presbyterial and synodical system of the Church. The bureaucracy of the Cardinalate and the Congregations at Rome may be reduced to the efficient system in use in all modern representative governments. The absolutism of the Pope may be destroyed by a constitution defining carefully the limitation and extent of his powers. The government of the Pope may be fortified and at the same time limited by a Council meeting every three or five years, representing the entire Christian world. The legislative function of the Papacy may be eliminated from the executive, as in the best modern States. The judicial function of the Papacy may be separated by the organism of a supreme court of Christendom. There is nothing in any infallible decision of Councils and Popes that in any way prevents some such transformation of the Papacy as is here conceived of. This ideal may be in its details an illusion—doubtless most will think it such—but whether the outlines of this ideal and its details be mistaken in whole or in part, it is certain, as Jesus Christ our Saviour reigns over His Church and the world, that some day, in some way, the Papacy will be reformed so as to correspond with His ideal, and will be so transformed as to make it the executive head of a universal Church.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS BRIGGS.

OBJECTIONS TO A POSTAL SAVINGS-BANK.

BY GEORGE E. ROBERTS, DIRECTOR OF THE MINT.

THE sentiment in favor of a Postal Savings system is prompted by a most commendable desire to furnish absolute security for the small depositor, who, by resolution and self-denial, has laid up something against old age or a rainy day. The interest of the State and community in such accumulations is perfectly apparent, and the importance of having in every locality convenient and absolutely safe depositaries for them is too evident to require lengthy argument. There is scarcely any experience through which a community can pass that is more distressing and disheartening than the failure of a bank which involves wiping out the painfully won savings upon which hundreds of men and women are relying for the needs of old age. There is scarcely another service which modern society can render to the masses that is more helpful and stimulating than this of encouraging and safeguarding small savings.

It does not, however, follow that, in the United States, the Federal Government is the agency best qualified to assume this task. The idea of a savings-bank in the Post-office Department comes to us from Europe, and it has not been closely scrutinized as to its adaptability to conditions here. It has three features which commend it—to wit: cheapness of administration, the convenience to the public of an office in each post-office and the security of the Government obligation. For European countries there is another consideration, viz: it furnishes a large market for Government loans. There are reasons why the Postal Savings-bank is not as suitable an institution for the United States as for Great Britain, or for the other countries where it has worked successfully. These reasons have their basis mainly in the territorial extent of this country and the differences that exist in

the wealth and industrial development of its various sections. The injury that would result to this country from having a considerable portion of its capital drained from the outlying districts to a centre, for investment in a limited line of securities, is deserving of very serious consideration. Great Britain is a small country compared with the United States, and every part of it, besides being reasonably well supplied with local capital, is not far distant from the financial metropolis; but the disadvantage of the withdrawal of savings deposits from local use is observed even there. The London "Bankers' Magazine" for February, 1899, discussing the comparative services in a community of a branch office of the postal bank and a branch office of one of the great commercial banks, says:

"The branches of the Post-Office Savings-Bank convey all the savings of the district which they receive straight up to the central office in London. This money is employed there in purchases of the public funds of the country; it is thus removed from the district in which it originates, and incidentally assists in raising the price of the funds to so high a point that the Postmaster-General is unable to invest the amount collected on such terms as to obtain back the interest which he covenants to allow his depositors, and to obtain also a sufficient margin to meet the working expenses.

"The deposits in the Post-Office Savings-Banks thus eventually cause an expense to the country. There was a deficiency in the Savings-Bank Funds last year which had to be made up out of the public taxation. The deposits in the branch of a bank in a small town or village are, on the other hand, a source of gain to the country; they are of great service in developing the trade of the place in which the bank exists, and in assisting the inhabitants in their business. The habit of keeping an account with a bank is now general even among very small traders, and in very remote districts. This habit could scarcely exist were it not for the existence of branch banking-offices. Any one engaged in buisness can scarcely keep his account at a place very distant from the locality in which his business is carried on. There are so many occasions on which any one carrying on a really active business has to refer to his banker, and when a personal interview is convenient if not essential, that proximity is most desirable. Other results, also affecting the economic development of the country, follow. The advantages of the use of 'credit,' that most powerful factor in the growth of trade and industry, are extended to dwellers in the most remote districts. With proper precautions and care in making advances, great advantages to the country districts result. Minor, but not unimportant, advantages follow; the use of specie and of notes is economized, while the trade of the country is increasingly carried on by means of checks. None of these advantages take place in the case of the opening of a new branch of the Post-Office

Savings-Bank. They are mentioned here as they sometimes escape the attention of our public men, even of those acquainted with other descriptions of business. They think merely of the savings-banks as showing the power of the country to put by and save, and they do not think of the other side of the picture."

The Postal Savings deposits, at all offices throughout the British system, are sent up to the central office in London and invested in British consols; and complaint is above made that the constant purchases for the Postal Bank had, in 1899, forced up the price of the consols and made the return on the investment so low that the Bank was running behind. Since then the British Government has been forced to issue many millions of new obligations, and the price of consols has fallen so that the situation of the Bank, as respects income on recent purchases, has improved. Nevertheless, the statement is instructive as showing the natural effect of gathering funds from all over a country for investment in a restricted class of securities.

Below is an extract from the London "Statist" of December 22, 1906, in which are described the ill effects upon the industries of Ireland resulting from the constant drain of Postal Savings deposits to London. If these deposits had been made in local savings-banks, and invested locally, they would have contributed to the development of Ireland's resources and the employment of the Irish people, instead of being tied up in consols. The "Statist" says:

"Ireland is a very poor country. Her resources are quite undeveloped. Practically, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that she has not yet entered upon an economic life. . . . Naturally, therefore, she requires abundant capital and abundant labor. . . . In June of the present year the Irish deposits in the Savings Banks were, in round numbers, 13 millions sterling, and this (for Ireland) very large sum is employed not in developing any Irish industry, but in bolstering up the credit of the United Kingdom. . . . Nobody will dispute that the Irishman of enterprise is seriously handicapped by the fact that so much Irish money is drawn away from Irish to Imperial purposes. Just as Ireland has been laying out large sums annually for sixty-five years in rearing young men and women to export them, without getting any return, to the United States and the Colonies, to create there vast wealth, so in finance Ireland is pinching and saving about 13 millions of money to export it to London for the purpose of bolstering up an amateurish system of finance, which has brought the national credit to the pitch at which we see it."

What would be the result of opening a savings-bank in connection with every post-office in the United States, and of re-

mitting all the deposits to Washington for investment in a limited list of securities? In the first place, what would be the effect upon the communities from which these moneys were withdrawn? The last report of the Comptroller of the Currency shows the amount of deposits in savings-banks at that time to have been over $3,000,000,000. Of course there is no probability that all of this money would be transferred to the Postal Savings-banks; but, on the other hand, there are many deposits in national and State banks, and with trust companies and other institutions, which might be attracted to the Government's strong-box. The extent of the displacement would, doubtless, depend somewhat upon the rate of interest paid, and there would be some danger of that being more or less involved in politics, reluctance to reduce the rate being shown in England where the system has an annual deficit. If we believe that the system would meet a general need, we must assume that it would draw a large sum in the aggregate. This money is now invested locally. It is an important part of the capital upon which each community is doing business. It is loaned largely upon real estate mortgages, partly upon personal security, it is partly invested in local bonds or real estate. It is being used in the locality where it is owned and contributing to the development of that locality, the support of its industries and the employment of its people. If this capital is removed to Washington for investment, what will be the effect upon the communities from which it is taken?

The authorities at Washington cannot redistribute this capital by investments to the same sections from which it came. The discretion allowed any board of managers in the investment of such funds would undoubtedly be quite restricted. Government bonds, State bonds and municipal bonds would probably constitute the list. Perhaps railway bonds would have to be included; but the making up of a list of eligible railway bonds would be a delicate task. In brief, the investments of the Postal Savings-bank would be in securities of a high class, which yield a low return, and which now find a market only in the wealthier sections of the country, among people who are not so much interested in the interest-rate as in the security of the principal. It is not likely that any savings-bank in a State like Iowa has to-day a dollar of investments that would be accepted by a Postal Savings-bank. There are bond issues in Iowa that the latter in-

stitution might accept, but they are of such a high class, the competition for them from outside the State is so keen and the returns from them so low that banks within the State can do better in investments of a more local character. Capital owned in Iowa is not at present invested in low interest-bearing securities. It is likely, therefore, that all the deposits diverted from Iowa banks to the Postal Savings-bank would be so much capital lost to that State while on deposit. It would be brought down to the already congested money markets of the East, to multiply the demand for the limited supply of choice securities that have a national and international market. The result must be an economic loss to the country; for capital is transferred from where it is most needed to where it is least needed. To the extent in which this transfer occurred—that is, to the extent in which the system became popular and effective—its influence would be to reduce the earnings of these savings, widen the difference in interest-rates between different sections of the country, retard the distribution of industries and population and check the development of the country.

The question is, Is it necessary to bring about these undesirable effects in order to accomplish the end sought, viz: the security of the small depositor? Let it be agreed that he should have complete protection. Can it not be provided without the forced removal of this capital from the locality to which it belongs, where perhaps it is affording employment to its owners, and where it can be utilized most advantageously to all concerned?

There are industries and lines of enterprise which can be advantageously centralized, but the investment of great sums of popular deposits cannot. These investments should follow natural channels, with only such restrictions as are necessary to obtain safety. There should be no enforced removal of funds that can be avoided. With capable managers who are familiar with the values of real estate in their own neighborhoods and with all local conditions, local institutions can invest these deposits safely, and much more serviceably to the whole country than any central board at Washington can do it. Granted that reform in banking laws and methods are needed, let financiers and social reformers direct their aims to securing a reform that is consistent with the most effective use of our capital, and that will

promote rather than retard the harmonious development of all sections of the country.

It will be a very weak and unscientific treatment of the problem in hand to consider only the sentimental phase and dispose of the whole matter by unloading it on the Federal Government, the one political organization of all least qualified to deal with it. This is one of our problems, and not the only one, which our people should deal with at home, instead of petitioning for relief from afar.

Several States have already shown how the subject may be dealt with successfully. New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut have mutual savings-banks, conducted wholly for the benefit of depositors, and so well safeguarded that no serious losses have occurred for many years. All of the earnings, after expenses are paid and a surplus fund has been accumulated, are distributed in dividends to the depositors. Most of these banks are now earning four per cent. for depositors. On July 1, 1906, there were 134 savings-banks in the State of New York, holding $1,335,093,053.62. The only losses that have been suffered by savings-bank depositors in that State in the twenty-eight years since January, 1879, have been due to the scaling of deposits in five banks, by order of the Courts, to make good losses that had been sustained in two cases by the dishonesty of employees, in two cases by the failure of national banks in which funds were on deposit and in one case by bad loans. The cases in which losses occurred were as follows:

1. Ulster County Savings-Institution. Defalcation discovered in 1891. Deposits were scaled 15 per cent. The bank is still in business and prosperous; on July 1, 1906, it held deposits aggregating $3,284,554.92, had a surplus of $138,672.39, and it paid dividends to depositors in 1906 at the rate of 3½ per cent.

2. National Savings-Bank, Buffalo. Defalcation in 1892. Deposits were scaled 22 per cent. and bank reorganized as Empire State Savings Bank. Went out of business in 1902, and the Superintendent of Banks reports that there may be a further loss of two or three per cent.

3. Southern Tier Savings-Bank, a small institution (afterwards Elmira Savings-Bank). Suffered a loss in 1893 by the closing of a national bank in which it had a deposit of $42,704.67. Deposits were scaled 20 per cent. The business after that date was kept separate from the old, and the bank is now prosperous, paying dividends in 1906 at the rate of 3½ per cent. Some further distribution will be made on the old loss.

4. Chenango Valley Savings-Bank. Found to be insolvent in 1895.

Deposits were scaled about 15 per cent. The bank continues in business and paid dividends in 1906 of 3 per cent.

5. Carthage Savings-Bank. Dragged down in 1898 by failure of a national bank with which it had a deposit. Has paid 95 per cent. of its deposits.

It will be seen that the Carthage case, in which there was a loss of five per cent., is the only one which occurred within the last ten years. The entire showing for the system under the present law is an encouraging one.

The Massachusetts and Connecticut systems are similar to that of New York. The savings-banks in these three States, to use the language of Mr. Jay, of Massachusetts, describing those of his own State, "have no paid-up capital; they are not banks at all, but mutual investment associations, the depositors paying their deposits to the trustees, who invest the money and declare in dividends to the depositors substantially all that they are able to earn on the money. The balance goes to form a surplus or guaranty fund."

No system can be pronounced perfect so long as losses occur; but, when the advantages of higher returns to depositors and employment of the moneys at home are considered, there is no reason why the people of either of these States should want to exchange their system for a Postal Savings-bank. They will do better by holding to what they have and remedying existing defects. Not only will it be better for depositors and the communities financially, but it is not to be forgotten that self-help is always to be preferred to outside aid or control. What a State or local community can do for itself it should not want the United States Government to meddle with. Those functions of organized society which may be performed by local associations are part of the social life of the people, and they ought to participate in them. The experience thus acquired has an educational value, helping to qualify the body of the people for other and larger undertakings of a cooperative character.

GEORGE E. ROBERTS.

GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU.

BY L. ANDRIEUX.

I MET Georges Clémenceau for the first time in 1860 at the Latin quarter in a newspaper office. Among the various contributors to the paper "*Le Travail,*" the editor of which was Germain Casse, later on deputy of La Guadeloupe. I had at once noticed the young student: his convex and prominent forehead, the keen and penetrating gaze of his dark eyes under bushy and boldly pencilled eyebrows, his heavy mustache falling upon the ironical lips produced the impression of will, energy and intelligence.

Brought together by a common feeling of revolt against all oppressing powers, we were not long in forming a connection of good-fellowship; being both filled with the enthusiasm of the twentieth year, we poured it forth in vehement essays, published in the same little weekly papers of the *Rive gauche* during all these years of awakening and effervescence, when the youth of the various Faculties began to assult the *Empire.*

Clémenceau was always a hard worker; his medical studies and the philosophical researches which he added to them were strong enough an attraction to keep him from the political *cafés* where the marble tables were used as pulpits by the future orators of the republican party; he was more likely to be met either in the silent libraries or in the hospitals.

Our different courses soon parted us; I had left Paris when he maintained his thesis on "The generation of anatomical elements," in which he proclaimed his faith that through science might be discovered "the enigma of things," and opposed it to the scepticism of the positivist school.

During the long time he spent in the United States, where his experience of free institutions strengthened his hatred to per-

sonal power, I heard but little of Clémenceau except by the remarkable essays which he sent to the paper "*Le Temps*" on the economic and literary development of the great nation to the service of which it seemed then that he would give up his life.

He was, however, in Paris when the Empire was overthrown; being Mayor of Montmartre, and having been elected deputy of the Seine to the National Assembly, he was liable to the heaviest responsibilities during the insurrection of the 18th of March. Had it not been tried, through the treachery and hatred of parties, to involve him in the murder of Generals Clément Thomas and Lecomte? For whoever happens to know him, his energetic denials were unnecessary. Let it be enough to recall that Clémenceau, in the town hall of the eighteenth district, heard of this tragedy when it was already over. A man must have lived in a great city in insurrection time to realize how speedily and fatally happen the events whirled along by the torrent of excitable crowds. At about the same time, at Lyons, where I was *Procureur de la République,* I heard but too late, by the tardy warning of gun-reports, of the murder of Major Arnaud, and it never came to the thought of any of my enemies that I might have prevented it.

The members that made up the National Assembly and their evident desire to restore monarchy might have inclined Clémenceau to stand against the government of M. Thiers. But was not a freely elected Assembly the only legitimate power? Had not universal suffrage committed to it the trust of national sovereignty? Was not insurrection, with the enemy at hand, doomed beforehand to a repression in which the Republic might be destroyed? Hesitating between various feelings, Clémenceau remained on the side of duty; but he was one of the most active members of the "League for Paris Rights"; he took an important part in all the attempts at conciliation which, disowned on both sides with equal obstinacy, were looked upon at Versailles as the acts of an accomplice, and in Paris as treachery.

After four years spent in the Town Council of which he was elected President, Clémenceau was, in 1876, sitting in the Chamber of Deputies, where I met him. I had been sent there myself by the department of the Rhône at the same time that he was nominated by the constituents of the eighteenth district of Paris.

He was sitting at the extreme Left, near Lockroy and Georges

Périn. Bent on having their party respected, perfectly trained in pistol-shooting and fencing, ever ready to call out the parliamentary quarrels on another ground, these three deputies never heard any challenge from the Right without at once taking it up. Gambetta had nicknamed them "the three musketeers."

When, after a tribune incident, I fought with Paul de Cassagnac my first Parliamentary duel, Clémenceau himself took me to the famous armorer Gastine Rennette, and gave me my first lesson in firing at the word of command.

The legislatures followed one another, and each of them brought new forces to the republican party. Decimated as it was by invalidations, losing more and more the confidence of the country, the Right was no more a danger to be feared by the new institutions. But at the same time as the Republic was getting strengthened, a new peril was arising from the very ranks of the republicans.

The same men who had signed the advanced programmes of the party, those who, by their words, had led on democracy to the hope of a better life under a system of justice and equality, seemed to forget their engagements and stop, satisfied in the enjoyment of the power they had conquered. The revolutionists of yesterday were preaching for patience; it was necessary, they said, to go slowly in order to get on safely; advisable to solve the questions each in turn; to take into account prejudices and inveterate habits, so as not to provoke a reaction. As there is no sudden bound in the scale of beings, so there must not be any in the evolution of political institutions. And upon these principles had been formed a fresh party, called after a nasty name —the *opportunisme*. Its members discussed willingly the opportunity of having "a policy grounded on business," and this saying attributed to the last minister of King Louis Philippe: "By all means, get rich!" seemed called to a new occasion.

Clémenceau took his stand against the opportunism; he wished for a republican Republic, with all its consequences, and to the policy of concession opposed intransigent principles.

Thence came his ceaseless struggles against the ministers who drew their inspiration from the new doctrine, and the downfall of cabinets in turn; thence, wounded interests and vanities, and hatred whose reprisals Clémenceau was to suffer later on.

The first question upon which the moderates and the extreme Left were obviously divided, was that of the amnesty. It took up several sittings in the month of May, 1876.

Standing up against the conclusions of the parliamentary commission, Clémenceau, for his maiden speech, came up to plead the cause of forgetting and forgiving in such refined and precise language, with such elevation of thought and dialectic power that he has since been among the foremost orators of his party.

He spoke of the *Commune* as a patriot who could hardly conceal from himself how criminal was the attempt against the legitimate representatives of the nation; he chimed in with the interruption of his friend Georges Périn, who had exclaimed: "Had we approved of the Commune, we would have fought in its ranks." But while disowning insurrection, he stated eloquently what circumstances might lessen the responsibility of the insurgents: the agonies of a siege, the anger of a town whose courage had been every day exasperated without any opportunity of being given vent to, the shame of capitulation, the meeting of an Assembly threatening for the Republic and for the rights of Paris; the metropolis deserted by a government given up to violent designs; the pitiless reprisals which were to constrain the incensed and despairing combatants to a merciless struggle.

I can still see Clémenceau standing in the tribune while he enlarged upon his argument in curt, simple sentences, unpretending and unaffected, without any bombastic and oratorical show, but accurate, neat and to the point. The want of experience in tribune speaking did perhaps bring too frequent pauses, and the voice happened to drop more than was necessary at the end of the sentences; but when interruptions would rouse the orator his ever-on-the-alert wit flashed out in quick, humorous and lashing replies. His thought, without losing any of its strength or perspicacity, gained in originality what it lost in rhetorical fustian. The time of forgiveness was to come only three years later; the motion on amnesty was rejected by 392 votes to 50.

However, the far-away expeditions in which Jules Ferry, against the will of the nation, involved the French policy, were for Clémenceau an opportunity for new oratorical successes. The partisans of these expeditions to-day pride themselves on their having succeeded, without too many complications, in extending our colonial possessions. In order to judge fairly of the oppo-

sition they met with, we must remember what was the situation of France after her late disasters, of what ceaseless danger she was threatened on her Eastern frontier and what mighty reasons she had, in her loneliness, to lose none of her forces for fanciful advantages. Has it been forgotten that the establishment of our protectorate over Tunis was the direct cause of that Triple Alliance whose weight has been so long and so heavy a burden on our foreign policy?

Clémenceau, moreover, brought forward in his argument lofty considerations of human solidarity, and his appeal could not be unheard of the nation which, proud of having, by its philosophers and revolutions, diffused throughout the world its ideas of right and justice, had just been yielding to main strength.

The events of the year 1888, by obliging the republicans to concentrate their efforts on the common defence, put an end to the opposition spirit of Clémenceau. An ambitious general, thinking less of his own honor or military duty than of the gratifications following on power, had listened with complacency to the flatteries and promises of the reactionary parties; availing himself, on the one hand, of the discomposition and despondency of an assembly divided into three nearly equal parts, where none but coalition majorities were possible, and on the other hand of the discontent of a country lured by vain promises and holding liberty accountable for its disappointments, General Boulanger, on a negative programme, had grouped and was leading to the onset from the parliamentary system the most numerous party, the party of malcontents.

Clémenceau, who had at first thought that he might use the popularity of Boulanger as a fighting instrument against opportunism, promptly separated from him, and when the alliances of the general had left no more doubts as to his designs, boldly denounced his suspicious programme.

Besides, for the late few months, the radical party had come into office, and if the political reforms were still only in contemplation, the reason of it was, before thinking of gathering the fruits, to prevent the uprooting of the tree.

The 12th of July sitting in the Chamber of Deputies was especially stormy. General Boulanger, deputy of the North department, had made a motion for the Chamber to be dissolved

and had enlarged upon it in words offensive to his colleagues. The Prime Minister, Charles Floquet, replied by a cutting speech which met with much applause on the Left, and Boulanger retorted by giving the lie to him, in the most insulting form. Floquet at once intrusted two of his friends, Georges Clémenceau and Georges Périn, with the charge of demanding from the General reparation by a duel. Boulanger put them in communication with MM. Laisant and Le Hérissé, and the encounter took place on the following morning; the opponents were to fight with swords.

The want of experience of both opponents made things equal. Scarcely had Clémenceau, who managed the fight, joined the points of the swords and pronounced the traditional words: "*Partez, Messieurs!*" than General Boulanger, hand low and uplifted point, charged right down upon his opponent, in double step, as at the point of the bayonet. Floquet stepped backwards on and on, at the same speed, arm and sword extended, till he got to the wall. Boulanger, still rushing on, fell, his throat upon the sword of his opponent, who was himself slightly wounded.

The wound of the General seemed most serious, and during a few hours his friends had to fear that it might imperil the destiny of boulangism.

That very same day had taken place on the *Place du Carrousel* the inauguration of a monument in memory of Gambetta. Lost in the crowd, I was present at the ceremony and could see, on the first rank of the official tribune, Charles Floquet who, surrounded by many friends, was receiving the congratulations of the senators and deputies. I could not hear his words, but I saw his gestures, now straight and now rounded, which meant, as far as I was able to understand his mimicking: "*Coutre de quarte! . . . Coutre de tierce! . . . Septime enveloppée . . . Coup droit!*"

Clémenceau was listening with a discreetly sceptical look; as to Floquet, he was convinced that his fencing had just jugulated Cæsarism.

What followed is well known: how Boulanger fled away to Belgium, then to England, his trial brought before the *Haute-Cour*, and the final downfall of an unprincipled coalition which ended in a romantic adventure.

This victory was mostly due to Clémenceau. Those who had

been defeated had no doubt about it, and when the electoral struggle of August 20th, 1893, came, their rancor, added to the ill-will of the opportunists, caused him to fail in the department of Var, which he was then representing in the Chamber.

Excluded from Parliament, Clémenceau was in no way dispirited. If he could not speak, he could write. He became the chief contributor of the paper "*La Justice,*" of which he had only been hitherto the inspirer and the political leader. But his own paper was not enough for his active mind. He wrote, besides, remarkable articles for the "*Dépêche de Toulouse,*" the "*Journal,*" the "*Figaro*" and the "*Echo de Paris,*" published two books on sociology, "*Le grand Pan*" and the "*La Mêlée sociale,*" a novel "*Les plus forts,*" and had a philosophical play, "*Le Voile du bonheur,* acted at the Renaisance theatre.

The Dreyfus affair arises. The Scheurer-Kestner papers, the acquitment of Esterhazy, the letter of Zola, the trial of Rennes, stir up and divide public opinion. Clémenceau is the editor of "*L'Aurore,*" the chief organ in the revision campaign.

In his press dissertations, the editor of "*La Justice,*" and "*L'Aurore*" was in the habit of taking up the most trifling fact among the miscellaneous news and to rise up from it to general ideas which he took delight in expounding. The Dreyfus *affaire* appeared to him a favorable opportunity for giving vent to his favorite arguments, and I hope I am not wandering from the path of truth when I say that the revision of the Dreyfus trial was for the brilliant polemist more a pretext than an object. Is not the atmosphere of indifference and forgetfulness which every day grows thicker around the rehabilitated convict a proof that the public, too, at least in France, was taking less interest in Dreyfus himself than in the political quarrels of his opponents and partisans?

Outside the Parliament, Clémenceau went on exercising over his party an influence which often proved preponderating. "I am voting for Loubet," he wrote on the day following the death of Felix Faure, and this mere title of a newspaper article was as a watchword for the majority of the Congress. Elected president of the Republic, M. Loubet acted according to the law of his origin; but the very moderation of his ideas, by contributing to make radicalism accepted more easily, explained Clémenceau's perspicacity.

In 1902, after ten years of exclusion, the senatorial constituents gave Clémenceau back to the Parliament. There, he supports Waldeck-Rousseau, M. Combes, M. Rouvier who, perhaps reluctantly, perseveres in the policy of his predecessor. But Clémenceau is, so to speak, in the margin of the majority; both by his speeches and votes, he asserts his independence and does not spare his criticisms of all measures he disapproves of. He seems to be divided between freedom which he means to remain faithful to, and the ministerial majority to which he is unable to give the slip while the separation of Church and State is being discussed.

"I do not bring my help to *M. le President du Conseil,*" did he say in his speech in the Senate on October 30th, 1902, for he does not need it; I will presently by my vote take place in the ranks of this republican majority which, to the counter-revolution of the Roman Church whose formula is the syllabus, opposes the spirit of the French revolution such as it is expressed in the Declaration of the Rights of Man." And having thus proclaimed his faithfulness to his party, he goes on to make a profession of liberalism which must be noted as one of the most prominent features in his political career.

"I think," he said, "that the duty of the republican party is to look with indifference upon the violent passions which are sometimes raging against it, and that we must honestly and peacefully try and know whatever amount of truth and justice there may be, even in the most insulting claims of our opponents. This is, at least, my own turn of mind. I say that to-day it is for me a cause of great anxiety to know what may be rightful in the complaints of our opponents, and I think that the superior interest of the Republic demands that justice be done. I think that the History of the Revolution shows that whenever violence has been used by the liberals it has always ended by turning round upon liberty."

And further on: "Now the power is yours, now that you hold in your hands the governmental authority, will you indeed become afraid of liberty? It shall not be. And were it to be, I would not stand with you. . . . Gentlemen, as a final argument, *M. le President du Conseil* has said: 'We have the power and we have the right.' He has certainly never heard that he was to use power otherwise than for the service of right. As to me, I will speak plainly, and without reserve: were there to be any conflict

between Republic and liberty, the Republic would certainly be wrong and I would decide in favor of reason."

Close upon the late legislative elections, when the Rouvier Cabinet had to leave, M. Armand Fallières had already succeeded M. Loubet in the first magistracy of the Republic.

No likeness, either moral or physical, is to be found between M. Fallières and M. Clémenceau. I could try, in a more lengthy way, to bring out the contrast between the homely virtues, the quiet disposition, the refined and ingenious mind, though rather slow in its flight, of the President of the Republic and the fiery, independent, energtic and impulsive nature of the Var senator. However, as if the same attraction laws applied equally to human and inanimate bodies, these two men, so different from one another, feel a deep sympathy for each other.

The President was wise enough to resist his personal feelings, and he asked M. Sarrien to constitute a Cabinet. Commended to the choice of the President by his long experience and by the confidence the majority had in him, M. Sarrien secured the cooperation of M. Clémenceau, who assumed the Home Department.

It must be understood that official candidateships are far from being in the republican habits; yet the Home Secretaries are nevertheless held responsible for their party's failures; that is the reason why the victory of the republican candidates in the elections of last May strengthened the public trust in Clémenceau.

During the parliamentary vacation, while his colleagues were either keeping silent or uttering words without any echo or authority, the oratorical successes of the Home Secretary, both in the Var and in Vendée, increased his importance in the opinion of his party and were carrying him on, in the most natural way, to the Presidency of the Cabinet, when, on account of his health, or perhaps because he had the feeling of a new situation coming on, M. Sarrien decided upon retiring from office.

The new Cabinet was formed with the quick decision usual to Clémenceau. Criticised by some, praised by others, the choices he made were to none a surprise. I fancy that he was induced to appoint M. Viviani to the Labor Department through the wish of disarming the collectivists before fighting with them and of beginning the necessary struggle against them without endan-

gering too much the equilibrium of his Cabinet in the Parliament. As to the preferment of General Picquart to the War Department, I think I can explain it by the fact that this officer, in his efforts to drive back the surging flood of antimilitarism, and to obtain from the Chambers sacrifices necessary to the strength of our army, would be greeted by the majority with special favor. Satisfaction in the matter of individuals is much to be appreciated by assemblies; it moves them to action. There is nothing like a radical minister for making a moderate policy.

The new ministry is just now struggling hard with the difficulties arising from the application of the law on the separation of Church and State. They have no doubt been handled with less professional authority and not so thorough a knowledge of ecclesiastical hierarchy than might have been expected from M. Combes, but with a more heartfelt wish not to infringe in any way upon the rights of conscience and the free exercise of worship. The resistance shown by the Vatican with regard to the creation of *associations cultuelles* for the devolution of Church property has been for the promoters of the law a first disappointment which has been most painfully shared by prominent men among the Catholics. At the risk of losing the confidence of the majority and with conciliating intentions that it would be unfair to disregard, the ministry has proposed for the exercise of worship the common law used for public meetings, with the only obligation of making an annual declaration, the interest of which would not be easily perceived if its object was not to give an apparent satisfaction to the demands of the law. Considering himself as the sole judge of what his conscience, his faith, the constitution of the Church and the interests in his keeping dictate, the Pope has rejected the formalities of the declaration as he had already forbidden the creation of *associations cultuelles* and as he has just been repelling a new attempt to transactional legislation. He goes on his way, his eyes lifted up to heaven, confident in the words of Christ, fearless of earthly abysses. Rome having spoken, the French Catholics have acquiesced with a submission and a disinterestedness to which greatness cannot be denied. And there they are, standing between those two irreductible things, dogma and law.

The religious questions are once more paralyzing the republican government in its onward course towards social reforms. Clémenceau claims the qualification of socialist, granted to him by Viviani but refused by Jaurès. It is true that he adds to it the qualification of *radical,* which might be a diminutive. All that is a question of words and definitions.

If the Catholic Church ever happens to fail us, another one is ready to supply its place, that of *Collectivisme unifié.* As it possesses its pontiffs, so it has its dogma, out of which there is no salvation: the abolition of individual property replaced by collective property; the universal salary under the authority of the State, sole employer, master of all salaries, distributer of work, only ruler of pleasure and rest.

The Eden dreamt of by Karl Marx has a sort of likeness to a bagnio which has no attraction whatever for the radical socialists. Far from wishing the suppression of individual property which he looks upon "as being the primordial condition of individual development and human progress," Clémenceau endeavors to universalize it or at least to make it more accessible to every one. He is in favor of old workers' pensions, of a more equitable regulation of work, of a greater freedom for the discussion of salaries, of a fiscal legislation which would aim at wealth and spare poverty and leave no immunity for any kind of income. In all his writings, in all his speeches, may be felt a deep and sincere pity for human misery.

There is not any doubt that no change in social order can be effected without the *wishing-to-be-better* people disturbing the well-to-do ones. But is not the danger threatening wealth to be found oftener in itself,—in its own selfishness? And is it not another way of defending it than to exact from it the sacrifices necesary to allay the revolts of suffering and hunger? By hesitating before the injustice that a new repartition of wealth might bring on, the *bourgeois* socialism of M. Clémenceau shows that it is ready to sacrifice something. But will this sacrifice prove sufficient?

Not only has a statesman to work out the problem of the intercourse of citizens either with one another or with the national collectivity; his gaze must go beyond the frontier; to insure the existence and freedom of individuals is only half his task; he must

at the same time secure the existence and independence of his country. What will be the foreign policy of Clémenceau?

He has intrusted the care of it to M. Stephen Pichon, former contributor to "*La Justice*," who after having distinguished himself both in the press and the tribune, had represented France in foreign lands long enough to be able to be considered as a professional diplomatist.

But the very choice he made of his helpmate of "*La Justice*" reveals that Clémenceau firmly intends to keep the upper hand over our foreign affairs, and a few pessimists have wondered whether this choice and that of General Picquart, which seems to put the War Department also into the hands of the Prime Minister, might not betoken secret designs alarming for the friends of peace.

Clémenceau, who prides himself upon belonging to the tradition of the French revolution, does not forget that, in the time of the *Jacobins, patriot* and *republican* were synonymous words. Assuming the responsibilities of government, his duty is to consider even to the most unlikely contingencies, and if he did not prepare France for them, he would be treacherous to her. The future indeed is not so safe that our statesmen's watchfulness may be lulled to sleep.

However, by the human tendencies of his mind, by the engagements of his past, by the necessities of his reform policy, Clémenceau is a resolute partisan of peace; it is useless to add: of peace with dignity. Never since her reverses has France felt her army to be stronger or in better condition. Never has her intercourse with the powers given her greater security. Our alliance with Russia maintained, the "*entente cordiale*" with England, a friendly reconciliation with Italy, good and fair relations with all powers, such is and remains the basis of our foreign policy. But whatever security, on account of its army and alliances, may French democracy feel, it is, above all, peaceful and industrious; nobody would succeed in involving it in an adventurous course; if among the difficulties of the present hour, its confidence has been given to Clémenceau, the reason of it is that Clémenceau is expected to lead to success, through peace with all nations, a policy of reforms and social advancement.

L. ANDRIEUX.

A PLEA FOR THE FILIPINOS.

BY GENERAL W. H. CARTER, U.S.A.

AMERICA has already had several sharp lessons tending to show that a seat at the council-table as a world power carries with it duties of the gravest character, involving as their very essence preparedness for war on land and sea. As part of this preparation, if we are to maintain the position assumed in the Orient, bases of supply must always be provided. The retention of such bases in the Philippines in the midst of a half-hearted or disloyal population would in any war demand a large army and an enormous outlay for its transportation and maintenance. We have it in our power to ameliorate conditions and to avoid such a contingency if we but act unselfishly.

Whether or not the interests of eighty millions of people, whose prosperity is so great that the transportation lines cannot carry its overflowing volume of business, demand that their Oriental wards shall continue to be deprived of simple justice may, in the minds of theorists, possibly admit of continued academic argument.

Dire necessity has made men commit wrongs since crimes were first defined by law. Since the dawn of history horrible wars have occurred through the rising of a populace against supposed grievances. It behooves a nation, as a mere matter of public policy, to prevent the harboring of long-continued discontent, for the purpose of preserving loyalty if for no better reasons. Loyalty to the Government should not be expected of any population which, however erroneously, believes itself deprived of equal rights with others living under the same flag.

It has been repeatedly explained by responsible public officials that American occupation of the Philippine Islands has deprived Filipinos of the benefits formerly derived from the Spanish

markets; that our tariff wall is just high enough to prevent participation in American markets and, as a consequence, many fields lie fallow and a large portion of an hitherto self-supporting agricultural population are leading a half-nourished existence and losing such habits of industry as had become instilled by regular employment. Discontent with existing business conditions and wide-spread poverty amongst those who have experienced a considerable degree of prosperity under the old régime add to the spirit of unrest.

A generous business instinct, if not the old American idea of fair play, should dictate an early removal of the sense of wrong existing in many parts of the Philippines. As the matter now stands, American rule appears to the discontented portion of the population as synonymous with a higher cost of government, increased expense of living and decreased earning capacity. It is useless to further attribute these conditions to the loss of farm animals, the destructive effects of war and the dire results of cholera, for the Filipinos have been taught by the Americans themselves to look to Congress for the relief which they believe alone will modify the existing depression and revive business throughout the islands.

The enormous labors of the Civil government of the islands remain unappreciated in the minds of the discontented, and much that could be done in many provinces, even under present conditions, to assist the government remains unperformed. It has been a long, hard campaign on the part of the American officials, and a little generosity now may place their fields of endeavor amongst those won. On the other hand, a failure to remove some of the barriers complained of may so deepen the conviction that our people are selfish, and that the slogan of "The Philippines for the Filipinos" is but a hollow promise, that even the privilege of presenting their grievances in the coming assembly will not suffice to win a sense of loyalty.

Civil officials, army officers and those who have recently visited the Philippines for purposes of study, are amazed upon returning to America at the general indifference concerning those wards to whom we as a nation so recently committed ourselves through a policy of benevolent assimilation. While in the Philippines, in actual contact with the conditions and sentiment, no educated American can bring himself to the belief that any great

body of the people at home approve of a policy more fatal than actual hostilities in the tropical islands which were dropped into the nation's lap as an incident of war.

Men in public life generally regarded the reelection of President McKinley in 1900 as settling the question of the retention of the Philippines, yet the impression now produced by the average conversation on the subject amongst professional and business men is that they are tired of the islands and their tangled questions, and would welcome any honorable method of relief from further expense and annoyance incident to the administration of those distant possessions. Can justice be done the millions of Filipinos looking to the American Congress for relief so long as intelligent constituencies misunderstand or are indifferent to the question and adverse commercial interests are active in opposition?

If the Filipinos were on this continent their interests would unquestionably have to take the same chances as others, standing on the great middle ground between tariff reforms and opposition to any modification of schedules. But they are not citizens with all the influence that American citizenship carries, in aiding representatives to formulate legislation in accord with public opinion. Without political influence their progress or decay can exercise little weight upon the careers of public men responsible for the nation's policies, and their appeal for justice must rest almost wholly upon high moral grounds.

The aboriginal American, from Colonial days down to the last Indian war, was wont to kill his captives or adopt them into the tribe to share alike in the general prosperity or suffer in the common defeat, they being deprived only of seats in the tribal council. Is the mad struggle for commercial and industrial supremacy to be allowed to put the nation, whose intellect and ability have given the world so wonderful an exhibition of modern progress, in a class below the savage red men who were driven back and displaced in turn from every hunting-ground from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown to the Golden Gate?

The only honorable explanation which can be made by those in actual contact with the more intelligent and progressive Filipinos, concerning our failure to make good President McKinley's benevolent policy, is, that the American people do not yet comprehend the real situation in the islands, and that when they do

acquire the necessary knowledge, special interests will no longer control, unless it can be established beyond a reasonable doubt that the upbuilding of industries in the Philippines will work a positive and direct injury to actual vested rights in America.

When the small area of the Philippines adapted to the production of sugar, tobacco and rice is considered, it seems preposterous that the volume of trade in these commodities can ever become sufficiently great to be a noticeable factor in competition with like articles of home consumption. If the investigations of experts leave any doubt as to this, it is entirely practicable to limit the volume of trade which shall be permitted in any article at a reduced tariff rate, existing schedules to be applied to the excess importations.

It has been clearly shown by the officials, whose duty it is to render reports, that there is no probability of rice importations ever being made from the Philippines. The quantity produced under the most favorable conditions will barely meet the needs of home consumption in the islands, and, in any event, the quality of the native rice is not such as to recommend it for importation in competition with the rice produced in the Gulf States.

Hemp, sugar, tobacco and cocoanuts constitute the great volume of Philippine exports. There is no question of competition in the first and last named articles, and the extent of any possible injury to American interests, which might result from lowering tariff barriers on sugar and tobacco, can only be determined by actual experience. However, the adverse trade conditions in sugar and tobacco have an indirect but positive effect upon the hemp, copra and all other industries, which suffer from the general uncertainty and consequent apathy.

Americans quite generally rejoiced at the acquisition of the Philippines, not in anticipation of any material gain, but under the belief that the eradication of the evils of Spanish misrule was a heaven-sent mission. No nation was ever more astonished that ours when the insurrection against American rule took place, and it is safe to say that, with exception of a small element, Americans generally considered the Filipinos unappreciative of the great benefits to be derived from our control, if not absolutely ungrateful of the privilege of living under the protection of the stars and stripes. As time passed and the insurrection was suppressed, Civil rule was established, schools were

opened, expensive but much-needed improvements inaugurated and an honest and serious effort made to convince the islanders of the sincerity of our professions, and that the Philippines for the Filipinos was no vapid utterance but a living and virile policy, for the guidance of all Americans called to the duty of administering the islands.

Mistakes have been made and here and there a petty crime committed in the detailed administration of the islands, but a fair consideration of the untrained men at hand, available to carry on the work of government, only causes surprise that errors of judgment and lapses of principle have not been more frequent. A nation, equally with an individual, can build only with the tools and materials available in the day and generation.

That the results have sometimes been received with impatience by Filipinos as well as by many Americans is not to be denied. The cost of administering the islands, including the expenses of the army and navy, when compared with any possible future income, has presented a discouraging balance-sheet. One of the direct results of these conditions and of certain restrictive provisions of existing legislation has been to discourage the introduction of American energy and capital. The small participation of Americans in the business of the islands is really discreditable to us as a nation. The export trade is almost wholly controlled by British, Spanish, German, Chinese and other foreign houses, neither Americans nor Filipinos having any serious commercial interests. The operations of the Filipinos are confined almost wholly to agriculture and the professions.

No man with business instincts can study the situation in the Orient without reaching the conviction that China is the natural outlet for a great part of the products of the Philippines. In both China and Japan there lie great undeveloped sugar-markets which may yet be captured by enterprising rivals not so favorably located, while the Philippines still remain victims of not only our tariff schedules but of certain other laws involving the international relations of America with China and Japan. Questions of policy, as to admission of Chinese and Japanese immigrants at American ports, should have no bearing on the internal affairs of the Philippines, yet the very fact of being under the American flag embraces them within the limits of every discrimination against trade, in revenge for exclusion acts.

The awakening of China, with its teeming millions, is at hand, and a failure to utilize the opportunities of the immediate future may result in the passing of the propitious moment. The flow of trade is not always on the shortest lines, but along those of least resistance. The wonderful development of their merchant marine enables England, Germany or France to rapidly overcome the longer distance whenever it may be profitable for any of them to do so.

Notwithstanding occasional outbreaks of Pulajanes or fanatical hill tribes, and disorders by thieving bands known as Ladrones, public order exists in the islands to an unprecedented degree. These outbreaks occur at wide-spread points, at intervals, but should not be regarded as reflecting the general situation as to public safety any more than Indian raids, train robberies or race riots do that of the peace conditions of the United States.

With the tariff barriers lowered or swept away and the land laws amended the field of enterprise may be sufficiently tempting to induce American capital and energy to a wider participation in the development of the abundant resources of the islands. The restoration of old estates and development of new enterprises should provide legitimate work, in accustomed fields, for thousands of idle laborers. Material prosperity will tend to destroy the influence of political agitators and bind the great body of property-holders and their employees to the government by ties of common interest.

In the final analysis of the situation we have about come to the parting of the ways. Whether or not it be true, the Filipino people regard themselves as victims of American greed and that our altruistic professions do not accord with our practice. Will the people of this great country, through their representatives, deal generously and justly by the Filipinos and give them a chance to share in some of the world's prosperity, or shall the present short-sighted policy be adhered to, with a certainty of closing every avenue leading to loyalty, respect and affection for America and Americans? Those who are indifferent now should be not impatient when the hour of reckoning arrives, for a continuance of present conditions is a Fabian policy fatal alike from a commercial or military view-point.

W. H. Carter, U.S.A.

THE ACUTENESS OF THE NEGRO QUESTION: A SUGGESTED REMEDY.

BY WILLIAM DORSEY JELKS, EX-GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA.

ONE thing may be taken for granted in discussing the ever-present race question, in so far as that question affects the people who live in the Southern States: that is, that there is no social equality and that there will be none for any day which can be foreseen. No day will come within this generation or the next when negroes will be unprovided with separate coaches on roads, a division of seats in street-cars, separate hotels and at least separate sections at playhouses. We may say that this law of separation is written in the blood of the whites and is ineradicable.

Much less shall there be terms of intimacy in the family. The white man's table is not for the negro. Whatever may be the virtues of any colored man, or however admirable he may be from many standpoints, he is not for a place at the white man's fireside or the white man's table. These intimacies would mean that he is fit for the white man's daughter. After an evening meal so surrounded or attended one can hear the head of the house exclaim: "I have supped full of horrors." There may be people, there are people, who do not comprehend this feeling. They say they do not get our angle of view. Strive as they may, they cannot see the matter as we do. My people find it even more difficult to understand the Easterner's view.

However others feel about it, it is settled that we will not have any suggestion of social equality in the South. To this extent there must be unending separation of the races. We have drawn a circle about us and propose to control this feature, at least, and control it above other important matters of our life. We will not even discuss riding in the same coach, sleeping at the same hotel, eating at the same table or studying at the same school.

And there can be no political equality, as a matter of fact. There is none now in most of the Southern States, and those States which have not done so are preparing to practically disfranchise the negro race, or certainly the less intelligent and less worthy portion of it.

It would be far better if the two races could be separated. The tension between them in most of the Southern States has been very great, though less serious in Alabama than in other Southern States, and less serious now than in the early part or middle of last year. Aside from this view, and for other reasons which might be named that prompt me to wish a separation, the negro could grow in a home of his own. At least he would have an opportunity to do so, and, less pessimistic than others, I believe that he might achieve a fair government. I know what is said of his incapacity for government. I bear in mind that in his native home, where he has been the absolute master for centuries, he has constructed no system of architecture or currency, rejoiced in no sweet songs, painted no great pictures, had no schools, established no great charities and contrived only the most primitive form of tribal rule. Notwithstanding this terrific indictment, with the schooling he has had in the United States, he might, after all, building on his own efforts, aspirations and responsibilities, found a society which would be sufficient for his comfort and happiness.

I should welcome, on some surprising and sunny morning, the presence of an air-ship at every cabin door to bear these people away to some happy land of their own. We might hope that, after a hundred years in this half-way home, they would construct and build a government satisfactory for their purposes. A great caravan of air-ships would bring opportunity to the colored man and blessings to the race left behind.

But the air-ship will not come; nor will the South be drained of the negroes as suggested by Senator Morgan; or, if it is to be drained, the end will be so indefinitely in the future that it is hardly worth while to discuss the suggestion now. The Senator's plan was to assist a few to some one of the Philippine Islands where the natives would welcome them, or to some portion of Africa; these, prospering, would furnish an invitation which would finally drain this country of all its Afro-American population. Nor yet will the question be settled, as has been suggested

recently in a magazine article, by dividing the Southern States between the whites and the blacks. If any white people are to give up their homes for the exclusive use of the black man, why not the white people of Massachusetts or Vermont? Citizens of these two States are as much responsible for the negro's presence here as citizens of Alabama or Georgia. Have the whites of Alabama any less right to their own homes than, say, the people of New England? The writer alluded to is very generous with territory of which he owns no part, and with other people's homes. Under certain conditions, that is, if the two races cannot live their lives in the South as he thinks they ought, then the soil of several States should be taken from the whites and given over to exclusive negro purposes and uses. "It is idiotic," he writes, "to talk of deporting negroes to some other country." Why not as "idiotic" to talk of deporting white men? The nearness of one Southern State to another need not figure in the calculation. What is one more night out to a man who is on his way to a home in New England?

Any talk of any kind of deportation is idiotic, I quite agree. We are to live here and together, and that means that the races must have a better understanding with each other. The education of the negro has made him a burden, or, to express it differently, far less valuable as a citizen. The farm is the one opening for him, and this, when he has acquired a smattering of letters, he leaves. He congregates in the towns and leads for the most part an idle life, and, in large numbers, a vicious life. Teaching him to read has thus far proven a curse to the material interests of the South, and this beyond the cost of the schools. The hope many had lay in the expectation that a second and third generation that could read would mark a distinct improvement on the first. We are yet to learn if this hope is groundless. Books have given us a larger proportion of vagrants, and a larger proportion of thieves as well. The non-producers are all thieves. It is the presence of these two offences, and not the more serious crimes, that interrupts the cordial relations of the races and strains the situation to the breaking-point. Assaults on women are not, primarily, the provoking cause of mob law. This statement will surprise some people, but it is true. No statement is safer. The tension is produced by the nagging small offences which are with us every day, and which we seem powerless to defend our-

selves against. One cannot hope to take up again even a potato, once it is laid down, if he omits the precaution of putting a padlock upon it, and this is the case in town or country. Those of the colored race who will not themselves commit these petty offences have not been willing, knowing the culprits, to turn them over to the law. The whole negro family is charged with standing together to protect the criminals. The absolute knowledge of this union of the negro race against the law was the primary cause of the Atlanta riot, and is the underlying cause of almost every lynching that has taken place. Given this feeling and an assault to rape, and the smothered fires break loose!

During the greater part of the six years which I served as Governor of Alabama, I had repeated talks with leading colored men and kept up a correspondence with others throughout the State, to the end that I might get their cooperation with conservative white men in the interest of law and order. From whatever cause, it is true that the relations of the races are smoother and more kindly in Alabama than in any other Southern State, and there have been fewer lynchings in this State than in any of our neighbors during the six years covering my particular observation. There are good law-abiding men and women among them—many of them—and they want to live in peace; I find a growing disposition, too, to give up the law-breakers and to make common cause with the officers of the law. These have been heretofore overawed by the less decent element. They are preparing now to whip the thieves out of their church congregations and to scorn the loafers from their societies.

Those who have not had the deplorable experience cannot understand what it means to have an army of vagrants always among them. Out of a population in the capital city of Alabama of perhaps four thousand negro males, grown, more than one thousand of the men do not work at all, to say nothing of the women. Fifty per cent. of the other three thousand do not work three days in the week, and they are without any visible means of support. This situation is duplicated in every town in Alabama. They must live. They live on the white people, practically none of them on their own race. They constitute in the State a vast and growing army—an army larger than the one Lee surrendered at Appomattox and perhaps as large as the one the great Captain brought away from the burning Kremlin. Our

vagrants must go. They bear upon us too heavily. About every fourth working-man, in his fight for better conditions for himself and his family, is bearing one of the non-producers on his back. They must reform or go. They are the people who are breaking the back of peace. If they fail to work or leave, we are on the verge of a dreadful upheaval.

Our negro schools have not taught men the love of work, nor do they seem to be impressing upon them respect for the Commandments. The colored pulpit, speaking of it generally, leads no crusade against theft. It is impossible to assume, and no man at all familiar with the conditions believes it possible to assume, that theft and vagrancy could be so common if proper respect for the mandates written in stone on Sinai was taught either in the pulpit or the schools. The boys and girls lack home training. We cannot reach that condition until we have reached the future heads of families. They lack religious training, and we cannot control the negro pulpit. We cannot prevent free speech.

There is a remedy. The schools are taught by means of money from the State's strong-box. We can reach the teacher. We can insist that no school shall be taught by a man who is not properly impressed with the beauty and dignity of manual labor, and who does not consider the thief as a proper subject for present and eternal punishment. In Alabama, the schools have not been so taught. The negro teacher, for the most part, has either taught the beauty of idleness and the decency of theft, or has, at least, made no impression to the contrary on the plastic mind of the child. It is far better to have a citizenship which is honest than one which can read. Illiteracy is not the greatest evil. No school is properly taught from which the children can emerge without respect for constituted authority and human statutes, to say nothing of the higher law.

Their worship in the churches is picturesque. They rejoice in songs and hallelujahs, and are most happy. They are discriminating in their selection of passages from Holy Writ. They by no means enjoy equally all parts of the gospels and epistles. That passage from one of the epistles that informs them that "they may know they have passed from death unto life if they love the brethren" is one of the most comforting. They read it literally, and allow themselves some indifference to the mere "thou shalt nots." They find in the passage a suggestion of

ample opportunity to work their way by St. Peter without troubling themselves too much with disagreeable, troublesome and downright orders. They love the brethren, and they sing the songs of Zion!

The preachers are afraid to stand up and teach the simpler doctrines. It is easier to waft the imagination of the amiable and loving flock to Heaven, on beds of oratorical and musical flowers, than to command its members to take up the cross and suffer. To hale one of its members before the bar for lying, adultery or stealing, in one of the average negro churches, is treason. The Shepherd may have an inclination to do so when one of his flock has committed such crimes, but he dare not. The keeping of any of the Commandments is not considered one of the requirements of church-membership, and a pastor who would press the point would lose his place.

We cannot reach the preacher, but we can look after the schools. The teacher must be licensed, and certain requirements as to moral character are set down; when licensed, he can get a school only by selection of school trustees. It is very plain that the negro teacher in Alabama is, for the larger part, totally unfit for the calling. He is doing a destructive work, and taking the State's sacred school money in payment for it. We are thus poisoning the fountain which is to supply our future citizenship! The schools are turning out thieves and vagrants in companies, battalions and armies. The negro school, still speaking generally, has no influence in making more valuable citizens. On the contrary, there could have been no more of these lawbreakers if there had been no schools among them for forty years! It is perfectly plain that the results prove that the pupils from the vast majority of the negro schools have been imbued in no wise with a sense of the dignity of labor or the propriety and advantage of obeying divine and human laws. Shall such teachers be allowed to do this destructive work further?

We cannot refuse the negro a primary education. He must have that, not in the interest of himself so much, as of the State. He should get it through preceptors who not only keep the laws themselves, but are brave enough to make respect for law the atmosphere of the schoolrooms.

It is not intended to express the belief that all public schools taught by negroes are subject to this criticism. The two leading

institutions for negroes in Alabama and presided over by negroes are, so far as I can judge, doing a clean, good work. Their graduates, in character, are far above their people about them. They are the leaders of their race in good works. This is indubitably true.

After changing some views through the years, I am now distinctly of the opinion that Southern white men must teach the negro schools. I say "Southern," because my observation is that Eastern white men and women are mischief-makers. They do not understand the negro character, and they cannot understand it.

Will Southern white men undertake the work? There is much prejudice against it. It can be removed. The Teachers Association in Alabama will discuss the question at its next State meeting, and, I believe, will resolve that it is the patriotic duty of Southern white men—not white women—to engage in this reformatory work. Teaching is one of the great professions. There is only one that is higher. If it be such a great calling, to teach a negro how to become a good citizen ought not to be considered a less honorable pursuit than merchandizing or farming. The white preacher goes at the sick man's call and the white doctor; and charitable women, thousands of them within my personal knowledge, and of my own family, wait upon those who, from poverty or illness, need them. To teach them should be considered a leading work of the State!

I know of no other remedy as certain, if it be only partial. Besides being only partial, it has the disadvantage of being no speedy cure. It is a remedy of years. In the mean time, and until their future men and women can make an impress on their kind, the conservatives of both races must get together looking to a common fight against the violators of any of the large or small provisions of the statutes. The two races together can win this fight! With positive forbearance and justice on the part of the whites, and a determination to make common cause with the law officers on the part of honorable blacks, the two races together can hold anarchy in check, until future colored men and women have had opportunity to learn a different way from different schools. As I have said, the feeling is far less intense now than it was a year ago, and it appears that we are moving into smoother waters.

WILLIAM DORSEY JELKS.

SHAKESPEARE AGAINST HIS EDITORS.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

If you would know the heights and the depths of human intelligence, said Fielding, read Shakespeare and his editors. The judgment is extreme; but it may serve as a text for a gentle remonstrance against certain persistent and almost universal tendencies of the learned world. For two centuries it has been the custom to regard Shakespeare only as a book to be read. Yet, imperfect as is the record of his life, enough remains to show that his own view was far different. Scrupulously careful though he was in the public presentation of his narrative poems, there is no evidence that he ever willingly permitted one of his dramas to be published, or that he read a line of the proof. The sixteen quartos that were issued during his lifetime were, as it seems, either pirated or intended to forestall piracy. The Baconians have made much of this, as usual turning its obvious sense quite topsyturvy. Canonical editors have been scarcely more discriminating. "Why didn't the brute edit his own works?" Dr. Furnivall once exclaimed over a cup of tea in the British Museum. "He could have done it in a month, and spared us poor devils the bother of centuries." Then he added, with characteristic exuberance, "There are times when I wish I could stand him up in the corner there and punch his head for him!"

One reason why Shakespeare did not edit his own works may have been that he was not aware that they were works. Ben Jonson was the first to speak of his dramas as such—his own dramas, that is—and thereby became the butt of much sly satire at the hands of his fellows of the theatre. Shakespeare wrote plays. He was part owner and manager of a company of actors, and, like all practical playwrights, even in this present day of strict copyright regulation, he was unwilling to give out the text

of a piece while it was alive on the boards. It was enough that his plays should live in the eyes and ears of the theatregoing public. To regard the Shakespearian drama solely from the point of view of the library is to regard it in a perspective at once inadequate and false.

I.

That, in certain fields, the labors of the editors have been fruitful is manifest. The chronology of the plays, and the development of Shakespeare's genius in comparison with that of the age he lived in, have been approximately fixed. The evolution of certain pieces from archaic originals, as, for instance, "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet," has been pretty clearly traced. The importance of such results in the history of dramatic literature and in the literary biography of the dramatist is scarcely to be exaggerated.

The chief efforts of the commentators, however, have been spent in purifying the text, which it has been the custom to regard as deplorably corrupt; and here the results have not been of the happiest. For two centuries patient, diligent and pious scholars have exhausted ingenuity, and even phantasy, in the hope of making sense of what they did not understand; but the learned world itself is at last awaking to the fact that the Folio is measurably authentic and pure. Its errors are for the most part self-evident. Hopeless corruptions are rare. Says Furness, in the preface of his Variorum edition of "Love's Labor Lost" (1904):

> "This whole question of the text has gradually subsided. . . . The number of lines in Shakespeare's dramas and poems, as given in the Globe edition, has been computed to be one hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred and two (114,402). . . . Those marked with an obelus, as hopelessly corrupt, number about one hundred and thirty, which means that there is only one obstinately refractory line or passage in every eight hundred and eighty."

This Furness regards as the most liberal possible allowance. "It is small wonder," he concludes, "that the denunciation of Shakespeare's defective text is becoming of the faintest." It was the realization of all this which, after many years, led Furness to give up his attempt to unite in his Variorum all the successful emendations. In his later volumes he has reproduced the original text intact, reducing the emendations to foot-notes.

The hopelessly corrupt passages, it will be seen, average only a

fraction more than three to each play. To what extent they impair the acting value may best be judged by the improvement effected in the most successful of the emendations. In describing Falstaff's death, the Hostess, according to the Folio text, says: "His nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields." Theobald conjectured that this should have read: "His nose was as sharp as a pen, and a bable of greene fields." By the change of a single letter, utter nonsense becomes one of the most illuminating of the finer traits in the portrait of the greatest of Shakespeare's comic characters. This emendation, with two or three others distinctly less notable, has rescued Theobald from the ignominy Pope heaped upon him in making him the first hero of the "Dunciad," and placed him at the head of those who have labored with Shakespeare's text — which, in spite of our rubric, must be reckoned as vastly more than the kingship of dunces! But, deeply illuminating as the emended reading is to the leisurely and literary imagination, it may be questioned whether it has any great dramatic force. On the boards, imaginative value resides chiefly in the skill and speed with which the story is developed, the saliency and contrasts in the presentation of character, and the larger sweeps of laughter or passion. It is scarcely too much to say that the combined work of the editors has not enriched the acting value of the plays by one burst of merriment, one pulse of emotion. From the point of view of Shakespeare, the maker and manager of plays, the textual labors of two centuries, even supposing them to have removed all errors, might well have been—scarcely worth the labor of editing his "works."

II.

Little of positive good as the editors have accomplished, moreover, they have in many instances foisted fresh errors upon the text. According to one familiar anecdote, a worthy German found only nonsense in the line:

"Sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks."

He changed it to read:

"Sermons in books, and stones in the running brooks."

This is, perhaps, a fable; but it illustrates none the less aptly the whims and mares' nests of the emending imagination. Such foibles, it is true, the best editors avoid; but when, as character-

istically happens in all good acting plays, the point of a passage depends upon even the most obvious detail of stagecraft, they one and all run into errors which have not yet been detected. To cite one of innumerable minor instances, when Polonius comes in upon Laertes, taking leave of Ophelia, he says:

> "Yet heere, Laertes? Aboord, aboord for shame,
> The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
> And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
> And these few precepts," etc.

With a grammatical sense that would do credit to a nursery governess, Theobald pointed out that the antecedent of "there" is the shoulder of the sail, and that Shakespeare could hardly have meant that any one was waiting for Laertes in so ticklish a place. He punctuates the line:

> "And you are staid for. There; my blessing with you!"

He has been followed by his successors, even Furness and the "Cambridge" editors, with the exception of Corson and the "First Folio" editors. The difference is of no great moment; but it very aptly illustrates the sort of things that happen when plays are regarded as works. Here, as everywhere in the Elizabethan drama, the lines were written with actor and stage in mind. The grammar is that of the spoken word, and the punctuation a matter of voice and action. It needs only a gesture from the profuse old councillor to indicate that "there" refers to the docks. As presented in the Folio, the word adds its quota to the sense. With the revised punctuation, it is redundant.

When the most scrupulous of editors sink into such a pitfall, it is scarcely to be wondered at that one and all err in dealing with matters that involve a special knowledge of our ancient dramaturgy. With the main features of Shakespeare's stage they are not unacquainted; but the stagecraft of which these are only the outward sign is a closed book to them. In the entire Elizabethan drama there is not one scene that calls for the realistic pictorial setting familiar to the post-Restoration theatre; but the first of the editors, Rowe (1709), indicated, in an irregular and haphazard manner, the definite room, street, or what-not, in which, he would have us believe, Shakespeare meant us to imagine the action as taking place; and his successors, down to the present day, have carried on the work, introducing scenes persistently,

and at every possible opening. Frequently this does no harm, and, as far as the reader is concerned, may be reckoned of value in that it gives the action a local atmosphere. But, in numerous instances, it pointedly misrepresents Shakespeare's intention as a dramatist.

In the fifth scene of the last act of "Macbeth," the sorely beset monarch enters, accompanied by "souldiers with drum and colours," and says:

> "Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
> The Cry is still, they come."

This scene the editors, without a single exception that I can find, place in a room in the castle. Keightley, troubled by the knowledge that the banners were characteristically hung, not from the walls, but from the tower, makes the passage read:

> "Hang out the banners. On the outward walls
> The cry is still, they come."

If the editors had reasoned from the point of view of Shakespeare the playwright, this punctuation—to begin with the matter they regard as of most moment—would not have been possible. At the back of the stage, as they well know, was a gallery which, in innumerable instances, was used to represent the wall of a garden, castle or city. To any one who keeps in mind the details of Elizabethan stagecraft, the natural supposition is that Macbeth and his followers entered on this gallery. As much of scenic locality as Shakespeare intended to create is indicated in the opening line, and in the action of hanging out the banners. The punctuation is as right as right can be.

Keightley's injury to the text, however, is a bagatelle in comparison to the injury which all the editors have done to the acting value of the passage. By placing the scene in a castle room, they require that an entirely new set be shifted upon the stage for some forty-five lines, after which the scene is again shifted to the exterior of the castle. To say nothing of the expense in scenery and manipulation, the result is to retard the action at its climax. As Shakespeare planned the passage, these two scenes are one. Macbeth's exit from the wall above is instantly followed by the entrance of Malcolm, Seyward and Macduff beneath. After they have spoken a dozen lines, Macbeth issues from the castle, with his desperate new resolution to meet his foes in the open. From

the hanging out of the banners, the action proceeds with rapid and cumulative interest, until Macbeth is slain and Malcolm hailed as King. A thousand niceties of punctuation and verbiage are as nothing in comparison with the value of a vigorous dramatic climax.

III.

In "Romeo and Juliet," the casualties to the text have reached a climax. With one glad accord the editors have cut into two, and even three, parts scenes which were obviously planned as climacteric dramatic units.

In one case—Romeo's first adventure into the orchard of the Capulets—they have, with a recklessness incredible even in an editor of Shakespeare, actually called for a shift of scenery between the lines of a couplet. The first scene they call "A Lane by the Wall of Capulet's Orchard." Romeo enters, speaks two lines, and then, according to the editors, "climbs the wall, and leaps down within it." The proceeding cannot be made to seem agile in the acting, in spite of the cleats amiably supplied by the stage carpenter; and the back is not the best part of a Romeo, especially when seen in certain altitudes. But the editors say "Climb!" and Romeo climbs. Then Benvolio and Mercutio come in and deliver their comradely chaff about Rosaline—at the blank wall over which Romeo has just clambered. After a few speeches they go out, Benvolio exclaiming:

> "'Tis in vain
> To seek him here who means not to be found."

Hereupon, according to the editors, the scene shifts to the interior of the orchard. Benvolio's last line is quite forgotten, when, after the interval, Romeo gives the answering rhyme:

> "He jests at scars who never felt a wound."

Then Juliet appears at the window. The passage that follows is one of consummate poetical illusion; but, when Romeo assures Juliet in amorous pleasantry,

> "With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,"

the friendliest of audiences, remembering the cleats and Romeo's laboring back, is prone to smile.

How did Shakespeare intend all this to be done? Any one who has a clear picture of the Elizabethan stage in his eye, and

a little feeling for Elizabethan stagecraft, will guess at once that the wall was represented, as walls always were, by the gallery at the back of the stage—though none of the editors has shown this perspicacity. On his entrance, Romeo is already "aloft," and thus avoids a public clamber. As for "o'erperching" the wall, as if on "love's light wings," when the top has once been gained in the obscurity of the tiring-house, that is a feat within the athletic grace of even an operatic tenor. At the sound of his pursuing friends, Romeo leaps down into the garden and hides in the shrubbery. They also appear on top of the wall, and it is from this point of vantage that they chaff him about Rosaline. Note how this arrangement brings out the comedy of the situation. Though Romeo is shadowed from his pursuers, he is in plain view of the audience. The fact that he is reminded of the lately adored Rosaline's bright eye and her other parts of beauty, even while mooning beneath Juliet's window, is thus projected with the utmost effect. The least look of being teased could not fail to amuse. It is out of a mood of instant annoyance at their raillery, and of chagrin at his broken vows of constancy, that Romeo replies to the receding Benvolio:

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound"—

a line that, in the modern arrangement, after the tedious interruption of the scene-shifter, is quite unintelligible. How many, even of Shakespeare's readers, have caught its full force? It may be remarked in passing that the scene is not properly called a balcony scene. The phrase originated in a mistaken notion that Juliet appears in the gallery at the back of the stage, which, as we have seen, was used for the orchard wall. Juliet appears in an upper box at the side of the stage, which for the nonce represented her chamber window—as is evident in Romeo's line:

"But soft, what light through yonder window breaks!"

and again, Act III, scene V,

"Then, window, let day in, and let life out."

A similar misunderstanding of Shakespeare's dramaturgy is no less damaging to the effect of the subsequent scene involving this so-called balcony. The editors are about equally divided as to whether the stage should represent Juliet's chamber overlooking the garden, or the garden itself, overlooked by Juliet's cham-

ber. Those who, like Furness in his Variorum, decide for the chamber run into the absurdity of making Romeo speak his three speeches of passionate farewell after he "descends" out of view of the audience, and somewhat, of course, out of its hearing. That he has descended there can be no doubt. The Quarto says, "He goeth down," and Juliet says, in both texts:

> "Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
> Like one dead in the bottom of a tomb."

Those who place the scene in the garden, as, for example, the "Cambridge" editors do, have far better warrant, for the Folio says, "Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft." But they run into an even greater theatric difficulty, for their subsequent stage directions distinctly imply that the long wrangling scene between Juliet and her parents, in which the Nurse also appears, takes place with all three heads sticking out of the window!

The Quarto furnishes a key to the difficulty. The stage, as it seems, represents the garden; the stage direction reads: "Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window." After Romeo has departed, the directions say: "Enter Nurse, hastily"—and haste implies that she enters below; for how is an actor to indicate a hasty entrance at the window where Juliet is already standing? The Nurse says:

> "Madam, beware, take heed the day is broke,
> Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all sure."

The Quarto adds: "She goeth down from the window"; and, if we are right in supposing that the Nurse had entered below, "she" can only mean Juliet. Then follows in the Quarto text a decorative design which, elsewhere, is always used to indicate that the stage is for a moment empty. After it we find: "Enter Juliets mother, Nurse," which, as all three immediately speak, is clearly one of the minor typographic errors in which the text abounds. It should read: "Enter Juliet, Mother, Nurse," the comma having been taken for an "s." In other words, the Nurse, having warned Juliet to remove the traces of Romeo's presence in the chamber, goes in and fetches her to meet Lady Capulet below in the garden. In the Folio, where the scene is rewritten, the Nurse gives her caution, with far greater dramatic effect, before Romeo's leave-taking, and does not appear again till later, when she comes on with old Capulet; but there is no in-

dication that the general scenic arrangement I have indicated has been altered. It is, in fact, the only actable arrangement.

In the potion scene, the arbitrary localities foisted in by the editors have obliterated an effective and curiously Elizabethan bit of dramatic contrast. At the back of the stage, beneath the gallery, as is well known, was a curtained alcove which was used to represent, among other things, an inner chamber. By means of it, Shakespeare here produces a rencontre not dissimilar in principle to the famous screen scene in "The School for Scandal." When Juliet drinks the potion, according to the Quarto, "She fals upon her bed within the Curtaines." For a moment the stage is empty, as is indicated by another of the decorative designs. Then the Nurse comes in with Juliet's mother, followed by old Capulet and a number of serving-men, all engaged in joyous and bustling preparations—matters of spits, logs, and wedding music. The joy of marriage is separated only by a curtain from the image of death! To the modern mind it seems strange that such business should be transacted so near Juliet's chamber. The explanation lies in the much-neglected fact that, on the Elizabethan stage, the sense of definite locality was of the faintest. Presently, the Nurse calls Juliet; and, getting no answer, draws aside the curtains, disclosing Juliet's rigid body. The scene of joyous anticipation turns in a moment to one of utter woe. The County Paris comes in with Friar Laurence and says:

"What, is the bride ready to go to church?"

When he sees his bride apparently dead, the general grief mounts higher. As the Quarto naïvely says: "All at once cry out and wring their hands." At the end of the passage: "They all but the Nurse goe foorthe, casting Rosemary on her and shutting the Curtains."

Not a throb of all this has reached the pulses of the editors. The episode of the wedding preparations they lift bodily and set down in a hall of the mansion, making three short scenes of one, tediously halting the action and obliterating a carefully planned and salient dramatic effect. As cut up by the editors, the play contains no less than twenty-five scenes, to present all of which in one evening, with realistically detailed scenery, is a sheer impossibility. An unusually full modern production, that of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, gave eighteen scenes, wearily drag-

ging the action out till midnight; but the scene of wedding mirth and bustle is not one of them.*

IV.

That the editors had any regard to the fate of Shakespeare on the stage is not to be imagined; but if it had been their conscious purpose to shelve him in the library, they could not have succeeded better. For where pious and patient students have gone so far astray, actors and managers need not be expected to keep the path of scholarly and artistic rectitude. They have, in fact, bettered the instruction. With the first introduction of pictorial scenery, it became practically necessary to reduce the text to the bare bones in order to make time for the scene-shifter; and, as pictorial realism became more complete in detail, the sacrifice became greater and greater. Many elaborate Shakespeare productions are little more than a collocation of elegant extracts. Even in Germany, where the scenery madness has been held at bay, and where, more than in any other country, culture is permitted to eventuate in boredom, a fair repertory of Shakespeare's plays keeps the boards only by virtue of liberal subvention. In England, those plays alone subsist, the inherent vitality of which enables them to survive much mauling and mangling. The art of the scene-painter is at best a bastard art, but it is popular; and in its flowering time, under Irving and Beerbohm Tree, it has become the chief item of dramatic fare. In addition to the long-honored cutting, scenes are now transposed, almost at random, to lessen the number of shifts—with what damage to the swing of the story and the development of character need not be described.

When Mr. Beerbohm Tree presented "The Tempest" (1904), an intelligent German traveller wrote a letter to a London daily paper charging that the effect of so much splendor was to obliterate the poetry. Mr. Tree stigmatized the charge as "the reverse of the truth," and argued: "Beautiful plays demand beautiful settings. The whole production is an attempt to make the play entirely intelligible to the audience." In view of the general shortening and rearrangement of the text, these are brave words! But that is not the worst. In order to show the shipwreck in

* With experience it was found necessary to curtail the performance, and among others the scene before Capulet's garden wall went by the board.

realistic detail—a stoutly built vessel manned by infant sailors and laboring through all the pother of a modern stage storm—he had been obliged to cut the dialogue of this most stirring and characteristic scene entirely, for it was not only beyond the histrionic powers of the piping actors, but, in any case, the words would have been drowned out by stage thunder. The elaborate realization of the passage in which Ariel makes the banquet vanish necessitated such excisions that as acute an observer as Mr. William Archer remarked: "What the meaning of the whole affair is, no human soul can divine!" The intelligence of Mr. Tree's audience, it appears, has not risen above the level of the picture-book. Or is Mr. Tree's own intelligence, or veracity, in question? Give the scenery and manager full swing, and Shakespeare is reduced to the level of the most delectable Christmas pantomine. Sad brow and true critic, the thing these particular beautiful plays least need is such beautiful scenery. One kind office, however, the modern Shakespearian "production" does perform: it blots out defects as surely as it blots out beauties. Bad as are the acting and elocution of our Shakespeare-starved stage, they would seem worse the nearer they were brought to the eye and the ear.

V.

What would Shakespeare himself think of his editors, if he could know the fate they have brought upon his plays? We are told that he was a man of some physical stature, and, as Aubrey reports, "well shap't." If it were a question of physical violence, he would probably be able, under the inspiration of the moment, to meet them all, each in his corner, beginning with Rowe and not ending even with the athletic and bellicose Dr. Furnivall.

The attempt to act the plays as they were meant to be acted has several times been made of late; but never with any real comprehension of the archæologic—to say nothing of the æsthetic—problems involved. The precise nature of Elizabethan dramaturgy, and whether a thoroughly intelligent reproduction of it would be popularly successful, are questions that lie beyond the scope of the present discussion. But as regards the editors, it may be fairly urged that they owe it both to themselves as scholars and to Shakespeare as a dramatist to present his text in accordance with his manifest intention.

JOHN CORBIN.

CONCERNING RACE SUICIDE.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

Not long ago a census-taker called on the mother of three children.

"It doesn't take you as long to make the entries here as in some places," she commented, when he had finished his record.

"No, ma'am. The other day I had a family of seven children to enter. But they were Irish."

"Yes?" said the mother of three. "You don't often find such families as that among Americans."

"And if they had them, where would they put them?" said the man. "There's no allowance made for children in first-class apartments, even if a poor man could afford the rent. The places where he can pay are not where a decent man would like to raise his children. Indeed, I don't know what would become of people if they did have big families any more."

Here is the question that presents itself to impatient readers of utterances on race suicide. Mr. Dooley's remarks concerning the annexation of the Philippines fit the case. "What wud I do wid them? Shure, there isn't room in the bedroom now for me-silf and the bed." Judging from the difficulty some of us find in nourishing and training the few olive branches that scantily shelter our board we would be in desperate plight if we had a nursery full of them.

Profound and impressive have been the fulminations against small families. They are especially weighty when they come from those who with incomes and positions which would justify them in treating themselves to one of the "good old-fashioned families" of twelve or thirteen, choose only a scanty half-dozen or so as their own portion. Only those with little visible means of support are in the habit of presenting fifteen or sixteen chil-

dren to a grateful country which will some day probably be taxed to support them.

Many of us would, with Lady Teazle, be delighted if roses blossomed under our feet and we could have strawberries all the year round. In other words, a large family of children would be a joy, the sight of a long and well-fitted family board a delight, the thought that we were laying up for old age stores of comfort and companionship in the line of children and grandchildren better to us than a bulky bank account. But then we have to own the bank account to compass these luxuries and that there is weekly less probability of our possessing. I say "weekly," for to my own startled apprehension the increase in the cost of every necessity for livelihood mounts with a speed to which Jonah's gourd is the only fit comparison.

I do not like to think of myself as an old woman, and even according to the Osler methods of computation I am not yet really in the sere and yellow leaf. Yet if we should count time by heart throbs or their economic equivalents in experience, I could feel myself a centenarian. Little more than two decades ago I began housekeeping in a house which rented for thirty dollars a month and now commands forty-five. I kept one maid of all work to whom I paid three dollars and a half a week and felt myself a cross between a Croesus and a pauper in the transaction,—a Croesus, in that I could pay such a sum, and a pauper in view of the bourne towards which I felt my outlay was leading me.

I had been accustomed to a generous table and took it for granted that I could not keep house on less than ten dollars a week. This was to pay for gas,—we cooked by a coal-range then,—for ice, milk and all provisions for our family of three. We entertained a good deal. Recently I tried to feed another family of three on a limited sum. Ten dollars a week, with close managing, covered the actual outlay for food, ruling out the ice and milk bills and taking no thought for the gas,—and preciously short commons it was, with none of the extras I took as a matter of course twenty years ago, and with no allowance for company.

Ask the women and you will learn a few formidable truths. First, that unless you go to a "cash butcher's" shop, where you cannot always be sure of the merits of the meat, you

will pay more for beef, lamb, mutton, veal, poultry, than you did ten years ago, five years ago. "The Beef Trust," we are told, "beef" evidently being a generic term that covers all animals travelling by land and water which are fit for food. But is there a Vegetable Trust? For vegetables are higher than they were even two or three years back. And have the hens a Trust, too? All the threats of manufactured eggs have not availed to lower the prices of the genuine article — whether they be "strictly fresh," "fresh" or simply "eggs." Milk is to most of us two cents a quart higher than it was a few years since. The adulterations of butter that crowd the market should surely make veritable butter less costly, though it has not done so yet. We are told that flour and sugar are no higher, but man cannot live by bread alone, and even sweetness unmixed will not sustain life.

So much for the simple staples. Carry the case further and you fare worse. Look for a moment at service. My mother can remember when eight dollars a month was considered excellent wages for a cook. My memory goes not so far back, but I have clear recollections of the time when sixteen dollars a month was high wages. Now none is so mean as to be satisfied with that except as a temporary measure, until by learning how to make hash masquerade as croquettes, to achieve doubtful pastry and to convert good plain food into a variety of entrees that are distinguished from one another chiefly by their names, the "green" girl becomes entitled to announce herself an experienced cook. Of this experience it is not necessary that a knowledge of how to make a good loaf of bread, a tolerable cup of coffee, or an eatable slice of toast shall be a component part. With all her imperfections on her head—or in her hand—she demands and gets from twenty to thirty dollars a month, and condescends in accepting the smaller sum.

The specialization which has been so highly commended as a cure-all for lack of employment has found its way into our servants' halls as well as everywhere else. The opponents of race suicide do not mention what shall be done with the race while their mother is doing the cooking, washing and ironing because she hasn't the money to pay for a specialized servant. It was with difficulty that persons of small means afforded themselves the luxury of children when they could engage a maid who would do the general housework of the home and perhaps occasionally

"lend a hand with the baby," so that the mother could get out to church or to needed shopping. But the "general-housework servant" bids fair to take a place with the dodo as an extinct species. If a woman who for any reason is unable to do her own work is obliged to pay—let us make the prices moderate—twenty dollars to her cook and laundress and twenty more to her waitress, when her husband has an income of two thousand a year and spends a fourth of that in house rent, what is there left to do with the race?

A feeling of desperation seizes one at the mere approach to the discussion of house rent. There is the immutable, irreducible, inevitable fardel of the dweller in cities. Poor people must live, and although, with Talleyrand, you may not see the necessity, you cannot rid yourself of the problem by a bitter epigram. And rent is the greatest obstacle in the way of seemly living. In the city it is absolutely impossible for even the moderately poor to get light and air for the sum they can pay, and it borders close on the impossible for those in easier circumstances. It is well enough to talk of air and light as free to every one. In the city there is not enough of either to go around, and those may get who have the power—or the price. Life may be supported without these luxuries and the dwellers in cities long ago ceased to include them among the essentials. A roof over the head, rooms to eat and sleep in, are indispensable, and if they are dark and crowded it is only one of the things with which one must bear.

Even for this sort of accommodation one's income is taxed beyond its powers. Every year the rents mount higher. During the past fifteen years I have seen them go up, up, in my home city. With increased facilities of transportation the land becomes more valuable to the owners, and the cost of living on it is raised to the tenant. One year it was five dollars a month more than it was the year before. Another year it came up only two dollars a month. When it stood still for a year or so one rejoiced with trembling lest the immunity of this year should be made up for by a double increase at the end of the twelvemonth. Never is there a fall in the rent of houses or apartments any more than in the prices of other necessities of life.

"But why not move into the suburbs or the country?" comes the cry. That is the one remedy proposed instantly. So far as the suburbs are concerned, they are rarely less expensive than

the city. To the country a great many persons cannot go—and it does not clear the situation to retort that they would not live there if they could. Putting aside the great armies of laborers in the shops and factories who must be near their work, there are countless others whose employment restricts them to the vicinity of their toil. The motorman or conductor on a car, the letter-carrier, the clerk whose hours are long, the bookkeeper who must be late at his desk, the newspaper man who works at night, the compositor whose hours are the same, are among them. Surely the man and woman who have their dwelling in crowded city streets which afford the worst of playgrounds for their children, who live in close quarters with perhaps one or two light rooms out of the five or six that are all they can pay for, are in no position to become joyful fathers and mothers of children. "Suffer *not* little children to come unto me," ceases to be a satire and become a sorrowful and sincere prayer.

At this point I can hear the horror-stricken protests that this last remark is sure to call forth. Accusations of heartlessness, of unwomanliness, of lack of patriotism, are the least of the charges. "Any one with an income of two thousand dollars a year is in a position to have a family," I am told, in every variety of indignant tones.

Undoubtedly any one ought to be able to have a family on that sum. But having a family is one thing and bringing it up is another. Bringing it up as you would like to have it brought up, giving the children advantages of education, of association, permitting them the rights that are surely theirs when by no will of their own they are brought into a world of doubtful blessing. It is very well to say, with Dr. Lavendar, that we should not grudge young people their unhappiness, and we all of us grant the advantages of more or less discipline. Yet there is a discipline that embitters by the contrast it provokes. The boy who must wear patched clothes and go barefoot when none of his fellows do it, who must be denied the education he craves and put to work to support himself and the younger children, is subjected to a trial beyond his deserts.

We may point with pride to the records of the great Americans who earlier in the history of our country rose to distinction from among the poorest of the land—but we question our own right to subject our children to all that those same great

Americans went through with before they "arrived." Social circumstances have changed mightily in the last half-century. To say that our half-dozen children who are to be fed and housed and clothed and educated out of that two thousand a year shall be condemned, because of our inability to give them the associations and advantages to which they were born, to struggle through life ill equipped for its contest—what man or woman, looking at the matter calmly and sanely, is willing to put this burden on children yet unborn?

But have not incomes gone up, too? Wages have, in many quarters. Is this the only line in which there has been an increase of income?

I admit the rise in some quarters,—although it is no more in proportion than the rise in the cost of living. But in many callings there has been no rise. Clerks, I am told, receive no higher pay than they have done for years past. I have not heard that the salaries of clergymen or of newspaper men have been increased,—although most physicians have raised their charges. I am sure writers are paid no more by the thousand words than they were ten years back, except in cases where the value of their wares has increased in the estimation of editors. The item of clothing is the one honorable exception which has not gone up higher. One can probably buy materials as reasonably now as one could a decade since. But when it comes to making the garments! Not more than five years ago I paid a dressmaker six dollars when she made me a waist. If it were very elaborate she charged me eight. The other day I went to her again and asked her price for making a plain silk waist with only the simplest trimming. Fourteen dollars! This did not include any of the findings, much less the fabric.

I have not assumed the rôle of a Cassandra, nor do I prophesy with Hetty Green that there is coming a revolution against existing financial conditions when the streets will run with blood. My foresight is not keen. But from the depths of an unscientific and child-loving heart I pray that those who condemn race suicide and cry shame upon American small families would set their big brains to work to check or reduce the increased cost of living and make possible again the large families of the earlier days of the Republic.

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY EX-ATTACHE, OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR AND RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

A NOVEL OF BRITTANY.*

No more comprehensive illustration of the rôle played by the Paris priest in the rural districts of France has ever been given to the public than that contained in "Gray Mist," the second novel of that writer who, by reason of her devotion to the memory of Elizabeth of Austria, prefers to be known in literature as the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress."

"Gray Mist" shows us the extent to which the whole life of the little community centres around the rectory. It is thither that the peasant and the fisherman turn their steps for advice and help in every perplexity and every difficulty. They have no secrets from their Curé. Often he has known them from childhood, and has endowed them with whatever education they possess. He has christened, confirmed and married them, he has buried their dear ones, and possesses the most intimate acquaintance with all their domestic affairs, their material interests, their shortcomings, their virtues, their aspirations and fears. He is their chosen guide, and deservedly enjoying their whole-hearted confidence, wields over them an extraordinary influence. Nowhere is this of more advantage to the government than in the ancient Duchy of Brittany, where the population—entirely distinct from that of the remainder of France—is characterized by all the violence of passion, and the fervency of religious belief, peculiar to the Celtic race.

Abbé Kornog is not the hero of the book. But he is undoubtedly its most lovable character, and throughout its pages

* "Gray Mist." By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

he plays a predominant and yet always sympathetic rôle. A reviewer whose knowledge of French conditions and literature is unrivalled in America, has pronounced him "one of the finest creations ever found in fiction." Indeed, the Abbé Kornog is even far more attractive than Ludovic Halévy's Abbé Constantin. For whereas the latter is a bland and gentle old man, who conveys a greater idea of saintliness than of strength, and whose lines, thanks to his rich American parishioners, are cast in pleasant places, the Curé of Kermarioker is a forceful and intensely human nature, the keystone of a poverty-stricken community, composed exclusively of peasants and fisherfolk, whose hardships he shares, and whom, in spite of their suspicious, reserved and rebellious character, he dominates not alone by his sacred office, and by his brain, but also by his brawn. As an illustration of this we are told how he thrashed, and hurled head first on to a manure-heap, the village bully, a burly innkeeper, when the latter, rendered almost insane with rage by the Abbé's action in wrenching a bottle of vile potato brandy from a peasant and breaking it on the ground, had so far forgotten himself as to menace the priest with personal violence. It was during a terrible cholera epidemic at Kermarioker, and the worthy Father was on his way home after a night sad and weary spent ministering as a priest and as a physician to his dying friend Herve Rouzik, whose soul had taken its flight for a better world just as day was breaking. His heart was very heavy. For he had known Rouzik, the foster-father of the hero of the book, from childhood. But when he saw a member of his flock buying potato brandy, the sale of which he had forbidden while the cholera was raging, his anger got the better of his grief, and he then and there used his brawn to enforce the orders which he had issued, not only as Curé, but also in his capacity as a health officer. For at Kermarioker, as in many another remote fishing-village on the rocky, wreck-strewn coast of Brittany, there was no doctor within reach.

"Not for miles and miles, and from the first minute when the scourge appeared, the Curé 'took hold'—as the sailors say—and governed the sick and the well alike, as no other could have done—almost with a rod of iron."

And thus it is in well-nigh every village of that strange, primitive part of France known as Brittany, whenever visited by cholera

or any other deadly epidemic. The Curé, besides administering the last rites to the dying, acts as physician and as nurse to the sick, converting his rectory into a free dispensary. Thanks to his influence as a Minister of the Church, he is able to exercise an authority in all sanitary matters of the village that no lay health officer could ever hope to wield. He brings consolation to the bereaved, acts as executor of the last wishes of the dead, is *de facto* guardian of the widows and young orphans, secures obedience to the laws of the land from a people impatient of secular authority, and in one word is a very human and therefore sympathetic representative of that Providence to Whom all turn in times of stress and trouble—especially in Brittany. The Curé usually becomes so attached to his flock, that frequently, as in the case of Abbé Kornog, he declines preferment, in order to remain with those among whom he has labored so devotedly, and with such unselfishness. For most of the meagre stipend of 800 francs ($150) a year which the Breton Curés received until a few months ago from the state, went in charity, their parishioners being as a rule too poverty-stricken to contribute anything save an occasional catch of fish, or a basket of vegetables, to the maintenance of their rector.

What they will do without him now it is difficult to say. Yet without stipend from the state, or from his parish, without even church or rectory, how can he remain, unless financial assistance comes from devout Catholics in other and less impoverished parts of France? Not only will the people suffer cruelly from the loss of the one mentor and friend to whom alone they accord their whole trust, and from whom they have derived so much moral and material support; but the Government also will be subjected to no end of difficulty through the disappearance of their most useful agents for the maintenance of order. When the Curé departs, the restraining influence goes, and trouble is almost certain to result, in this strange and romantic region, where less than a third of the population understand and speak French, in fact, only those of the lower classes who have served in the army, and especially in the navy. For Brittany is the latter's nursery, and furnishes far and away the largest proportion of its sailors, the backbone indeed of the French fleet.

Quite appropriately it is the ocean that brings upon the scene Pierrek, whose brief career forms the subject of the drama. He

emerges from a bank of gray mist, a little child floating upon the surface of the sea, and so startling and unexpected is the apparition, that the terror-stricken crew of the fishing-boat "Stereden-ab-Vor" precipitately cross themselves, regarding it as the dreaded "Kollidik Apouliek," that is to say, a spectral still-born baby, abandoned by God to Satan, who tosses it for sport far out to sea, to serve as a harbinger of doom to seafaring men. The skipper, however, is of sterner mould, and observing that the child is very much alive, sheers alongside, takes it on board, and adopts it in the place of his own little boy, whose death some time previously had wrecked the mind of his young wife. When he returns to land with the little waif, she sees therein the restoration of her own baby by the sea. And so great is her joy at the recovery of her child, that her reason is restored thereby. The village, moved by compassion, humors her, and even the good Curé has not the heart to undeceive her. This pathetic deception, this pious fraud, constitutes the foundation of the story. Every link of the latter has been welded so deftly into an unbroken chain of apparently logical consequences, that the reader, though impressed with a sense of impending disaster, proceeds as unsuspicious of the terrible dénouement as are the victims thereof themselves, until the final and crushing blow of destiny from a wholly unexpected quarter. The nature of the blow is in itself repellent. Yet it is handled with so much delicacy, so much reticence and so much pathos, that it gradually appears to the cultured reader as the inevitable climax of the story, and that any other would have been unnatural and incongruous.

A remarkable feature of this weird and powerful story, which, unlike most of the novels of the present day, leaves an indelible impression upon the mind, is a degree of restraint, rare in a woman, observed by the author. So much is left to the imagination, so much has been avoided that would have tempted a less gifted writer to intensify the action and to paint it in more lurid colors. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the final pages of the book. Pierrek, when the crisis is reached, does not do murder, nor take his own life—suicide is well-nigh unknown in Catholic Brittany. He enlists for naval service on the fever-stricken rivers and coasts of Cochin-China, and perched in the crosstrees of the cruiser bound for the Orient, vanishes from the gaze of the reader into that Gray Mist from which he

emerged as a baby at the outset of the story—that gray mist so pregnant with poetry and romance, and which the graceful verses which head each chapter of the book so happily describe as "God's veil of mystery." EX-ATTACHE.

"LAFCADIO HEARN."*

THERE could scarcely be found a figure of Lafcadio Hearn's distinction and literary allurement who should be at the same time as well calculated to baffle a biographer. He lived always an alien among aliens. There is little obvious relation between the different periods of his lonely life. He formed strong attachments which in almost every case his curious sensitiveness led him to shatter. A nature to whom self-revelation was not only uncongenial but impossible, he must have preserved an almost complete spiritual isolation. To reconstruct such a life and personality as this is the business of a seer. And it is a task that Mrs. Wetmore has cautiously—avoided.

With less scrupulousness, the biographer might have allowed her imagination to fuse together the fragments at hand and presented a complete hypothetical picture. With less discretion, she might have admitted, as is intimated in the preface, trivial facts which would have made Hearn seem more human without making him seem more admirable. Hampered, therefore, by her virtues, the virtues of friendship, she has done little more than present an outline of her subject's life. Of the thousand pages that the two large volumes contain, only 160 are given to the "Life." Therefore the work might have been more appropriately called the "Letters," merely, of Lafcadio Hearn. It is in these that the significance of the publication mainly consists, and it is among them that the reader must look to satisfy that curiosity as to the man's inner image that an artist's work legitimately arouses. Mrs. Wetmore herself says that the abundance of the epistolary material has obliged her to "abandon all temptation to dwell upon his more human side, his humor, tenderness, sympathy, eccentricity and the thousand queer, charming qualities that made up his many-faceted nature." That one has omitted, merely for lack of space, all that distinguishes a biography from an encyclopædic summary will perhaps be considered an extraordinary

* "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn." 2 volumes. By Elizabeth Bisland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

statement. A large part of the slender "Life" is made up of charming, reticent autobiographical fragments left among Lafcadio Hearn's papers. Such color as the biography contains, however, is supplied, not by these pale, mystical reminiscences of Hearn himself, but by the wonderful narrative which his Japanese widow sent to his biographer, and which, or sections of which, Mrs. Wetmore has had the inspired judgment to present unedited. These passages are the intimate expression of one who has first exquisitely felt. They have the art and the artlessness of poetry. Hearn himself would have been ravished by their astonishing but apparently spontaneous felicity of phrase. This is Mrs. Hearn's manner of telling an anecdote:

"Now about this cat: while we lived near the lake, when the spring was yet cold, as I sat watching from the veranda the evening shadow falling upon the lake one day, I found a group of boys trying to drown a small cat near our house. I asked the boys and took it home. 'Oh pity! Cruel boys!' Hearn said, and took that all-wet, shivering creature into his own bosom (underneath the cloth) and kindly warmed it. This strongly impressed me with his deep sincerity which I ever after witnessed at various occasions. Such conduct would be very extreme, but he had such an intensity in his character."

"He was a man with a rare sensibility of feeling," she writes of her husband, "also he had a peculiar taste. Having been teased by the hard world, and being still in the vigor of his life, he often seemed to be indignant with the world. (This turned in his later years into a melancholic temperament.)" And she relates:

"When at Kumamoto we two often went for a walk in the nighttime. On the first walk at Kumamoto I was led to a graveyard, for on the previous day he said: 'I have found a pleasant place. Let us go there to-morrow night.' Through a dark path I was led on, until we came up a hill, where were many tombs. Dreary place it was! He said: 'Listen and hear the voices of frogs.'"

"Indeed, sometimes I thought he was mad, because he seemed too frequently he saw things that were not, and heard things that were not," she says, with beautiful simplicity; and thus tells how she herself supplied the material for some of her husband's ghostly studies:

"He put too much importance to Beauty or Nicety perhaps. He was too enthusiastic for beauty, for which he wept, and for which he rejoiced, and for which he was angry. This made him shun social intercourse; this made him as if he were an eccentric person. To him medi-

tating and writing were the sole pleasure of life, and for this he disposed of all things else. . . .

"I used to tell him ghost-stories in dreary evenings, with the lamp purposely dimly lighted. He seemed always to listen as if he were withholding breath for fear. His manner, so eagerly attentive and looking fearful, made me tell the story with more emphasis. Our house was, as it were, a ghost-house on those times; I began to be haunted with fearful dreams in the night. I told him about that and he said we would stop ghost-stories for some time.

"When I tell him stories I always told him at first the mere skeleton of the story. If it is interesting, he puts it down in his note-book and makes me repeat and repeat several times.

"And when the story is interesting, he instantly becomes exceedingly serious; the color of his face changes; his eyes wear the look of fearful enthusiasm."

Which is, of course, biography of the most enthralling order.

An estimate of the "Letters" is perhaps the part of the psychologist rather than of the reviewer. They are not familiar letters. Not one of them paints the man himself as startlingly as a single sentence of his foreign wife's irresistible eloquence. But of the artist they give a fairly complete and a really absorbing history. It is important that every word of them confirms his wife's testimony of Hearn's "deep sincerity"; he was incapable of pose. His temperament was so far removed from that of the egoist that not under the most fortunate circumstances could he conceivably have been other than modest and fastidiously self-critical. But it is pitiful to read that a man of such rare and positive gifts should have had, to the very end of his life, such an embittering fight for subsistence, so little of that soothing balm of success with which hundreds of lesser authors were busily anointing themselves. His lack of egoism, however, made it possible for him to have a keen and tender understanding of other men. It is subtly evident, in each of his letters to his friends, that he was addressing himself to a human being that he definitely and sympathetically understood; it was not his practice to write down a graceful expression of a mood and address the envelope at random,—a selflessness, of course, rare in correspondence of so high a literary order.

During many years, beginning with the time that Hearn left reporting in Cincinnati to live in New Orleans, he wrote constantly and copiously to H. E. Krehbiel, then also beginning his career. These very winning letters are of singular value in de-

picting, without vanity or self-consciousness, a writer's intellectual youth. Both the divine unrest and the eager industry of the genuine artist are wonderfully set down in them. In a sense Hearn was chiefly, as he said of himself, a "word-artist." And it is certainly true that he was not, as Mrs. Wetmore claims for him, a "great man." He was never an originator or creator, and if there be a class of men to be contemptuously dismissed as "stylists," he probably belongs to it. But what genius he had lay in his poetic sensibility; it was his distinction that, as he said of the Japanese, he "saw the world beautifully," and told, with peculiar magic, what he saw. He cared devoutly for the phrase because he could not endure that it should not suit its content. In his youthful period he wrote: "I shall always be more or less Arabesque—covering my whole edifice with intricate designs, serrating my arches, and engraving mysticisms above the portals. . . . I shall try to be at once voluptuous and elegant, like a colonnade in the mosque of Cordova."

The letters that make up the second volume cover the last fifteen years of Hearn's life, spent in Japan. Of the development of his thought during part of this period the letters to Professor Basil Chamberlain give a singularly interesting history; interesting if they merely served to relate the sudden and extraordinary influence of Herbert Spencer upon a mind up to that time almost exclusively prepossessed by the fantastic and strange. Of supreme interest, because of his extraordinarily delicate sensibility, are his personal impressions of Japan, to which his marriage with a young samurai lady and the establishment of a household containing all her near relatives, intimately introduced him. Quite unconsciously, his letters show the tenderness with which the harassed man fulfilled these heavy domestic responsibilities, which he appears to have accepted fully in the Oriental spirit. The strongest personal emotion ever manifested in the correspondence is that aroused by the birth of his first son, Kazuo, who was always afterward a passion and a feverish anxiety.

Toward Japanese women, "in whom all the possibilities of the race for goodness seem to be concentrated," Hearn's admiring attitude seems to have remained constant. But his feeling, doubtless slightly influenced by his conviction that Japan "despitefully used him," altered radically toward the country itself and toward

Japanese men. In 1890 he wrote to Mrs. Wetmore: "I feel indescribably toward Japan. . . . What I love in Japan is the Japanese. . . . There is nothing in the world approaching the naïve natural charm of them. . . . *We* are the barbarians! I do not merely *think* these things; I am as sure of them as death." Five years later he said: "You can't imagine my feeling of reaction in the matter of Japanese psychology. It seems as if everything had quite suddenly become clear to me, and utterly void of emotional interest: a race primitive as the Etruscan before Rome was, or more so, adopting the practices of a larger civilization under compulsion—five thousand years at least emotionally behind us—yet able to suggest to us the existence of feelings and ideals which do not exist but are simulated by something infinitely simpler." And, at the same period: "I feel unhappy at being in the company of a cultivated Japanese for more than an hour at a time. After the first charm of formality is over, the man becomes ice—or else suddenly drifts away from you into his own world, far from ours as the star Rephan."

These volumes are indeed the story of a man "teased by the hard world." OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.*

IF "A Game at Love and Other Plays" were all that Mr. Viereck had to his credit, it would hardly seem necessary to write about him in these pages; for these little plays, cynically catching life at some unnatural angle, as they do, and cleverly, even brilliantly, done as they are, scarcely amount to a *raison d'être*. If one did not see the poet through the plays, and know something of Mr. Viereck's other work and his acknowledged remarkable gifts, we should dismiss these plays as little more than smart pathological charades. For, indeed, they are little else; and, whatever the irony or other philosophy, of the situations—Mr. Viereck, with all his precocity, seems hardly aware how long we have been accustomed to such irony and such philosophy, even unto the sickness of death—we should pay no attention to them were it not for the unmistakable presence of an original mind, and an exceptionally forcible and magnetic literary gift. Their subject-matter and method, to a great degree, have come of an ardent boyish discipleship to two modern schools of drama,—the bacterio-

* "A Game at Love and Other Plays" (Brentano's).

logical school of Ibsen, and the paradoxical, sham-beautiful school of Oscar Wilde. When I say "sham-beautiful," I must, in justice to myself, explain that I only mean the words to apply to one side of that tragic man of genius, who was so fantastic a blending of the true and the false prophet. Despite all his vagaries and affectations, he was at heart a true lover of beauty, as his poems and his fairy-tales bear witness. Here was the vital sincerity which gave force even to his insincerities, but this, naturally, is just what his imitators cannot copy. They can but reproduce the mannerisms of his Corinthian prose, and the stencilled arabesques of "Salome"—the present vogue of which, I confess, I cannot understand. But, to return to Mr. Viereck, his plays also show evidences of the bourgeois influence of Bernard Shaw, that farcical doctrinaire of stale sociological philosophy, who has at last found his appropriate audience with those middle-class provincial minds who, like himself, are twenty years behind the times, but who fondly believe themselves in the van of daring thought, as they applaud this cheap-jack of an outworn rationalism.

The two plays in the book in which Mr. Viereck is most himself, or at least most successfully dominates his influences with his own personality are "From Death's Own Eyes" and "The Butterfly." The first is the tragedy of a woman of forty who has loved and been loved by a boy of nineteen. Before his love fades, she decides to kill herself, but, before she dies, she conceives the idea of putting his love to one last supreme test. Will he die with her? They drink wine together at their last meeting. In her own glass she has secretly dropped poison, and, after they have drunk together, she tells him that his wine is poisoned, too—merely to see what he will say and do. To her joy, he proves the truth of his love by his willingness to die with her. His willingness was all she asked, and she dies happy in his arms, just as her beautiful young daughter enters the room. The daughter is the characteristic dénouement of the play. Mr. Viereck describes "The Butterfly" as a "a morality." It is in two parts. In the first, "The Righteous Man" is lying on a death-bed of self-congratulation. He has done his duty by his wife, his children and his country. So he faces the end calmly. But suddenly there enters a "Chorus of Things that Might Have Been," pleasures he has missed, dreams he has foregone. "We," sings the

Chorus, "are that life which thou hast never lived, the deeper mysteries which thy glance never pierced. . . . We are the word of love thou didst not dare to speak. . . . We are the mystical children of dreams, unborn of women whom thou didst not love. . . . We are minutes and hours and years vanished while thou wert busy feeding the mouths at home. . . . We dance where the deep shadows are, we are the secret runes in the Book of Fate — the splendid consciousness of self that, having lived through all that is human, understands all. And because thou didst not know us thou must perish like a moth dancing in a sunbeam."

Inflamed by these visions of the earthly pleasures he has missed, the Righteous Man strives to rise, that he may live his life again, cursing the goodness of his life which, a few moments before, had filled him with such complacency. But it is too late. Death softly lays a finger upon his lips, and at the window-pane there flutters a butterfly.

In the second part we have the other side of the medal. "The Unrighteous Man" is dying, he, too, in a state of self-congratulation—for has he not lived his life to the full, drunk its cup of pleasure and power to the last drop? But presently there enter disconcerting forms, such as "Disgust," "Pose," "Ennui," "The Seven Sins," and so forth, who, in vivid symbol, tell him the real truth about his life, and reveal its hollow sensuality. And so, as the righteous man died longing for unrighteousness, the unrighteous man dies mocked by the spectres of his pleasant sins. As he dies, "out of the room of the Righteous Man comes the glittering form of the Butterfly. It flies in through the open window, touches lightly the brow of the dead man and flutters away." This is surely a very suggestive bit of dramatized philosophy, which no one need find cynical, except its closeness to the truth of life should make it seem so; and the skill with which it is executed, a skill which is present in all the other little plays as well, make one reasonably certain that Mr. Viereck has a future as a dramatist when he shall have worked through his *sturm und drang* period, and become a little broader in his humanity.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG.

LONDON, *January, 1907.*

IT is rarely nowadays that one hears anything of Tariff Reform in England. A year of a Free-Trade Government seems to have squashed for the time all popular interest in a question that eighteen months ago split the country into two frenzied camps. It is true the Tariff Reformers still spasmodically insist that the last election was not the end of the world or an event of eternal importance; that the pendulum will swing again; that the painful experience through which their cherished policy passed last January was a birth-throe and not a death-throe; that no new movement at its initial presentation ever secured so favorable a reception as theirs; that the prosperity of English trade must be judged not absolutely, but by comparative tests; and that the permanent necessities of the Empire remain as they were before the "parish revolution" of a year ago. They may be perfectly right, but unhappily no one will listen to them. People are thinking of other things—of education, of the House of Lords, of Ireland, of the social programme. They regard the Tariff-Reform issue as dormant, if not dead. So long as the present Government lasts—and it has weathered the first critical year of its existence with unlooked-for success—Free Trade is as much the assumed foundation of the State as the Monarchy itself. When the next election comes there may be a revamping of the whole question; the Liberals, at any rate, will take care that every one who is not a Free-Trader is labelled (and damned) as a Protectionist. But the next election is five years off, and in the mean time the question slumbers. Or if its repose is disturbed at all, it is by the Board of Trade returns and the automatic jubilation with which the Free-Traders receive them.

There have just been issued, for instance, the figures of the foreign and Colonial trade for 1906. They show an almost breathless expansion. For the first time in English history the total of imports, exports and reexports runs into ten figures—one thousand and sixty-nine millions sterling. Every prophecy that Mr. Chamberlain made has been falsified. Every test by which he proposed to prove the decline of English commerce has merely served to show its gigantic and increasing prosperity. I fully agree that figures such as these, dealing only with a single year, and considered apart from the general inflation of prices, the abnormal spurts in particular trades, and the relative progress of competitive nations, afford no scientific criteria. But the average man has neither the time nor the inclination to search for scientific crietria. He takes the Board of Trade figures at their face value and comes rapidly to the conclusion that they make the whole case for Tariff Reform ridiculous. He knows that instead of a year of ruin he has had a year of records; that unemployment was never so rare or wages so high or prosperity so pervasive or the business outlook brighter; and in this happy consciousness he turns a comfortably deaf ear to the warnings of alarmists.

When Parliament reassembles on February 12th it will be to find the question of the House of Lords one step nearer the edge of practical politics than it was at the beginning of last session. I am not prepared to say that the wholly unlooked-for collapse of the Education Bill at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour has greatly injured either the House of Lords or the Government. What it has injured is the cause of good education, and that is a cause which, unhappily, arouses little interest in England, compared with the theological and sectarian controversies in which it is engulfed. England will never rally round an Education Bill as it has rallied more than once round Bills abolishing class privileges or extending popular rights. There was as much support behind Mr. Birrell's Bill as any measure of the kind is ever likely to find, but it was not a really popular Bill, not a Bill that the people had in any degree convinced themselves was vital, and the House of Lords in making its withdrawal inevitable was not running counter, in my judgment, to a trend of opinion that could honestly be described as national. On both sides of the struggle the people have been much more

reasonable and conciliatory and anxious for a settlement than their Parliamentary representatives. Although it was the principal Bill of the session, the Ministry acted judiciously in not appealing to the country against its rejection and in not attempting to make it the starting-point for a crusade against the Upper Chamber. Nevertheless, for the Lords to wreck one of the leading measures of a Government that has only been a year in office, and that has behind it a majority great beyond precedent in numbers and enthusiasm, is a serious undertaking. It is serious if only because it draws attention to the House of Lords. Like all anomalies, the Upper House of the British Legislature finds that its best policy is to escape notice. When it begins to be discussed, its days are numbered; and unquestionably the fate of the Education Bill has forced many Liberals into insisting that the time has come to deal drastically with the Lords. I shall hope to return to this question again in some future letter, and will only here remark that the House of Lords as an institution is by no means so unpopular as it might logically be expected to be, that the country will never submit to single-chamber government, that there cannot, therefore, be any question of "ending" the Upper House, and that to "mend" it, to reform it, is to strengthen it.

But the principal Bill of the new session will be Irish and not English; and Irish affairs, as usual, are wrapped in a complexity which makes the education entanglement seem simple by comparison. For one thing we are now, as I write, within a month of the opening of Parliament, and no Irish Secretary has yet been appointed in succession to Mr. Bryce. Parenthetically, I should like to say that England has only one opinion as to Mr. Bryce's entire fitness for his new post. It is universally felt that if you were to place in one column the qualifications that go to make an ideal British Ambassador at Washington and in another column Mr. Bryce's qualifications, the two would work out to a perfect equation. But his departure from the Irish Office just at this moment raises a somewhat peculiar situation. We are on the eve of the introduction of a new measure for the better government of Ireland. That measure, I have every reason to believe, will prove to be a substantial grant of autonomy. If accepted and worked in the right spirit—and on this point American, and especially Irish-American, opinion will carry

great and possibly decisive weight—there is no reason why it should not provide a working settlement of the Irish difficulty for the next ten or fifteen years, and at the end of that time lead up to Home rule by universal consent. But a Bill so momentous, dealing with a country so intricate, is one that no Minister, coming fresh and innocent to the Irish Office, can hope to master in a few weeks. Instead, therefore, of Parliament proceeding at once to the consideration of the new Bill, it may not even be introduced before the end of March. This is from every point of view unfortunate, but no one is likely to suffer from it more than the Nationalists themselves. Things are not going very well with them just now. The discipline of the party is far from being what it was in Parnell's time, and at this moment it is seriously relaxed. Mr. William O'Brien has headed a formidable revolt against the tactics and policy of the party chiefs, and has just scored a remarkable victory. His influence has spread all through the province of Munster, but its stronghold and centre is Cork. One of the Nationalist M. P.'s for Cork, a Mr. Sheehan, was recently drummed out of the party and his allowance stopped. Instead of retiring into private life, Mr. Sheehan resigned and offered himself for reelection as an Independent Nationalist. Mr. O'Brien hastened to espouse his cause, and Mr. Sheehan was not merely reelected, but was reelected without opposition, the official leaders of the party not daring to run a candidate against him. But the matter is not going to end there. Two lawsuits have been begun to determine whether Mr. Sheehan has or has not a legal claim to his share of the party funds, and Mr. O'Brien promises that the evidence that will be adduced will prove "of greater public interest than anything in Ireland since the Parnell Commission." Besides this, there is observable throughout the country a curious political apathy; the relations between the party and the priesthood are not as harmonious as they were; the young men are not coming forward with anything like the old enthusiasm; and several new movements are on foot that have seriously undermined the party's influence. If anything in Anglo-Irish relations had any longer the power to surprise one, this would—that on the eve of a great measure extending Irish control over Irish affairs England should be without an Irish Secretary, and should have difficulty in finding one, and that the Irish Nationalists should be less

united and less influential than at any moment during the last eight years.

Another matter that is likely to be canvassed a good deal when Parliament meets is the New Hebrides Convention. Lord Elgin has not proved a success as Colonial Secretary. Natal, Newfoundland, and now Australia, all have grievances against him. Australia's grievance over the New Hebrides Convention is in substance identical with Newfoundland's over the fisheries *modus vivendi*. It is, broadly, that the Imperial Government, when negotiating with foreign Powers in regard to matters that deeply affect the interests of this Colony or of that, does not pay sufficient attention to local knowledge and sentiment. The complaint is an absolutely sound one. Newfoundland and Downing Street are this moment at loggerheads because no system exists by which Colonial representatives can be admitted as parties to Imperial negotiations even when they deal with Colonial questions of vital moment. The official papers published on January 7th showed that the Australian Government was not consulted while the British and French Governments were elaborating the New Hebrides Convention, and that it found itself in the end practically confronted with a *fait accompli*. The result, the not unnatural result, is an outburst of Australian indignation that finds free expression not merely in the press, but in the official correspondence between the Australian Premier and the British Colonial Secretary. Such recurring friction between Downing Street and the various Colonial Governments is a proof of how little organization exists behind the splendid façade of the British Empire. Happily, a Colonial Conference will be meeting in London this year. It could not do better than devise some suitable machinery for avoiding these unseemly squabbles. More than anything else I know of, they leave behind a legacy of dissatisfied ill-will that severely strains the bonds of Imperial unity.

POSTCRIPT.—As I close this letter I hear that Mr. Birrell has definitely accepted the Irish Secretaryship. He will, of course, have to resign ris seat and be reelected before he can be officially installed in his new office. His cleverness and humor ought to ingratiate him with the Nationalists, both in Ireland and in the House of Commons, while his ignorance of Irish realities will make Sir Antony MacDonnell more than ever the real ruler of the country and the dictator of the Government's Irish policy.

ST. PETERSBURG, *January, 1907.*

"MEN of principle," Thiers used to say, "are dispensed from succeeding in their schemes; for clever men, on the contrary, success is an obligatory condition." Now the Russian Premier is nothing if not a man of principle. He is a Russian translation of the Roman Fabricius. His claim to notice is not founded upon genius or exceptional talent. Some of his coadjutors lay claim to that. The Head of the Cabinet is a man of integrity, he is wont to do that which he believes to be right, irrespective of the consequences to himself, and it is this quality that has stood the Government in such good stead during some months of a most serious crisis in Russian history.

Moderate men were glad of Stolypin's nomination, for he himself was moderate and seemed qualified to calm the fever-stricken population. He had taken office in a Cabinet almost every member of which was anathematized in the Duma; yet he had escaped opprobrium. The mud of calumny had been flung at the Government continually, but none of it stuck to him. Whatever the other Ministers affirmed was disbelieved, scoffed at; but Stolypin's word was always taken to stand for a fact or an intention. Hence, when, on accepting the duties of Premier, he issued a list of the measures which he would endeavor to carry through before the second Duma met, his promises were taken seriously. And he certainly has redeemed many of them in full, and tackled the remainder to the best of his ability. Thus the peasants have been rescued from thraldom, they have been made equal to the nobles in the eyes of the law; cheap land has been obtained for those farmers who had too little; liberty of conscience has been inscribed in the statute-book and realized in the Empire, and many other beneficent changes effected. In a word, much headway has been made, although achievement has not been equal to promise. And this is M. Stolypin's vulnerable point.

Among the relief measures which were to be passed during the short interval between the dissolution of the first and the assembling of the second Duma, a Ukase was foreshadowed abolishing certain penal laws which irritate the Jews without giving any perceptible benefit to the Christians. Much dissatisfaction was aroused among the reactionaries when it became known that the Government was engaged in drafting a measure to alleviate the lot of the Jews. Threatening letters were sent to the Pre-

mier. Open letters were published in the organs of the extreme right. Hundreds of telegrams were despatched from all parts of the Empire to the Tsar beseeching him to veto the Ministerial bill and announcing bloodshed if it became law. The emancipation of the Jews is treason to Russia, agitators exclaimed. On the crown a strong impression was made, because the most loyal subjects of the Tsar, those who still addressed him as their "Little Father" and promised him loyal support and ready obedience drew the line sharply here and hinted that no Russion Monarch worthy the name would "sell his people to the Jews." In the army, too, signs of dissatisfaction were noticed. The Cossacks protested with superfluous vehemence; priests and monks refused to credit the rumors; peasants and nobles implored the Tsar to stay his minister's hand. Is it to be wondered at that the Jewish Relief Bill has not yet become law?

M. Stolypin exerted himself almost to the utmost to carry the measure. He employed every means that appeared effective with one important exception: he would not resign his post. And by shrinking from that consequence he laid himself open to vehement party opposition. But it is doubtful whether any man, whatever his views, provided that he really bore in mind the well-being of the nation and was truly desirous of engrafting the representative principle of government on the nation would have struck out a course very different from his. For if he had tendered his resignation as an alternative to the ratification of his Jewish Relief Bill one of two equally undesirable events would in all probability have resulted: either the Bill, become law, would have been followed by serious riots and horrible massacres in Jewish districts, or else, his resignation accepted, a Government crisis of the most embarrassing kind would have jeopardized the assembling of the Duma and postponed the efforts now being made to realize constitutionalism in Russia. That was one consideration which weighed heavily with the Cabinet.

And it was reinforced by another: the relief which M. Stolypin's Bill brought the Jews was very limited and failed to satisfy even those in whose favor it was drawn up. From a large measure of enfranchisement it had been whittled down to an endeavor to equalize the rights of the Jews among themselves. Theretofore there had been a road for wealthy Hebrews leading to "surcease of sorrow," but none for the poor. Thus a rich Jew

could quit the Pale of Settlement* and live practically anywhere. He could send his sons to the university, and once they took their degree there, they enjoyed the same rights as their Christian fellow subjects. But the poor Jew was legally bound to live and die in the Pale. Out of the Pale there was no redemption for him unless he contrived to evade the law. And that he very often did, first eluding the vigilance and then gratifying the cupidity of the police. The result was so demoralizing that it was manifestly to the interest of the entire population that the law should be modified and so framed that it might be easily obeyed and effectively enforced. And it was with that object in view that the first measure of relief was drafted. It opened a broad issue out of the Pale by means of a clause providing that every Jewish citizen who had finished his service in the army should thenceforth be free to circulate everywhere in Russia like his Christian fellow subjects. That would have meant lowering by at least one-half of its present height the Chinese wall that keeps the Jews apart from the remainder of the population. It was tantamount to gradual enfranchisement, and must have been followed in a short time by emancipation pure and simple. But that clause and a few others were soon after struck out, and what then remained was legislation for the poorer classes of the Jews.

The new bill would allow all Jews inside the Pale to engage in any trades they choose, instead of continuing to limit the number of legal callings; they would no longer be forbidden, for instance, as they now are, to earn their living by selling alcohol. It would further permit them to move about in the Pale without let or hindrance, whereas at present they are obliged to reside in the cities and towns there and may not settle in the villages. It would give them the right of farming land on short leases instead of prohibiting them from buying or renting it. Special trades would also have benefited by it. There are certain categories of Jewish artisans who, like the brewers, for instance, are qualified to leave the Pale and choose a residence in any city or town of the Empire, but who must live in some one place and may not visit other places more than a stated number

* Jews are allowed to reside freely in the towns and cities of a number of provinces or states which are therefore known as the Pale of Settlement. Those who are privileged, in consequence of membership of a trade's guild or a high grade of education, may live in most other parts of the Empire.

of times every year; now these persons would receive the right of moving freely throughout the Empire as would all Jews who have legally left the Pale. Moreover, all who have already resided ten years outside the Pale would be considered free of the whole Empire and not compelled to return to the Pale, as they are if they cease to ply the trade which first qualified them to leave it. Such in brief are the outlines of the new bill which M. Stolypin set himself to pass, intending when meeting the second Duma to point to the claim of his Cabinet to be considered as a power for good, as an efficient machine for embodying liberal principles in working institutions.

But the frantic opposition of the ultra-loyalists on the one hand threw formidable obstacles in the way, and the strictures of Jewish critics on the other, damped the energy of ministers to surmount them. "If at least the Jews recognized the measure as a reasonable instalment," one of the ministerialists recently said, "it would be worth making a sacrifice to obtain it. But far from that, they scoff at it and ask jeeringly whether ministers fancy that it will gain them a single vote at the elections or propitiate a single Jewish adversary in the press or in the country." Nay, they have gone further and said: "if Stolypin's measure passes, it will damage the Jewish cause. For people will then no longer look upon remedial legislation as urgent, nor will there be any such glaring absurdities in it as strike the impartial student to-day. It is better that the anti-Jewish penal laws should be very bad than that they should be only bad." Well, under such conditions, a reforming minister is buoyed up by a sense of duty to do the right thing, but once the question of sacrifices arises, he will naturally weigh what he gets against what he gives. And in the present case the passing of the Jewish rights bill would, the Government thinks, be politically unproductive, absolutely barren. "Would it be right, then, to insist on its being sanctioned, at the cost of troubles in the country, massacres in the cities of the Pale and excitement everywhere?"

Lastly, as the Ukase fixing the elections for the 19th of February has just been issued, as the Duma will have assembled in a couple of months, and as the Jewish problem will never be radically solved by any Cabinet, by any body except the people's representatives, it is perhaps better to lay it in its entirety before the second Parliament than to tinker it piecemeal to-day.

One of the really strong points of the future opposition will be their condemnation of the so-called field tribunals which have now been for many months meting out swift and severe punishment to "bombists" and assassins caught red-handed. Some four hundred criminals whose misdeeds were generally revolting have thus been sentenced to death since the military courts were first created.

The Government instituted the field tribunals, composed of officers who were empowered and, indeed, obliged to try every case brought before them within twenty-four hours and to have the death sentence, if pronounced, carried out within another twenty-four hours, unless they recommended the prisoner to mercy. The result is that on the one hand some hundreds of criminals have been executed, while on the other statistics show a gradual falling off in the number of political assassinations.

The Moderate Opposition pleads that the general feeling of the Russian people is opposed to capital punishment. And for that reason there was no death penalty in the penal code except for attempts to take the Emperor's life. After the murder of Alexander II, however, a series of exceptional measures of a temporary nature on the subject was introduced. In virtue of this law a disturbed city, district or province may be proclaimed to be under "reinforced protection" or "extraordinary protection," and then the Governor-General, if there be one, is authorized to send political assassins for trial before a military court. And that court must condemn the prisoner, if he be found guilty, to death. It may also, if the circumstances extenuate his guilt, request the military commander of the troops to commute the sentence. If there be no Governor-General in the place under "reinforced" or "extraordinary protection" then political murderers must be tried by ordinary courts unless the Minister of the Interior himself orders them to be brought before the military tribunal. And if the district or town in which the crime has been committed is not under "reinforced" or "extraordinary protection," no political assassin can be sent before a military tribunal unless two ministers (Interior and Justice) give the order. That system which was devised in the reign of Alexander III and is in vigor to-day, is condemned by the Opposition in the country, and will be also condemned by the Opposition in the coming Duma.

But they will urge against it, one of their Leaders tells me.

not that capital punishment is undesirable in Russia, but that arbitrary capital punishment is reprehensible anywhere. And as the law stands at present, it is most arbitrary, depending upon the variable sense of justice, the fluctuating strength of prejudice or possibly even upon the digestive organs of a military officer. For the tribunal itself has no discretion; it must pass a death sentence upon all prisoners found guilty.

It looks as though the coming Duma would do little else than oppose the Government. And even if the omens were less significant the presumption would still be strong. For there is a fatality in the relations of the Russian deputies to the Government. As wood is petrified by the water of certain lakes, so Russian political parties are made anti-governmental by the mere atmosphere of the legislative chamber, nay, of the Empire. Their principles and programmes may be essentially those of the Cabinet, their interests, too, may be identical with those of the Government, but there is some mysterious, irresistible impulse continually pushing them into the opposition camp. If there be any section just now whose political aims and maxims are those of the Tsar's advisers, it is the group presided over by M. Goochkoff and known as the Party of the 17th of October. Mr. A. Goochkoff, an enlightened banker and public man of Moscow, is a born partisan. His element is the arena. He is not himself unless he is confronted by a rival, an adversary or a deadly enemy. Before he found any in Russia, he set out for South Africa to fight against the British for the Boers. Since the revolutionary movement began he has been frequently to the fore, always in the thick of the combat leading some forlorn hope, now against this party now against that. And with physical courage he combines moral fearlessness. He can stand up and develop his views in an enthusiastic assembly where he is in a minority of one. He gave a noteworthy proof of that rare quality—rare among Russian politicians—several months ago when he protested against the projected partition of his country among the nationalities and tribes that constitute her population. In like manner he has published since then a vigorous letter in defence of the severe measures adopted by the Government for the maintenance of order in the country, and risked not only his own popularity, but the very existence of his party, subordinating both these interests to the dictates of his conscience. Well, the party

of which this brilliant fighter is the moving spirit appears at present to be more concerned to occupy a position against the Government than with it. It is an opposition of men, if not of measures.

The consequence is that there is no party in the State ready to break a lance for the Stolypin Cabinet.

The Stolypin Cabinet, however, is hopeful, and goes to work energetically as though almost everything depended upon the exertions of the authorities and little upon the will of the constituents. It is not leaving much to chance and hardly anything to the folly of the adversary. Too timid openly to change the electoral law which it might have done without provoking a protest, it has obtained from the Senate a series of such interpretations of the law as amount to considerable modifications and in some cases even to repeal. The result is a number of angry protests, which could hardly have been louder or more justified had the electoral law been rescinded and a new statute enacted. The motive for these measures is patriotic; the aim which the Ministers pursue is admittedly desirable; but the means they employ are less efficacious than a new electoral law would have been, and equally difficult to reconcile with the principle of constitutional government. Of all these measures the strongest has been kept for the last: a couple of days ago the order went forth that voting-papers were to be printed or received for distribution only by political parties which have been duly registered. Now the constitutional Democratic Party, having approved in principle the refusal of taxes and of recruits to the Tsar, could not be registered. Therefore it may not distribute filled-up voting-papers. Further, a prohibition was issued to carry on any agitation whatever inside the voting-booths. This latter order is felt by the radical parties to be especially detrimental to their interests. For nothing was easier for them than to obtain the votes of unsophisticated people by the hundred. At the last election their agents lay in wait for the illiterate voter at the polling-booths, and, as they now express it, "afforded him valuable assistance in grasping the nature of his duties as a citizen," but, as outsiders put it, "obtained his vote by hook or by crook." What they really did was to give him a voting-paper bearing the official stamp which he—unversed in all such matters—regarded as his duty to deposit in the urn. Henceforth this opportunity will be denied them. "It is a ter-

rible blow for the poor illiterate voter," the radicals exclaim. "It is a clever stroke of policy on the part of the authorities," is the comment of others. Most people, however, are agreed that the measure was really legal, inasmuch as voting-rooms ought not to be electoral battle-fields. The practical upshot of it will be to deprive the extreme radicals of the support of a considerable number of men who belong to no party and are easily led by the most enterprising.

And yet the Government is not certain, I do not say of a majority—for that is out of the question—but of such a reasonable businesslike Duma that legislative work of some kind may be proceeded with. Without claiming to know more or to see further than the average close student of contemporary Russian history, I feel disposed to set down the chances of such a Duma at twenty, as against eighty that the new legislative body will be so frankly oppositional that no permanent *modus vivendi* can be looked for between it and the Cabinet. And yet the bills and schemes which M. Stolypin and his colleagues are having drafted for the consideration of the people's representatives are numerous, radical, salutary. The entire commercial and industrial legislation is to be remodelled. At present everything that is not expressly permitted is implicitly forbidden. According to the new legislation everything that is not explicitly prohibited will be *eo ipso* allowed. Joint stock companies may be promoted almost as easily as tea-parties are arranged; the workmen's interests will be consulted and furthered; those operatives who are incapacitated by old age or accident will be provided for; freedom of combining against employers will be extended; tariff duties will be wholly abolished or greatly reduced on machinery not manufactured in Russia whenever it is required for mills, factories and metallurgic works, railways, etc. In a word, Russia's mineral and industrial wealth is to be realized.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

THURSDAY, *February 7.*

President Roosevelt as an Ally of the Money Power.

WE place no credence whatever in the story from Washington to the effect that the President has directed the Interstate Commerce Commission to devise a way to fix values of railways without regard to their capitalization and to reduce rates arbitrarily to a point which would yield only "a fair return upon the actual investment." Wholly aside from the virtual impossibility of untangling the multitude of threads composing the many skeins which now enter into these gigantic organizations, the unavoidable injustices involved in the inevitable consequences of such an undertaking are so manifest that no person, heedful in the slightest degree of the protection of property rights guaranteed by the Constitution, would dream of venturing so far along the perilous road to confiscation. Nor is there any indication that such a procedure would win the approval of the public, however deeply the unthinking portion may have been stirred to break in upon the accumulations of others instead of striving for accretions of their own. In his tentative advocacy of government ownership of railways, Mr. Bryan took particular care to confine the method of acquirement strictly to purchase at equitable prices and, even so, brought down upon his unsuspecting head such a torrent of expostulation that he promptly disavowed any intent of immediate action, and has since practically abandoned the notion altogether. That the meaning of an episode so full of significance should escape the attention of the most astute, as well as the most daring, politician of his day was inconceivable, and the fact that it did not was made manifest forthwith in one of the more important of his messages to Congress.

Overcapitalization is responsible, doubtless, for certain existing

evils, but it has also yielded benefits immeasurably greater. Any aspirant for political honors may win applause by condemning the practice, but every sane business man knows that without it we would have no railways to either applaud or attack. Capital has never yet been venturesome; from time immemorial it has encouraged stagnation by keeping rigidly within narrow confines unless tempted by hope of great rewards into channels of hazard. The projectors of the great Western railways, which have brought an empire of productive acres to the service of civilization, engaged in no certain undertaking; they chanced their money and the money of those whom they could induce into partnership upon projects which timidity would not countenance and whose success or failure spelt mighty fortunes or irretrievable ruin. Despite the huge losses that paved the way originally, the ventures of recent years have proved generally successful—a fact in which we should rejoice as having been the chief contributor to the prosperity of which happily now we are able to complain. To deprive such enterprise of the just rewards of the energy, daring and risk involved would not only retard but absolutely prohibit progress and would make drones of workers.

That President Roosevelt should be misled by the heedless demagogic spirit of the times into espousal of a doctrine so utterly foreign to the American idea is to our mind inconceivable; and yet we cannot escape the conclusion that a very serious situation has ensued from the manifestations of general animosity which have grown out of his determination to reform abuses. Billions of dollars are needed immediately for a great expansion of facilities to meet obvious requirements and, for the first time in the history of the country, cannot be obtained. Bonds of the strongest railway corporations in the world are a drug on the market, and new issues for pressing needs are not dreamed of. Instead of being able to fund obligations at low rates of interest, nearly every large railway company has been compelled to pay excessive sums for temporary accommodation, thus inevitably inducing retrenchment in expenditures when extension of facilities is the chief need of both producer and consumer.

Why is this the deplorable condition in a time of unparalleled prosperity producing the largest business, the greatest revenues and consequently the surest security ever known? Why are nine-tenths of the new and expensive obligations drawn to mature

in three years, or only a few months after the expiration of the President's term? Surely none will pretend that the corporations pay more for money than they are obliged to pay; capital fixes the lowest price it will accept, and the borrower must pay for such time as the lender is able to maintain the rate. By unanimous consent that period seems to coincide exactly with the probable duration of President Roosevelt's authority. If, then, the constant menace contained in that authority be, as all signs indicate, directly responsible for an excess in interest charges, enormous in the aggregate, the impossibility of reductions in traffic rates becomes as obvious as the certainty that further increases in wages would engender bankruptcy, thus completely nullifying the very purposes the President has in mind.

May it not be the province of some one of his advisers to point out to Mr. Roosevelt that he is to-day, unconsciously, of course, the most effective ally of the money-lending power in the world, and bears a responsibility for a retrogressive movement surcharged with possibilities of disaster to the country and the people?

FRIDAY, *February 8.* A Suggestion to Secretary Root.

"BEFORE long America will be the centre of Esperanto," Dr. Zamenhof recently predicted in this REVIEW, "because for no region in the world does Esperanto mean so much as for the countries of America." Significant as these words are on their face, they are far more significant than even Dr. Zamenhof supposes. He, no doubt, had in mind the large polyglot conglomeration of races that makes up these United States of ours, and, perhaps, the numerous nations of Latin-America speaking Spanish and Portuguese, all of whom a common auxiliary tongue would tend to unite into that "brotherhood of mankind" which he has so much at heart. Undeniable as is the importance of that side of Esperanto, it has, however, for us another side equally important and of immense practical value.

Every one knows how seldom it is that our consular officers abroad speak, at least for some time after their migration to foreign lands, any language other than "straight American." And for this they cannot be held to blame. Foreign Consuls, particularly those from the Continent of Europe, have, in the first place, more facility in acquiring other tongues; and, in the

second, both by condition and training, more opportunity. And thus the American Consul, who is generally acknowledged to be the ablest of all, must be put to shame by the foreigner only because, being an Anglo-Saxon, other tongues do not come to him easily, and also because he is a practical man of affairs who lacks the leisure for linguistic study.

Now comes Dr. Zamenhof, of Warsaw, with an artificial language, so easy, so simple, so logical that a schoolboy can learn it in a month, that an educated man reads it fairly at sight. So abundant is its merit that some of the greatest scholars, as well as men of affairs, acknowledge it to be a peerless medium of communication. Within the short period of its existence hundreds of thousands of people have learned it, and their number is daily growing. Already we see that it is destined never to die off the lips of men. The human race instinctively welcomes and clings to what is good. It has accepted Esperanto. From all over the Western Hemisphere we have received letters from men and women who see the value and utility of Esperanto; and we have seen Esperantists gathered in hall bedrooms and in back parlors studying and teaching it without a thought of compensation, but with a zeal reminiscent of that of the early Christians in their cause.

Whole nations are rapidly becoming converted to it. In France, where there are thousands of Esperantists, a bill will soon be introduced in the Chamber of Deputies providing that Esperanto shall be taught in the schools. The London Chamber of Commerce has officially adopted Esperanto as a subject for its examination, and the London County Council has already authorized the formation of classes in some of its schools for the study of the new language. In Belgium there is also a strong movement to introduce Esperanto into the public schools, and in many other countries there are similar movements. Germany has two publishing houses devoted to Esperanto, and the famous firm of Hachette in Paris has a large list of Esperanto publications. Numerous learned societies have recognized it, and a number of French Academicians have already approved it. At the last Esperanto Congress in Switzerland at least twenty-eight different nationalities were represented. Mr. Joseph Rhodes, vice-president of the British Esperanto Association, says in a recent article:

"Statistically considered, up to June, 1906, Esperanto was known to have penetrated to 31 countries, and 377 societies or groups were at work, Europe being credited with 349, America with 16—the United States having then 10 societies in 7 centres—Asia with 7, Africa with 3, and Oceania with 2. To give a census of Esperantists is impossible, but a recent moderate guess at their number is 300,000. There are also 31 professional societies or organizations using Esperanto for special objects, 28 Esperanto magazines, in which the national language appears side by side with the international, and 8 national periodicals containing a regular Esperanto column. Europe is, so far, the centre of gravity, and here the societies are distributed: France, 94; Great Britain, 64; Germany, 35; Austria-Hungary, 28; Switzerland, 22; Russia and Spain, 21 each; Bulgaria and Sweden, 15 each; Belgium, 14; Holland, 7; Denmark and Malta, 3 each; and Monaco, 1."

From these statistics it is seen that America's showing, in proportion to its population and importance, is far below what it should be. And yet Esperanto means more to us than to many another country. For, aside from its general value, to which we have already referred, we must not forget what it would mean to our representatives in Latin-America. Already we have reports of strong movements in favor of Esperanto in Chile, Brazil and other countries. Indeed, all nations would follow suit were we to introduce it into our consular service. And what a boon it would be to our Consuls to have a language which they could learn to read, write and speak within a month and through which they would be universally understood!

We ourselves are so thoroughly convinced of the merit and practical value of the invention that we unhesitatingly recommend to the Secretary of State a serious consideration of the new language, with a view to including it in the admirable examinations which he has already prescribed for applicants for consular service. It is fitting that America should blaze the way along a path of progress sure to be followed immediately by sister nations already partially aroused to the importance of the proposal.

SATURDAY, *February 9*. Why Casuistry Should be Studied by Women.

IT is a singular fact, affording occasion for interesting speculation, that in the extraordinary intellectual development of woman which has taken place in the past century casuistry seems to have been and still to be ignored by tacit assent. We use the term, not in its corrupted or secondary sense as indicating a mere

method of sophistical and unduly subtle reasoning, but in its original meaning as signifying the science which guides the human conscience in the performance of its duties. For this task the feminine mind, as generally understood by the judgment of men, seems to possess peculiar adaptation,—a fact clearly recognized by the ancients, who added "casuistess" to their vocabulary simultaneously with "casuist"; but there is no record of a woman having justified the theory, even while the science held widest vogue, and the word has now become so nearly obsolete as to be hardly found in any of our modern dictionaries.

The natural deduction would seem to be that some peculiar quality of the feminine mind constitutes a practically insurmountable obstacle to really efficient training in the art; and, frankly, while we hesitate to accept so distasteful a conclusion not fully enforced by evidence, we must admit that personal observation tends to confirm that view. We know many women whose faculties easily permit of primary reasoning, but almost invariably when hard pressed they reach a point where the logical faculty gives place to impatience at what is regarded as captious contradiction, and instinct prompts a quick leap over intervening obstacles to a congenial conclusion. The goal often is the same as that reached by the slower and more guarded processes of close mental application, but demonstration that it is indeed the true one necessarily rests solely upon the hypothesis of intuitive accuracy.

To this seeming deficiency, we suspect, must be attributed the common—by which we mean vulgar—remark that a woman's argument is restricted to the word "because." Such an assertion is, of course, a gross exaggeration, cynical to a degree and unworthy, from its very lack of qualitative discrimination, of one making the slightest pretence of sincerity. It is true, undoubtedly, that woman's inferences are drawn more frequently from inner consciousness than from the careful consideration of commonplace facts, such, for example, as have been established by wearisome statistics, but this is due less to her dearth of knowledge than to her abundance of information, which has so wide a range that specific application of any portion of it to the solution of a definite question irritates the mind much as a plaster of mustard inflames a constricted section of the body. After all, in such cases, results alone deserve serious consideration, and we

have no hesitation in asserting the supremacy of the feminine deduction, in so far, at least, as any problem of morals or conscience is concerned.

Why no woman is gifted with that indescribable and invaluable quality vaguely defined as a sense of humor we have never been able to understand, but surely adequate compensation is to be found in the greater keenness of her wit. Indeed, speaking antithetically, man has ever been so generally recognized as the example, *par excellence,* of sheer stupidity that even the contemptuous Elizabethan scholars did not take the trouble to give a feminine termination to the word "dolt." Certain writers have maintained that no woman could divine, without making direct inquiry, whether one is serious or whimsical, so one keeps one's face free from signifying expression; but is not this very fact, if such it be, evidence of her greater straightforwardness? Moreover, while it is undoubtedly true that most women lie about one thing or another from the time they enter upon what is termed their social existence, is not their comparative clumsiness in the practice of that art creditable rather than the reverse, affording, as it does, a clear indication of their natural inclination towards truthfulness?

We are constrained to admit that in philosophy and correlative matters the more sensitized intellect of woman has made little progress; hence the obsoleteness of "casuistess." Why, we cannot tell. The defect—for as such we must regard it, in view of the severe demands of citizenship—may be inherent and incurable or, as we prefer to believe, attributable to a condition of mind which has given rise to rejection of any trait which might be displeasing in the eyes of men. It is in the hope that the latter diagnosis of cause is correct that we venture suggestions designed to induce rigid mental discipline while the mind is still in plastic form.

We have the greater freedom in making such suggestions because of our feeling of certainty that, however deficient comparatively in reflective intellectuality, woman to-day is immeasurably superior to man in a spiritual sense. This means that she is stronger in resistance to pain or evil in any experience so crucial as to require the support of the highest-minded fortitude. Despite the effects of hateful modern influences, there still exists no authority in the world so powerful as the simple purity of a good woman, before which no erring man can fail to feel abashed.

MONDAY, *February 11.* The Passing of the Deacon.

IT is a pity, if true as reported, that the office of deacon has ceased to be regarded with favor by members of the Protestant Churches in New England. Time was when the title conferred distinction and honor, and was sought with as great diligence as could be considered seemly by good and pious men. Once acquired, too, it wrought a marked, though unconscious, change in the demeanor of the possessor, who forthwith became graver and more chary of speech, except in saying grace at table and, in the really old days, at the beautifully simple home services known as "family prayers." But, as the spirit of irreverence gradually permeated unregenerate days, stories of uncouth humor were spun about the deacon as a central figure, comic papers depicted him chiefly as indulging on the sly a liking for a horse-race, and, all in all, the title continued to lose its former dignity and significance until now, as we are told, it is not only no longer sought, but rather generally avoided.

Although perhaps sometimes forgotten, it is a fact, scarcely surprising to those given to investigating the origins of customs, that widows are directly responsible for the earliest appointment of church officials of the class we have in mind. When the Apostles realized the necessity of providing bodily sustenance for those who were in attendance on their ministrations, they made the requisite arrangements; but apparently the distribution was unsystematical, and presently the Grecians were egged on by their widow folk to complain that the Hebrews were obtaining more than their fair share of the provender.

Whereupon the Twelve took counsel and decided that, since it ill became them as spiritual teachers to serve the tables, the appointment of certain brethren of good repute to superintend the business was in every way desirable. Seven were chosen—Stephen, who subsequently was famed for his faith and good works; Philip, another admirable man; Prochorus; Nicanor; Timon; Parmenas and the proselyte Nicolas—and they were designated fittingly from the nature of their task as deacons—from the Greek *diakonos* or its Latin derivative *diaconus,* meaning attendant, or one who serves. That these first members of the order performed well their work is evidenced by the fact that the widows ceased to murmur and by their own rapid advancement in authority, until some were permitted to preach and

even to do miraculous deeds. To this day, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, deacons are ordained by the bishop and may serve as travelling preachers, solemnize marriage and administer the rite of baptism. In the Congregational bodies, they seldom preach, but often read a sermon in the absence of the pastor, and invariably distribute the elements of the communion. They are also supposed to act as almoners after the fashion of Stephen and Philip, and in some States are empowered to hold as trustees the property of the church. In the very early days there were deaconesses also; but, as the widows generally selected apparently did not enjoy being classified as "of mature age," the practice fell into disuse, although the order is still maintained in Germany, and to a limited degree by various sects in this country.

The office suffered much in the old country from the reprehensible conduct of a Scotsman of the name of William Brodie, a deacon in an Edinburgh kirk and as canny a rascal as was ever reared on oatmeal. It was his custom to pass the plate of a Sunday morning and then proceed directly to his wood-yard, where he would meet others of like sportive inclinations in gratifying his passion for the abominable sport of cock-fighting. In his professional capacity as "wright" and cabinet-maker he had access to warehouses, shops and the residences of well-to-do citizens, and there occurred to his ingenious fancy the idea of taking the impressions of keys in putty, making duplicates, and levying toll upon his friends and acquaintances while they were asleep. Sometimes his exploits were astonishingly daring; here is an instance:

"One Sunday an old lady, precluded by indisposition from attending the kirk, was quietly reading her Bible at home. She was alone in the house—her servant having gone to church—when she was startled by the apparition of a man, with crape over his face, in the room where she was sitting. The stranger quietly lifted the keys which were lying on the table beside her, opened her bureau, from which he took out a large sum of money, and then, having locked it and replaced the keys upon the table, retired with a respectful bow. The old lady, meanwhile, had looked on in speechless amazement, but no sooner was she left alone than she exclaimed, 'Surely that was Deacon Brodie!'—which subsequent events proved to be the fact."

At first Brodie was content to work by himself, but as his ambitions widened he selected accomplices. Robbery after robbery was successfully carried through, the rich of Edinburgh went

quaking to their beds, the guardians of the law seemed powerless. And all this time the incomparable deacon serenely walked the streets of his native city, attended to his legitimate business, entertained and was entertained by admiring friends. Then there came to him the magnificent idea of breaking into the General Excise Office for Scotland, where large sums of money were stored. In this adventure he had three accomplices. All would have gone well save for one of those accidents which are the despair of criminals. While their work was in progress—they had already found some £16—Mr. James Bonar, Deputy Solicitor of Excise, hurriedly returned to the office to find some papers. The deacon, for the first and last time in his life, lost his nerve; he incontinently fled. The other men, hearing footsteps and discovering Brodie's absence, departed also. All might have been well still, for Mr. Bonar suspected nothing, but one of the accomplices, fearing detection and hoping to save his own neck, made a confession, and the game was up. But for a long time the deacon eluded capture, even staying some days in London within five hundred yards of Bow Street. From London he escaped to Flanders, and finally, through his own indiscretion, was captured in Amsterdam.

The trial which followed was one of the most celebrated in the annals of Edinburgh. Deacon Brodie conducted himself with perfect composure. A contemporary account said: "He was respectful to the Court, and when anything ludicrous occurred in the evidence he smiled as if he had been an indifferent spectator." The verdict was "Guilty." In prison he kept up his spirits, and when a friend visited him sang with the utmost cheerfulness from the "Beggar's Opera." On the scaffold he was still unperturbed. "Twice, owing to some defect in the adjustment of the ropes, did the deacon descend the platform and enter into conversation with his friends. . . . With his hands thrust carelessly into the open front of his vest . . . the deacon calmly took that step out of the world which his own ingenuity (he had made some improvement in the gallows' drop) is said to have shortened." Even after the execution there were reports that the deacon had "cheated the wuddy" after all.

Not even our happily versatile land has produced a scamp so picturesque or so thoroughly calculated as Brodie to bring his honorable office into disrepute. For the disfavor now said to at-

tend it in this country, we suspect the comic papers are chiefly responsible, although probably a searching inquiry would reveal that the widows are still somehow concerned in the matter, as they have been from the beginning. Whatever the causes, the fact, if such it really be, is, as we have said, a pity, for the office is a high and holy one, and has been filled by thousands of godly men in all ways worthy successors of Stephen and Philip.

WEDNESDAY, *February 13.* Education, Personally Supervised.

ONE of the disheartening experiences of parents nowadays is that of comparing the mere book knowledge of the modern child with that of the youth of a past generation. Doubtless we are all members of a family whose head received a prize at the mature age of five for reading the Bible through. That was a customary feat a generation or two ago. The average child nowadays is apt to be struggling at seven with the primary intricacies of reading. Was his father really so much better equipped for life by his swift skimming of a national literature? It must have been a severe discipline in spelling and pronunciation, but it would be difficult to believe that any of the history or thought of that alien and religious race could have been apprehended by the childish mind. The classic example, of course, of early bookish education is that of the poor little John Stuart Mill. He began the study of Greek at three. He began Latin in his eighth year. "At that time I had read," he writes, "under my father's tuition, a number of Greek prose authors, among them, I remember, the whole of Herodotus and Xenophon's Cyropædia and Memorials of Socrates; some of the lives of the philosophers by Diogenes Laertius; part of Lucian and Isocrates' *ad Demonicum* and *Ad Nicoclem*. I also read, in 1813 [he was born in 1806], the first six dialogues of Plato, from the Euthyphro to the Theætetus inclusive." During the years from 1810 to 1813—therefore from the child's fourth to his seventh year—he read, and took notes and reported to his father upon Robertson's Histories, Hume and Gibbon and Watson's Phillip the second and third, Hooke's History of Rome, Rollin's Ancient History, Longhorne's translation of Plutarch, Burnet's History of His Own Time, and the historical parts of the "Annual Register" up to 1788; Millar's Historical View of the English Government, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, McBride's Life of John Knox and Rutty's

Histories of the Quakers. He also read for recreation Beaver's African Memoranda and Collin's Account of the First Settlement of New South Wales, Anson's Voyages, Hawksworth's Voyages Round the World, Arabian Nights, Cozotte's Arabian Tales, Don Quixote, Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales and Brooke's Fool of Quality. It would fill too many pages to tell what poor little Mill read from his eighth to his twelfth year. He admits, nay, he insists, that he was not a child of particularly brilliant parts nor of retentive memory, but his education was personally supervised and, it would seem from his account, very strenuously supervised. John Stuart Mill missed a great deal of living by being so early immersed in books; and, perhaps, the present generation of rough-and-ready little citizens, stumbling over words at sight, are not to be pitied. But yet there is a great deal in an education, personally supervised. It saves waste. And, if the books we gave the little folk from the beginning were chosen for their content, instead of for their harmlessness, doubtless the stony road to learning would be much softened.

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—XIII.

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

. . . As I have said, that vast plot of Tennessee land† was held by my father twenty years—intact. When he died in 1847, (1847.) we began to manage it ourselves. Forty years afterward, we had managed it all away except 10,000 acres, and gotten nothing to remember the sales by. About 1887—possibly it was earlier—the 10,000 went. My brother found a chance to trade it for a house and lot in the town of Corry, in the oil regions of Pennsylvania. About 1894 he sold this property for $250. That ended the Tennessee Land.

If any penny of cash ever came out of my father's wise investment but that, I have no recollection of it. No, I am overlooking

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† 100,000 acres.

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a detail. It furnished me a field for Sellers and a book. Out of my half of the book I got $15,000 or $20,000; out of the play I got $75,000 or $80,000—just about a dollar an acre. It is curious: I was not alive when my father made the investment, therefore he was not intending any partiality; yet I was the only member of the family that ever profited by it. I shall have occasion to mention this land again, now and then, as I go along, for it influenced our life in one way or another during more than a generation. Whenever things grew dark it rose and put out its hopeful Sellers hand and cheered us up, and said "Do not be afraid—trust in me—wait." It kept us hoping and hoping, during forty years, and forsook us at last. It put our energies to sleep and made visionaries of us—dreamers and indolent. We were always going to be rich next year—no occasion to work. It is good to begin life poor; it is good to begin life rich—these are wholesome; but to begin it *prospectively* rich! The man who has not experienced it cannot imagine the curse of it.

My parents removed to Missouri in the early thirties; I do not remember just when, for I was not born then, and cared nothing for such things. It was a long journey in those days, and must have been a rough and tiresome one. The home was made in the wee village of Florida, in Monroe county, and I was born there in 1835. The village contained a hundred people and I increased the population by one per cent. It is more than the best man in history ever did for any other town. It may not be modest in me to refer to this, but it is true. There is no record of a person doing as much—not even Shakespeare. But I did it for Florida, and it shows that I could have done it for any place—even London, I suppose.

Recently some one in Missouri has sent me a picture of the house I was born in. Heretofore I have always stated that it was a palace, but I shall be more guarded, now.

I remember only one circumstance connected with my life in it. I remember it very well, though I was but two and a half years old at the time. The family packed up everything and started in wagons for Hannibal, on the Mississippi, thirty miles away. Toward night, when they camped and counted up the children, one was missing. I was the one. I had been left behind. Parents ought always to count the children before they start. I was having a good enough time playing by myself until I found that the

doors were fastened and that there was a grisly deep silence brooding over the place. I knew, then, that the family were gone, and that they had forgotten me. I was well frightened, and I made all the noise I could, but no one was near and it did no good. I spent the afternoon in captivity and was not rescued until the gloaming had fallen and the place was alive with ghosts.

My brother Henry was six months old at that time. I used to remember his walking into a fire outdoors when he was a week old. It was remarkable in me to remember a thing like that, which occurred when I was so young. And it was still more remarkable that I should cling to the delusion, for thirty years, that I *did* remember it — for of course it never happened; he would not have been able to walk at that age. If I had stopped to reflect, I should not have burdened my memory with that impossible rubbish so long. It is believed by many people that an impression deposited in a child's memory within the first two years of its life cannot remain there five years, but that is an error. The incident of Benvenuto Cellini and the salamander must be accepted as authentic and trustworthy; and then that remarkable and indisputable instance in the experience of Helen Keller—however, I will speak of that at another time. For many years I believed that I remembered helping my grandfather drink his whiskey toddy when I was six weeks old, but I do not tell about that any more, now; I am grown old, and my memory is not as active as it used to be. When I was younger I could remember anything, whether it had happened or not; but my faculties are decaying, now, and soon I shall be so I cannot remember any but the things that happened. It is sad to go to pieces like this, but we all have to do it.

My uncle, John A. Quarles, was a farmer, and his place was in the country four miles from Florida. He had eight children, and fifteen or twenty negroes, and was also fortunate in other ways. Particularly in his character. I have not come across a better man than he was. I was his guest for two or three months every year, from the fourth year after we removed to Hannibal till I was eleven or twelve years old. I have never consciously used him or his wife in a book, but his farm has come very handy to me in literature, once or twice. In "Huck Finn" and in "Tom Sawyer Detective" I moved it down to Arkansas. It was all of six hundred miles, but it was no trouble, it was not a very

large farm; five hundred acres, perhaps, but I could have done it if it had been twice as large. And as for the morality of it, I cared nothing for that; I would move a State if the exigencies of literature required it.

It was a heavenly place for a boy, that farm of my uncle John's. The house was a double log one, with a spacious floor (roofed in) connecting it with the kitchen. In the summer the table was set in the middle of that shady and breezy floor, and the sumptuous meals—well, it makes me cry to think of them. Fried chicken, roast pig, wild and tame turkeys, ducks and geese; venison just killed; squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, prairie-chickens; biscuits, hot batter cakes, hot buckwheat cakes, hot "wheat bread," hot rolls, hot corn pone; fresh corn boiled on the ear, succotash, butter-beans, string-beans, tomatoes, pease, Irish potatoes, sweet-potatoes; buttermilk, sweet milk, "clabber"; watermelons, musk-melons, cantaloups—all fresh from the garden—apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, apple dumplings, peach cobbler—I can't remember the rest. The way that the things were cooked was perhaps the main splendor—particularly a certain few of the dishes. For instance, the corn bread, the hot biscuits and wheat bread, and the fried chicken. These things have never been properly cooked in the North—in fact, no one there is able to learn the art, so far as my experience goes. The North thinks it knows how to make corn bread, but this is gross superstition. Perhaps no bread in the world is quite as good as Southern corn bread, and perhaps no bread in the world is quite so bad as the Northern imitation of it. The North seldom tries to fry chicken, and this is well; the art cannot be learned north of the line of Mason and Dixon, nor anywhere in Europe. This is not hearsay; it is experience that is speaking. In Europe it is imagined that the custom of serving various kinds of bread blazing hot is "American," but that is too broad a spread; it is custom in the South, but is much less than that in the North. In the North and in Europe hot bread is considered unhealthy. This is probably another fussy superstition, like the European superstition that ice-water is unhealthy. Europe does not need ice-water, and does not drink it; and yet, notwithstanding this, its word for it is better than ours, because it describes it, whereas ours doesn't. Europe calls it "iced" water. Our word describes water made from melted ice—a drink which we have but little acquaintance with.

It seems a pity that the world should throw away so many good things merely because they are unwholesome. I doubt if God has given us any refreshment which, taken in moderation, is unwholesome, except microbes. Yet there are people who strictly deprive themselves of each and every eatable, drinkable and smokable which has in any way acquired a shady reputation. They pay this price for health. And health is all they get for it. How strange it is; it is like paying out your whole fortune for a cow that has gone dry.

The farmhouse stood in the middle of a very large yard, and the yard was fenced on three sides with rails and on the rear side with high palings; against these stood the smokehouse; beyond the palings was the orchard; beyond the orchard were the negro quarter and the tobacco-fields. The front yard was entered over a stile, made of sawed-off logs of graduated heights; I do not remember any gate. In a corner of the front yard were a dozen lofty hickory-trees and a dozen black-walnuts, and in the nutting season riches were to be gathered there.

Down a piece, abreast the house, stood a little log cabin against the rail fence; and there the woody hill fell sharply away, past the barns, the corn-crib, the stables and the tobacco-curing house, to a limpid brook which sang along over its gravelly bed and curved and frisked in and out and here and there and yonder in the deep shade of overhanging foliage and vines—a divine place for wading, and it had swimming-pools, too, which were forbidden to us and therefore much frequented by us. For we were little Christian children, and had early been taught the value of forbidden fruit.

In the little log cabin lived a bedridden white-headed slave woman whom we visited daily, and looked upon with awe, for we believed she was upwards of a thousand years old and had talked with Moses. The younger negroes credited these statistics, and had furnished them to us in good faith. We accommodated all the details which came to us about her; and so we believed that she had lost her health in the long desert trip coming out of Egypt, and had never been able to get it back again. She had a round bald place on the crown of her head, and we used to creep around and gaze at it in reverent silence, and reflect that it was caused by fright through seeing Pharaoh drowned. We called her "Aunt" Hannah, Southern fashion.

She was superstitious like the other negroes; also, like them, she was deeply religious. Like them, she had great faith in prayer, and employed it in all ordinary exigencies, but not in cases where a dead certainty of result was urgent. Whenever witches were around she tied up the remnant of her wool in little tufts, with white thread, and this promptly made the witches impotent.

All the negroes were friends of ours, and with those of our own age we were in effect comrades. I say in effect, using the phrase as a modification. We were comrades, and yet not comrades; color and condition interposed a subtle line which both parties were conscious of, and which rendered complete fusion impossible. We had a faithful and affectionate good friend, ally and adviser in "Uncle Dan'l," a middle-aged slave whose head was the best one in the negro quarter, whose sympathies were wide and warm, and whose heart was honest and simple and knew no guile. He has served me well, these many, many years. I have not seen him for more than half a century, and yet spiritually I have had his welcome company a good part of that time, and have staged him in books under his own name and as "Jim," and carted him all around—to Hannibal, down the Mississippi on a raft, and even across the Desert of Sahara in a balloon—and he has endured it all with the patience and friendliness and loyalty which were his birthright. It was on the farm that I got my strong liking for his race and my appreciation of certain of its fine qualities. This feeling and this estimate have stood the test of sixty years and more and have suffered no impairment. The black face is as welcome to me now as it was then.

In my schoolboy days I had no aversion to slavery. I was not aware that there was anything wrong about it. No one arraigned it in my hearing; the local papers said nothing against it; the local pulpit taught us that God approved it, that it was a holy thing, and that the doubter need only look in the Bible if he wished to settle his mind—and then the texts were read aloud to us to make the matter sure; if the slaves themselves had an aversion to slavery they were wise and said nothing. In Hannibal we seldom saw a slave misused; on the farm, never.

There was, however, one small incident of my boyhood days which touched this matter, and it must have meant a good deal to me or it would not have stayed in my memory, clear and sharp, vivid and shadowless, all these slow-drifting years. We had a

little slave boy whom we had hired from some one, there in Hannibal. He was from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and had been brought away from his family and his friends, half-way across the American continent, and sold. He was a cheery spirit, innocent and gentle, and the noisiest creature that ever was, perhaps. All day long he was singing, whistling, yelling, whooping, laughing—it was maddening, devastating, unendurable. At last, one day, I lost all my temper, and went raging to my mother, and said Sandy had been singing for an hour without a single break, and I couldn't stand it, and *wouldn't* she please shut him up. The tears came into her eyes, and her lip trembled, and she said something like this—

"Poor thing, when he sings, it shows that he is not remembering, and that comforts me; but when he is still, I am afraid he is thinking, and I cannot bear it. He will never see his mother again; if he can sing, I must not hinder it, but be thankful for it. If you were older, you would understand me; then that friendless child's noise would make you glad."

It was a simple speech, and made up of small words, but it went home, and Sandy's noise was not a trouble to me any more. She never used large words, but she had a natural gift for making small ones do effective work. She lived to reach the neighborhood of ninety years, and was capable with her tongue to the last—especially when a meanness or an injustice roused her spirit. She has come handy to me several times in my books, where she figures as Tom Sawyer's "Aunt Polly." I fitted her out with a dialect, and tried to think up other improvements for her, but did not find any. I used Sandy once, also; it was in "Tom Sawyer"; I tried to get him to whitewash the fence, but it did not work. I do not remember what name I called him by in the book.

I can see the farm yet, with perfect clearness. I can see all its belongings, all its details; the family room of the house, with a "trundle" bed in one corner and a spinning-wheel in another—a wheel whose rising and falling wail, heard from a distance, was the mournfulest of all sounds to me, and made me homesick and low-spirited, and filled my atmosphere with the wandering spirits of the dead; the vast fireplace, piled high, on winter nights, with flaming hickory logs from whose ends a sugary sap bubbled out but did not go to waste, for we scraped it

off and ate it; the lazy cat spread out on the rough hearthstones, the drowsy dogs braced against the jambs and blinking; my aunt in one chimney-corner knitting, my uncle in the other smoking his corn-cob pipe; the slick and carpetless oak floor faintly mirroring the dancing flame-tongues and freckled with black indentations where fire-coals had popped out and died a leisurely death; half a dozen children romping in the background twilight; "split"-bottomed chairs here and there, some with rockers; a cradle—out of service, but waiting, with confidence; in the early cold mornings a snuggle of children, in shirts and chemises, occupying the hearthstone and procrastinating — they could not bear to leave that comfortable place and go out on the wind-swept floor-space between the house and kitchen where the general tin basin stood, and wash.

Along outside of the front fence ran the country road; dusty in the summer-time, and a good place for snakes—they liked to lie in it and sun themselves; when they were rattlesnakes or puff adders, we killed them; when they were black snakes, or racers, or belonged to the fabled "hoop" breed, we fled, without shame; when they were "house snakes" or "garters" we carried them home and put them in Aunt Patsy's work-basket for a surprise; for she was prejudiced against snakes, and always when she took the basket in her lap and they began to climb out of it it disordered her mind. She never could seem to get used to them; her opportunities went for nothing. And she was always cold toward bats, too, and could not bear them; and yet I think a bat is as friendly a bird as there is. My mother was Aunt Patsy's sister, and had the same wild superstitions. A bat is beautifully soft and silky; I do not know any creature that is pleasanter to the touch, or is more grateful for caressings, if offered in the right spirit. I know all about these coleoptera, because our great cave, three miles below Hannibal, was multitudinously stocked with them, and often I brought them home to amuse my mother with. It was easy to manage if it was a school day, because then I had ostensibly been to school and hadn't any bats. She was not a suspicious person, but full of trust and confidence; and when I said "There's something in my coat pocket for you," she would put her hand in. But she always took it out again, herself; I didn't have to tell her. It was remarkable, the way she couldn't learn to like private bats.

I think she was never in the cave in her life; but everybody else went there. Many excursion parties came from considerable distances up and down the river to visit the cave. It was miles in extent, and was a tangled wilderness of narrow and lofty clefts and passages. It was an easy place to get lost in; anybody could do it—including the bats. I got lost in it myself, along with a lady, and our last candle burned down to almost nothing before we glimpsed the search-party's lights winding about in the distance.

"Injun Joe" the half-breed got lost in there once, and would have starved to death if the bats had run short. But there was no chance of that; there were myriads of them. He told me all his story. In the book called "Tom Sawyer" I starved him entirely to death in the cave, but that was in the interest of art; it never happened. "General" Gaines, who was our first town drunkard before Jimmy Finn got the place, was lost in there for the space of a week, and finally pushed his handkerchief out of a hole in a hilltop near Saverton, several miles down the river from the cave's mouth, and somebody saw it and dug him out. There is nothing the matter with his statistics except the handkerchief. I knew him for years, and he hadn't any. But it could have been his nose. That would attract attention.

Beyond the road where the snakes sunned themselves was a dense young thicket, and through it a dim-lighted path led a quarter of a mile; then out of the dimness one emerged abruptly upon a level great prairie which was covered with wild strawberry-plants, vividly starred with prairie pinks, and walled in on all sides by forests. The strawberries were fragrant and fine, and in the season we were generally there in the crisp freshness of the early morning, while the dew-beads still sparkled upon the grass and the woods were ringing with the first songs of the birds.

Down the forest slopes to the left were the swings. They were made of bark stripped from hickory saplings. When they became dry they were dangerous. They usually broke when a child was forty feet in the air, and this was why so many bones had to be mended every year. I had no ill-luck myself, but none of my cousins escaped. There were eight of them, and at one time and another they broke fourteen arms among them. But it cost next to nothing, for the doctor worked by the year—$25 for the whole family. I remember two of the Florida doctors, Chowning and Meredith. They not only tended an entire family for $25 a year,

but furnished the medicines themselves. Good measure, too. Only the largest persons could hold a whole dose. Castor-oil was the principal beverage. The dose was half a dipperful, with half a dipperful of New Orleans molasses added to help it down and make it taste good, which it never did. The next standby was calomel; the next, rhubarb; and the next, jalap. Then they bled the patient, and put mustard-plasters on him. It was a dreadful system, and yet the death-rate was not heavy. The calomel was nearly sure to salivate the patient and cost him some of his teeth. There were no dentists. When teeth became touched with decay or were otherwise ailing, the doctor knew of but one thing to do: he fetched his tongs and dragged them out. If the jaw remained, it was not his fault.

Doctors were not called, in cases of ordinary illness; the family's grandmother attended to those. Every old woman was a doctor, and gathered her own medicines in the woods, and knew how to compound doses that would stir the vitals of a cast-iron dog. And then there was the "Indian doctor"; a grave savage, remnant of his tribe, deeply read in the mysteries of nature and the secret properties of herbs; and most backwoodsmen had high faith in his powers and could tell of wonderful cures achieved by him. In Mauritius, away off yonder in the solitudes of the Indian Ocean, there is a person who answers to our Indian doctor of the old times. He is a negro, and has had no teaching as a doctor, yet there is one disease which he is master of and can cure, and the doctors can't. They send for him when they have a case. It is a child's disease of a strange and deadly sort, and the negro cures it with a herb medicine which he makes, himself, from a prescription which has come down to him from his father and grandfather. He will not let any one see it. He keeps the secret of its components to himself, and it is feared that he will die without divulging it; then there will be consternation in Mauritius. I was told these things by the people there, in 1896.

We had the "faith doctor," too, in those early days—a woman. Her specialty was toothache. She was a farmer's old wife, and lived five miles from Hannibal. She would lay her hand on the patient's jaw and say "Believe!" and the cure was prompt. Mrs. Utterback. I remember her very well. Twice I rode out there behind my mother, horseback, and saw the cure performed. My mother was the patient.

Dr. Meredith removed to Hannibal, by and by, and was our family physician there, and saved my life several times. Still, he was a good man and meant well. Let it go.

I was always told that I was a sickly and precarious and tiresome and uncertain child, and lived mainly on allopathic medicines during the first seven years of my life. I asked my mother about this, in her old age—she was in her 88th year—and said:

"I suppose that during all that time you were uneasy about me?"

"Yes, the whole time."

"Afraid I wouldn't live?"

After a reflective pause—ostensibly to think out the facts—

"No—afraid you would."

It sounds like a plagiarism, but it probably wasn't. The country schoolhouse was three miles from my uncle's farm. It stood in a clearing in the woods, and would hold about twenty-five boys and girls. We attended the school with more or less regularity once or twice a week, in summer, walking to it in the cool of the morning by the forest paths, and back in the gloaming at the end of the day. All the pupils brought their dinners in baskets — corn-dodger, buttermilk and other good things — and sat in the shade of the trees at noon and ate them. It is the part of my education which I look back upon with the most satisfaction. My first visit to the school was when I was seven. A strapping girl of fifteen, in the customary sunbonnet and calico dress, asked me if I "used tobacco"—meaning did I chew it. I said, no. It roused her scorn. She reported me to all the crowd, and said—

"Here is a boy seven years old who can't chaw tobacco."

By the looks and comments which this produced, I realized that I was a degraded object; I was cruelly ashamed of myself. I determined to reform. But I only made myself sick; I was not able to learn to chew tobacco. I learned to smoke fairly well, but that did not conciliate anybody, and I remained a poor thing, and characterless. I longed to be respected, but I never was able to rise. Children have but little charity for each other's defects.

As I have said, I spent some part of every year at the farm until I was twelve or thirteen years old. The life which I led there with my cousins was full of charm, and so is the memory of it yet. I can call back the solemn twilight and mystery of the

deep woods, the earthy smells, the faint odors of the wild flowers, the sheen of rain-washed foliage, the rattling clatter of drops when the wind shook the trees, the far-off hammering of woodpeckers and the muffled drumming of wood-pheasants in the remoteness of the forest, the snap-shot glimpses of disturbed wild creatures skurrying through the grass,—I can call it all back and make it as real as it ever was, and as blessed. I can call back the prairie, and its loneliness and peace, and a vast hawk hanging motionless in the sky, with his wings spread wide and the blue of the vault showing through the fringe of their end-feathers. I can see the woods in their autumn dress, the oaks purple, the hickories washed with gold, the maples and the sumacs luminous with crimson fires, and I can hear the rustle made by the fallen leaves as we ploughed through them. I can see the blue clusters of wild grapes hanging amongst the foliage of the saplings, and I remember the taste of them and the smell. I know how the wild blackberries looked, and how they tasted; and the same with the pawpaws, the hazelnuts and the persimmons; and I can feel the thumping rain, upon my head, of hickory-nuts and walnuts when we were out in the frosty dawn to scramble for them with the pigs, and the gusts of wind loosed them and sent them down. I know the stain of blackberries, and how pretty it is; and I know the stain of walnut hulls, and how little it minds soap and water; also what grudged experience it had of either of them. I know the taste of maple sap, and when to gather it, and how to arrange the troughs and the delivery tubes, and how to boil down the juice, and how to hook the sugar after it is made; also how much better hooked sugar tastes than any that is honestly come by, let bigots say what they will. I know how a prize watermelon looks when it is sunning its fat rotundity among pumpkin-vines and "simblins"; I know how to tell when it is ripe without "plugging" it; I know how inviting it looks when it is cooling itself in a tub of water under the bed, waiting; I know how it looks when it lies on the table in the sheltered great floor-space between house and kitchen, and the children gathered for the sacrifice and their mouths watering; I know the crackling sound it makes when the carving-knife enters its end, and I can see the split fly along in front of the blade as the knife cleaves its way to the other end; I can see its halves fall apart and display the rich red meat and the black seeds, and the heart

standing up, a luxury fit for the elect; I know how a boy looks, behind a yard-long slice of that melon, and I know how he feels; for I have been there. I know the taste of the watermelon which has been honestly come by, and I know the taste of the watermelon which has been acquired by art. Both taste good, but the experienced know which tastes best. I know the look of green apples and peaches and pears on the trees, and I know how entertaining they are when they are inside of a person. I know how ripe ones look when they are piled in pyramids under the trees, and how pretty they are and how vivid their colors. I know how a frozen apple looks, in a barrel down cellar in the winter-time, and how hard it is to bite, and how the frost makes the teeth ache, and yet how good it is, notwithstanding. I know the disposition of elderly people to select the specked apples for the children, and I once knew ways to beat the game. I know the look of an apple that is roasting and sizzling on a hearth on a winter's evening, and I know the comfort that comes of eating it hot, along with some sugar and a drench of cream. I know the delicate art and mystery of so cracking hickory-nuts and walnuts on a flatiron with a hammer that the kernels will be delivered whole, and I know how the nuts, taken in conjunction with winter apples, cider and doughnuts, make old people's tales and old jokes sound fresh and crisp and enchanting, and juggle an evening away before you know what went with the time. I know the look of Uncle Dan'l's kitchen as it was on privileged nights when I was a child, and I can see the white and black children grouped on the hearth, with the firelight playing on their faces and the shadows flickering upon the walls, clear back toward the cavernous gloom of the rear, and I can hear Uncle Dan'l telling the immortal tales which Uncle Remus Harris was to gather into his books and charm the world with, by and by; and I can feel again the creepy joy which quivered through me when the time for the ghost-story of the "Golden Arm" was reached—and the sense of regret, too, which came over me, for it was always the last story of the evening, and there was nothing between it and the unwelcome bed.

I can remember the bare wooden stairway in my uncle's house, and the turn to the left above the landing, and the rafters and the slanting roof over my bed, and the squares of moonlight on the floor, and the white cold world of snow outside, seen through

the curtainless window. I can remember the howling of the wind and the quaking of the house on stormy nights, and how snug and cozy one felt, under the blankets, listening, and how the powdery snow used to sift in, around the sashes, and lie in little ridges on the floor, and make the place look chilly in the morning, and curb the wild desire to get up—in case there was any. I can remember how very dark that room was, in the dark of the moon, and how packed it was with ghostly stillness when one woke up by accident away in the night, and forgotten sins came flocking out of the secret chambers of the memory and wanted a hearing; and how ill chosen the time seemed for this kind of business; and how dismal was the hoo-hooing of the owl and the wailing of the wolf, sent mourning by on the night wind.

I remember the raging of the rain on that roof, summer nights, and how pleasant it was to lie and listen to it, and enjoy the white splendor of the lightning and the majestic booming and crashing of the thunder. It was a very satisfactory room; and there was a lightning-rod which was reachable from the window, an adorable and skittish thing to climb up and down, summer nights, when there were duties on hand of a sort to make privacy desirable.

I remember the 'coon and 'possum hunts, nights, with the negroes, and the long marches through the black gloom of the woods, and the excitement which fired everybody when the distant bay of an experienced dog announced that the game was treed; then the wild scramblings and stumblings through briars and bushes and over roots to get to the spot; then the lighting of a fire and the felling of the tree, the joyful frenzy of the dogs and the negroes, and the weird picture it all made in the red glare—I remember it all well, and the delight that every one got out of it, except the 'coon.

I remember the pigeon seasons, when the birds would come in millions, and cover the trees, and by their weight break down the branches. They were clubbed to death with sticks; guns were not necessary, and were not used. I remember the squirrel hunts, and the prairie-chicken hunts, and the wild-turkey hunts, and all that; and how we turned out, mornings, while it was still dark, to go on these expeditions, and how chilly and dismal it was, and how often I regretted that I was well enough to go. A toot on a tin horn brought twice as many dogs as were needed, and in

their happiness they raced and scampered about, and knocked small people down, and made no end of unnecessary noise. At the word, they vanished away toward the woods, and we drifted silently after them in the melancholy gloom. But presently the gray dawn stole over the world, the birds piped up, then the sun rose and poured light and comfort all around, everything was fresh and dewy and fragrant, and life was a boon again. After three hours of tramping we arrived back wholesomely tired, overladen with game, very hungry, and just in time for breakfast.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

THE PERILS OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

In the American Republic high hopes for humanity, as we all know, are embarked. To its struggles and vicissitudes the eyes of all of us, but especially those of its neighbors and partners on this continent, are turned. It has just been the scene of a notable uprising of the moral force against evil, especially commercial, but also municipal, and to some extent general. A survey of the situation and of the forces with which reform has to contend naturally suggests itself, and may be made in a spirit of hope.

The peril which presents itself most prominently is, perhaps, that of the deluge of alien immigration to which it seems hardly possible to set bounds. Very difficult it is to close the hospitable gate which has so long stood open to the distressed or the adventurous of all lands. The educational test probably avails little. It may fail to exclude the most alien and the most dangerous immigration of all. The original population of the States, it is true, was mixed. But there was nothing unassimilable in the Dutchman, the Frenchman or the Swede. Irish immigration frightened Americans into Know-nothingism. But about the worst that it did, after all, was to fill the ranks of Tammany. It has found its level and is a source of alarm no more. Not so the Italian, with his Mafia, or the Russian and Polish exile. The spirit of European revolution and of European anarchism is invading American cities. Sympathy with political assassination is proclaimed at a great meeting at New York. Bombs, those deadly weapons of anarchism, against which civilization may have to defend itself by strong measures, are beginning to be thrown on this continent. Great American cities now are ceasing to be American. The public school has worked wonders in the way of assimilation. But the assimilation must for some time

be rather that of intellect than of character, political or moral. The common school of New England or Scotland was hardly the prototype of its successor at the present day. It was strongly religious and probably not unparental.

On the character of the American people, their good sense, their self-reliance, their love of personal independence, their respect for law and property, the Republic has rested more than on government or institutions. A couple of years spent in intercourse with the people of a country town have sufficed to breed a firm belief in the stability of that foundation. Any political or social question those people, with the facts fairly before them and sufficient time for consideration, would probably decide aright. But their vote seems now in danger of being overwhelmed by that of the alien population of the cities.

Together with this dangerous tidal-wave of immigration, and partly as a consequence of it, comes industrial disturbance of a formidable character, and extending in its effects to the social and political spheres. Factories have everywhere multiplied the wage-earning class and gathered it into inflammable masses in the great cities. It has learned to organize and struggle for its own class interests, apart from those of the rest of the community. It has largely lost its faith in the religion which taught that the social order was providential and that for those who had the humbler and poorer lot in this world there would be compensation in the next. Education has stirred its aspirations and stimulated its envy by bringing it to a nearer view of the advantages of wealth. It has opened a ready ear to teachers who tell it that all wealth is its creation, rightfully belongs to it, has been taken away from it by a usurping caste and ought to be restored to it. This, not a philosophic dream of universal equality and felicity, is what Labor means by "Socialism." The result is militant unionism, with leaders whose vocation is industrial war, and incessant strikes ruinous to production, destructive of the value of labor and ominous of civil strife, to which indeed they have more than once given birth, Chicago as the metropolis of alien labor being the natural field of the collision.

Socialism proper is a vision of equality and felicity in a world of inequality and endurance. Never has it presented itself in a more fascinating or apparently practical form than in the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More, who, however, so far as we

know, took not a single step towards its realization. No attempt was ever made to realize Plato's "Republic." Sparta's military communism was based on helotage. But the name of Socialism is assumed by a very practical movement for the use of political power in an attack on accumulated wealth and the transfer of it to the class which arrogates to itself the title of "Labor."

Wealth has to a vast and threatening extent accumulated in certain hands, though not in those of a caste, as Labor manifestoes imply; for of the millionaires on this continent at all events almost all have risen from humble beginnings, if not from the ranks of Labor. Millionairism would appear to be largely the natural offspring of an age of vast commercial enterprises, together with commercial concentration such as is produced by the elimination of the middleman with ultimate benefit—to the consumer. Still, the power it gives is a political danger, though one on which the world is now pretty well on its guard. The millionaire's idle and dissipated heir, with his vulgar sensuality and display, is a serious danger to society. At him the finger of social revolution is pointed with fatal effect. In England, hereditary wealth, if it is in land, has cut out for it a certain measure of territorial and municipal duties which, on the whole, have hitherto been not very badly performed, at least by the resident holders of single estates. It is moreover held under the censorship of a generally moral and polished society. The profligate heir of millions in America has no duty cut out for him, and is free from social censorship of any kind.

Decay of religious belief and hopes has been noticed as an element in the production of industrial discontent. To whatever extent it may have gone, it cannot fail to be a serious change of the national character, which has hitherto been generally and fundamentally religious. The grasping desire of growing suddenly rich may surely be traceable in some measure to the decline of spiritual interests and of hopes beyond this present world.

The moral recoil so manifest of late, and so hopeful, has shown itself partly in exposure of commercial fraud, partly in insurrection against the reign of corruption in great cities, which has, no doubt, been aggravated by the influx of aliens, instruments ready to the hand of municipal intrigue; as at San Francisco, where, it now appears, there was a frightful reign of corruption bossed by a French Jew. At Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Minneapolis,

reform has triumphed. But without a radical change of municipal government the triumph will be short. The victory won and the effort spent, honest citizens will return to their business, and the rogues will return to theirs. A great city cannot be run with a village organization. The business is too onerous and complicated. The citizens are too little known to each other to act generally in concert or exercise a collective choice. A demagogic government, always going for reelection, can have no settled policy or foresight. What bank, what great commercial concern, could prosper under such administration? The adoption of a skilled, stable and really responsible administration, in place of the demagogic and ephemeral system, is the indispensable condition of a permanent reform. That effort sooner or later will have to be made. Washington has shown the way. Galveston is following and, we are assured, with the best results.

The statistics of homicide are ominous, and seem to imply a growing spirit of violence and contempt of law. The list is, of course, swelled by lynchings, and lynching is Southern. But it has shown a tendency to spread Northwards. Local character, such as that for which Kentucky is proverbial, may also go for a good deal. Still there must be a weakness of government and a failure of respect for law. It may be partly because the judiciary is elective, though the elections appear generally to be good, that the judges seem not to have sufficient control of their courts. Of judicial corruption, such as prevailed in the days of Barnard and Cardozo, no suspicion seems now to prevail. But wealth appears still to have too good a chance of escaping the penalties of crime by the lavish purchase of chicane.

It is a change to be noted, as one which entails liabilities and possibly perils, that the American Republic has of late been becoming a war power. A singular effect of this on national character is seen in the development of flag-worship, which would have filled the soul of Jefferson with dismay. For wrapping up some goods in the sacred bunting a peddler is prosecuted, while the policeman who arrested him receives a decoration. Circumstances have changed, and it is difficult to see how far the necessity of arming and cultivating the war spirit may go. That there would be war with Japan about the exclusion of Japanese children from Californian schools was not likely. But Japan is there, and with China in her train. Her ambition has evidently

been awakened. She wants room for expansion. She has already a foot on the Pacific coast of this continent. The Panama Canal will not be open for American ships of war at all events in less than ten years. Did Lord Lansdowne, when, by his treaty with Japan, he practically encouraged her to fly at the throat of Russia, foresee the consequences of his diplomacy to this continent and to India? Was he not like Carlyle's canary-bird in the show, that, with a match in its beak, fired a cannon?

An American citizen, when surprise was expressed at the absence on the part of his people of any expression of sympathy with the Boers' struggle for independence, replied: "The blood of the Filipinos choked us." Foreign conquest, followed by territorial aggrandizement and domination over a subject race, represented a startling departure from the principles of the Jeffersonian Republic. The purchase of Alaska was a natural application of that article of the Monroe Doctrine which bars European colonization. An alternative plan, proposed at the time in the case of Hawaii, was the neutralization of the islands under the guarantee of the Great Powers as an international port of call. Aggrandizement, in this case, won the day. In the cases of Santo Domingo and St. Thomas, the tradition of moderation prevailed. A very eminent member of the Republican party, J. M. Forbes, of Massachusetts, is recorded as saying that the war with Spain was made to keep a party in power. No other cause, certainly, does a perusal of the diplomatic correspondence reveal. Spain surrenders everything but her honor; while, on the question of the "Maine," she tenders arbitration, which is tacitly refused. The war spirit was fired and, with it, the passion for aggrandizement. The people shouted for keeping all it had got. Journals held imperial language. President McKinley said that, in annexing the Filipinos, "Duty was taking the hand of Destiny." The rest all know, and the consequences of domination over weaker races to national character and sentiment are everywhere the same.

Discussion of the negro question has become wearisome and almost hopeless. In its present state, that question is the monument of the headlong philanthropy, not untainted by party passion, of the public men into whose hands, by the fatal murder of Lincoln, the work of reconstruction was thrown. Had the Government of the United States been national, as there was an

opportunity for making it after the defeat of Secession, the negro might have been constituted a ward of the State, without political power, but protected by the nation in his personal and political rights. The interposition of some white race free from the Southern antipathy to the negro, as a mediating and reconciling power, is a solution which seems to commend itself to Mr. Booker Washington, the wisest friend of the negro. But there would hardly be sufficient security against the union of the imported race with the Southern whites and the perpetuation of the antagonism perhaps in an aggravated form. At the commencement of the Civil War, some of us in England, ardent foes of slavery and friends of the Republic, hung back, not only from unwillingness to bear a part in the kindling of civil war, but because we could not help doubting whether it would be possible or wise to reincorporate States radically differing from the North in their social structure and, consequently, in political character and aptitude. The result has too well justified our hesitation.

In a notice of Chief-Justice Clark's pamphlet on "The Defects of the American Constitution" some time ago, attention was called to the changes for the worse which "Time, the great innovator," had been making in the American Constitution, while "man had been doing nothing to change for the better"; the operation of constitutional amendment being very difficult in itself and rendered practically impossible by party. From the House of Representatives, which was intended, no doubt, by the framers of the Constitution to be the special organ of the people's will, power, by a combination of influences which the framers of the Constitution could not foresee, has been transferred to the Senate. At the same time, the disproportion of population between the States has become such that the Senate can no longer be deemed anything like a representation of the people. What now is the character of the assembly in which power is vested? Lowell long ago could speak of the Senate as "that secret and irresponsible club which governed the country for its own private benefit." Mr. Ostrogorski, in his work on "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties," the fair and painstaking character of which so far as relates to England I can attest, says:

"The Senate of the United States no longer has any resemblance to that august assembly which provoked the admiration of the Tocquevilles. It

would be no use looking for the foremost men of the nation there; neither statesmen nor orators are to be found in it. In wisdom, in balance, in dignity, the States' chamber is far inferior to the popular branch of Congress. The Senate no longer acts as a conservative element, as a brake for checking popular impulses, for moderating heedless ardor; on the contrary, it is this assembly which often gives the signal for extravagant conduct either in financial matters or in the sphere of foreign politics. The Senate is, for the most part, filled with men of mediocre or no political intelligence, some of whom, extremely wealthy, multi-millionaires, look on the Senatorial dignity as a title for ennobling their well or ill gotten riches; others, crack wire-pullers, State bosses, or representatives of large private industrial or financial concerns, find the Senate a convenient base of operations for their intrigues and their designs on the public interest; others, again, without convictions or without definite or well-matured ideas, but sensitive to every breath of public opinion and fond of vulgar popularity, act as the noisy mouthpieces of every movement which flatters the susceptibilities of the crowd. They represent everything save enlightened opinion, to which they do not pay the slightest heed."*

This is strong censure, yet it is not stronger than may be heard in private conversation, or than is really implied in the word "stand-pat" used to describe the policy of the Senate.

Attention was called in the same article to the effect of the system of Montesquieu adopted by the framers of the Constitution, which, by strictly separating the executive from the legislative, greatly interferes with the training of a school of statesmen. For a President you have to go to the platform; and he, when elected, has to go to the Bar or the business world for his Cabinet. Any great question, such as that of the relations, present or future, between Canada and the United States, has no one to take it up, nor can any continuity of aim be discerned in the policy of the Washington Government. The President, on the expiration of his term, goes out of public life. Fortunately, so far as administration apart from general policy is concerned, the supply of statesmen is abundant.

One consequence of these defects in the Constitution, perhaps, is the tendency alleged, though not very marked, to encroachment on the part of the President, which would be a bad mode of supplying the need.

Of all the perils, however, which beset American democracy, the greatest and the one which, unless it can be averted, will be

* Vol. ii, p. 542.

fatal—is the division of the nation into two organized factions, waging for power and place a perpetual war of intrigue, vituperation and corruption. In the case of the disputed election for the Presidency between the parties of Tilden and Hayes, civil war itself seemed at hand, though no vital principle of government, but only the possession of power and patronage, was immediately at stake. Anything like a real division of principle—such as that which in England, the cradle of the party system, existed between the party of the Stuarts and that of the Hanoverians—cannot since the abolition of slavery be traced in the United States. Platforms are made up before Presidential elections like a merchant's advertisements of goods to suit the taste of the hour. The country is kept constantly under the malign influence of bosses perpetually active in their work of intrigue and corruption. The expenditure at elections which outvies the cost of monarchies, though it implies wide-spread corruption, is far from being the greatest part of the evil. To the independence of public men and their loyalty to the commonwealth, party bondage is fatal. A signal proof of this is the pension list, of which no one seems to doubt the character, but against which no one dares to say a word. The other day a vast addition was made to it in the shape of pensions for service only. In private you hear the truth about this measure; yet, not only was there no division in either House, but not a single voice was raised against the measure. Neither party dares to run the risk of losing a sectional vote, which is thus enabled to work its will in a land of freemen. Seeing this, one feels almost inclined to exclaim that the handwriting is on the wall. It unquestionably is, unless the yoke of organized faction can be broken and the allegiance of the people can be restored to the commonwealth.

The Republic, in the coming time, seems likely to have many occasions for calling on the patriotism and wisdom of her citizens. Recent events have shown that she has a large reserve of both qualities to answer to her call.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE ART OF LONGFELLOW.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

WHEN you have said Art, you have somehow promised yourself to say what you mean by Art, and to try bringing who hear you to an agreement with you. I suggest, as a compromise of tacit differences, that we call art Mastery, the power of overcoming whatever parts him who says or does a beautiful thing from him who hears or sees it done, and joining them in the love and joy of it. The poet has nothing to tell, except from what is actually or potentially common to the race. He will realize, so far as his process is conscious, that the thing in which any one thinks himself singular is the thing by which he is one with all other men, that the personal within is the universal without. This courage in frankly trusting the personal as the universal, is what made Longfellow not only sovereign of more hearts than any other poet of his generation, and more than any other poet who has lived, but now, on the hundredth anniversary after his birth, when a generation has passed since his death, has established him a master of such high degree that one who loves his fame may well be content without caring to ascertain precisely his place among the other masters.

Such an inquiry seems to me so futile in every instance, and in this instance it could only be a disturbance of preferences. These are indeed no standards of value, but preferences are always respectacle, for they are sincere; prejudice itself must be tenderly handled, if not respected; and we must be patient of the exceptional misliking which is the necessary antithesis of liking; but which is no more a criticism than the liking. With Longfellow, it has had its way in making a certain early poem of his stand for his whole work, though, viewed with regard to the prevalent motive

and objective of his work, this poem is almost the least representative even of his earlier pieces. "A Psalm of Life," abounding in echoes from his reading and obeying an inherited rather than inherent ethical ideal, is of nearly equal date with the "Hymn to the Night," which is as absolutely poetic, on its level, whatever one chooses to think that level is, as Milton's "Lycidas," or Keats's "Ode to Melancholy" or Tennyson's "Tithonus," and is truly the dominant of that various music in which the painted panes of mediæval churches and the painted leaves of primæval forests alike thrill. Yet, if Longfellow's music had been all in that key, he would not have been the consoler of the multitudes who hid his words in their hearts, and who counted him one with themselves.

He seems to have been always a man who felt very, very simply, and he spoke as simply as he felt. There is much, perhaps the most, to intimate that he did not think aside from the majority of his fellow men; and, if he went beyond them, it was with a clear lamp held so patiently aloft, and made to throw its light so broadly on their steps, that when they came up with him they could not believe they had ever doubted of the way. The secret of his immense favor, if we look for it apart from his singleness of soul, will be found in the fact that he was so deeply, so entirely, of his time and place in his most imaginative work. His very love of what was old, and strange and far affirmed him citizen of a country where he dwelt perforce amidst what was new, and known and near. He is the most literary of our poets; but to him literature was of one substance with nature, and he transmuted his sense of it into beauty by the same art, by which he transmuted to beauty the look of the familiar landscape, the feel of the native air, the scent of the mother earth. But he did not go to literature or to nature, and he did not come again from either, without a serious sense of what he owed to the world about him. If there was a meaning in a page read or a day lived, which could teach or help, Longfellow must impart it to his verse. This duteous tendency becomes conscious in his poem of "The Singers," where the "youth with soul of fire," and the "man with bearded face" singing in the market-place, and the gray minstrel, chanting in "cathedrals dim and vast," contend in the rivalry which was the allegory of his own subjective struggle.

"And those who heard the singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in the heart.

"But the great Master said, 'I see
No best in kind, but in degree.
I give a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen and to teach.

"'These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright,
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.'"

This was the ideal of that New England mind which flowered into the beauty of the New England life in those happy years before the great Civil War, when men thought they had found the promise of all good in the lasting peace which was to be the solvent of every grief and every fear. The hard old creeds had softened from duty to God into duty to man; the affirmation of justice in the Judge of all the earth had become the affirmation of love among men. The same strain heard ethically in Longfellow is heard mystically in Emerson, humorously in Lowell, lyrically in Whittier. Not to have somehow rendered allegiance to that ideal of New England, would have been for any poet of New England exile and suicide; such a poet would have been dateless and homeless. The art that did not strengthen, and that did not teach, was the art that did not charm, and that formed the only discord.

But, like other rules drawn from practice, the rule laid down in "The Singers" was not the rule that always, or that oftenest, governed Longfellow in his poetry. The formulation of any faith in a creed is the beginning of question, and when Longfellow declared himself in behalf of the art which strengthens and teaches his own art was becoming more and more the art that charms. Perhaps he had remotely and obscurely felt this; from time to time he may have had a bad conscience in the delight of beauty alone, and wished to make his peace with the ideal of his time and place. The conjecture becomes fantastic if we push it; but it is interesting to note how, in certain of his most popular poems, which are often his best, the ethical strain seems an afterthought, and the moral is as plainly a tag as any text

coming out of the mouth of a saint in an archaic picture. "The Village Blacksmith" is entirely a poem, if you leave off the needless last two stanzas in which it becomes a homily. The like may be said of "The Norman Baron"; "The Fire of Driftwood" charms solely till you come to the last stanza. Other familiar pieces have the same excellence and the same defect. The "Excelsior" is frankly an allegory, though it moves, if any one will read it simply, like a veritable passage of the human story. Many poems, like "The Belfry of Bruges," are each a blend of that which charms with that which teaches or strengthens. At the same time that Longfellow was writing such pieces, which, however we love them for their essential beauty and however dear we hold them because they have become part of ourselves, we must feel are hurt artistically by the open ethical endeavor in them; he was writing other pieces, as popular, which are without alloy of sermoning, which are pure singing, pure imagining. Take "The Burial of the Minnesink," simple, fine, absolute; "The Skeleton in Armor," a picturesque dramatization of the most shadowy of suggestions; "The Slave's Dream," with its glorious pageantry; "The Quadroon Girl," in restraint of its insurpassable pathos; and you shall seek in vain for any trace of preaching.

Longfellow's talent was graced by a scholarship so hospitably responsive to the appeal of what was beautiful, in any aspect of literature or of nature, that we are continually tempted to forget how deeply Puritan he was by race and tradition, and how, when he withdrew from the thought of the pleasant things he had seen in many lands and read in many languages, it must have been to find himself, as it were, in a silent chamber darkened by the shadow of the ancestral wilderness, and very remote from the gayety of Spanish suns and the warmth of German stoves. We hardly realize how very introspective he was, and how much given, in the old Puritanic fashion, to self-question, to the interrogation of his motives, and to the judgment of his actions. Of all our poets, he had lived most in the world, both at home and abroad, and, until such a sorrow as comes to few sequestered him for a time, he lived rather constantly in it; he harmlessly and wisely enjoyed it; yet, again and again, he turned from it to ask his soul of that other and greater world within, which in some hour every man frequents with joy or fear. There is no token of belief in any state of expiation or fruition in these questionings; yet

in such poems as "Mezzo Cammin," "Epimetheus," "Prometheus," "Victor and Vanquished," "Memories," which I name not meaning to leave out others, and meaning above all to include his great and beautiful "Morituri Salutamus," he confesses himself, and invokes upon his sin of commission or omission whatever penance seems just, or else gives himself absolution as part of the inevitable and the involuntary in the cosmic frame. In other words, his art was essentially religious art, as religious as Dante's, as Milton's, as Wordsworth's.

It has been with surprise, in my latest reading of his verse, that I have seen how intensely Longfellow has said himself in the intimate things in which a man may say himself without shame. These are pure utterances of personal feeling, but their effect is in that high ether where the personal is sensible of mergence in the universal, purified of what is transient, impermanent, extrinsic. It has been noted that, among all his poems, there is only one that may be called a love poem; but a great many of them are poems of feeling such as comes before passion, and endures with it and remains after it, and is the clear note of supreme song, in which childhood and manhood and age find themselves joined. It is among these poems of pure feeling, personal, universal, eternal, that Longfellow's art wholly frees itself from the sense not only of technic, of material, but of ethical purpose. As you read poems like the "Hymn to the Night," "The Two Angels," "My Lost Youth," the group of sonnets called "Three Friends of Mine," "My Books," "A Nameless Grave" and, above all, "Changed," you are pierced with that anguish

> "Whose balsam never grew,"

yet you are consoled only and taught only by the common pathos in which your peculiar pang is lost. "The Bridge," so well known, and "The Bridge of Cloud," which merits to be so well known, both in their different, but not very different, sorts, quite absolutely appeal, and the one in its human sympathy is not simpler and clearer than the other in its expression of an artistic mood. If we are always asking this poetic effect to be something apparently unqualified by striving and wholly released from circumstancing and conditioning, I think we have our desire in the pure emotion of "Aftermath."

> "When the summer fields are mown,
> When the birds are fledged and flown,

And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow,
And gather in the aftermath.

"Not the sweet new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixt with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom."

The pathos of this cannot be more apparent to age than to youth; it is the pathos of mortality by which our life is haunted from beginning to end; and youth foreknows it, as fully as age knows it. It is mastered here in an effect so self-contained, so completed, so poised, that a syllable more or a syllable less would disturb its delicate balance. A poet is not only imaginative for what he does, but for what he makes us do, for the imagination which he creates in us, and Longfellow has this magic power upon us in a score of pieces, in a hundred passages, through a sort of spiritual intimacy, which owns us close akin, whether we are young or old, great or mean, so only we are mortal; and which, in some lines of his written when he was an ageing man near his death, constrains us with wonderful self-restraint through the common experience.

"Four by the clock and not yet day;
But the great world rolls and wheels away,
With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,
Into the dawn that is to be!

"Only the lamp in the anchored bark
Sends its glimmer across the dark,
And the heavy breathing of the sea
Is the only sound that comes to me."

This brief sigh of lonely patience is of imaginative force not only to bring us within the circle of the poet's consciousness, but to make each of us its centre. It is on the face of it mere statement, mere recognition, but it is the finest art; the power of imparting emotion, unhindered by apparent effort, can have no effect beyond it.

I should like to quote from the sonnets called "Three Friends of Mine," that one on Agassiz, but I cannot do so without fear that the context will give an undue sense of what was the more moving in Longfellow's verse because his dominant mood was so far from despondent.

"I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.
The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean's floor,
The willows in the meadow and the free,
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;
Then why shouldst thou be dead and come no more?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?"

It is as if the eternal primitive in Agassiz called to the eternal primitive in Longfellow, and he could not help responding in the simplicity of this touching lament. It is something very timeless, very placeless, unless you choose to say it is of any time and any place. The gray Homeric head, lifted in pathetic interrogation of the pale sky of the Nahant shore, might convertibly, in the unchanging round of human experience, seem challenging the same dumb mystery beside the Chian strand. After all the centuries of the race's story; after the optimistic faith of the man, and his many resolute affirmations of a meaning beyond the meaningless, the long-hoping spirit is clouded in the doubt which comes to each in his turn, and the poet implores the friend he has lost, as if they were parted in the earliest dawn of the world:

"Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?"

Simplicity, though I have used it so often, is not quite the word for the condition of Longfellow's art. If ever the artist was unconscious, he cannot be so now, after the innumerable generations of conscious men; but he can still be unaffected, and Longfellow was, above everything and before everything, unaffected. His sincerity was without these alloys of motive, those grudges and vanities which debase and limit our universality and dwarf

us from men to individuals. He had always imagined in his loyalty to his native air, a sort of duty he had to give his country, a poem which should be not only worthily, but distinctively American, and such a poem he did give her in the "Evangeline." He gave it on his own terms, of course, and this most American, and hitherto first American, poem of anything like epic measure, remains without rival, without a companion.

The poet's art in mere story-telling is admirably structural in it; he builds strongly and symmetrically, as he always does, though sometimes the decoration with which he heaps the classic frame distracts us from the delight of its finely felt proportion. Here again he is entirely unaffected, while being as far from simplicity as convention itself can go. The characters are not persons, but types: the lovers, the old fathers, the notary, the village priest, the neighbors one and all, are types like the figures in little eighteenth-century tales, or the older-fashioned operas. But the poet brings to them his tender sense of their most moving story, and he so adds his own genuine nature to theirs that they live as truly and strongly as if they had each been studied from people of the real world, to an effect of such heartache in the witness as is without its like in poetry.

By an instinct which never failed him in mere technic, he chose a form of verse which other poets had successively rendered more and more repulsive to the English ear, and he so endeared it to the sense that it remains inseparable from the story and the pathos of the story. As unerringly as he employed the dactyls and spondees of the "Evangeline," he employed the trochees of the "Hiawatha," and made his reader as fully at home in the one measure as in the other. That somewhat of primitive, of elemental, in him, always consistent with his scholarship and his gentle worldliness, lent itself to the need of the wild legends, and realized them to the imagination of an alien age and race through an art entirely frank in its mannerisms. An epic of our Indian life could not have been possible without the consciousness with which the poet so unaffectedly approached it, and he boldly availed himself of the reliefs to the seriousness of his theme with which the quaint and whimsical, the childish, quality of savage fancy had invested its episodes. Yet his freedom did not infringe in these; by their means it emancipated the more

to their due effect the main incidents which are originally and ultimately of epic solemnity. His art was creatively at work before the work visibly began; and without a prescience of the fittest ways and means, it could not have embodied itself in the beauty it invented.

I feel the same concerning the "Evangeline," and concerning "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and "The Tales of a Wayside Inn," and the many and many tales and stories and anecdotes and allegories, from every region of his wide reading, with which the poet's all-pervading and ever-kindling interest made so much human association a part of his own life and of ours.

In the beginning, and at times after the beginning, he perhaps — but I am not sure of this — loved best the tale which would teach something, or would turn in the telling into a parable. But more and more, as time passed and eternity approached, he seemed to choose or to be chosen by the passages of experience or the plays of fancy which invited no exegesis, and scarcely suffered any, but which were enough in themselves for any occasion of the reader's profit or pleasure.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish" is such a story and in its lower level of comedy is of a perfection which the "Evangeline" does not always keep on its heights of tragedy. It is as humorously as that is pathetically imagined, and in the handling of the same verse it shows more of what is like native ease and colloquial habit. It does not matter, for the poetic verity, whether the original anecdote is questionable or not; but it matters everything that an image of a little remote and very simple world, broke off from the English stony, and stranded on our wild New England shore, should take us with a sweet enchanting probability far beyond any force of fact.

It is in an advance beyond the "Evangeline" that the people of the "Miles Standish" tend to be more of characters and less of types, though so typical, so universal, so eternal in their personal relation that no lovers of any time could fail to read themselves into the hero and heroine.

Like the "Evangeline" and the "Hiawatha" it has the unity of design which is wanting to "The Tales of a Wayside Inn," where the pictures are set successively in such a frame as many artists have used before, each having to make its

effect with the spectator, unaided by strong common relation. But what charming pictures they are, how good every one in its way! "Paul Revere's Ride," "King Robert of Sicily," "The Saga of King Olaf," "The Birds of Killingworth," "The Bell of Atri," "Lady Wentworth," "The Baron of St. Castine," "Elizabeth," "The Rhyme of Sir Christopher"; what life do not these dear names stir within that death which each of us becomes who has outlived his youth! The poet tells again some strange or familiar story, something far-brought in date or place from the reaches of his measureless reading, or found in the memories of his first years, and each story takes his quality, and renews or matures itself at his touch. It has been noted to me by a friend whose critical sense is of one kind with his poetic insight, how whatever Longfellow said became his own in that unmistakable voice of his, which, when you heard it, left you in no doubt who was speaking, no matter who had spoken the like thing before. If one must not say that his voice is more distinctly heard in those poetic tales than in his larger utterances, one feels a peculiar pleasure in its sound there, such as no other story-teller's has, charm never so sweetly, so wisely.

I have sometimes been ready to say that Longfellow was likest himself in these most lovable moments; but I have found that in every master excellence is more varied than we are apt to fancy it; and so I cannot say more than that these things are very like him.

There is a fine aoristic quality in them, so that in his verse the sinking of the "Cumberland" by the Confederate ironclad in Hampton Roads becomes an event of one poetic contemporaneity with any event of the remotest time or place which takes his fancy or kindles his feeling.

This aoristic quality, you might contend, was his invention, his most original contribution; but then what shall you say of the delicate impressionism of some such a piece as "Afternoon in February," a picture all in delicate gray tones, but as like nature as anything you could look at out of your window? Or what of that brave delight in the "Lines to an Old Danish Song Book?" Or of the gentle, compassionate dejection in the exquisite poem called "Weariness"? Or of the descriptions and characterizations in "Evangeline"? Or of the perfect poselessness of the sonnets,

one and all? Or of the wild melancholy thrill in "My Lost Youth"? Or of the subtle analysis of quiet waiting for the poetic impulse in the lines called "Becalmed"? They are all alike like Longfellow. Some one else might have written them perhaps; but I believe not.

Longfellow wished above everything to be true; and the constant pressure of his genius was towards clarifying his emotion and simplifying his word. He must choose in the end rather to be with the Greeks than with the Goths in building the lofty rhyme, and in the architecture of his later period he gave us oftener the repose of the temple than the aspiration of the minster. A certain sculptural bareness which one feels, at times, is perhaps the farthest reach of this tendency. When the critic and poet, already cited, said as we talked in our equal love of Longfellow, "Every now and then I come upon a verse in him which is a line of prose," I could not deny it. Of course, Longfellow wrote prose in the form of verse, and so did Tennyson, and so did Milton, and so, too, did Wordsworth, and Byron and Shelley, and Browning, and Emerson. Shakespeare himself wrote quantities of prose in rhythmical shape, and very often not even his own prose. I think that the prose of Longfellow's verse in his later period was the effect of much-questioned and long-meditated art. He felt that it did not matter whether he cast his thought in rhythm, or after the usage of the Elizabethan drama let it go without modulation.

In his earlier work, as in his earlier taste, he was very Romantic, or to use an apter word, Gothic; but he became more and more Hellenic. It will be interesting for those who are interested in this point, to contrast his earliest dramatic piece, "The Spanish Student," with the later, and almost latest, attempts in that form, "The New England Tragedies." In the first, Chispa and Baltasar speak their drolleries in unmodulated prose, as Shakespeare's clowns do; in the last Kempthorn and Butter express themselves in the blank verse which the poet subdues to the occasions of their level.

But the whole is of a simplicity in the words which the passion of the drama lifts out of vulgar associations. Say what we will of the inadequacy of these dramas as we imagine them across the footlights, there can hardly be just question of their high solemnity, their sombre and serious beauty. Longfellow would not have been

Longfellow if he had not wished to touch our hearts in them, not only as men, but also as fellow men, and have us feel the ache which wrings the soul in the presence of mistaken or unjust suffering a thousand years ago with a grief as fresh and keen as that in which we read ourselves into the martyr who died yesterday. The fact that the pieces are not theatricable does not of itself impeach their dramatic quality, and I do not know that the poet could have given them any narrative shape without loss to the beauty, in which they were imagined. As they show in his final disposition, the New England Tragedies form the climax of the larger dramatic whole which he called "Christus: A Mystery," and in which he, perhaps too arbitrarily, assembles with them "The Divine Tragedy" and "The Golden Legend." The poet's design is clear enough, and each part is firmly wrought, but the parts are *welded,* not *fused,* together. In "The Golden Legend," his love of the humor and pathos of old Germanic and Latin lands, where the generous American of his day so fondly dwelt, plays so long that the fancy wearies a little; and the meaning of the fable more nebulously than his wont.

He is more truly, with all his love of the mediæval past, at home in his native air, and the "New England Tragedies" are more convincing than either of the other parts. "The Divine Tragedy" is, in fact, the story of Christ dialogized from the different Gospels, with an occasional light of legend cast sparingly and skilfully upon it. The curious interest of noting how wonderfully at the artist's touch the very words of the Evangelists fall into rhythmical order, and breathe a music not imagined in them before, takes the mind too often from the larger intention of the work.

Unquestionably, it is the triumph of his skyey spirit, but æsthetically the trilogy falls into a place below his highest level, with lifts at moments to that level.

Of course in speaking of Longfellow's art one does not speak of craftsmanship, of technic; that is as insensibly present as the air we breathe; and there are other traits of his mastery to which he so accustoms us that we are scarcely more conscious of them. In his mind there was a perfect clearness, and in his verse there is never the clouded word which embodies the clouded thought. All is limpid which flows from that source, whether

the current sparkles over shallows in the gayety which was sometimes his mood, or flows into the sunny or shadowy depths, where the light and dark are alike transparent. His spirit took the whole normal, simple, universal humanity into its embrace, and his art was like it. He did not love metaphysical subtleties or analytical scrutinies; the telescope that brought the heavens near to the homes of man might be in his hand, but not the microscope that revealed the morbid motion of their hearts. Such characters as he painted were typical, whether they were imaginary studies or were the accepted portraits of people far in time or space thronging his memory from his world-wide acquaintance with literature, and asking for some moment of the *dolce lomo* of his verse. To the mind's eye he presents himself like one of these: a large, sincere and unaffected presence, full of a kindness stayed by gentle dignity.

No poet uttered more perfectly what was characteristically best in his own time and none ever informed that time more perfectly with the good and the truth which were in himself. In his deep sense of his responsibility to something beyond and above the finest hedonism he stood with some of the greatest poets. If he was ethical, so was Dante, so was Milton, so was Goethe, so was Shakespeare himself when he was writing "Macbeth" and "Hamlet"; so is the supreme genius of fiction, that Tolstoy who has but now accused Shakespeare of being, as Emerson said of him, "after all, only the *master* of the revels." It is not necessary to compare Longfellow with these poets in order to ascertain the balance between the ethical and the æsthetic in him.

I will only say for myself that I find the pieces in which he charms and teaches far outnumbering those in which he teaches and charms; that first he is an artist and then a moralist. It was so from the beginning; but there was recurrently with these two kinds a middle species, in which he lapsed from the lyric to the didactic; and, though the lyrical prevailed with him more and more, the very last of the poems which he is known to have written, "The Bells of San Blas," returns to the explicit intentionality of some of his earlier pieces, while it is characteristically graced with that tender feeling for the past, for the alien, in which error and truth are reconciled and the consolation flows from their reconcilement.

"Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each its different path, but drawing nearer and near,
Rush together at last,"—

These different strains of the poet's art meet in his dying song, as they meet in no other song, and flow together into the evening sky beyond which we know there is night, and beyond which we hope there is morning.

W. D. HOWELLS.

REMAINING CAUSES OF INDIAN DISCONTENT.

BY JOHN M. OSKISON.

WHEN the White River Utes left their reservation in Utah recently in angry protest against the Government's allotment of their land, they attracted attention to a vanishing type of discontented Indian.

Only one big distinctively Indian problem—the distribution of Indian Trust and Treaty Funds—remains to be settled by Congress. Others, such as irrigation for arid and semi-arid lands occupied by the tribes, the menace of tuberculosis, the supplying of good day-schools, the blight of the liquor traffic, and the overreaching arm of the speculator in oil, mineral and grazing lands, are in some measure the problems of all the West. Continued urging by the Indian Office and the friends of Indian progress is resulting in a merger of the tribesman with his white neighbors and a sinking of the reservation problem in the community problem. Nine out of ten "reservation" Indians are self-supporting. Five of these nine are working in competition with white laborers, mechanics, farmers and stock-raisers of the West. The other four are doing work, more or less well, provided by the Government in place of pauperizing rations. Except for the children in Government schools, and the old, sick and infirm, few Indians now live on the direct bounty of Congress.

The Indian as a landholder is familiar, but as a capitalist he is not so well known. Yet there is in the United States Treasury to the credit of some 53,000 Indians of sixty tribes more than $35,000,000. Nearly all of this is in the form of Trust Funds, held, in varying amounts, for these tribes, only the interest being paid from year to year. The money has come from the sale of land from time to time.

When the land allotment law was passed, in 1887, it was bitterly opposed by the tribes. Later, it became a popular measure with the progressive Indians who were ambitious to distinguish themselves as individuals. This ambitious Indian wants the Trust Funds segregated so that they may be paid, in proportionate share, to every individual who is qualified to use his share. Next to the Dawes allotment law of 1887, this legislation will do most to break up the old communal life that has been nursed by the Government's reservation policy. Holding vast areas of land "in common," with no opportunity to secure private ownership, made the Indians feel as if they were heirs to an estate in chancery. There was no incentive to develop a community-holding; reservations were leased to cattlemen and farmers who had no interest in their ultimate improvement. Upon the allotment of tribal lands, this prop is knocked from under the Indian: the problem of getting a living becomes a personal problem.

That other prop, the tribal fund, should be removed. To illustrate: So long as a member of the Osage tribe knows that he is one of 2,000 heirs to a fund of $8,360,000, and that his proportionate share of interest at five per cent. on this tribal fund will be paid to him regularly, he feels no spur to become a producing member of his community. If it were permitted, however, to set aside Frank Corndropper's share of the $8,360,000 and pay it over when he could convince the Government that he is qualified to use it, Frank Corndropper would bestir himself. His example would be followed by Fred Labadie, and by Black Eagle, and by others, until every separate account between the United States Treasury and the Osage Indians would be closed out. Until that is done, no Osage can be made to realize that he is a competitor of the white man in any vital sense.

Legislation designed to segregate Indian funds has been urged upon Congress for years. At Washington, however, the fear of opening a way for exploiters of the Indians has blocked this needed measure. The conscience of their guardian is as tender towards these wards now as it once was lethargic. Last year Representative Lacey of the House Committee on Indian Affairs introduced a bill into Congress authorizing the President in his discretion to allot tribal funds and open separate accounts with individuals. The bill was amended in the Senate to allow the President to designate individuals of a tribe who had shown

the capacity to use money wisely, as allottees of tribal funds. But this would leave a common fund to be divided later, and would not meet the views of the Indians' well-wishers. Unsatisfactory as the amended bill was, however, the Indian Office urged it as a first step. But the measure failed of enactment.

Certain "Treaty" funds, derived usually from "agreements to be good," the income from which is available, but the principal of which has never been appropriated by Congress, should also be capitalized and segregated. Periodical payments of interest on these funds, usually in trifling sums, serve to remind the Indian that he is still a dependent. For example, the Oneidas of Wisconsin, more than two thousand in number, are entitled to the annual payment of $1,000. The majority of them are farmers. They live well, in neat houses, and their children are at school. In no way do they require the material help of the Government. Yet once a year the whole tribe is called away from home to draw forty-eight cents apiece!

Whether the yearly dole be forty-eight cents, interest on a Treaty Fund, or $350, earned by the large Osage Trust Fund, the objection to it holds. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has clearly indicated that as long as tribal funds remain undivided "the Government has no way of setting free and closing the door behind any Indian who is able fully to care for his own." That the way back to idleness and dependence should be left open is a legitimate cause for complaint among the modern Indians.

Of the fifty-one and a half millions of acres of land occupied by the "reservation" Indians, nearly thirty-two millions lie within the States and Territories of Arizona, New Mexico, California, Nevada, Utah, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana. Ten and a half millions more are included in the Dakotas. In all these eleven States and Territories irrigation is a vital subject, and in most it is counted upon to make whatever future lies before them. Nearly seventeen millions of acres of Arizona's huge area are owned by Indians; not one acre in a thousand is arable without water. The same is true of the million seven hundred thousand acres of Indian land in New Mexico. Most of the seven and a half millions of acres held by the Montana tribes will not be productive without irrigation. Idaho's nine hundred and fifty thousand acres, and Wyoming's million seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of tribal holdings are mainly arid

and semi-arid. The ten millions of acres in the Dakotas include great tracts of drought-smitten land. How vital, therefore, to the modern, progressive Indian a vigorous irrigation policy is can be understood from these figures.

The white man with whom the Indian must expect to compete in the West is having his irrigation needs attended to by the Government; the Reclamation Service is working at top speed, hampered only by the difficulty of getting workmen, and its plans are enlarging marvellously. But the Reclamation Service has nothing to do with putting water on Indian lands except in a half-dozen instances where a part of a reservation happens to fall within a big project. To the Indian Office is left the task of making arid Indian lands productive, and the Indian Office is severely handicapped for the task. Until two years ago only Indian funds could be used to construct irrigation works; last year and the year before Congress appropriated $185,000 "for construction of ditches and reservoirs, purchase and use of irrigation tools and appliances, and purchase of water rights on reservations." The sum is a paltry one. It will all be needed to outfit surveyors and to "begin to get ready to dig."

Thus far the Government's work in supplying water to the reservations has been of a haphazard character. It has been undertaken, not primarily to make the cactus desert and the sage-brush plain blossom, but to provide work for able-bodied Indians in lieu of rations. Whole systems built under this policy have been swept away by floods. In the cases of the Mission Indians of California and the Pimas of Arizona, the Indian Office has not been able even to protect the tribesmen in their use of water that had been theirs for years. White settlers above the reservations calmly appropriated the flow that had made the Mission Indians and the Pimas prosperous and self-supporting, and the Indian Office saw these people beggared. With the best intentions in the world, the Indian Office can make only the weakest showing with its own Reclamation Service. In the last report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, eleven separate projects for putting water on reservations are described; in but a single instance was it possible to record more than the merest beginning.

Seven years ago the agent for the Pine Ridge Sioux in South Dakota reported that the annual average death-rate on the reservation was fifty-two per thousand. Last year, Dr. J. R. Walker,

one of the two agency physicians, reported that this rate had been reduced to thirty-two per thousand. The difference represents a saving due to Dr. Walker's long campaign against ignorance of sanitary laws. So successful has this campaign been that last year the Indians themselves collected all but a small fraction of the money needed to publish in their native Dakotah language a pamphlet describing a clean, well-regulated home, and instructing home-builders in drainage and ventilation.

The change from tepee to cabin has cost scores of lives, and is likely to cost thousands more. The old Indian camp was frequently changed; the wind blowing through the tents counteracted the effects of lax sanitation. When the cabin was built and the permanent home on the allotment established, the Indian did not realize the necessity for changing his habits of life. Filthy, overcrowded, overhot shanties breed tuberculosis. Ignorance of "civilized" clothes, leading to the wearing of thick garments in summer and thin garments in winter as often as the other way about, makes pneumonia a serious menace. Ignorance of the meaning of quarantine leads to epidemics that carry off a much larger percentage of victims than among the whites.

It has been impossible for the government's physicians to teach the newly-housed Indian how to live. Their time is fully occupied with the urgent cases. On the Pine Ridge reservation, for example, which is approximately the size of Connecticut, there are two doctors to look after the health of 7,000 Sioux. Neither of these has been supplied with surgical instruments; indeed, surgery, so far as the Bureau of Indian affairs is concerned, might never have been practised. Still, the modern Indian does not complain that doctors are scarce, for in all of the thinly settled West the doctor is a rare visitor. His just cause for discontent is that he has been urged to build a house and wear "store clothes" without being told how to live under a roof and save woollen underclothes for cold weather. Agents, agency physicians, school superintendents and field matrons continue to send in alarming reports, showing the spread of the "white plague" among the tribes. They emphasize the importance of a campaign of instruction, and they point out the immediate need of a sanitarium and school in the Southwest where all consumptive Indians, adults and children, may be sent.

It is important, if the "white man's West" and the Indian's

West are to merge, that the children of Indian parents shall be educated, wherever possible, in the same schools with white boys and girls. A few of the progressive men in the tribes realize this, though the average Indian does not. From reports made to the Bureau at Washington it is found that about 450 public schools are either on reservations or near enough to permit Indian children to attend. In case a public school takes a reservation pupil, the Government agrees to pay to the county authorities the proportionate cost of its teaching. Last year, however, only ninety-four contracts of this kind were made—ninety-four Indian children enrolled in the common public schools out of a total, in Government, mission and non-reservation contract schools, of 29,500. To the Indian's own indifference this small showing is mainly due, but there exists in the West, besides, a strong prejudice against seating an Indian child beside a white child.

The Westerner's aversion to the reservation pupil is unfortunate. It discourages the newer type of Indian, for no one sees clearer than he the need for beginning the process of merger at the earliest possible moment. He has accepted in good faith the doctrine that his tribal life must be changed, that he must become in every sense a competitor of the white man. The logical result of such a recognition of superior wisdom would be to secure that wisdom, along with the white man, at a common source. In theory, the public-school authorities of the West agree; in many cases Indian children are included in the State scholastic census, and funds are apportioned as though the doors of the schools were not shut to the little shy people. A small cloud now, this prejudice will assume a very real importance as the tribesmen come to closer grips with their white neighbors.

In the bill of complaint filed against their white neighbors and the Government by the modern "reservation" Indians, the usurer and the trickster, familiar pests in the white man's West, are cited as defendants. These have succeeded the conscienceless old traders. Their methods are different, but their aim is the same—to strip the ignorant Indian of everything that can be obtained. In his report to the Indian Office in 1905, Colonel Randlett, one of the best Indian agents in the service, in charge of the Kiowa agency in Oklahoma, cites an interesting case. An Oklahoma bank official was arrested for trespassing on the reservation. His business there, he explained, was to collect interest on loans

made to Indians. On inquiry, it was found that these loans bore interest at any rate between 150 and 3,360 per cent.

The case was not an isolated one, wrote Colonel Randlett. "This practice of extorting usurious rates of interest (from the Indians) is not confined to the despised professional gamblers, but is generally found to be a habit of senior officials of National as well as State banks." Wherever periodical payments are made to tribes, or where personal property can be secured as pledges, loan sharks thrive, and it is not an unreasonable demand the Indians make who want to be protected from them.

Trickery of another kind is reported by the agent in charge of the Shawnee, Pottawottomi and Kickapoo reservation in Oklahoma. In an Act of Congress approved March 3, 1905, restrictions were removed from the allotments of seven Kickapoo Indians. Six of these lay adjacent to the growing town of Shawnee, and are of exceptional value as town-site additions. The agent declares that "unless some legal steps are taken to prevent the passing of title from the Indians interested, they will soon have lost property worth no less than $100,000. This matter certainly represents a gigantic fraudulent scheme." It is accepted by the intelligent Indians as well as their well-wishers among the whites that the only way to teach the tribesman the value of land and money is to let him use it. But this does not mean connivance with sharpers. It does not mean, as in the case of the Colville Indians in Washington, allowing white men to go upon a reservation and "locate" a farm under pretence of working the claim as a placer mine. Captain Webster, in charge of the Colville agency, hints that "here is a fine field for an expert to trap a conscienceless lot of individuals and corporations who regard Government holdings as legitimate prey."

Between the liquor-seller and the Government the old quarrel over the right of an Indian to buy whiskey has reached a threatening stage. The Supreme Court held, in a recent decision, that it is not against the law to sell liquor to an Indian who has taken his allotment, and, by that act, become a citizen of the United States. An Act of Congress, long relied upon by the Indian Office to keep the Indian and whiskey apart, was by this decision declared unconstitutional. It was declared to be an infringement upon the rights of citizens. In spite of the decision, the Indian Office has declared that an allotted Indian must go out-

side the reservation, or off his allotment, to buy liquor. It is anticipated that the whiskey-sellers will keep up the fight and attempt to secure the removal of the remaining restrictions. No one is more interested than the modern Indian in the efforts of the Indian Office to put off the time for letting the tribesman have free access to the saloons until he has become a competing factor in the life of his community. No one is more concerned over the victories of the liquor-sellers. Whiskey flows toward all frontiers, and is one of the "civilizing influences" that is resisted by white men as vigorously as by the shrewd Indian who wishes to preserve his race as industrial competitors.

When the trust periods begin to expire on allotments already taken by the Indians, as they will in five years, there will be confusion. Questions of heirship that should have been settled long ago will involve Indians in costly litigation. A majority perhaps of the allottees will have died in the trust periods. Who is to inherit? Registers of marriages and records of family relationships are wofully incomplete, and there looms ahead endless costly suits among claimants, with only the lawyers to profit thereby. Left to themselves, the Indians had no incentive to record their family histories. It is a necessity imposed upon them by the adoption of our laws, and it is a just cause for complaint that the making of these records has been neglected.

The bill of complaint contains many minor counts, such as the new greed of the monopolists who are allowed to trade with the Indians, the costly restrictions on the sale of inherited Indian lands, and the demoralizing "work system." Certain of these counts are directed against a Government that is striving with honesty and vigor to satisfy its wards, and some against the white civilization that surrounds the Indian. In its body, the bill is in striking contrast to those so often drawn in the last half-century. To an extraordinary degree, it embodies the complaints heard by the alert traveller in any part of the sparsely settled West, whether Indian reservation or white settlement. It is significant as indicating the practical disappearance of the old "Indian question," and more significant as a sign that the tribesman is becoming a factor in his community.

JOHN M. OSKISON.

THE CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKES.

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THE past year has been an exceptional one in the annals of seismology. First San Francisco, then Valparaiso, and now Kingston have been devastated by the shaking of the earth. Naturally, the partial destruction of three populous cities in the Western Hemisphere, within nine months, has aroused an interest in the subject of earthquakes wholly without parallel.

So dramatic has been the recent earthquake history, that a general feeling of alarm has arisen lest one's own home may next be visited. Much speculation has arisen as to the cause of the shaking, and parallels have been attempted between the individual shocks and volcanic eruptions more or less remote. It has come to be widely believed that the earth is passing through a period of unusual instability, and that catastrophe is imminent. Far more space than could be given here would be required even to enumerate the many explanations that have been proposed to account for this supposed unusual condition of the earth. The seen and the unseen, the known and the unknown have been appealed to. Magnetism and radium, sunspots and the moon have all figured in the hypotheses put forward.

Seismologists do not share either the popular apprehension or the wide-spread belief in the earth's unusual instability. Professor John Milne, who, as chairman of the seismological committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, has for years kept records of the occurrence and strength of earthquake shocks, has recently stated that there are about sixty world-shaking earth tremors each year. By this is meant such shocks as destroy buildings near the centre of disturbance, and send out waves which are recorded by seismographs the world over.

The unusual feature of the past year has been, not an increase in the number of world-shaking earthquakes, but the occurrence of three of the normal sixty near large centres of population. The other fifty-seven have attracted little or no public attention, either because they did no damage to life and property, or because their effects were felt in regions occupied by people in whom we have little interest.

That within so short a period three large cities have been stricken by the shaking of the earth, must be set down as a coincidence, due to the unfortunate location of three of the great earthquakes of the year; or, shall we not rather say, to the unfortunate location of the cities themselves? Looking back over the records, we find abundant reason to expect each of these cities to be visited by the devastation of the earthquake. On a map of earthquake destruction, each of the cities lies in one of the most heavily shaded parts.

San Francisco is a very young city, but even in its short life, in addition to innumerable minor tremors and slight shocks, there have been a number of quakes of sufficient strength to do damage. The shock of 1898 destroyed a third of a million dollars' worth of property at Mare Island, and damaged many buildings in the city; that of 1868 was of such violence that, had the city then had the area and population of 1906, it would, without much doubt, have been sufficiently destructive to rank as one of the great earthquakes that have occurred in this country. It takes a long time for the strain to accumulate sufficient strength to generate a great earthquake, and San Francisco's history is altogether too brief to warrant the assumption that even the shock of 1906 is the most destructive that that region is capable of.

The coast of Peru and Chile has again and again been visited by destructive earthquakes; and Valparaiso has been devastated more than once. One of the most frightful of modern earthquakes occurred in Jamaica in 1692, when Port Royal, situated on the sand bar at the entrance to Kingston Harbor, was engulfed. Other shocks of violence have also occurred in this island. Thus, in each of these cities, the last earthquake is only one of a series; and the strange feature is not that there have been earthquakes, but that the recurrence of shaking should have happened to affect all three in a single year.

Earthquakes form one of the most inviting phases of geological

study. To their investigation, therefore, a large body of men have devoted a part or all of their time.

Out of all the mass of works relating to earthquakes, it is perhaps not fair to select one for special commendation; yet I believe that most students of seismology will agree with me in the opinion that the one great, epoch-making book on the subject is the recently published "*Les Tremblements de Terre*," by Count de Montessus de Ballore, major of artillery in the French army. Count de Montessus has made it almost a life work to study the distribution of earthquakes, and the ripe results of this study have been published in his recent treatise.

Up to the year 1903, he finds records of 159,784 earthquakes. The plotting of these on a map of the world brings out the striking fact, already known in a general way, that far the greater part of the earth is free from the frequent visitation of earthquakes, and practically immune from violent shocks. Of the nearly one hundred and sixty thousand recorded earthquakes, ninety-four per cent. have occurred in two narrow, well-defined bands forming great circles, and crossing each other at two points. Not all parts of the belts are equally liable to earthquakes, but in them occur almost all the world-shaking earthquakes.

One of these belts, in which has occurred fifty-three per cent. of all recorded shocks, is called by de Montessus the "Mediterranean," or "Alpine-Caucasus-Himalayan," belt. It swings roughly east and west about the earth, and includes the Mediterranean region, Asia Minor, the Caucasus, the Himalayas, the East Indies, Central America, and the West Indies. Where the belt crosses the oceans, little is known about its condition.

The second belt, called by de Montessus the "Circum-Pacific," or "Andes-Japanese-Malayan," belt, almost encircles the Pacific Ocean. Passing along the Andes, it crosses the other belt in the Central-American region, thence extends up the western coast of North America, passes across to Asia along the Aleutian chain, thence down through Kamchatka, the Japanese Islands, and the Philippines, and, crossing the Mediterranean belt in the East Indies, extends on to New Zealand. Forty-one per cent. of all recorded shocks occur in this belt.

All the rest of the world, that is, a surface scores of times greater than the combined area of these two belts, is the seat of

only six per cent. of all recorded shocks. As an indication that this small percentage is not the result of failure to keep records, it may be pointed out that the area where earthquakes are infrequent includes most of the well-settled parts of North and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, while a very considerable proportion of the two earthquake zones traverses sparsely settled portions of the earth.

One should not infer from the above figures that regions outside the earthquake belts are actually immune. In the case of the United States there are good reasons for believing that severe shocks are liable to occur in the Great Basin and Rocky Mountain region. East of the Rocky Mountains, shaking of a very minor character has been reported at many places; and in two or three localities there have been really vigorous shocks.

Eastern United States has, indeed, been visited by one earthquake, which, so far as can be judged from the meagre descriptions handed down to us, must be classed as of first rank. This earthquake, commencing late in the year 1811, devastated a part of the Mississippi Valley south of the mouth of the Ohio, being strongest in and about New Madrid. The shaking was repeated at intervals for more than a year, and the first and most violent shock is said to have been felt at points as remote as the West Indies in one direction and New York in the other. The region was sparsely settled and the destruction of property was therefore slight; but the descriptions of the pioneers make it clear that, should such a shock recur in the now well-settled region, the destruction of life and property would be appalling. That the earthquake forces have not completely died out in this section is proved by the fact that other shocks of lesser strength have visited it since 1812.

In the present state of our knowledge, it is probable that no seismologist would venture the prediction of immunity from earthquakes for any part of the globe; but it may be stated that, upon the basis of the records of past earthquakes, the United States east of the Rocky Mountains stands in as little danger from destructive visitations of earth-shaking as any portion of the earth's surface. Only in one locality, or possibly two, does there seem good ground for considering an earthquake of first rank among more than the remotest of possibilities.

The fact that some parts of the earth are peculiarly liable to

be shaken, while other and larger areas are practically free from danger of violent shocks, is, of course, definitely related to the cause of earthquakes. This question of cause divides itself into two parts: first, the immediate explanation of individual shocks, and, secondly, the underlying reason for the conditions by which the immediate cause is able to operate. Upon the first of these questions the work of geologists has thrown much light; as to the other, dealing as it does with the hidden interior of the earth, the answer is not yet found, but an army of workers is engaged in an attempt at its solution.

In general, it may be said that any jar in the earth's crust will cause an earthquake. An explosion of dynamite starts vibrations which pass through the rocks as the waves of an earthquake do. For example, when the passage at Hell Gate was cleared away, some years ago, by a great explosion, the shock was measured on the seismographs at Washington in one direction and Boston in the other. A landslide causes an earthquake; the falling of the roof of a cavern is another cause; and the snapping of rocks under slight strains another.

These are all minor causes for earthquakes, but they account for many of the small tremblings which are felt in a limited area. A much more important cause is volcanic action. The violent eruption of a volcano necessarily jars the earth round about; and even before the eruption shocks are liable to occur; for, as the pent-up lava rises toward the surface, it breaks the rock apart and the molten rock is forced violently into the fissures. This was well illustrated at Vesuvius just before its first great outbreak in historic times. As early as the year 63, A.D., a shock occurred of sufficient violence to injure seriously the buildings in Pompeii, and this damage was not fully repaired when, in 79, the great eruption destroyed and buried that city. As the period of eruption approached, the shocks became of more alarming frequency; and we have the word of Pliny the Younger for it, that the eruption itself was rendered all the more frightful by the rocking of the earth around the Bay of Naples.

Doubtless, if a new volcano should break forth at some point on the earth, its birth would be preceded by repeated earthquake shocks round about the centre of final outbreak; and it is not at all improbable that some of the earthquakes are due to the subterranean movements of lava at points where, as yet,

it has not succeeded in reaching the surface. It is a popular belief that all earthquakes are in some way connected with volcanoes, and when a great and destructive shock occurs, an effort is made to relate it in some way to volcanic activity. Thus, in both the San Francisco and Kingston earthquakes, as in the case of earlier ones, the press announced the outbreak of volcanoes in the neighboring mountains. Such reports were wholly without foundation.

As a matter of fact, while what we may call volcanic earthquakes are common enough, and locally of great violence, they are not usually world-shaking. The reason for this is that the blow which causes the shock strikes only a small area of the crust, and, while the jar may be powerful enough to shake severely the immediate vicinity, it is soon dissipated as its waves spread out from the small centre of disturbance. This being the case, when an earthquake of first violence occurs, and when the seismographs of all the world record it, and especially when it occurs in a non-volcanic region, like San Francisco and Kingston, the inference is at once drawn that it is probably due to some other cause than volcanic action.

This fact, together with the correctness of the inference, was illustrated in the case of the San Francisco earthquake. Immediately after the shock, the newspapers interviewed many geologists of the country who were thought to have knowledge of the subject, and, so far as I saw, to a man they assigned the correct cause for the catastrophe. It was well known that the Coast Ranges are a growing mountain chain; that the rocks there are in a state of strain; that this strain is being steadily increased; that, during the past history of the mountain growth, the strata have been broken and forced to move along the planes of breakage or fault planes; and that, when great masses of rock suddenly slide over one another, even though the movement be but a few feet, the grinding of the strata together must of necessity set the earth trembling. Naturally, therefore, geologists were unanimous in the statement that the San Francisco earthquake was probably due to a movement along one or more fault planes, and the result of normal mountain growth.

Since the earthquake, a State Commission has been carefully studying the facts, and they report that for at least 185 miles there has been a slip, on one side of which the mountains have

been moved bodily in relation to the other side. In this instance, the movement was mainly horizontal, instead of vertical as is normally the case. In places, the shifting amounted to only two or three feet, in others to as much as twenty feet. By it roads were dislocated, fences broken and moved apart, water-pipes separated and long furrows opened in the ground. The movement of a great block of the earth's crust from two to twenty feet, along a plane nearly 200 miles in length, and extending to an unknown depth, but probably thousands of feet, furnishes ample explanation of a shock whose vibrations reached the seismographs in all parts of the earth, and whose area of destruction extended 400 miles in one direction and fifty miles in the other.

There has not yet been a report upon the conditions accompanying the earthquakes of Valparaiso and Kingston; but it is a safe prediction to make that, when the necessary studies have been made, they, too, will be found to be the result of a slipping of the rocks along fault planes. This is the most common cause of violent earthquakes, and, in all probability, of lesser shocks as well. Again and again, when individual earthquakes have been studied, it has been found to be the cause. It has been my fortune to study the conditions associated with one of the most violent of modern earthquakes; and, since the evidence discovered is so clear, and has such direct bearing upon the fault origin of earthquakes, I will briefly outline it. This shock occurred in September, 1899, in and around Yakutat Bay, just southeast of the base of Mount St. Elias. It attracted almost no attention, though the newspapers of the Pacific Coast contained some accounts of it. Yet two of the shocks were so severe that they were recorded on the seismographs at points as remote as Tokio, Cape Town and Rome. In fact, in a recent paper, Dr. Oldham selects this almost unknown earthquake as one of the great modern world shocks. Only a few people were near the centre of shaking,—a party of prospectors camped in Yukutat Bay, and the inhabitants of a small Indian village at its mouth. The accounts of these people make it clear that for two weeks the ground was in a state of almost continuous disturbance, with occasional shocks of terrifying intensity during which it was quite impossible to stand.

Six years later I visited this bay, and to my surprise found the beaches around almost its entire shore elevated above the

present reach of the waves; and mussels, barnacles and other marine animals, dead but still clinging to the cliffs, far above high-water mark. It was evident enough that the coast had been hoisted bodily, and, of course, this meant that the mountains against whose base the beaches rested had been pushed up also. These conditions were studied along 100 miles of coast, and throughout most of its extent the beaches were found to be uplifted from three to ten feet; at one point they were raised fifteen to twenty feet; and along one coast, in a stretch of about three miles, the uplift was from thirty to forty-seven feet. The latter is the greatest uplift of the land so far recorded as having occurred in a single movement.

By plotting the observations on the change of level, it became evident that the movements had occurred along several fault lines, and that mountain blocks had been differentially uplifted, in one case, as stated, as much as forty-seven feet. Besides the major faults we found several areas of minor uplifts varying from a few inches to three or four feet. Professor John Milne, writing recently on this earthquake, says: "We do not know the magnitude of the masses involved, but, from measurements like those made by Messrs. Tarr and Martin (in Yakutat Bay), we may estimate them as being represented by one or two million cubic miles of rocky material." The sudden readjustment of this amount of rock material is a far more potent cause for violent earth-shaking than the greatest of volcanic explosions.

It is not to be inferred that only great shocks are due to slipping of rocks along fault planes. Striking examples have been selected solely because they present the best and clearest evidence. It is well known that minor slips and adjustments also occur along fault planes, some causing tremors so slight that they would not be known at all were it not for the records of delicate instruments. Such "microseisms" and minor shocks often precede, and almost invariably succeed, great earthquakes. They emanate from the same fault planes, and differ from the great shocks both in the extent of movement along the plane of faulting and in their frequency, for there are hundreds of minor tremors to one great quake. In fact, it is probable that frequent minor movements relieve the accumulating strain, and thus remove the danger of a sudden adjustment of such great extent as to cause a violent shock.

Geological studies of ancient fault planes give us a fair basis for understanding the movements in progress along those modern planes over which rocks are still slipping. In some of these faults the strata on one side have been pushed upward thousands of feet; but the change did not occur all at once. Doubtless, such a fault plane was the source of tens of thousands of shocks, mere tremors when the movement was slight, world-shaking quakes when the strata slipped a few feet along the plane. Near these great faults the rock is usually broken and crushed, showing the intense friction by which the earthquake waves are generated. All mountain regions in which the strata have been folded abound in faults. Where mountain growth is at an end, as in the Appalachians, movements along the planes have practically ceased, and thus a region once an undoubted centre of earthquake activity is now relatively free from such disturbances. But in those mountains which are growing, like the Andes, the Coast Ranges, and the West-Indian chain (in large part submerged), the strains that are causing mountains to rise are still forcing the rocks to move along fault planes.

Exactly what it is that is causing mountains to rise is a question upon which, at present, it is possible to offer only hypothesis. It is known that some mountains, once raised to great height, have not only ceased growing, but have been so long in that state that they have been worn down to low relief. Such is the condition of the mountains of eastern North America from Labrador to Alabama, and of western Europe from Scandinavia to southern England. During the ancient growth of these systems there were volcanoes, and from the evidence of faults, we infer, also, earthquakes. Now the scene is shifted and the same assemblage of growing mountains, volcanoes and earthquakes is present in the two earthquake belts already mentioned. Both volcanic activity and earth-shaking are intimately related to the growth of mountains now as in the past.

The question, therefore, of the ultimate cause of earthquakes, that is of their distribution in belts, is really the question, "What is the cause of mountains?" This is far too great a question for adequate discussion here, and, in fact, it is doubtful if such a discussion would be profitable, since at best, if properly treated, it would lead us only to a series of alternate hypotheses. It must be frankly stated that we do not know what the condition

of the earth's interior really is. Once it was believed to be liquid, later to be solid but highly heated; now we are confronted by the possibility that the heat is a result of radium emanations. The interior of the earth is wholly outside the range of direct observation; and inferences drawn upon its condition must depend upon indirect evidence.

On one point it is my belief that the evidence is clear and conclusive. This is that, whatever its exact condition, the interior upon which the visible rocky crust rests is a yielding mass, even tending to adjust itself to varying loads. It behaves somewhat like a liquid, and tends to maintain a state of isostatic equilibrium. If material is removed from the land, thereby lightening that portion of the crust, and transferred to the ocean bottom, weighing down the crust in that section, there is a down-sinking on the weighted sea floor, a thrust against the land and a rising of the lighter crust near the coast. There are some who believe that this action of isostacy is the main cause for mountain chains; but it seems to me that, while we must admit it as an actually operating cause, we are far from having proof that it is the sole or even the prime reason for mountain growth. A rival hypothesis is that of contraction of the heated globe: and there are other hypotheses also.

That the explanation of mountains has so far baffled investigators, is by no means proof that the problem is insoluble. Never before has it been attacked with such vigor, or by such a body of workers, as at the present day; and among these workers none have made more important contributions to the subject than seismologists. The Japanese have long been engaged in a scientific study of earthquakes; and the Italians have maintained seismological stations at numerous points. Germany, coming into the field later, has, with its characteristic scientific spirit, taken the lead in earthquake investigation on the Continent, with its central station at Strasburg.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science has established a special Seismological Committee, under the direction of Professor John Milne, long a leader in the study of earthquakes in Japan, where he was a professor. Through the influence of this Committee, forty stations have been established in various part of the globe. Very tardily, on the initiative of Professor Hobbs, who at the University of Michigan gives what

is, I believe, the only University course on seismology in America, the American Association for the Advancement of Science at its last meeting established a committee similar to that of the British Association. It will attempt to secure the establishment of seismological stations in the territory and dependencies of the United States.

What can be accomplished by united effort and by numerous widely scattered seismological stations can be inferred from the results already gained, although the movement is only just begun. The immediate cause of earth tremors is understood. The rate of travel of earthquake waves through the earth is now known; and, as a result of their study, far better basis for inference concerning the condition of the earth's interior is now at hand than before these observations began. The actual distribution and the relative intensity of earthquakes are now, for the first time, being recorded over a large part of the earth. The location of earthquakes not reported in the newspapers is made possible by seismographic records; for the time of arrival of the waves and the rate at which they travel, being known, the site of the shock can be closely determined. These are but a few of the scientific results of modern earthquake study, and seismologists are hopeful that by the continuation and broadening of this investigation it may be possible to unravel some of the basal secrets of earth condition and behavior.

If the outcome of these studies were to be wholly of a scientific character, their prosecution might not be of much interest to the general public. But from studies in pure science much of practical value has come forth; in fact, our modern civilization rests primarily upon the foundation of scientific investigation, often carried on wholly without thought of the economic outcome. No one can foretell when or where the most abstruse investigation will touch upon our every-day life.

Earthquakes affect life and property so vitally that one would naturally expect results of economic importance to come out of thorough scientific investigation of the subject. Indeed, some results of importance have already been achieved, and I believe one is warranted in predicting others. It is already known that certain belts are liable to earthquake visitation of destructive character and the limits of these belts are, thanks to de Montessus, fairly well defined. It is further known that certain parts of

these belts are more liable to devastation than others, and some of the more clearly defined earthquake centres are recognized and their limits mapped. With the more careful and thorough studies of the present day, it will not be long before far more will have been accomplished in this direction.

The city of San Salvador, capital of the country of that name, was so frequently devastated by earthquakes that the old site was abandoned; the new one, however, has proved to be but little better. It is by no means improbable that it would be the part of both wisdom and economy to move the sites of other cities in the earthquake belt. A thorough knowledge of the earthquake history of a country would give basis for a proper judgment on this point, and for the selection of a safer new site.

Seismology has lessons to teach in the building of the Isthmian Canal, and it is a grave question whether these lessons have received the attention they deserve. The Nicaragua route lies in a part of the Circum-Pacific belt in which severe shocks are certain to occur, and for this reason it is well that the route selected was further south. The Panama region has not been nearly so subject to earth-shaking as the northern part of South America to the south and the Central-American states to the north. Nevertheless, earthquakes of considerable violence are not unknown even there, and it is by no means certain that equal or greater shocks will not recur. The bearing of this possibility on the question of a lock-canal is evident. A severe earthquake near the Gatun Dam, as now proposed, would cause untold damage and delay. It would show little knowledge of the subject to conclude that, because there has not been a destructive earthquake in the canal zone for several years, or even for a half-century, the danger is absent. There was an interval of 215 years between the earth movements which destroyed Port Royal and Kingston on the same harbor.

When it becomes necessary to build cities in or near earthquake centres, the lessons learned by seismologists are capable of being put to very practical use. It is well known, for example, that structures on loose earth and made land suffer most severely. At Port Royal that part of the city which was built on that sort of foundation slid bodily into the sea, while the buildings on rock were merely injured. The greatest destruction by the San Francisco earthquake was in the districts of made land and loose sand;

and the meagre reports from Kingston indicate that the same phenomenon was repeated there. The reason for this is evident. The violent shaking loosens and moves the earth beneath the foundations, so that, the support being partly destroyed, the building readily collapses under the shaking to which, at the same time, it is itself subjected.

Not only should care be taken to select solid ground for buildings, or, if it becomes necessary to build on loose earth, to fortify the unstable foundation, but, in earthquake centres special attention should be given to the mode of construction. In this direction the Japanese have made most progress. In a country where over a thousand shocks occur each year, it is natural that means for relief from their most terrible effects should be carefully devised. From the Japanese, those who live in other earthquake centres may learn important lessons in the proper building of earthquake-resisting structures. It is little short of criminal carelessness to rebuild, after a devastating earthquake, apparently without giving a thought to the future.

It is entirely within reason to expect that careful study in any given locality would reveal the exact site and extent of fault lines, and determine the probable danger from destructive shocks over the area. Indeed, I consider it not at all improbable that such studies could be made to serve as the basis of accurate prediction of the coming of a severe earthquake in sufficient time to warn the inhabitants of its approach.

There is not a little evidence that there is a certain relation between the time of occurrence of earthquakes and other conditions not commonly recognized as having a bearing on earth movements. Future investigations will throw more light on this question, possibly eliminating some of the inferred relationships, and establishing others now suspected. It has been suggested that there is a relation between earthquakes and air pressure; and, with the frequent changes in weight of the air column, it is not impossible that there is some such relationship; but long-continued and careful studies are required to establish it, if, in fact, it exists. Another suggested relationship is that of the pull on the earth by the moon and sun, which varies in intensity from time to time and from place to place. Not enough facts are now at hand to either deny or affirm this suggested relationship. The same may be said with reference to magnetism.

These possible factors in earthquake cause, if they operate at all, in all probability act only to finally start the movement for which strains have been accumulating as a result of other causes. In connection with these more fundamental causes for earthquakes, there are also some possible relationships. There is known to be a slight movement of the pole, and there is already fairly clear evidence that this affects earthquake occurrence, though just to what extent is not yet clear. A change in the axis of rotation of a sphere flattened at the poles and bulging at the equator, though ever so slight, necessarily calls for readjustments in the earth; and, from these, earthquakes may well follow.

While it is generally denied by seismologists that there is reason to associate earthquakes with distant volcanic eruptions,—for example, the San Francisco earthquake and the eruption of Vesuvius at nearly the same time,—there is, nevertheless, reason for believing that earthquakes and movements of molten rock near at hand are, at times at least, sympathetically related. In the earthquake-stricken Calabrian region of south Italy, there has been a rather striking series of coincidences of severe earthquakes either preceding or following vigorous outbursts of the neighboring volcanoes of Vesuvius and Ætna; and, less strikingly, there have been coincidences between earthquakes and volcanic eruptions in the West Indies.

It has been one of my objects in this paper to point out that, while much progress has already been made in the study of the cause and effects of earthquakes, there are many unsolved problems. The solution of these is a matter of great scientific interest; but, aside from this, there is a possibility, and I think I may say even probability, that the solution of these problems will be a matter of the highest importance to the human race. The army of investigators scattered over the world are working upon them as best they can with scanty means and insufficient equipment. There is need of more workers, many more stations, better equipments and more intimate coordination of results. To provide the means for this, which any one of scores of Americans could easily do, would be a service of the highest importance not only to science, but to mankind in general. Few scientific investigations offer promise of greater results to science and higher benefits to humanity.

RALPH S. TARR.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE PEOPLE'S LIBERTIES.

BY F. J. STIMSON.

THE study of Anglo-American constitutional law is that of the liberties of the people. Neither a body of dry technicalities, as the demagogue is prone to consider it, nor an instrument new created in the year 1787 and now but an inconvenient impediment to the national destiny, our own Constitution registers the totality of those principles which, in eight hundred and forty years of struggle, the Saxon peoples have won back again from Norman kings, the common law from Roman conceptions of a Sovereign State; each rising wave of freedom leaving its record in some historic document, then perhaps to recede again until the next flood left a higher record still. And if to the Mother Country is due the invention of the Constitution as a bulwark of the people against the Executive, to our forefathers belongs the glory of protecting the people against the Legislative as well; and against the usurpations of any Government or law, even of their own making, on that irreducible minimum which time has shown to be necessary to the English-American people for freedom as they understand it. Give them less than this and they will fight.

That Democracy, besides grasping the reins of government, now also, for the first time in history, conscious of its power to create Laws, for its very first act should have sought to curb itself in Constitutions, State or National, would argue a wisdom and self-restraint almost superhuman were it not for the historical explanation. This explanation is not alone the training of a thousand years that, we fondly think, makes the English-speaking people unique in its power to rule itself; it is a much more definite and recent cause, less clearly understood and, for obvious reasons, at the time less rarely adverted to. This was,

in brief, the desire of the American people on the one hand to protect their liberties from the possibly aristocratic, or autocratic, Federal Government they were about to create; and on the other the desire of the propertied classes, of the Federalists themselves, to protect their rights from the recently created omnipotent State Legislatures. Broadly speaking, the latter is the function of the State constitution, the former of the Federal; and thus the sides became curiously inverted and, even in some cases, the contents curiously mixed, the statesmen who worked for the one caring little for the other. Antitheses are dangerous; yet it is true that it was the People, under Jefferson, who said to the Federal Constitution, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"; it was the educated, propertied classes, the Federalists at home in their State capitals, who said the same thing to the State Legislatures, to whose local government their lives and personal liberties and private fortunes were to be entrusted. Both in the main are aimed at securing liberty; but the one rather political liberty, in and from their Government at Washington; the other rather personal liberty, for themselves and their possessions at home.

It was this new restraint on the lawmaking power, subordinating to a constitution the Legislatures themselves, far more than the reasons usually advanced therefor, that made it logically necessary to give the courts the power to "annul" a law; to endow the judicature, for the first time in human history, with prerogative to nullify the acts, not only of the executive, but of the legislative branch as well. For the British constitution, in spite of *dicta* of theorists like Coke, whose wish was father to the thought—approved by Blackstone in the *dictum* that a law "against common right" would be void—restrains the Crown alone, the Crown and its officers, civil or military. Under the English constitution the House of Commons is the people, is sovereign, and anything it does is right, constitutionally speaking. With us the People is sovereign; our Legislatures, State and National, but represent them; and this in a carefully delimitated scope of authority. Only the people can be always right. And when the Legislature transcends that authority, or when the Executive does so, the courts are bound, not to nullify their acts, to destroy them, as those who would make the courts unpopular declare, but to apply, where the two laws clash, the *higher* law—that is to say, not the will of the present President,

or Legislature or Congress, but the permanent will of the sovereign People, that is to say, the Constitution, National or State.

Much has been said about written or rigid, and unwritten or flexible, constitutions. Broadly speaking, we Americans are credited with the invention of the former; but the distinction is not half so important as that attribute of our own which we have last discussed. The historic importance of our Constitution is not that it is written, but that it embodies the first attempt of a people to control their own Government in the acts not only of its servants or departments, but of itself, and not only in the acts it does, but in the laws it makes. Moreover, an unwritten constitution may, by long judicial construction or legislative precedent, become, as in England, almost fixed; a written constitution may be cast aside at the will of the Executive, as in South-American republics, or remoulded by judicial interpretation, as present tendencies in our Supreme Court portend. Jurists usually lean to the unwritten form—many, from Hamilton down, thought the Federal Bill of Rights (which afterwards became the first eight amendments) better left in the unwritten form; politicians and less-educated lawyers lean to the rigid form, both because they think, if written down, it is easier to know it all, and because the people, always conservative, show an ever-increasing desire to chain down their Legislature and reserve more prerogative to themselves. Our Constitution, however, is written; and it is probable that the writing of it forever excluded what was not therein contained, all the way from the moral law to the principles of the Declaration of Independence. Coke urged that an act of Parliament against common right should be void; but it need not be void, if an act of Congress, any more than is an insular Government of ours unlawful which does not derive its powers from the consent of the governed, if our written Constitution does not say so,—although the Declaration of Independence does.

When we attempt to trace the broad principles and privileges of Anglo-American constitutional liberty, they will be found to flow in three main streams; that is, Rights to Liberty, Rights to Property and Rights to Law; from Magna Charta, down through all the English and Colonial constitutional documents, to the Federal Constitution and those of the forty-six States to the very most recent of all, Oklahoma—and though these streams

broaden as they flow, the radical principles never disappear, nor are they often added to.

England always lost her liberties under her most popular kings; and the rights and safety of the people are never so much in danger as when they themselves are willing to subordinate their liberty birthrights to the passion for equality or other immediate end. It was under Elizabeth, Henry VIII, George III, that the English constitution was most at stake. So ours has been strained to its breaking-point, not by Andrew Johnson or Franklin Pierce, but by Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt. Our very unanimity as to most of the ends at present to be gained makes some of the means proposed, though destructive ultimately of government by the people, possible of careless adoption. And it seems as if a portion, or a party, of our people were in danger of adopting the European view of government and of lawmaking — that law is a command of the sovereign, not a custom of long growth among a free people; that a legislature or a sovereign nation is, or ought to be, omnipotent; and that whatever power a European Great Power had or has necessarily resided in our Executive or Congress, although the whole history of our Republic is that it is the first great attempt of a free people to keep certain of such powers in their own hands—at least until they choose to give them up,—and to base for all time their own national career upon undying principles, distributing ever its power among three departments, and calling always upon our Supreme Court to determine whether an act proposed, be it of war or law, of government or of administration, is in accordance with the Supreme Law, as written in those tablets wherein our people have expressed their will only to be governed and their desire that by them alone their Republic shall endure.

For, while our Government is a democracy and a commonwealth, it is also a constitutional Government, a "Republic." It has the function of a democratic government to enforce the will of the majority, but it has the function of a constitutional government also to protect the minority, even the individual, against the majority, against even the Executive or the Legislature transcending its admitted powers. There are natural inalienable rights, said Virginia and Massachusetts, before the Federal Constitution was adopted, which no men can be presumed to have bargained away; and when Government fails to

protect them, it fails of its chief design, and the people have the right to alter, to change or even to overthrow it. Our President is not a King, even for four years, said our Supreme Court in the great Milligan case; nor is Congress omnipotent; nor shall the judicial branch exercise the functions of either of the other two. We alone, of all the peoples of the earth, have learned the lesson that human liberty is best subserved by keeping each of the three sovereign arms equal in dignity, unhindered in power within its proper scope, but neither one transcending or interfering with the other. As it is put in the Massachusetts Constitution, in what Daniel Webster thought its noblest expression: "The executive shall never exercise the legislative and judicial powers, or either of them: the judicial shall never exercise the legislative and executive powers, or either of them: *to the end that it may be a government of laws and not of men.*" This was our second great invention; and it is our most precious heritage.

Some of the Constitutional rights which were thought of great importance under the Stuarts, or even one hundred years ago, may possibly seem less familiar and less necessary to us now. Even if it were true, that would not make of the Constitution an "antiquarian curiosity." But when we come to discuss them, we should hesitate from hastily assuming that any one of them has grown so obsolete as to be unnecessary to preserve. A few months ago, the provision against Bills of Attainder—that is, condemnation for crime or forfeiture of civil rights without due process of law—would have seemed hardly necessary in America. Yet since then, in his praiseworthy zeal to punish a military disorder, so far quite within his constitutional right as Commander-in-Chief, we have seen our President dictate what was little else than an Executive Bill of Attainder,—a thing which was hardly, if at all, attempted by the Stuart Kings. For the Federal Constitution, the whole of it, is nothing but a code of the people's liberties, political and civil; a code of many centuries' growth, which they willed to adopt in 1787, and willed should never be abrogated without the people's will.

F. J. STIMSON.

OUR TRADE RELATIONS WITH SOUTH AMERICA.

BY DR. L. S. ROWE, PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, DELEGATE OF THE UNITED STATES TO THE THIRD PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE.

THE necessity of developing our commercial relations with South America has been the subject of academic discussion for more than a generation. At periodical intervals—usually during industrial depressions—American manufacturers and merchants become interested in South-American markets, and a hasty search is made for the best means to develop trade. A definite policy is agreed upon; but, before any definite steps are taken, domestic trade revives and interest in foreign markets is so weakened that the new measures receive but half-hearted support, and therefore fail to fulfil expectations. During the last few years, however, the interest in South-American markets has entered upon a new phase. With the establishment of stable governments and the maintenance of internal order, the feeling of distrust is gradually disappearing. The rapid growth of population in recent years and the increasing prosperity of the people have created a demand for a large variety of manufactured articles which the manufacturers of England and Continental Europe have been eager to meet. England, Italy, and especially Germany, have spared no effort to adjust their business methods to the traditions of South-American trade. Patterns, method of packing and conditions of payment have been made to conform to the peculiar trade conditions prevailing in South America. During all this time, the American merchant and manufacturer have remained indifferent, and yet, in spite of this indifference, the relative position of the United States has grown from year to year. Even in those countries in which trade has

actually declined, the United States has lost less ground than most of the countries of Europe.

In Brazil, for instance, the decline of foreign trade has been most marked. Comparing the quinquennial periods 1894-1898 and 1899-1903, we find that the exports from the United States to Brazil declined 18.5 per cent., but during the same period the exports from Great Britain declined 20.3 per cent.; from Germany 22.5 per cent.; from France 34.6; and from Belgium 38.3 per cent. The only country whose exports to Brazil showed a notable increase was Italy, with a net gain during the same period of 13.6 per cent.* The explanation of this exceptional phenomenon is due to special circumstances which we will have occasion to examine.

The decline of trade with Brazil illustrates so clearly some of the initial difficulties which must be overcome before our trade with South America can assume large proportions, as to merit special attention.

The first and most important of these is the fluctuating exchange which introduces an element of uncertainty into all transactions with countries on a paper basis. Thus in 1891 the Brazilian milreis was worth 32⅝ cents, in 1897 it had declined to 14¾ cents, and a year later it reached its lowest ebb at 12 cents, since which time it has been gradually rising in value until to-day it is worth 33 15-16 cents. With such constant fluctuations, it is impossible to conduct business on a sound basis.

Another factor which is contributing in no small degree toward restricting the commercial opportunities in South America is the strong and, at times, exaggerated protectionist movement which is sweeping over all the republics. In Brazil, for instance, it is comparatively easy to secure from the Federal Congress a heavy duty, even when the probabilities of successful domestic production are relatively remote. On the most important articles imported from the United States high import duties are levied, especially on wheat, machinery and wire. Although the local production of these articles is almost *nil,* the price of these commodities is so high that the development of the local market is seriously hampered.

* *Cf.* the very interesting report on South-American Trade by Professor Hutchinson, published recently by the Department of Commerce and Labor.

A third factor which has also deterred American manufacturers and merchants from entering the South-American market has been the lack of confidence in the stability of the government. Much of this distrust is due to ignorance of existing conditions. In all the larger countries administrative organization has made such rapid progress in recent years that both person and property are adequately protected. European merchants fully appreciate the significance of the change that has taken place in the political institutions of South America, and show no hesitancy in investing capital, establishing branch houses and extending long-term credits to local merchants.

In explaining the backwardness of American enterprise in South America, we must also take into account the fact that our manufacturers have not heretofore felt the same pressure to search for foreign markets. The internal trade of the United States has assumed such proportions and the present indications for further expansion are such that the possibilities of profit from foreign commerce have aroused but little enthusiasm.

That the attitude of American manufacturers and merchants is undergoing profound modification is attested by the renewed interest in the development of foreign and particularly South-American markets. The repeated experience of the last few decades has shown that the desire to extend our markets in those countries must be accompanied by a willingness, not only to make certain modifications in our governmental policy, but also to change the attitude of our manufacturers and merchants towards these countries. We do not realize that this great South-American continent, with its 7,000,000 square miles and its 35,000,000 inhabitants, is making extraordinary strides towards a higher plane of economic efficiency; that already many portions of the country rival the most progressive sections of the United States in energy and initiative. Civic progress has been so strengthened within the last ten years that many of the municipalities of Brazil and the Argentine Republic can furnish our American cities with instances of great public improvements which have completely transformed the conditions of life, and which have been carried to successful conclusion without involving either extravagant expenditures or an undue burden of indebtedness.

Brazil furnishes some striking instances in the reconstruction of its two most important cities: Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo.

These two progressive communities are the outward expression of the awakening of South America to the modern industrial movement; a movement fraught with far-reaching consequences for the commercial relations between North and South America. We have no longer to deal with the backward and unstable communities of the sixties and seventies, but with a people whose productive power is rapidly increasing and with a country whose natural resources are so vast and varied that the combined surplus capital of Europe and America will be necessary for their exploitation.

The first step towards closer commercial relations will involve some slight modifications of our tariff; modifications which can be made without disturbing the essential principles of our fiscal policy. In our relations with South America, we have all the elements for a comprehensive reciprocity system. We are the largest consumers of tropical and subtropical products and are in a position to furnish manufactured articles which are essential to the industrial progress of the southern republics. American locomotives, railroad and railway cars, electrical apparatus, dredges, industrial machinery and agricultural implements are needed everywhere. None of these articles are manufactured in South America, nor is their manufacture likely to be introduced within the near future; yet with the exception of agricultural implements most of them are burdened with a heavy import duty. The time has now come to inaugurate a tariff policy which will assure to the American manufacturer a predominant position for these products.

We must first point out to the governments of the South-American republics that the present tariff policy of the United States has been extremely favorable to their staple products. In 1905, Brazil sent to the United States coffee amounting to $64,136,008 and rubber amounting to $28,476,252. Both of these articles enter free of duty. Not only does Brazil enjoy a free American market, but the price of coffee to the consumer is increased by an export tax of from nine to eleven per cent., from which the State of Sao Paulo—the main coffee-producing State of the republic—derives an enormous revenue. In fact, the State Government depends on this export tax as the main source of revenue.

From Chile we import nitrate of soda amounting to $9,306,577,

which enters free of duty, whereas most of our staple products pay heavy import duties. Mexico sends, free of all duty, $14,896,189 of sisal-grass, $12,504,123 of copper, $3,245,996 of lead, $3,180,988 of other ores, and $1,384,497 of ixtle; yet not a single one of our staple products enters Mexico free of duty. In 1905, Colombia sent us $3,517,664 worth of coffee, $585,498 of bananas, $337,492 of cocoanuts, whereas our iron and steel manufacturers must all pay import duties. Of all the South-American countries, the Argentine Republic is the only one which does not enjoy an exceptionally favorable position. The wool which we import pays from four to twenty-one cents per pound, and certain classes of skins from fifteen to twenty per cent. *ad valorem.*

It is true that our free list has been determined exclusively by considerations of domestic policy. The free entry of coffee was designed to check the growing alcohol habit. Our rapidly expanding rubber industry demanded the free introduction of raw material.

The fact, nevertheless, remains that we have opened our American market freely to those South-American products which we do not produce, and we have the right to expect that a spirit of reciprocity should be shown towards us. Brazil, realizing this fact, has recently made a reduction of twenty per cent. in favor of the United States on some eleven articles. It is true that this reduction is made for a period of but six months, but the fact that any reduction was made is significant as indicating a sense of obligation on the part of the Brazilian Government to do something in return for the freedom of the American market. Under the Dingley Tariff Act the President has the power to impose a duty of three cents per pound on coffee. The exercise of this power would be regarded as a calamity, and even a threat to exercise it would lead the Government to make far-reaching concessions in favor of our products.

With most of the South-American countries, therefore, the inauguration of a reciprocity system will not involve any radical changes in our tariff policy. We are in a position to request and even to demand that heavy import duties shall not be placed upon those articles which are not produced in South America, and for which we desire to enlarge our markets. It would not even be necessary for us to request any special favors, as against the

countries of Europe. As regards most iron and steel manufactures, we are in a position to compete with Europe when placed on an equal footing.

The Argentine Republic is the only country which might require a reduction of our present schedules as a condition precedent to reciprocity. To secure lower rates on steel rails, wire, builders' hardware, saws and tools, we would probably have to make some concessions in our wool and "animal-skin" schedules. From the point of view of tariff policy, therefore, the conditions of international trade with South America place us in an exceptionally favorable position to enter and even dominate the market in certain classes of commodities. The American market means so much to every South-American country that they cannot afford to refuse to meet us half-way in any propositions favorable to reciprocal trade.

We must not, however, delude ourselves with the idea that a reciprocal tariff policy, no matter how carefully arranged, will suffice to assure the extension of American trade in the southern republics. The most that reciprocity can do is to pave the way for closer commercial relations. American initiative and enterprise must enter the field and win its way in competition with European rivals. In order to meet this competition, we must be prepared to profit by the lessons of European experience.

We cannot expect a large increase in our trade with South America unless it is accompanied by a corresponding investment of American capital in the great quasi-public works, such as railroads, street-railways and electric-lighting plants. One of the reasons for the large exports of machinery of all kinds from England and Germany is the large amount of English and German capital invested in South-American enterprises. American capital has always been extremely reluctant to enter these countries. The equipment for quasi-public works has been purchased in the countries controlling the capital investment. In several cases, the exceptional excellence of American equipment has forced the acceptance of our products, but the handicap, in most cases, is too great to be overcome. In the few instances in which American capital controls these enterprises an exclusive market for American equipment is immediately assured. In order to overcome the distrust of American capitalists a long campaign of education will be necessary. It is true that some of

the early investments in South-American enterprises were disastrous failures, but most of these were in a spirit of adventure. To-day the situation is totally different. The rapid growth of cities and the growing demand for improved transportation facilities, both urban and interurban, offer opportunities for investments the returns from which are certain to increase with each year.

Furthermore, American manufactures, no matter what their excellence, must be placed before the South-American public with a skill and intelligence at least equal to that which has characterized the English, French and particularly the German expansion of trade. Commercial travellers and business agents must be selected with far greater care than heretofore. They must be men of broad training, commanding the confidence of the merchant and capable of conducting negotiations in the language of the country. We cannot, with impunity, make South America the happy hunting-ground for the inefficient. Business agents in South America must possess social presence, adaptability, and a far larger measure of general culture than in the United States. In these Latin countries much emphasis is laid on social qualities. The really successful foreign business agents are men who combine business capacity with general culture.

With these changes accomplished facts, we shall find accompanying them as necessary consequences, the establishment of improved steamship communications, better banking facilities as well as the extension of our consular system.

The avowed purpose of the recent Pan-American Conference was to cultivate closer relations between the republics of this Continent. This Conference found itself confronted with an extraordinary situation. The sincere desire to promote continental solidarity lacked the necessary commercial background. Much of the actual achievement of the Conference presupposes that the years to come will develop unity of sentiment based upon closer commercial and industrial relations. South America is looking to the United States to aid her in the utilization of her natural resources. If we fail to respond, we will have no one but ourselves to blame; and we need not be surprised if the people of these countries, finding us unwilling to trust them, will respond with the same measure of diffidence and distrust.

L. S. Rowe.

ESPERANTO IN FRANCE.

BY MARQUIS L. DE BEAUFRONT, PRESIDENT AND FOUNDER OF LA SOCIETE FRANCAISE POUR LA PROPAGATION DE L'ESPERANTO.

ALTHOUGH Esperanto was introduced into France in 1888, one year after its birth, it encountered great difficulties at first. This was due to the fact that here more than elsewhere the idea of an international auxiliary artificial language had been undermined by the fiasco of Volapük. Many people taken in by the grammatical simplicity of that language, which was striking enough, gave it a warm welcome, especially because of the great need it seemed to fill. But when it was found that in practice the words of that tongue were ill-sounding, difficult to enunciate and easy to confuse; that the language was not in the least international, and that, therefore, it was hard to learn except by the severest effort,—when these facts became clear this futile invention was very speedily rejected. Unfortunately the failure of Volapük was somehow identified with the underlying idea itself. Because Volapük failed of its purpose—its very make-up condemned it to failure—people concluded that no other artificial language could ever be a success. As though one abortive attempt of a plan poorly conceived, proved the impossibility of executing a better and a more successful one. At all events, when the present writer introduced Esperanto in France, he encountered nothing but doubt and discouragement. His task was to persuade the doubters and to reawaken the confidence of the discouraged—a double task, far from easy and requiring much time.

We had a plentiful lack of everything: capital, moral support and even books to show what could be done with Esperanto, and from which it could be easily and thoroughly learned.

Being very modest and hoping that at least some one learned

society might take up his work and complete it, Dr. Zamenhof presented it in one simple pamphlet in which most people saw but the barest outline.

I myself was very tired by twelve years' work upon another international language, Adjuvanto, astonishingly similar to Esperanto, though perhaps inferior to it in many points; I could not therefore devote myself so thoroughly as I should have wished to aiding the cause of my master. Besides, as I have already said, we needed better text-books; we needed time to make them and money to publish them, and we lacked both.

In August, 1892, however, I published the first "Complete Handbook of Esperanto" in French with a double dictionary, and with grammatical notes that strikingly brought out the peculiarities and irregularities of the French language, juxtaposed as they were with the logical and orderly structure of Esperanto. That work, reprinted four times, though now out of print, gave a considerable impetus to our progress in France, and even abroad. Together with the newspaper articles and propaganda pamphlets and leaflets which we printed, it made the first breach in the scepticism that surrounded us on every hand. Besides, I was thenceforth no longer alone in the fight. A recruit, very young, but very valuable, René Lemaire d'Epernay, brought me his help and collaboration for ten years, until 1903, when a serious illness interrupted his labors. His name is well known among the first Esperantists, who owe him so much. But it is only just to introduce him to the more recent Esperantists and to Americans. Thanks to his aid as well as to new recruits won during these four years, we were enabled, in 1898, to found the Society for the Advancement of Esperanto and, simultaneously, the first national review for Esperanto propaganda, "*L'Espérantiste,*" edited in both French and Esperanto. The Society and the paper both tended to concentrate, in France as well as outside of France, all those who were interested. Moreover, they furnished weapons to our friends and caused the formation of national Esperanto organs and societies all over the world, though we except the Russian Esperanto society, "Espero," founded in 1894. That second stage in our progress in France paved the way very effectively for the third stage, which dates from the great Exposition of 1900.

From that time on Esperanto entered upon a new era. When

it was presented to the different congresses through the efforts of the French Esperantist Society, it kept meeting with sympathy. A number of scholars and, in their turn, university professors, in 1901, began to imitate the eminent Ernest Naville, Swiss correspondent of the Institute of France, who had given us his entire support in 1898, and who, in 1899, had presented the subject of Esperanto to the Academy of Political and Moral Sciences. Later, General Sebert, a member of the Academy of Sciences, and the great mathematician, Charles Méray, called the attention of their colleagues to the work of Dr. Zamenhof at the meeting of April 9, 1901.

The same year the Touring Club gave us priceless support, in that it began a course in Esperanto at its home, and helped, sometimes even pecuniarily, to found Esperanto groups which our Society was establishing in all the large cities of France and in many small ones. These groups, though affiliated with the Society and by it bound together, nevertheless enjoy complete autonomy. One hundred in number, they constitute so many local centres of propaganda and instruction. Indeed, by means of the leaflets and pamphlets which the Society puts at their disposal, by means of lectures and Esperantist celebrations, they keep gaining new adherents. Besides, they give free courses in Esperanto to outsiders as well as to members. Certain of the groups thus conduct four or five different courses for the benefit of their fellow citizens. In Paris every district has its Esperanto class, and sometimes there are three or four classes in one district. These classes have been organized chiefly through the efforts of the vice-president of the French Society, M. Théodore Cart, with the cooperation of the Polytechnic Association. At many of the garrisons Esperantists are conducting classes in barracks, for the War Department of France is very favorable to us. The Minister of War has given his permission to all grades of the army to join the French Esperanto Society, and the Minister of Marine has done the same for the navy. Now we often find lieutenants and captains giving instruction in Esperanto to the men of their garrisons, and many of the officers assist at the meetings, lectures and celebrations of our groups. One of these, Lieutenant Bayol, instructor in the military school at St.-Cyr, has just published, by permission of the Minister of War, a pamphlet entitled "Esperanto and the Red Cross," in which he shows conclusively how

essential it is that Esperanto be used in the service of that admirable institution. This pamphlet is in process of translation into all the principal languages.

Both the private tutors and the instructors of the University of France are, as a rule, well disposed toward us, and especially are the professors of the living languages, German and English, in our favor. Many of them take charge of our work outside of France, for our society has founded groups at Konakry, Cochin-China, Algeria, Madagascar, etc.

Aside from the general groups open to all, there have been organized in France specializing groups, as, for example, the Medical Esperantist Group of France, presided over by Professor Bouchard of the Academy of Medicine. Also, there are now published technical periodicals in Esperanto, as, for instance, the medical paper "*Medicina Revuo,*" and a scientific review, "*Internacia Scienca Revuo.*"

The Municipality of Paris, by way of showing its interest in Esperanto, has voted a money-grant to our Society. Many municipal councils in France have done the like for their local groups, or else they have given the use of a school or town hall for meetings and classes.

A number of Deputies have brought the question of introducing Esperanto into the secondary schools before the French Parliament, and the Municipal Council of Paris has appointed a special Commission to report upon a proposal of some of its members to teach Esperanto in the higher primary schools.

A large number of college presidents, and among them M. E. Boirac, Rector of the University of Dijon, president of the Linguistic Committee established by Dr. Zamenhof upon the request of all Esperantists, are entirely favorable to our cause, and are doing all they can for it at their various seats of learning.

The first Esperanto Congress, which was so successfully held in August, 1905, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and the second, no less successful, which was held at Geneva in 1906 and where the United States was represented by three delegates, have given considerable impetus to our progress in France, for they have completely eliminated the objection that Esperantists are always combating,—namely, that Esperantists of different nationalities could not understand one another. How better could this objection be nullified than by the spectacle presented to a whole city and repre-

sentatives of the French and foreign press by 1,500 Esperantists of twenty-eight different nationalities, who delivered addresses, recited monologues, sang songs, produced plays in Esperanto and conversed by means of it for days without a shadow of difficulty, as though it were their mother tongue? What better supporting argument is needed than that those who heard these things could scarcely notice any difference in pronunciation among all these Esperantists gathered from all over the world? The resistance we encounter nowadays is not of the sort that impedes our progress; rather does it advertise our cause.

I am not given to illusions, and I have had twenty years of experience in fighting for our cause; and upon mature consideration I consider that my country has been conquered by Esperanto. Some efforts, no doubt, must still be made to teach the language to all of those who might use it in their divers international relations, be they scientific, commercial or otherwise; but that is now merely a question of time. We shall now go on all the more rapidly after early difficulties. In token of this I have men of all kinds and conditions, from the scholar to the working-man, who come to us in France in constantly increasing numbers and furnish us not only with recruits, but also with apostles. Comparing the past with the present, and taking everything into account, I believe that in less than ten years France, with millions of Esperantists, will have fully adopted this great project of an artificial international language, which Max Müller declares wholly feasible, and Esperanto as the best solution of the problem.

I am certain, moreover, that the great nation of the United States, with its admirable sense for the practical, will not remain indifferent to that question. Already it has become greatly interested, and the fact that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW brings its support is manifestly significant. Since that country does everything quickly and effectually, we count upon it much to stimulate the work of proselytizing begun by her old friend, France—a work now so well under way. Before fifteen years have passed, if the United States joins hands with us, all the civilized world will possess, aside from the national languages, an auxiliary international language *easily accessible to all*—Esperanto.

L. DE BEAUFRONT.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER, HAMILTON W. MABIE AND CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

"THE BELOVED VAGABOND."*

To a certain uncritical type of mind, the most effective endorsement that can be given a new author is to measure him in terms of some standard writer, to call him a second Thackeray, a younger Dickens, a successor to Trollope. But there are to-day so many mediocrities content to flicker with a borrowed light, that one of the rarest and most welcome experiences is to come across a writer who does not obviously show the influence of any author later than the seventeenth century, a book that is not quite like any other book that we have ever read. Yet when this pleasant experience does occur, there is a temptation to be almost too lavish with one's praise. In the case of such a book as "The Belovéd Vagabond" it is not quite wise to give a free rein to one's appreciation.

To imply that Mr. Locke is, in the strict sense of the phrase, a new author, would be misleading. In such leisure hours as his duties as Secretary to the Royal Institute of British Architects leave him, he has produced during the past decade no less than ten novels, one of which, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," has been dramatized and has proved to be one of the successes of the present London season. Of these ten books, there is not one that is actually mediocre, not one that is lacking in originality and promise. And yet it would have taken a critical acumen little short of inspiration to predict from the author of "Derelicts" and "Idols" a work of such fineness, such paradoxical humor, such whimsical tenderness, as "The Belovéd

* "The Belovéd Vagabond." By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co.

Vagabond." Considering how far he has moved forward, even from his excellent "Marcus Ordeyne" of a year ago, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Mr. Locke has just begun to write.

The trouble hitherto seems to have been that Mr. Locke did not quite understand wherein his real strength lay. He squandered his energy upon plot construction, instead of fostering his unique gift for creating characters. It is true that he often idealizes his men and women, and yet they remain convincing because he makes them so wonderfully human in all the little every-day happenings that are yet so vital. It is in his plots that a latent vein of undisciplined romanticism now and again betrays itself. In real life, men and women do not immolate themselves upon the altars of love and friendship with quite such Quixotic rashness. Unlike Jimmie Padgate, in "Where Love Is," men do not publicly brand themselves cowards and seducers, in order to spare the women they love the knowledge of a rival's baseness; unlike Irene Merriam, in "Idols," women do not bear false witness to their own dishonor, even to save an innocent man from the gallows; unlike Paragot, in "The Belovéd Vagabond," accepted suitors in the real workaday world do not consent to abandon the woman they love, on the very night of their betrothal, pass out of her life without a word of explanation, and pledge their honor never to seek her again, even to spare her the shame of knowing that her father is a thief.

A distinction, however, may be drawn, largely in favor of "The Belovéd Vagabond." In his earlier volumes, Mr. Locke carefully held in reserve his most flagrant improbability for his dramatic climax. In his latest story, all unlikelihood of plot belongs to the vague, remote past; it is a sort of condition precedent, upon which the whole structure of the narrative rests, but it is nowhere deliberately flaunted in your face. Indeed, the precise details of a ten-year-old estrangement do not greatly matter. All that we really need to know is that somewhere in the background of the life of Mr. Locke's delectable Vagabond there is a Dream Lady, *aux petits pieds si adorés;* that for her sake he cut himself off from fame and fortune and love, and voluntarily became a nameless wanderer, a human derelict. Of the early years of his rovings, we receive nothing but a vague impression of strange, bizarre shifts of fortune; fugitive, tantalizing glimpses of him, now in Warsaw, leading a trained bear

through the streets; now in Prague, comfortably lodged with a professional burglar; and again in Verona, learning the trade of coffin-maker, and briskly driving home the nails, to the inspiring strains of "Funiculi, Funiculá." But it is not until much later, not until he adopts a wretched little London waif, whom he christens Asticot, that we begin to have a coherent chronicle of the wanderings of Berzélius Nibbidard Paragot.

To attempt to give at second hand an adequate idea of the whimsical charm of "The Belovéd Vagabond" is at best a disconcerting task. To call it odd, bizarre, unique, paradoxical, full of unexpected humor and irony, is still not to explain its peculiar appeal. It is something more than "a *picaresco* romance compared with which that of Gil Blas were the tale of wanderings around a village pump"; it is more even than the story of a man who lived for years in a hopeless dream, not guessing that happiness lay all the time within easy reach of his hand; it is a book full of nostalgia for wide spaces, breathing-room for body and for mind. If you have in you any germ of the "Wanderlust," any fugitive desire to throw off the trammels of convention, you must find a rare delight in "The Belovéd Vagabond."

And yet the book, like its title, remains essentially a paradox. Paragot is not merely a threadbare, penniless wanderer, living from hand to mouth, happy if only there are "two sous for bread and two to throw to a dog,"—but he has fallen into evil ways. He has lost something of the rudimentary sense of decency; his straggling hair is a stranger to comb and brush; his hands and nails are often in need of the simple ministrations of soap and water; his craving for the consolation that lurks in absinthe has grown upon him until it is a nightly problem whether he will be able to find his way unaided to bed. And yet, by the sheerest *tour de force,* you are made to overlook his lapses and irregularities. We see him always through the adoring eyes of the two companions of his wanderings,—Asticot, who chronicles their adventures, and Blanquette de Veau, the big, ungainly, slow-witted peasant girl, who gives him the dumb devotion of a dog.

Of course one knows almost from the beginning that this odd companionship, this bizarre Odyssey from one end of Europe to another, must come to an end; one foresees that sooner or later fate will relent and not only restore to Paragot his real name and station, but also give him back his lost Joanna, of the *petits*

pieds si adorés. Any writer less thoroughly an artist than Mr. Locke might here have blundered, not realizing that the change had come too late, that Paragot had lived too long in his vagabondage, had grown too intolerant of conventions ever to take up his old life again, even for the sake of a Dream Lady. Nothing in the book is more whimsically, more refreshingly real than the incongruity of Paragot in snug frock coat, wrinkling across his expansive chest; Paragot with gloves and umbrella; Paragot sedately accepting tea and cigarettes, in place of his accustomed absinthe and his pipe; Paragot revolting against the unbearable smugness of a little English village, and suddenly awakening to the painful knowledge that the real Joanna was no longer the Woman of the Dream.

Undoubtedly there are some readers who will quarrel with the final solution of the story, the solution that Asticot discovered, and that filled Paragot with undisguised amazement. "*Nom de Dieu!* but it is colossal, that idea! And I never thought of it, though it has been staring me in the face!" Yet the beauty of it is that it really solves everything, and transforms into a reasonable being one whose golden rule has hitherto been that "the man who lives according to reason has the heart of a sewing-machine." Listen to the embodied wisdom of the Belovéd Vagabond, after he had found the Reality of Things:

"I have found it, my son. It is a woman, strong and steadfast, who looks into your eyes; who can help a man to accomplish his destiny. The destiny of man is to work, and to beget strong children. And his reward is to have the light in the wife's eyes and the welcome of a child's voice as he crosses the threshold of his house."

There is many a novelist, much better known, who might well envy Mr. Locke the privilege of having written "The Belovéd Vagabond."

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

"THE CAMBRIDGE APOSTLES."*

THOSE people who imagine that men of genius are always jealous, irritable, irresponsible in friendship and given to backbiting will find Mrs. Brookfield's entertaining reports and characterizations of "The Cambridge Apostles" corrective of traditional misconceptions. It is preeminently a record of ardent affec-

* "The Cambridge Apostles." By Frances M. Brookfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

tions and life-long friendships; a picture of a group of variously gifted men whose interchange of thought and wit went on in an atmosphere of personal regard which evoked the most intimate and characteristic expression not only of sober conviction, but of the gayest humor and the most irresponsible wit. The words which Lord Houghton wrote of these brilliant and merry companions might well be inscribed on the title-page of Mrs. Brookfield's book: "friends whom growing time keeps dear." The tradition of this generous loyalty to one another is one of the happiest possessions of the Victorian age in English writing.

In the year 1820 there were among the undergraduates of St. John's, Cambridge, a little group of ardent spirits eager for a more generous intellectual life than the University offered, and for a more vital relation with thought and art than their tutors and lecturers gave them; and, as has happened many times in academic life, they found what they sought and much else besides by making common capital of their hopes and aspirations. Twelve of them organized a society with the unpromising name of "Cambridge Conversazione Society," met once a week, wrote and read essays to one another on subjects in which their interest was keen and carried on animated discussions not only at formal gatherings, but from hour to hour in their rooms, coming into the closest intimacy through the invigorating and untrammelled contact of mind with mind. They were gloriously young in hope, faith and enthusiasm; the distressing senility of emotion and interest which has prematurely aged a certain type of contemporary undergraduate, to whom rigid impassivity is the height of good form, did not touch them then or later. The talk ranged over the whole field of human interests, was unfettered by intellectual conventions, took small account of hoary traditions, and brought ancient opinions of all kinds to judgment with uncompromising audacity. Through theology, politics, science, poetry they roamed at will; ardent, impetuous, generous-minded; hating humbug and anything that savored of the "pill"; enthusiastically modern and ready to walk with any one who was seeking the truth.

If they were somewhat sure of themselves and of their opinions no body of young men ever had more to justify their confidence; for among them were Tennyson, Sterling, Alford, Maurice, Spedding, Hallam, Milnes, Trench, Thirlwall, Merivale, the two Lushingtons, Buller, Brookfield. They represented many colleges,

and there was such abundance of good material at the University that every man among them brought some contribution of talent and reputation to the society. Their ardor and enthusiasm won them the name which they made famous by a great variety of achievements, the "Apostles"; a term of kindly raillery in its inception and accepted with high composure. The life of an "Apostle" at that time was, as Carlyle says, "an ardently speculative and talking one." On Saturday evenings they met in one another's rooms, "sported the oak," ate anchovies on toast, drank coffee, read their essays and talked with magnificent disregard of time and circumstance:

> "Where once we held debate, a band
> Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
> And labour and the changing mart,
> And all the framework of the land."

They were saved from priggishness by sheer ability and by a wealth of humor which makes the reader of Mrs. Brookfield's book envious of the privileges of their fellowship. Through their most serious discussions there ran a vein of wit which toppled over many a high-piled speculation and eased the strain of didacticism. The fun was as fast and furious as the debate, but it was the fun of able and cultivated men. Kemble, one of their profoundest philosophers, put into a sentence the range of their speculations and the lightness of their mood: "The world is one great thought, and I am thinking it." At two o'clock in the morning on one occasion Heath talked such nonsense that Thompson, afterward Master of Trinity, poured a shower of salt on his head!

The grace of humor was as marked in this group of men as the grace of loyalty; they were always going back to Cambridge to reunions or planning to meet one another in London; and they never ceased to be witty. W. H. Brookfield, eloquent beyond almost any man of his time, sought after by the most interesting people, with the world at his feet, so to speak, never lost his head or his spontaneous humor. His letters are full of the gayety which made him the delight of his friends. He reports that he saw engraved on the gate of a "Puseyite" church the words: "This is the gate of Heaven," and pasted below a notice from the Beadle: "In consequence of the inclemency of the weather this gate is closed until further notice." As Inspector of Schools

Mr. Brookfield enlivened his reports with incidents of a kind that must have given joy to the Privy Council Office. He records the extraordinary answers made by children. "Julius Cæsar," according to one boy, "was an eminent Roman Catholic descended from a high plebeian family." "Great advances in civilization," wrote a first-year teacher, "were made in Elizabeth's time, but still poor Mr. Lee, a clergyman of Northampton, broke his heart because not one in a hundred wore stockings." He found himself at dinner next a pretty, talkative but not very well-instructed young lady, who fell upon Tennyson because "all his ideas are alike," and wanted to know what he meant by the "eggs of the Moon." Mr. Brookfield said, gravely, "You mean the lines—

> "'All addled, like the stale eggs of the Moon
> Smelt in the music of the nightingale.'

The nightingale only lays one egg a month, and hers are therefore called Moon's Eggs."

"Ah, I understand it *now,* but I never did before you repeated it!"

The lines she had in mind were from "Aylmer's Field":

> "But where a passion yet unborn, perhaps,
> Lay hidden as the music of the moon
> Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale."

Mrs. Brookfield's book is not important if importance attaches only to connected narratives of grave events or formal biography; if, on the other hand, side-lights on a large group of the most interesting men of their time are of consequence, the "Cambridge Apostles" has more value than many much more pretentious volumes. It is loosely put together and not always carefully written, but it is starred with great names and full of delightful glimpses of that rare kind and quality of society which charms, refreshes and liberates. It is rich in anecdotes of Carlyle, Thackeray, Tennyson, Spedding, Hallam, Sterling, Maurice, Milnes and of men like Gladstone, Brougham, Fitzgerald. These stories are so often illustrative of temperament and character that they give the reader a pleasant sense of being on easy terms with great people. So much has been said about Tennyson's gruff manners and speech that it is a pleasure to hear him saying, *à propos* of the offer of the Laureateship: "In the end I ac-

cepted the honor because during dinner Venables told me that if I became Poet Laureate I should always, when I dined out, be offered the liver wing of the chicken." Tennyson described with some acidity in an early poem, "A Character," Sunderland, one of the most brilliant men at Cambridge. When the latter was told that he was the person the poet had in mind he said: "Oh, really? And *which* Tennyson did you say wrote it? The slovenly one?"

Mrs. Brookfield, to whom Thackeray wrote some of those characteristic notes in which every line is a stroke of art, has written a book of rare interest largely in the words of the men she describes; so much of their speech is imbedded in her narrative, that the only adequate account of her book must be mainly a matter of quotation.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

BRUNETIERE'S BALZAC.*

BRUNETIERE'S volume in the French Men of Letters Series will mark an important epoch in the history of Balzac. The creator of the "Human Comedy" is here acknowledged as the greatest novelist in all literature; the most considerable factor in the evolution not only of the novel itself, but also of later criticism and history. With novelists themselves and with the reading public generally the tide had long since turned in his favor. Yet French criticism proper has been slow to accept Balzac as literature. This is a more serious matter than might appear at first blush; for we have Brunetière's own authority for the statement that "In France, the adoption of an author by university criticism usually sanctions him as a writer; and, at all events, it puts him in the way of becoming a classic."

The book will certainly arouse much controversy. There are whole chapters that ring like a challenge, and many who will accept the author's conclusions will refuse to follow him through the steps of his demonstration. It has from the first been a temperamental impossibility for Brunetière to understand the attitude of those who differed with him. This is the secret of his strength, of his originality, of his pugnacity, of his dogmatism, and frequent accusations. For him in questions of æsthetics there

* "Honoré de Balzac," by Ferdinand Brunetière. The French Men of Letters Series. Edited by Alexander Jessup, Litt.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1906.

can be but one honest and correct judgment. He is, as we shall see presently, capable of writing a volume like the present searching study to prove that in making a very strong critical pronouncement, he is saying "nothing but the absolute and exact truth." It is this that makes him interesting. It is this, too, that in spite of his theory of the critic's impersonality makes him unfair. In the present case he is particularly unfair to the romanticists and refuses to acknowledge for Balzac any serious indebtedness to them. Yet they had at least fought in France the War of Liberation; passion and imagination were now to have their sway, and Balzac certainly enjoyed the freedom they had won. Nay, more, his stupendous conceptions, "The Quest of the Absolute," "The Wild Ass's Skin," Grandet's tremendous fortune, are essentially romantic. And if he did not write like the masters of that school, it was not because he did not lust for their styles or because he was above copying sentence after sentence and paragraph after paragraph from their nimblest craftsman, Théophile Gautier. Those who are interested can find a fairly complete record of these borrowings in the study of that ardent Balzacian, Lovenjoul (*"Histoire des Œuvres de Balzac,"* p. 397). Although the book, as Brunetière's bibliography shows, was known to him, he passes these facts in silence. And yet they are interesting. Not because they take us behind the scenes and reveal a petty theft. Indeed, it may very well have been done with Gautier's connivance, for it was this same generous "Théo" who contributed the good verses that were to appear in Balzac's "Lost Illusions." It is interesting because it throws light upon the question of Balzac's style. This is the side of his work which we feel Brunetière has not treated adequately. We admire Balzac. We agree that he is the greatest novelist in all history. And let us be just to this titanic opifex. Literature can count no more devoted slave. He carried an enormous stick with a turquoise head on which he had engraved the motto of a Sultan, "I am a demolisher of obstacles." He is familiar to all posterity in his long Dominican frock, with its gold chain about his waist, working like one of the Cyclops under his seven-branched candlestick from midnight to morning, sustaining himself with long draughts of coffee. Brunetière is right in transferring to him the phrase Michelet had applied to Dumas. He was a "force of nature." What tremendous labors these were, we can learn from

a contemporary who had often seen him at work. Perhaps in this case the admirer has sacrificed a little of the strict truth in the interest of the picturesque:

"Then there began a struggle more terrible than the struggle of Jacob with the Angel, that of the form and the idea. In these battles of every night, from which he emerged exhausted but a conqueror in the morning, when the spent fire made the air of his room cold, his head smoked and from his body a visible mist was exhaled as from a horse's body in winter."

It is almost necessary to say that this is not given by its author as caricature, but in all seriousness as an authentic portrait. It is a matter of record that he wrote and rewrote his proofs ten and twelve times, and that each time they were so full of lines and stars and crosses that they looked like a piece of fireworks. He cannot therefore be accused of negligence or carelessness. Yet it is not the duty of the critic to praise us for our good intentions, and even of these Brunetière says nothing. The fact remains that Balzac often could and did write badly, he could on occasion write execrably, and the casual reader can convince himself of this by glancing at the opening paragraph of "The Lily in the Valley," which even Taine, its author's champion, was forced to ridicule. Brunetière himself reproduces it in part. Yet what is his verdict on this man's style? "Style," we are told, "is a quality previously reputed literary," and of Balzac, "He wrote neither well nor badly, he wrote as he had to." The philosophy of determinism is beginning to lose itself in words. If this is true of Balzac is it not also true of the meanest hewer of wood and drawer of water in the literary world? Shall we no longer say that in comparison with Gautier, whom he tried so hard to imitate, in comparison with Hugo, with Mérimée, with George Sand, Balzac wrote badly? To have succeeded finally in climbing Boileau's Parnassus against such staggering odds, should, in a sense, redound to the greater glory of Balzac.

If, then, the "method" is occasionally discomfiting and unfair, the conclusions are certainly noteworthy. Brunetière has gone farther even than Taine. This is his thesis:

"If it be true of Molière that he was not only the greatest of comic authors, but 'comedy' itself, it may be said of Balzac that he was not only the greatest, the most fertile and diverse of our novelists, but the 'novel' itself; and the object of the present vol-

ume is to show that in saying this *I say nothing but the absolute and exact truth.*"

It is the fullest recognition that Balzac has yet received from technical criticism. It is, furthermore, a profound study of the evolution of the novel. Balzac created the "type" and succeeding novelists have accepted it as their pattern. The critic agrees that he often failed egregiously, and with much discrimination separates the failures from the masterpieces. In cases where he did fail, however, Brunetière usually absolves the creator of the "Human Comedy" by loading his sins upon the scapegoat Romanticism, and once again, not without a certain sense of triumph, driving that unclean beast into the desert. One must be on his guard against Brunetière's prejudices, for with him they have all become convictions. As a critic he is remarkable, not for his fairness, but for the strength and originality of his conceptions. By a single illuminating judgment, he repeatedly throws a long light down a dark vista of literary history, and his erudition is astounding. In that most admirable study, which, we believe, will be his monument, "The Evolution of Lyric Poetry in France," he was still willing to take his scientific terminology metaphorically, as it were. Unfortunately he seems now to have gone a step farther, and in spite of his protest to the contrary, must demand its literal acceptance. He considers his subject-matter exactly as would a natural scientist. Having spoken of Balzac as a force of nature, he treats his work as the product of unconscious nature. There is very little, too little we should say, about Balzac himself. Of his style we saw that he can tell us that "he wrote as he had to." This ceases to be adequate, and we fear that the law is being fulfilled, that a theory is at last claiming as its martyr a great critic. Interesting and important as his book is, we feel that it would have carried farther had its author never become involved in literary Darwinism. By his recent death France has lost her greatest critic since Taine, and his place cannot be taken by any of his contemporaries.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

WORLD-POLITICS.

PARIS: WASHINGTON.

PARIS, *January, 1907.*

FOR the first time since it has been the business of Republican Parliaments to vote the Budget, that is to say, since five-and-thirty years, the Chamber has managed to be ready with it against the beginning of the year. Week in, week out, on week-days and Sundays, by day and by night, these industrious gentlemen heard, discussed and shuffled off clause after clause with such feverish energy, that a few days before Christmas the whole thing could be sent up to the Senate. Religious questions, Moroccan questions, financial difficulties, etc., now and again had broken in upon the Budget-makers, but they were dismissed one after the other with as much contempt as in other years they would have attracted attention. The motive of this marvellous zeal was made apparent in the beginning of December when the Chamber, first in a sly, underhand manner, but a few days later with undaunted outspokenness, approved a brief clause raising the Deputy's salary or, as it is called, indemnity, from 1,800 to 3,000 dollars a year.

Unfortunately, the Budget thus hurried through does not hang together very satisfactorily. M. Poincaré, the immediate predecessor of the present Minister of Finance, whose interference I have had already to notice, pointed out in the "*Matin*" that its apparent balance had been obtained by such tricks as, for instance, pretending that thirty-eight million dollars employed in military preparations when the Moroccan question made a war with Germany an awful probability appertained to the Budget of 1905. The calmness of the country in presence of a disclosure of this kind shows how indifferent to public affairs the ordinary Frenchman is and will probably still long remain.

The dread of a war with Germany may be latent, but it is real;

and is, so to speak, the background against which nine Frenchmen out of ten see political developments. The topic crops up instantly in conversations and finds its way even into the most serious circles. The departure of the French and Spanish squadrons for Tangier brought about an alarming symptom which elicited endless comment. For several weeks, the Banque de France was almost the only one that would pay in gold, and the nervousness generally attending the appearance of too much paper gained even in commercial circles. Meanwhile M. Jaurès repeatedly warned the Chamber of the danger in which France placed herself by sending a squadron off Tangier without being absolutely certain of at least the permission of Germany. The Socialist leader is, in consequence of his views, averse to wars, but there would be something humiliating in his perpetually acting the part of Cassandra, if he had not a special reason of his own for deprecating a rub with Germany which I heard him state openly a few weeks ago in the Trocadéro. The German Emperor is, in M. Jaurès's opinion, the only German who would gain by a war, as war alone could effectually stop the quickly rising Socialist wave which he fears more than everything else. M. Jaurès concludes that it would be as foolish on the part of the old *parti de la revanche* as on that of the Socialists to let France be drawn into a conflict that would be sure to prevent a revolution in Germany, as the German Revolution will serve as well the humanitarian aspirations of the Socialists as those of the patriots. This Socialist standpoint may be cynical, but it is cleverly chosen, and the theories of Jaurès obscurely appeal to many a Frenchman of the old school who abhors his Socialism.

M. Clémenceau is too much of a patriot to side with the Socialists in their antimilitarism, but he promised, on taking office, that he would carry out several of their social reforms and he has kept his word. One of the first items on the Socialist or Radical-Socialist professions of faith was the nationalization of railways and mines. This great undertaking is now begun. The Chamber has voted the buying back of the Western Railway, and a committee is at present preparing the details of this difficult financial operation. The Western Railway Company was naturally not in favor of nationalization. Its privilege was to have lasted a hundred years, and it opposed with all its might its violent revocation. The Government in its desire to propitiate the Socialists would

have taken this measure in any circumstances, but it was glad of a pretext likely to win the public over to it. Whoever has travelled down the lines to Brittany and the West coast must have noticed and cursed the incredible laxity with which the service is carried on. The present writer, once inquiring of the station-master of an important junction in Brittany at what time the fast train passed through, was answered in the coolest tone that it passed *about* nine o'clock. The Minister of Public Works enlarged on this deplorable state of affairs and promised great punctuality when the State was sole shareholder and engineer. People with an experience of the few lines already worked by the State will not take this statement too sanguinely. The French State is a poor engineer as it is a bad match-maker, and only a tolerable though by no means a cheap tobacconist. But this side of the question is only trifling. The nationalization of this individual line is significant above all as being a threat not only to the other railway companies, but also to the mines and to all the larger industries. Clearly neither the Socialists nor the Government quite realize the feeling of distrust that such an action must inevitably create, and the danger resulting from the migration of capital seems to them a Conservative bugbear.

Parliamentary debates on these questions are often a mere comedy. For instance, the Chamber has adopted in principle and examined with the greatest attention five or six Income-tax Bills and two or three Old-age Pensions Bills, in the firm belief that the Senate would wisely undo what they had done. The commission named by the Senate to examine the Bill relative to the Western Railway had already given a by no means flattering appreciation of the work done by the Lower Assembly, and the Deputies do not seem to take much to heart their seniors' disparagement. They probably expect the Bill to be returned to them with no end of criticism and do not mind. Both Chambers were brought by Jaurès's untiring efforts to pass a law on compulsory weekly rest, but the law would soon be made null and void by numberless exceptions and exemptions if the Socialists were not on their guard constantly.

I did not expect two months ago, when stating the temporary solution proposed by M. Briand to the problem of the legal situation of the Church, that another solution would so soon become necessary.

In the beginning of August, the Pope having forbidden the French Bishops to form Associations for worship, the law of 1905 on Disestablishment became useless—seeing that most of its regulations rested on the existence of Associations—and another law had to be devised. The Minister of Public Worship, M. Briand, thought it possible to give a legal *status* to the Church without taking the trouble of remodelling his law. He proposed to the Chamber to leave everything as it was for another year, during which the Bishops, or rather the Pope, might possibly reconsider their decision, and in the mean time the property held by the cathedrals, churches, seminaries, etc., should not be confiscated at once as the law of 1905, loudly demanded by the old Combes party, said it should be, but it was to be left dormant until the year was out. As to the churches themselves, they were to be left, not in the possession, but at the disposal of the parish priests, provided a yearly declaration was made to the police that religious meetings were to be held in them. Naturally the French clergy resented the withdrawal from their hands of property which is their own and not the State's, and amounting to eighty-five million dollars. On the other hand, M. Jaurès found himself at one with the Catholic Jurists to point out that religious services have nothing in common with public meetings and ought not to be regulated by the same law. He also insisted that the Minister had no right to legislate by circulars, and suggested the repeal pure and simple of the formality of declaration. In spite of the fundamental inapplicability of the declaration, the Clergy were preparing to make it almost everywhere, and several Bishops had already issued orders to that effect when, on December 2nd, M. Briand sent round a circular—inspired no doubt by the Radicals who incessantly canvass him in the Lobby—ordering that the seminaries, about a hundred and sixty in number, should immediately be vacated by their present occupants, and were not on any account to be let to them. This, and perhaps a violently atheistic address of M. Viviani, the new Minister of Labor, once more gave the Pope the impression that the Government is only liberal in speech, and strengthened the distrust which I have so often pointed out as the main spring of his action regarding France. A week later a telegram from Rome prohibited the declaration.

I need not recount how this prohibition enraged the Radicals

and irritated M. Clémenceau to a degree of nervousness to which he had never been wrought up since he took office, how orders were given to expel Mgr. Montagnini, the ex-secretary of the Nuncio and to seize his papers, and how the Bishops were turned out of their Palaces at a few hours' notice. The emotion raised by these proceedings was recorded in the press of the whole world and cannot be already forgotten.

For a few days the Government seemed unable to recover from its exasperation, and tried to carry on an impossible method of enforcing the law by sending every morning the police into every church and chapel where services were held without a previous declaration. However, M. Briand, who is composure itself, soon realized that no police can cope with forty thousand daily outrages of a purely religious character, and made up his mind to submit another law to the Chambers. This law was improvised in a day or two by the Minister, and voted by both the Chamber and Senate in one short sitting. A measure taken with such precipitation in such disturbed circumstances concerning so difficult a subject can have no pretentions to finality, and its author was the first to own that it is full of gaps which are obscure and perhaps contradictory. M. Briand consoled the Chamber by reminding them that a law can always be bettered by another, and that no less than fifteen Bills were passed in the year 1795 concerning ecclesiastical organization. As this is by no means a cheering statement and is likely to depress the foreign reader who is interested in the future of religion in France more than he probably is already by the intricacy of the legislation, I will briefly sum up the law itself.

The new law leaves absolutely no property to the Church. Whatever it possessed is made over to municipal charities and the churches themselves—including two thousand new ones built in the last thirty years exclusively with Catholic contributions—are declared municipal property. Yet the churches — unless abandoned by the Clergy or left out of repair—cannot be sold or used by the Parishes for other than purposes of worship: the priest is to use them, not as owner nor even as tenant, but as natural occupant. In order to secure this juridical claim upon the sacred buildings, the clergy must come to some sort of agreement with the municipal authorities. This agreement rests either on a declaration of public meetings to be held in the

church or in the existence of an Association especially formed by the priest under the law of 1901, but with several reservations of an exceptional, not to say an unjust, character. On the whole the Government throws the burden of regulating the church organization on the municipalities; consequently, the arrangements will be easy or difficult, according to the local contingencies, and a great many churches will probably be closed on various pretexts by individual mayors. Petty vexations will be numerous.

WASHINGTON, *February, 1907.*

ALTHOUGH some sixteen months must pass before the meeting of the next Republican National Convention, there are already several avowed candidates for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, and their friends have begun active campaigns on their behalf. We refer to Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, of Iowa, who will retire from his present office on March 4th, to Mr. Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, Speaker of the House of Representatives and to Vice-President Fairbanks, of Indiana. There is no doubt that a good deal of work has been done for Secretary Shaw. A Republican State convention of Virginia has declared itself in his favor, and he is said to have had delegates promised him from Florida, North Carolina and one or two other Southern States. As those promises, however, appear to have been secured by special agents of the Treasury Department, they may not be kept after Mr. Cortelyou takes possession of Mr. Shaw's present office. There is no doubt that Mr. Cortelyou will support with all the influence at his command the Administration's candidate, whether this should be Secretary Taft or another. To those persons who are inclined to look upon Mr. Shaw's candidacy seriously, it is pointed out that, unless he can win over Governor Cummins, who is a tariff revisionist, the present Secretary of the Treasury, who hitherto has been accounted an inflexible Standpatter, would have no chance of obtaining the delegation from his native State. On the whole, it is doubtful whether he will figure conspicuously, if at all, in the Republican National Convention. The same objection cannot be urged against Speaker Cannon, who, unquestionably, is a "favorite son," and will be backed zealously by the Illinois delegation. His age is against him, however, for on March 4th, 1909, he will be seventy-three years old. We have never previously had but one President who had even

reached the age of sixty-eight at the date of his inauguration, and that was William Henry Harrison, who, about a month thereafter, died in the White House. Zachary Taylor, who was sixty-five when he took the oath of office, died early in the second year of his term. James Buchanan, who was sixty-six when he became President, managed to serve out his term, but the precedent is not encouraging. Vice-President Fairbanks, on the other hand, is but six years older than President Roosevelt, and will have only reached the age of fifty-seven in March, 1909. That he will have the Indiana delegation nobody disputes, although Mr. Harry S. New, of that State, at present the Acting Chairman of the Republican National Committee, is by no means a friend of his. It is certain that Mr. Fairbanks is acceptable to the Stand-patters and to many representatives of railway interests. Among his avowed and zealous advocates are Senator Hemmenway, of Indiana; Senator Scott, of West Virginia; Mr. Charles G. Dawes, of Chicago, who was Comptroller of the Currency in the first McKinley Administration; Mr. D. G. Reid and W. B. Leeds of the Rock Island Railroad Company and Mr. E. H. Harriman of the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific railways. The friends of Mr. Fairbanks look for support not only to a section of the Central West and to Pennsylvania, but also to the States on the Pacific slope, which are now considered unlikely to favor any candidate put forward by the Administration, and to the colored delegates from Southern States, who are believed to have been alienated from Mr. Roosevelt by the Brownsville incident. What darkens the Vice-President's prospect of the Republican nomination is the grave doubt touching his availability. Some of his warmest friends are alleged to have admitted that he probably would be beaten by Mr. Bryan, were there only two candidates in the field, and they are presumed to base their hope of success on the assumption that Mr. Hearst will accept a nomination from the Independence League, and thus divide the Democratic votes. Meanwhile, clear-sighted onlookers opine that, if the Republicans want to make sure of winning, they must nominate a man known to approve of Mr. Roosevelt's policies, such a man, for example, as Secretary Taft or Senator La Follette of Wisconsin or Governor Hughes of New York.

Republican and Democratic Senators express widely different views of the amendment (supposed to have been framed by

Secretary Root), which, on February 16th, the Senate, by almost a strictly party vote, added to the Immigration bill. The amendment is based on the assumption that the Tokio Government is sincere in its assertion that, while it has issued passports for its subjects wishing to emigrate to Hawaii or the Philippines, it does not desire them to settle on the American mainland. If the assumption be well founded—which, by the way, is denied in a telegram from Tokio to the London "Times"—the Mikado's Ministers will not resent, but welcome the amendment above mentioned, which provides that, whenever the President shall be satisfied that passports issued by any foreign government to its citizens to go to any country other than the United States, or to any insular possession of the United States, or to the canal zone, are being used for the purpose of enabling the holders to come to the continental territory of the United States, to the detriment of labor conditions there, the President may refuse to permit such citizens of the country issuing such passports to enter the continental territory of the United States from such other country, or from such insular possessions, or from the canal zone. That this amendment does not violate the treaty concluded between Japan and the United States in 1904 is evident for two reasons, first, because, on its face, the amendment does not discriminate against Japan, but is applicable to all nations; and, secondly, because the second article of the treaty just named expressly excepts from the operation of the compact any legislation regarding immigration which either of the signatories may previously have enacted or may hereafter enact. As a matter of fact, however, the President is known to have no intention of exercising the power conferred on him by the amendment, in the case of the subjects of any foreign Government except the Japanese. The power is notoriously given to him for the sole purpose of excluding Japanese laborers from California and other States on the Pacific coast, in consideration of which exclusion the San Francisco School Board has agreed to admit Japanese pupils of suitable age to all the public schools of that city. Meanwhile Chinese pupils will continue to be segregated in a particular school building. The feeling with which Democratic Senators regard what is virtually a bargain between President Roosevelt and the San Francisco School Board was expressed forcibly by Senator E. W. Carmack of Tennessee. The significance of the bargain

is, in Mr. Carmack's opinion, that a foreign Power has browbeaten the Government of the United States, and browbeaten a sovereign State of our Union into a surrender of its right to control its own affairs. The Senator from Tennessee went on to charge that, while the attitude of our Federal Government toward California, as evinced in a President's Message, has been harsh and offensive to the last degree, its attitude toward Japan has been obsequious and almost pusilanimous. He criticised the conduct of the President in this business, on the ground that, while he had spoken softly to a foreign Power, he had brandished a big stick over the backs of his own people. The amendment to the Immigration bill had no other purpose, Mr. Carmack declared, but to arm the Federal Executive with the means of coercing the people of a sovereign State into a surrender of their Constitutional right to regulate their own public schools.

There is no doubt that a considerable change has been observed in public opinion at the Federal capital with regard to the San Francisco school question, since the publication of the exact official text of the treaty of alliance concluded between Japan and Great Britain on August 12th, 1905, has shown that, in the second article, the "special interests" there mentioned are expressly defined as those set forth in the preamble of the agreement, that is to say, interests connected with the regions of Eastern Asia and of India. From the moment that Britain's neutrality could be counted on in a contest between the United States and Japan, the disposition to avert such a contest at any cost has tended to die away. For, if we should be practically guaranteed against aggression in the Atlantic, there seems to be no conclusive reason why we should not despatch to the Pacific the greater part of our navy, which, in respect of battle-ships, is materially stronger than the Japanese. In other words, while we could do nothing on the ocean against Britain and Japan combined, we have no reason to fear the latter Power, if it should be isolated and forced to rely upon its own resources. Such isolation being now accepted as an indisputable fact, there is in Washington a growing inclination to regret the exhibition of an excessive eagerness to conciliate Japan. Of course the treaty rights of the Tokio Government will be respected, but, thanks to ex-Secretary Olney, attention has been directed to their precise scope and purport.

Since the publication on February 16th of the text of the new

treaty between the United States and the Dominican Republic, there has been some improvement in the prospect of securing a ratification of it by two-thirds of the Senators during the present session of Congress. The preamble of the treaty sets forth that the external and internal debt of Santo Domingo has been scaled down to a sum not exceeding $17,000,000, and that arrangements can be made to liquidate this indebtedness forthwith by the issuance of $20,000,000 of fifty-year five-per-cent. bonds, purchasable at 96, and redeemable after ten years at 102½, the Dominican Republic pledging itself not to increase its debt until these bonds shall have been paid, except with the sanction of the President of the United States. A condition precedent to the purchase of the said bonds by an unnamed banking-house is the ratification of the new treaty, whereby the Dominican Republic agrees that the President of the United States shall appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the American Senate, a general receiver of Dominican customs, who, with such assistant receivers as may be appointed by the President of the United States, shall collect all the customs revenue of the Dominican Republic, until the payment or retirement of all bonds issued by the Dominican Government. The sums collected by the general receiver are to be applied, partly to the payment of interest and the establishment of a sinking-fund with regard to the Dominican bonds, and partly to the administrative expenses of the Dominican Republic. It will be noted that by the present treaty the United States does not agree to uphold any particular government at Santo Domingo, but simply undertakes to give the general receiver and his assistants such protection as may be needed for the performance of their duties. On the whole, it seems that the new treaty reduces our responsibilities to a minimum, while safeguarding the Dominican Republic from the bombardment and blockade to which, in 1902, Venezuela was subjected. The impression is gaining ground in Washington that some such interposition on our part will be requisite to shield the weaker Latin-American commonwealths from the seizure of their customs revenues by European Powers, until a Hague Congress shall have proclaimed the Drago doctrine a fundamental principle of international law, an event which we are unlikely to witness at an early date.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

WEDNESDAY, *February 20.* May the President Admit New States?

IT is reported, and the report has not yet been contradicted, that the President is taking a fatherly interest in the internal affairs of Oklahoma. He has warned, it is said, the Constitutional Convention, which is engaged in framing the first fundamental law of the incoming State, that it must refrain from inserting in that law a provision forbidding the employment of armed private citizens by the railroads and other corporations. Such employment of private armed agents, especially for the suppression of strikes, has not been uncommon in the past.

It is such a curious theory that seems to possess Mr. Roosevelt's mind that it will repay examination. It seems that the President is of the opinion that he is the whole political power. Congress offends him if it does not agree with him and sustain all his theories and policies. In his relations to the judiciary department, too, Mr. Roosevelt, more than once, has indicated his belief that the President is the controlling force in the government, and that the judges do wrong, violate their duty, when they do not concur in his opinions on constitutional and other law. In this instance he is illustrating anew his theory that the President is the supreme power of the government, not bound to consult with any other power or department. Necessarily, therefore, the old theory that the other departments are coordinate with him, and independent of him, is, to his mind, exploded. More than this, in this case of Oklahoma he has assumed the rôle, and has enacted it most extravagantly, of the father of his people. He is denying to the people of the new State the right to govern themselves. On the one hand, he is usurping the powers of Congress; on the other, he is saying to the people of Oklahoma that they shall not govern themselves as they like, not

as they think that they ought to govern themselves, but as he thinks that they should be governed.

The first serious question is whether the President has the power which he seems to have assumed. Can he, under the Constitution, be the parental governor that he seeks to be? If he has such a power as he attempts to exert, he can, of course, frame the whole fundamental law of the State of Oklahoma. If, for example, he thought that it would be best for the new State, or a good example for neighboring States, that its Constitution should prohibit the sale of liquor; or if he thought that it should restrict the suffrage, or admit women to vote, or adopt the town-meeting methods of New England, or the city-government experiment of Galveston—it would be as much within his power to deny Statehood to Oklahoma if the convention did not meet his requirements on these subjects, as it is within his power to insist that Pinkertons shall not be excluded by the new Constitution. The exercise of this power would, indeed, make the President an autocrat not only over the admission of new States, but in framing their State governments and their fundamental laws. The acceptance of the right would endow him with the power which the Constitution has bestowed upon Congress, and would reverse the intent of constitutional law, for it would make a Constitution a grant from the Executive instead of an enactment by the people, by the application and interpretation of which the judicial power keeps the political power to the way in which the people intend it to walk.

"New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union," is the language of the Constitution. The right to admit new States has been consistently interpreted. In the first place, it has been assumed that, certain physical, geographical and statistical conditions being satisfactory to Congress, the old Territory ought to be admitted as a new State if its people so desire, Congress simply requiring that the new State's Constitution shall provide for a government republican in form. The power granted to Congress to "guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government" has been extended and applied so that Congress now demands, as it must, that each entering State shall possess a government republican in form when it presents itself for admission. Whether a State possesses a government republican in form is a question for the political power to deter-

mine. This was decided by the Supreme Court early in the history of the Government in the case of Luther *v.* Borden. By the political power the Supreme Court designated, in this instance, the legislative power, of which the President, as the possessor of a qualified veto, is part. Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, if he were to deny admission to Oklahoma for any reason except that its Constitution provided for a government not republican in form, would assume to himself the rights of the whole political power and of the whole legislative power of the Government. He would assume what never belonged to an English-speaking monarch, and what the Tsar has promised the Russian people to surrender.

Not only this, but he would violate the Act of Congress itself for the admission of Oklahoma, the Act of June 16th, 1906. By this Act the President is instructed to examine the new Constitution, and if it and the government provided for by it "are republican in form, and if the provisions in this Act have been complied with in the promotion thereof [provisions respecting the eligibility of voters, the manner of holding the election for delegates, etc.], it shall be the duty of the President of the United States . . . to issue his proclamation announcing the result of the election," this election being for the ratification of the Constitution. "Thereupon," continues the statute, "the proposed State of Oklahoma shall be deemed admitted by Congress into the Union, under and by virtue of this Act, on an equal footing with the original States." The Act provides all the conditions under which the State may be admitted. The principal one of those conditions is required by the Constitution itself; the others are required by the constitutional enabling Act. Under the Constitution the President has not the right to prescribe other conditions. Congress has not empowered him to do so. Congress could not thus empower him, for an attempt by it to do so would be a delegation of its legislative duty which it may not make. Congress itself could not now add to the conditions which are to be found in the Act of June 16th without a breach of its faith.

Even if such a condition should be forced upon the Constitutional Convention by the proper authority, *i. e.*, by Congress, and if the new State Constitution should be without the provision against which Mr. Roosevelt has issued his warning, the moment that the new State shall become part of the Union it will have

supreme control over its own Constitution. It may, therefore, amend it by inserting the provision which the President now warns it to omit. His effort, therefore, is not only in violation of the law of the land, but, for his own purposes, whatever they may be, it would be a futile violation.

THURSDAY, *February 21.* Some Letters from Our Readers.

WE receive daily many letters from readers of the REVIEW. Some voice intelligent suggestions or criticism in intelligible phrase, others express earnest and, at times, violent dissent for no given reason, a few sound unstinted praise tickling to vanity, but hardly convincing when subjected to the severe test of dissociated judgment; but all are interesting because indicative of phases of thought or emotion, and none passes unheeded. This morning came:

"SIR,—Pardon me, a stranger, for addressing you, but I was interested in reading the first article under the head of the 'Editor's Diary,' in your issue of January 4th, 1907, because it treats of a subject in which an instructive experiment is now being carried on in the State of New York.

"No one doubts President Roosevelt's honesty of purpose—not even his most active opponents, and least of all, I judge, yourself. But many, like you, object to the multiplicity of his activities—not, I take it, as a man, but as the President. Perhaps he tries no harder to guide all departments of the Government than many of his predecessors; if so, his ability makes his activity more fruitful, hence more noticeable.

"The Governor of New York, on the other hand, with just as honest a purpose, has taken the opposite stand. His duties, he says, are defined in the Constitution, and it is only *his* duties that he has been elected to perform. The members of the Legislature have theirs marked out for them in the same instrument. The Governor refuses, not only to be dictated to by the members of the Legislature, but, for the same reason, to dictate to that coordinate branch of the Government, relying upon public opinion to force them to do their duty, instead of on his strong right arm of Gubernatorial power.

"Personally, I believe that the Hughes way is the coming way, and I earnestly hope so.

"But, in your article, it seems to me that you confuse two separate and unrelated things. The arrogation by the central Government to itself of powers hitherto belonging to and exercised by the States is a very different thing from the encroachment of the Executive on the powers and duties of the other branches of the Government. While the limitation of the powers of the central Government is the result of accident, the separation into coordinate branches with distinct powers is due to

the wisdom of the fathers based upon the experience of history. Not that the former is necessarily inconsistent with that wisdom, but it is not its product.

"For a clear discussion of these questions, they must first be carefully distinguished. When that is done, I think it will appear that in neither respect is there, in the attitude of the 'clique' at Washington, a menace to the liberty of the individual, except in so far as that is influenced by the effectiveness and virtue of the Government. Neither encroachment is, *in itself*, an abridgment of that liberty.

"I am, sir, etc.,

"GEORGE B. KELLER.

"BROOKLYN, NEW YORK."

Whether or not such encroachment be, *in itself*, an abridgment of personal liberty is a matter largely of interpretation; that it is *in effect*, which, after all, is the main point in issue, our casuistical correspondent inferentially admits. His easy assumption that "the limitation of the powers of the central Government is the result of accident," we charitably assume to partake of the nature of jocularity.

"SIR,—Allow one of your readers to say that in his opinion you are entitled to profound public thanks for the stand you are taking with regard to the President and his encroachments. Whatever his intentions, he is doing an enormous deal to blur public vision of matters vitally connected with the continuance of free institutions in this country—to advance us insensibly toward the forms of a monarchy—which will confirm to us the substance of which we already have no little. Commend us all to a reading of 'Miller Arnold's Lawsuit' in the last volume of Carlyle's *Friedrich*, but not to Carlyle's conclusions respecting all such.

"I am, sir, etc.,

"HENDRICK KINNEY.

"MADISON, WISCONSIN."

It was surely an interesting lawsuit, and calculated to illustrate admirably the effect of monarchical resentment of apparent injustice applied by established courts in a specific case without regard to establishment of precedent; but Carlyle's confused account seems almost opaque in the light of Macaulay's more general depiction of the same king:

"Most of the vices of Frederic's administration resolve themselves into one vice—the spirit of meddling. The indefatigable activity of his intellect, his dictatorial temper, his military habits—all inclined him to this

great fault. He drilled his people as he drilled his grenadiers. Capital and industry were diverted from their natural direction by a crowd of preposterous regulations. There was a monopoly of coffee, a monopoly of tobacco, a monopoly of refined sugar. The public money, of which the King was generally so sparing, was lavishly spent in ploughing bogs, in planting mulberry-trees amidst the sand, in bringing sheep from Spain to improve the Saxon wool, in bestowing prizes for fine yarn, in building manufactories of porcelain, manufactories of carpets, manufactories of hardware, manufactories of lace. Neither the experience of other rulers nor his own could ever teach him that something more than an edict and a grant of public money was required to create a Lyons, a Brussels, or a Birmingham.

"For his commercial policy, however, there was some excuse. He had on his side illustrious examples and popular prejudice. Grievously as he erred, he erred in company with his age. In other departments his meddling was altogether without apology. He interfered with the course of justice as well as with the course of trade, and set up his own crude notions of equity against the law as expounded by the unanimous voice of the gravest magistrates. It never occurred to him that men whose lives were passed in adjudicating on questions of civil right were more likely to form correct opinions on such questions than a prince whose attention was divided among a thousand objects, and who had never read a law book through. The resistance opposed to him by the tribunals inflamed him to fury. He reviled his Chancellor. He kicked the shins of his judges. He did not, it is true, intend to act unjustly. He firmly believed that he was doing right and defending the cause of the poor against the wealthy. Yet this well-meant meddling probably did far more harm than all the explosions of his evil passions during the whole of his long reign. We could make shift to live under a debauchee or a tyrant, but to be ruled by a busybody is more than human nature can bear."

If we rightly suspect the parallel designed by our correspondent, Macaulay would seem to be preeminent in simple effectiveness.

"SIR,—You raise the question, 'Can Women be Friends?' and leave the conclusion to other 'more certain minds.' It has occurred to me in this connection that the lifelong friendship of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony is well worth citing as an instance of rare friendship between two women. On the occasion of Miss Anthony's eightieth birthday, which was celebrated at the Lafayette Square Opera-House in Washington, February 15th, 1900, Harriet Stanton Blatch, the daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, brought to Miss Anthony the greeting of her mother, and her address on that occasion was so remarkable that I am enclosing herewith a copy of it.

"I am, sir, etc.,

"ELIZABETH J. HAUSER."

"I bring to you, Susan B. Anthony, the greetings of your friend and coworker, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, greetings full of gracious memories. When the cause for which you have worked shall be victorious, then, as is the way of the world, will it be forgotten that it ever meant effort or struggle for pioneers; but the friendship of you two women will remain a precious memory in the world's history, unforgotten and unforgettable. Your lives have proved not only that women can work strenuously together without jealousy, but that they can be friends in times of sunshine and peace and stress and storm. No mere fair-weather friends have you been to each other.

"Does not Emerson say that friendship is the slowest fruit in the garden of God? The fruit of frendship between you two has grown through half a hundred years, each year making it more beautiful, more mellow, more sweet. But you have not been weak echoes of each other; nay, often for the good of each you were thorns in the side. Yet disagreement only quickened loyalty. Supplementing each other, companionship drew out the best in each. You have both been urged to untiring efforts through the sympathy, the help of the other. You have attained the highest achievement in demonstrating a lofty, an ideal friendship. This friendship of you two women is the benediction for our century."

We publish gladly this tribute to a friendship as unselfish and beautiful as our correspondent inadvertently admits it to have been rare.

"SIR,—'There is no Place in Heaven for Old Maids.' This cruel and crushing statement was made by a Carmelite father the other night while preaching a mission sermon at the Church of St. Bernard, in West Fourteenth Street. He also said that it was almost impossible for one not married or who did not become a nun to save her soul. While old maids, with the rest of the world, may treat with infinite scorn the prophecies of any one, even a priest, as to their chances of happiness after death, his second remark is of so serious a nature, affecting the character and reputation of many women, that it is as unfair as it is untrue.

"Furthermore, it is not inappropriate at this time to reply to the Reverend Father's criticism in the words of Susan B. Anthony: 'Any woman in the world will get married if the man she loves asks her.' If he does not, what can she do? To be able to marry some one else is not going to make her a happy woman and, we are sure, it is not going to make her a good one, no matter how many priests may bless the ring or assist at the ceremony.

"The Church of which this priest is a member has always been and still is the strongest advocate of celibacy of any Church of ancient or modern times, and its priests have from time immemorial trained and fortified souls to live in the state of life he deplores. In other words, they have been the consolers and comforters to sick and suffering souls

who have been denied every human consolation and who would otherwise have sought distraction in pleasure and probably in sin. Then, too, a Catholic girl knows if she makes an unfortunate marriage she has to put up with it. At any rate, she cannot secure a divorce and marry again without being excommunicated from the Church. The result is that the Catholic Church has, in this country at least, a larger percentage of unmarried women than any other denomination.

"Aside from all this, is it not rather ungallant to make rude and terrifying remarks to a class of people so useful to mankind in general? There is a lot of work to be done in the world, and many old maids are doing theirs as well as the priest does his. In addition to all the odd jobs which they formerly did, as trained workers they now nurse the sick, mind children, cook, bake, sew, teach (some have been known to preach), support fathers and mothers, educate the children of worthless brothers and brothers-in-law, and last, but by no means least, render substantial assistance to the support of all priests.

"The old maids who felt discouraged and dismayed by this father's statement should remember that greater priests and philosophers than he have said exactly the reverse. Among them St. Paul, who remarked: 'If you get married you do well; if you remain single you do better.' Wagner, in his delineation of a society that is vulgar and corrupt, thought fit to write words of passionate admiration for old maids; and Thackeray, that keen and delightful philosopher, has given us perhaps the truest and most pathetic picture of the lives of women in general who are born in humble circumstances, whom he poetically describes as 'sisters of charity without the romance and sentiment of sacrifice.'

"If the good father has any satisfying and satisfactory solution of the situation which he deplores (other than that promulgated by Brigham Young), he will be heralded by the old maids themselves as the greatest benefactor of his time. If he has not, what good can be achieved by making cynical remarks as to the present conduct and terrible predictions as to the future happiness of a class of helpless people who feel that in the great scheme of things they have been very inadequately taken care of? —— ——.

"New York City."

Even spinsters ought not to attempt to justify their indefensible attitude towards the human race by misquoting the Scriptures from either unscrupulous design or treacherous memory. There is no record, authentic or otherwise, to our knowledge, of such an utterance as that so glibly attributed to Paul. His admonition was addressed, not to unmarried women, but directly to "any man" who might think he had behaved "uncomely"—or, according to the Revised Version, "unseemly"—towards a virgin of mature years; such an one, the apostle declared, though he "sinneth not," "doeth well" to keep his virgin; and,

he added, naturally: "So, then, he that giveth her in marriage doeth well; but he that giveth her not in marriage [*i. e.*, presumably marries her himself] doeth better." The inappositeness, if not indeed downright dishonesty, of our correspondent's misquotation is therefore clearly apparent.

Paul's direct injunction was addressed to Timothy in these unmistakable words: "I will that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give no occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully." The excellence of this advice, as thus presented in the Authorized Version, was so obvious that the learned revisers ventured a change only in the most tentative manner. In point of fact, there can be little doubt that Paul's reference was really restricted to younger widows, not younger women, since he had just enjoined that none be enrolled as a widow "under threescore years old," because those who had not reached that age of reasonable discretion were accustomed to "desire to marry" and "to be idle, going about from house to house, and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not." Apparently, at the time of writing to Timothy, Paul regarded remarriage of the younger widows as the only effective remedy for harmful gossip; and yet, but a short time previous, he had written to his friends in Corinth, "I say to the unmarried and widows, 'It is good for them if they abide even as I'"; *i. e.*, as an old bachelor, since even then he was somewhat advanced in years.

On the whole, we must conclude that, although the clearest and wisest of teachers of his day in matters concerning men, when he undertook to treat of those pertaining specifically to women, and to widows especially, Paul's mind became confused. Curiously enough, the like might be said of nearly all of the great preachers who succeeded him—surely, at any rate, from the days of Knox to those of Beecher. For some inscrutable reason, each has seemed to lack the specific knowledge of feminine traits and inclinations derived from experience by many of us who are in other respects comparatively ill informed.

SIR,—'Why Not Tax Old Maids?' is the title and subject of an article in the 'Editor's Diary' of your number of January 4th, 1907. It caught my eye precisely because I am that thing maligned in your paper, a

deliberate spinster; and because I have reflected, much and often, on the position old maids have assumed in the community. In the first place, let me defend those members of society from your charge of their being 'clogs'—they are, according to my rather large experience among them, particularly useful citizens: in replacing tired mothers (or dead ones) in the care of their children, in doing 'nurse,' or 'governess' work, for nothing but the joy of helping, with all the love and devotion of the real mothers; in doing faithful service on charitable boards, where they give time and thought unstintingly; and *officially*, as teachers in public schools, where a recent law forbids a married woman to serve!

"If these are some of the uses of spinsters, there is another reason why they should not be taxed, further than is already the case, if they happen to hold 'trust property,' and that is the fact that they are unrepresented by a *vote*. Now, I am not in favor of giving universal suffrage to women (any more than to men); but should the suffrage be given to any women, it certainly belongs to those single women, or widows who, though they may hold property on which they do pay taxes, are unable to influence in any way legislation which affects their interests, while the laboring men to whom they pay $1.50 to $2.00 a day may vote against them at any election.

"Property ought to have taxation with representation, whether held by a man or a woman; but as long as spinsters have no rights in the management of local governments, they should not be taxed for being single. As for your view that every woman should marry, whether she finds a congenial mate or not—the idea is too unreasonable to require a reply from A RESPECTABLE SPINSTER.

"ON BOARD S.S. 'CEDRIC.'"

The complacently boastful admission of our correspondent that she is a "deliberate" spinster, of course, confirms our assertion that no woman fails to fulfil her destiny from lack of opportunity. To urge that a congenial mate cannot be selected from the five millions of starving bachelors and widowers now at large in this country is plain confession of excessive particularity, just as departure for foreign lands simultaneously with the approach of the seductive spring-time is manifest evasion of fateful responsibility.

"SIR,—I find the 'Editor's Diary' the most entertaining part of the REVIEW. Especially interesting in the last REVIEW is your explanation of the facts that there are more widows than widowers, and more divorced women than men.

"For a mere man, your reasoning is very good, but it is far from the truth. We might let it go as a joke were there not danger of some gullible youths being frightened, youths who are now blissfully floating down

the Wooing River, hoping in time to reach the open sea and the Islands of the Blest. Your reasoning might cause them to fear that the Wooing River leads to the awful whirlpool that only the lucky few escape.

"For the sake of such youths the truth should be told. Your facts are correct and your figures true; there are more widows, both grass and sod, than widowers, but your explanations are as far as possible from the true ones.

"Every young man knows he is a poor creature, earthbound, mostly made of clay, seeking something, he knows not what, till there comes a day, and such a day, when an angel in the form of a woman dawns upon his vision. Life becomes different; he longs only for her companionship; he dreams of heaven in the shape of a home for two. He wins her, gets his home, and finds it so heavenly sweet he is consumed with a longing for more heaven and more angelic companionship. His soul awakens, grows strong, flaps its pinions, and he is away, not dead, just gone up.

"With a woman it is different. She is, as we all know, a stranger to earth, a missionary, as it were, from heaven. Seeing how easily men are won and sent up, she exerts herself, making a willing, yea, a joyful, sacrifice for the sake of man's eternal good. After a time, perhaps, the strange earth things fascinate her, and she might stay on forever if her heavenly companions from whom she wandered away in early youth did not snatch her back to themselves, at a ripe old age.

"This explanation, I am sure, you will at once see, is better than yours; more cheerful and more encouraging to all young men, and might put an end to all bachelorhood.

"I am, sir, etc.,

"OLIVE GOLD SMITH.

"CHICAGO, ILLINOIS."

Regard for verity compels us to dissent regretfully from the judgment that all women are angelic while on earth; if they were, conditions would be so unequal that existence would be unendurable by man.

SATURDAY, *February 23*. The Essential Requisite of Reformation.

WE wish to acknowledge receipt of a great number of letters from officials of women's associations and clubs containing copies of resolutions commending our advocacy of extension of the suffrage; also of many communications protesting against the expression of our own inability to recognize the privilege of voting as an inherent right. It may be that this phase of the subject calls for special consideration, which, however, we withhold simply because, in matters of vital concern, a discussion which seems to be purely academic can be regarded only as a

waste of energy and a cause of harmful dissension. We cheerfully grant that in theory much that is convincing may be said on the affirmative side of the question; we insist also that the record of the state of comparative savagery from which the human race is slowly, but surely, emerging points in severe practice to a different conclusion; personally, we have no quarrel with those who hold the one view or the other, so the goal be the same.

It is not so long ago when members of a religious sect were firmly convinced that there was but one road to Heaven. Now there is a quite general consensus of tolerant opinion that there are many ways, and that no one of the avenues is so narrow as that solitary path once fixed by creed, prejudice or early teaching. The chief point we would make in this connection is that actual accomplishment is dependent upon ability to convince those who really possess authority, rightfully or wrongfully, of the wisdom or necessity of sharing it with others who, in point of fact at the present time, are deprived of the privilege of exercising it. Appeals to conscience and sense of fairness may be effective with some men; therefore let them be made without stint, and God speed the effort! But why impair the full force of the invocation by restriction of any kind not absolutely imposed by moral law? Frank recognition of existing conditions is the first essential requisite of reformation always. We may as well admit, then, at the outset, that the average modern man is egotistical and the average modern woman parasitical. Neither fully appreciates this simple truth, and none, of course, will admit it; but the fact remains, and is easily demonstrated by the most casual observation. The cause lies in the utter inequality between the sexes, developed by ages of presumably progressive, but surely artificial, existence. There was no such disparity in the beginning of earthly things, as we know them. Primitive man and primitive woman differed only in characteristics which have maintained to this day; in other respects they were of substantially the same rank. The chief difference lay in the fact that his nature was, and still is, destructive; while hers was, and continues to be, constructive. When he sought to kill the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air for food, she learned from the animals how to extract the poison from herbs and provide sustenance, if need should arise, through domestication of plants. His exploits were more brilliant and venturesome and, when successful, more satisfying; but

it was her work that afforded safeguard against failure, and transformed a mere chance into a certainty of existence. There ensued, as a matter of course, the equality of interdependence, the material daring and aggressiveness of the one admirably supplementing the greater patience and foresight of the other and, *mirabile dictu,* he regarding her invariably with respect, not tolerance, and she relying in no sense upon him for protection from chivalrous motives or instinct.

To trace the change wrought by what is ordinarily termed the intellectual development of the human race would surely be wearisome and quite likely unprofitable. Moreover, it might be a question not easily determined, even though we had a choice, which would be the better way of living—theirs or ours. The chief fact to reckon with for the moment is the difference, and that becomes apparent when we admit, as we must, if truthful with ourselves, that every man living to-day unconsciously assumes superiority over woman, and no living woman, at least in America, questions for a moment her inherent right to demand support and protection from man. Clearly, while such conditions continue, talk or thought of true equality is farcical to a degree, and mere expediency offers as sure a basis for argument in favor of universal suffrage as actual prerogative, if not, indeed, a surer one. But, since the opening of one road does not necessarily close another, there would seem to be no good reason for restricting choice or for bickering at the crossways.

MONDAY, *February 25.* Woman's Arguments Against Woman Suffrage.

"Paradoxical as it may seem to thee, O Lord!" was the beginning of the prayer of the pedagogue; and, "Paradoxical as it may seem to you, O Senators," would have been a fitting opening of the argument advanced by certain estimable women who appeared recently before a legislative committee in Albany to voice a protest against universal suffrage. Two members of the committee to whom they appealed are the most conspicuous examples of successfully corrupt politicians in the Empire State; to them in particular was addressed the entreaty to save the commonwealth from the direful effects of ballots which might be cast by women like unto themselves. The reasons actuating the protest were set

forth succinctly, whether convincingly or not, in an "official paper," from which we quote.

1. "Would it not be an impulsive act of the New York legislator, moved by the appeals of a minority, to favor the grave social experiment of giving the suffrage to more than two millions of women whom the suffragists, after sixty years of missionary work, cannot convert into wanting it?"

In the present state of civilization, which demands chivalric treatment of presumed unequals, it is considered unbecoming to question statements of fact made by ladies; so we pass hastily over the awkward certainties that the State has less than sixteen hundred thousand male voters altogether, and that the bill objected to applied only to cities of the third class, to the main point, namely, of apprehended "impulsiveness" of the New York legislator. We would not seem impertinent, and yet may there not be reason in asking that a period of limitation of undue haste be fixed "after sixty years"?

2. "Women have been accused of being impulsive, but they are far-seeing enough to be conservative on this question. Shall the New York legislator be less conservative than the New York woman?"

If women are thus aggressively "conservative" on this question, is there any reason to doubt that they would be equally so on others no less vital? That the New York legislator should emulate one he acknowledges as his superior we cheerfully grant.

3. "The suffragists appeal to your chivalry on the ground that women need their rights and cannot get them by acts of Legislature."

Why, then, this bill?

4. "It is quite safe to assume, and perfectly easy to prove, that the New York man is the same man in his treatment of women in or out of the Legislature."

We are unable to determine whether this is intended to be a compliment or an insult. In either case the point is missing.

5. "It is exactly because the suffragist has found it easy to get whatever she wants from men outside of the lawmaking body, that she comes so confidently to you to-day."

But has she? If so, why the necessity of appearing at all?

6. "If her sex were behind her, which they are not, she would get the vote to-morrow without the trouble of personally asking the Legislature."

How?

7. "We believe that woman's non-partisan attitude gives her the opportunity for influence in the community which the suffrage would divert and curtail."

All voters are not partisans; practically no women would be.

8. "We believe that intelligence and integrity of character are more potent factors in governing woman's wages than the ballot would be."

What of it?

9. "We believe that more enduring good can be accomplished by training and moulding a child's nature than by voting on the tariff, civil-service reform, railroad monopoly or any other national or State issue."

Why not both?

10. "This is surely not a man's question; it is a woman's question. Do not act on impulse; let the women of this State decide that they want a vote before you use your official position to help make woman suffrage a law. What ten thousand women want is not the final necessity in a State of over seven million persons. Leaving out the children, there are still the views of fully four million grown men and women to be considered as either opposed to the extension of the suffrage or indifferent to it."

Why is it not a man's question; and why, particularly in puerile discussion, leave out the children?

11. "We believe that you can be trusted to defeat this resolution, and we earnestly beg you to protect our interests by your constitutional powers of check, to the end that women may continue active and beneficent in ways with which political duties would conflict."

How "interests" can be protected by deprivation of authority is beyond our ken; if, on the other hand, the conferring of suffrage rights would induce passivity on the part of women, we can perceive no reason for objection by those now so "active and beneficent" in opposition.

We dislike extremely to treat a serious subject in a manner seemingly flippant; but we know of no other method of disposing or irrelevant, illogical and childish assertions masquerading in the semblance of arguments. Nevertheless, the mere fact that so many excellent women have the courage—or should we say brazenness—to appear before notoriously corrupt politicians, even to beg that they be saved from themselves and their sisters, indicates the power for good they might wield if endowed with actual authority.

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—XIV.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated Thursday, December 6, 1906.*]

From Susy's Biography of Me.

Feb. 27, Sunday.

Clara's reputation as a baby was always a fine one, mine exactly the contrary. One often related story concerning her braveness as a baby and her own opinion of this quality of hers is this. Clara and I often got slivers in our hands and when mama took them out with a much dreaded needle, Clara was always very brave, and I very cowardly. One day Clara got one of these slivers in her hand, a very bad one, and while mama was taking it out, Clara stood perfectly still without even wincing; I saw how brave she was and turning to mamma said "Mamma isn't

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she a brave little thing! presently mamma had to give the little hand quite a dig with the needle and noticing how perfectly quiet Clara was about it she exclaimed, Why Clara! you *are* a brave little thing! Clara responded "No bodys braver but God!"—

Clara's pious remark is the main detail, and Susy has accurately remembered its phrasing. The three-year-older's wound was of a formidable sort, and not one which the mother's surgery would have been equal to. The flesh of the finger had been burst by a cruel accident. It was the doctor that sewed it up, and to all appearances it was he, and the other independent witnesses, that did the main part of the suffering; each stitch that he took made Clara wince slightly, but it shrivelled the others.

I take pride in Clara's remark, because it shows that although she was only three years old, her fireside teachings were already making her a thinker—a thinker and also an observer of proportions. I am not claiming any credit for this. I furnished to the children worldly knowledge and wisdom, but was not competent to go higher, and so I left their spiritual education in the hands of the mother. A result of this modesty of mine was made manifest to me in a very striking way, some years afterward, when Jean was nine years old. We had recently arrived in Berlin, at the time, and had begun housekeeping in a furnished apartment. One morning at breakfast a vast card arrived—an invitation. To be precise, it was a command from the Emperor of Germany to come to dinner. During several months I had encountered socially, on the Continent, men bearing lofty titles; and all this while Jean was becoming more and more impressed, and awed, and subdued, by these imposing events, for she had not been abroad before, and they were new to her—wonders out of dreamland turned into realities. The imperial card was passed from hand to hand, around the table, and examined with interest; when it reached Jean she exhibited excitement and emotion, but for a time was quite speechless; then she said,

"Why, papa, if it keeps going on like this, pretty soon there won't be anybody left for you to get acquainted with but God."

It was not complimentary to think I was not acquainted in that quarter, but she was young, and the young jump to conclusions without reflection.

Necessarily, I did myself the honor to obey the command of the Emperor Wilhelm II. Prince Heinrich, and six or eight

other guests were present. The Emperor did most of the talking, and he talked well, and in faultless English. In both of these conspicuousnesses I was gratified to recognize a resemblance to myself—a very exact resemblance; no, almost exact, but not quite that—a modified exactness, with the advantage in favor of the Emperor. My English, like his, is nearly faultless; like him I talk well; and when I have guests at dinner I prefer to do all the talking myself. It is the best way, and the pleasantest. Also the most profitable for the others.

I was greatly pleased to perceive that his Majesty was familiar with my books, and that his attitude toward them was not uncomplimentary. In the course of his talk he said that my best and most valuable book was "Old Times on the Mississippi." I will refer to that remark again, presently.

An official who was well up in the Foreign Office at that time, and had served under Bismarck for fourteen years, was still occupying his old place under Chancellor Caprivi. Smith, I will call him of whom I am speaking, though that is not his name. He was a special friend of mine, and I greatly enjoyed his society, although in order to have it it was necessary for me to seek it as late as midnight, and not earlier. This was because Government officials of his rank had to work all day, after nine in the morning, and then attend official banquets in the evening; wherefore they were usually unable to get life-restoring fresh air and exercise for their jaded minds and bodies earlier than midnight; then they turned out, in groups of two or three, and gratefully and violently tramped the deserted streets until two in the morning. Smith had been in the Government service, at home and abroad, for more than thirty years, and he was now sixty years old, or close upon it. He could not remember a year in which he had had a vacation of more than a fortnight's length; he was weary all through to the bones and the marrow, now, and was yearning for a holiday of a whole three months—yearning so longingly and so poignantly that he had at last made up his mind to make a desperate cast for it and stand the consequences, whatever they might be. It was against all rules to *ask* for a vacation—quite against all etiquette; the shock of it would paralyze the Chancellery; stern etiquette and usage required another form: the applicant was not privileged to ask for a vacation, he must send in his *resignation*. The chancellor

would know that the applicant was not really trying to resign, and didn't want to resign, but was merely trying in this left-handed way to get a vacation.

The night before the Emperor's dinner I helped Smith take his exercise, after midnight, and he was full of his project. He had sent in his resignation that day, and was trembling for the result; and naturally, because it might possibly be that the chancellor would be happy to fill his place with somebody else, in which case he could accept the resignation without comment and without offence. Smith was in a very anxious frame of mind; not that he feared that Caprivi was dissatisfied with him, for he had no such fear; it was the Emperor that he was afraid of; he did not know how he stood with the Emperor. He said that while apparently it was Caprivi who would decide his case, it was in reality the Emperor who would perform that service; that the Emperor kept personal watch upon everything, and that no official sparrow could fall to the ground without his privity and consent; that the resignation would be laid before his Majesty, who would accept it or decline to accept it, according to his pleasure, and that then his pleasure in the matter would be communicated by Caprivi. Smith said he would know his fate the next evening, after the imperial dinner; that when I should escort his Majesty into the large salon contiguous to the dining-room, I would find there about thirty men—Cabinet ministers, admirals, generals and other great officials of the Empire—and that these men would be standing talking together in little separate groups of two or three persons; that the Emperor would move from group to group and say a word to each, sometimes two words, sometimes ten words; and that the length of his speech, whether brief or not so brief, would indicate the exact standing in the Emperor's regard, of the man accosted; and that by observing this thermometer an expert could tell, to half a degree, the state of the imperial weather in each case; that in Berlin, as in the imperial days of Rome, the Emperor was the sun, and that his smile or his frown meant good fortune or disaster to the man upon whom it should fall. Smith suggested that I watch the thermometer while the Emperor went his rounds of the groups; and added that if his Majesty talked four minutes with any person there present, it meant high favor, and that the sun was in the zenith, and cloudless, for that man.

I mentally recorded that four-minute altitude, and resolved to see if any man there on that night stood in sufficient favor to achieve it.

Very well. After the dinner I watched the Emperor while he passed from group to group, and privately I timed him with a watch. Two or three times he came near to reaching the four-minute altitude, but always he fell short a little. The last man he came to was Smith. He put his hand on Smith's shoulder and began to talk to him; and when he finished, the thermometer had scored seven minutes! The company then moved toward the smoking-room, where cigars, beer and anecdotes would be in brisk service until midnight, and as Smith passed me he whispered,

"That settles it. The chancellor will ask me how much of a vacation I want, and I sha'n't be afraid to raise the limit. I shall call for six months."

Smith's dream had been to spend his three months' vacation—in case he got a vacation instead of the other thing—in one of the great capitals of the Continent—a capital whose name I shall suppress, at present. The next day the chancellor asked him how much of a vacation he wanted, and where he desired to spend it. Smith told him. His prayer was granted, and rather more than granted. The chancellor augmented his salary and attached him to the German Embassy of that selected capital, giving him a place of high dignity bearing an imposing title, and with nothing to do except attend banquets of an extraordinary character at the Embassy, once or twice a year. The term of his vacation was not specified; he was to continue it until requested to come back to his work in the Foreign Office. This
(1891.) was in 1891. Eight years later Smith was passing through Vienna, and he called upon me. There had been no interruption of his vacation, as yet, and there was no
(1899.) likelihood that an interruption of it would occur while he should still be among the living.

[*Dictated Monday, December 17, 1906.*] As I have already remarked, "Old Times on the Mississippi" got the Kaiser's best praise. It was after midnight when I reached home; I was usually out until toward midnight, and the pleasure of being out late was poisoned, every night, by the dread of what I must meet at my front door—an indignant face,

a resentful face, the face of the *portier*. The *portier* was a tow-headed young German, twenty-two or three years old; and it had been for some time apparent to me that he did not enjoy being hammered out of his sleep, nights, to let me in. He never had a kind word for me, nor a pleasant look. I couldn't understand it, since it was his business to be on watch and let the occupants of the several flats in at any and all hours of the night. I could not see why he so distinctly failed to get reconciled to it.

The fact is, I was ignorantly violating, every night, a custom in which he was commercially interested. I did not suspect this. No one had told me of the custom, and if I had been left to guess it, it would have taken me a very long time to make a success of it. It was a custom which was so well established and so universally recognized, that it had all the force and dignity of law. By authority of this custom, whosoever entered a Berlin house after ten at night must pay a trifling toll to the *portier* for breaking his sleep to let him in. This tax was either two and a half cents or five cents, I don't remember which; but I had never paid it, and didn't know I owed it, and as I had been residing in Berlin several weeks, I was so far in arrears that my presence in the German capital was getting to be a serious disaster to that young fellow.

I arrived from the imperial dinner sorrowful and anxious, made my presence known and prepared myself to wait in patience the tedious minute or two which the *portier* usually allowed himself to keep me tarrying—as a punishment. But this time there was no stage-wait; the door was instantly unlocked, unbolted, unchained and flung wide; and in it appeared the strange and welcome apparition of the *portier's* round face all sunshine and smiles and welcome, in place of the black frowns and hostility that I was expecting. Plainly he had not come out of his bed: he had been waiting for me, watching for me. He began to pour out upon me in the most enthusiastic and energetic way a generous stream of German welcome and homage, meanwhile dragging me excitedly to his small bedroom beside the front door; there he made me bend down over a row of German translations of my books and said,

"There—you wrote them! I have found it out! By God, I did not know it before, and I ask a million pardons! That one

there, the 'Old Times on the Mississippi,' is the best book you ever wrote!"

The usual number of those curious accidents which we call coincidences have fallen to my share in this life, but for picturesqueness this one puts all the others in the shade: that a crowned head and a *portier,* the very top of an empire and the very bottom of it, should pass the very same criticism and deliver the very same verdict upon a book of mine—and almost in the same hour and the same breath—is a coincidence which outcoincidences any coincidence which I could have imagined with such powers of imagination as I have been favored with; and I have not been accustomed to regard them as being small or of an inferior quality. It is always a satisfaction to me to remember that whereas I do not know, for sure, what any other nation thinks of any one of my twenty-three volumes, I do at least know for a certainty what one nation of fifty millions thinks of one of them, at any rate; for if the mutual verdict of the top of an empire and the bottom of it does not establish for good and all the judgment of the entire nation concerning that book, then the axiom that we can get a sure estimate of a thing by arriving at a general average of all the opinions involved, is a fallacy.

[*Dictated Monday, February 10, 1907.*] Two months ago (December 6) I was dictating a brief account of a private dinner in Berlin, where the Emperor of Germany was host and I the chief guest. Something happened day before yesterday which moves me to take up that matter again.

At the dinner his Majesty chatted briskly and entertainingly along in easy and flowing English, and now and then he interrupted himself to address a remark to me, or to some other individual of the guests. When the reply had been delivered, he resumed his talk. I noticed that the table etiquette tallied with that which was the law of my house at home when we had guests: that is to say, the guests answered when the host favored them with a remark, and then quieted down and behaved themselves until they got another chance. If I had been in the Emperor's chair and he in mine, I should have felt infinitely comfortable and at home, and should have done a world of talking, and done it well; but I was guest now, and consequently I felt less at home. From old experience, I was familiar with the

rules of the game, and familiar with their exercise from the high place of host; but I was not familiar with the trammelled and less satisfactory position of guest, therefore I felt a little strange and out of place. But there was no animosity—no, the Emperor was host, therefore according to my own rule he had a right to do the talking, and it was my honorable duty to intrude no interruptions or other improvements, except upon invitation; and of course it could be *my* turn some day: some day, on some friendly visit of inspection to America, it might be my pleasure and distinction to have him as guest at my table; then I would give him a rest, and a remarkably quiet time.

In one way there was a difference between his table and mine —for instance, atmosphere; the guests stood in awe of him, and naturally they conferred that feeling upon me, for, after all, I am only human, although I regret it. When a guest answered a question he did it with deferential voice and manner; he did not put any emotion into it, and he did not spin it out, but got it out of his system as quickly as he could, and then looked relieved. The Emperor was used to this atmosphere, and it did not chill his blood; maybe it was an inspiration to him, for he was alert, brilliant and full of animation; also he was most gracefully and felicitously complimentary to my books,—and I will remark here that the happy phrasing of a compliment is one of the rarest of human gifts, and the happy delivery of it another. In that other chapter I mentioned the high compliment which he paid to the book, "Old Times on the Mississippi," but there were others; among them some gratifying praise of my description in "A Tramp Abroad" of certain striking phases of German student life. I mention these things here because I shall have occasion to hark back to them presently.

[*Dictated Tuesday, February 12, 1907.*]

* * * * * * * * *

Those stars indicate the long chapter which I dictated yesterday, a chapter which is much too long for magazine purposes, and therefore must wait until this Autobiography shall appear in book form, five years hence, when I am dead: five years according to my calculation, twenty-seven years according to the prediction furnished me a week ago by the latest and most confident of all the palmists who have ever read my future in my hand. The Emperor's dinner, and its beer-and-anecdote appendix, covered six hours of diligent

industry, and this accounts for the extraordinary length of that chapter.

A couple of days ago a gentleman called upon me with a message. He had just arrived from Berlin, where he had been acting for our Government in a matter concerning tariff revision, he being a member of the commission appointed by our Government to conduct our share of the affair. Upon the completion of the commission's labors, the Emperor invited the members of it to an audience, and in the course of the conversation he made a reference to me; continuing, he spoke of my chapter on the German language in "A Tramp Abroad," and characterized it by an adjective which is too complimentary for me to repeat here without bringing my modesty under suspicion. Then he paid some compliments to "The Innocents Abroad," and followed these with the remark that my account in one of my books of certain striking phases of German student life was the best and truest that had ever been written. By this I perceive that he remembers that dinner of sixteen years ago, for he said the same thing to me about the student-chapter at that time. Next he said he wished this gentleman to convey two messages to America from him and deliver them—one to the President, the other to me. The wording of the message to me was:

"Convey to Mr. Clemens my kindest regards. Ask him if he remembers that dinner, and ask him why he didn't do any talking."

Why, how could I talk when he was talking? He "held the age," as the poker-clergy say, and two can't talk at the same time with good effect. It reminds me of the man who was reproached by a friend, who said,

"I think it a shame that you have not spoken to your wife for fifteen years. How do you explain it? How do you justify it?"

That poor man said,

"I didn't want to interrupt her."

If the Emperor had been at my table, he would not have suffered from my silence, he would only have suffered from the sorrows of his own solitude. If I were not too old to travel I would go to Berlin and introduce the etiquette of my own table, which tallies with the etiquette observable at other royal tables. I would say, "Invite me again, your Majesty, and give me a chance"; then I would courteously waive rank and do all the

talking myself. I thank his Majesty for his kind message, and am proud to have it and glad to express my sincere reciprocation of its sentiments.

[*Dictated January 17, 1906.*] . . . Rev. Joseph T. Harris and I have been visiting General Sickles. Once, twenty or twenty-five years ago, just as Harris was coming out of his gate Sunday morning to walk to his church and preach, a telegram was put into his hand. He read it immediately, and then, in a manner, collapsed. It said: "General Sickles died last night at midnight." [He had been a chaplain under Sickles through the war.]

It wasn't so. But no matter — it was so to Harris at the time. He walked along—walked to the church—but his mind was far away. All his affection and homage and worship of his General had come to the fore. His heart was full of these emotions. He hardly knew where he was. In his pulpit, he stood up and began the service, but with a voice over which he had almost no command. The congregation had never seen him thus moved, before, in his pulpit. They sat there and gazed at him and wondered what was the matter; because he was now reading, in this broken voice and with occasional tears trickling down his face, what to them seemed a quite unemotional chapter—that one about Moses begat Aaron, and Aaron begat Deuteronomy, and Deuteronomy begat St. Peter, and St. Peter begat Cain, and Cain begat Abel—and he was going along with this, and half crying—his voice continually breaking. The congregation left the church that morning without being able to account for this most extraordinary thing—as it seemed to them. That a man who had been a soldier for more than four years, and who had preached in that pulpit so many, many times on really moving subjects, without even the quiver of a lip, should break all down over the Begats, they couldn't understand. But there it is—any one can see how such a mystery as that would arouse the curiosity of those people to the boiling-point.

(1880.)

Harris has had many adventures. He has more adventures in a year than anybody else has in five. One Saturday night he noticed a bottle on his uncle's dressing-bureau. He thought the label said "Hair Restorer," and he took it in his room and gave his head a good drenching and sousing with it and carried it back and thought no more about it. Next morning when he got up his head was a bright green! He sent around everywhere

and couldn't get a substitute preacher, so he had to go to his church himself and preach—and he did it. He hadn't a sermon in his barrel—as it happened—of any lightsome character, so he had to preach a very grave one—a very serious one—and it made the matter worse. The gravity of the sermon did not harmonize with the gayety of his head, and the people sat all through it with handkerchiefs stuffed in their mouths to try to keep down their joy. And Harris told me that he was sure he never had seen his congregation—the whole body of his congregation—the *entire* body of his congregation—absorbed in interest in his sermon, from beginning to end, before. Always there had been an aspect of indifference, here and there, or wandering, somewhere; but this time there was nothing of the kind. Those people sat there as if they thought, "Good for this day and train only: we must have all there is of this show, not waste any of it." And he said that when he came down out of the pulpit more people waited to shake him by the hand and tell him what a good sermon it was, than ever before. And it seemed a pity that these people should do these fictions in such a place—right in the church—when it was quite plain they were not interested in the sermon at all; they only wanted to get a near view of his head.

Well, Harris said—no, Harris didn't say, *I* say, that as the days went on and Sunday followed Sunday, the interest in Harris's hair grew and grew; because it didn't stay merely and monotonously green, it took on deeper and deeper shades of green; and then it would change and become reddish, and would go from that to some other color—purplish, yellowish, bluish, and so on—but it was never a solid color. It was always mottled. And each Sunday it was a little more interesting than it was the Sunday before—and Harris's head became famous, and people came from New York, and Boston, and South Carolina, and Japan, and so on, to look. There wasn't seating-capacity for all the people that came while his head was undergoing these various and fascinating mottlings. And it was a good thing in several ways, because the business had been languishing a little, and now a lot of people joined the church so that they could have the show, and it was the beginning of a prosperity for that church which has never diminished in all these years.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

THE REED SMOOT DECISION.

BY SHELBY M. CULLOM, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS.

THE proposition which has been so long before the Senate concerning the exclusion of Reed Smoot from this body, has proved as difficult of solution as it is serious. That it has not been considered as anything light or trivial is abundantly evident from the three years of most arduous labor which the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections has devoted to the subject—to every phase of it which has been presented—and to the vast amount of testimony which has been taken from every source available. It has been an earnest and untiring effort to arrive at a just conclusion, observing both the demands of public opinion and the demands of the Constitution; the rights of the people and the rights of Reed Smoot.

From the nature of the case, the Senate and the public have been forced to consider the case from widely different, almost diametrically opposite, view-points. This obvious necessity has made the course of the Senate more difficult, because from its different position the public has deluged the Senate with memorials, petitions, personal applications—sometimes approaching too close to demands that Senators should see things in certain lights and act accordingly.

While the Senate Committee has been probing every charge and taking voluminous testimony—testimony that was not always reliable, but out of which the truth has finally been sifted and ably presented by various members of the Committee—the public has been supplied with equally voluminous fiction, sentiment and prejudiced impression, as well as with facts, and with comparatively little opportunity to sift and discriminate; with little certainty that its estimates were founded upon substantial truth.

It is also a fact which few appreciate that members of the Senate, as Senators, have been obliged to look at the matter in a very different light from that in which the public saw it. In reality, the opinions expressed in many of the petitions and memorials—signed by thousands of our country's most patriotic citizens—are opinions which are as earnestly held in the Senate as outside. The convictions and conclusions are mutually possessed, though a vote in apparent antagonism to them may seem to many to indicate the contrary.

If the different view-points could be fully understood, this apparent antagonism would disappear, and with it the danger that the Senate of the United States might be misconceived as endorsing the universally deprecated evils of Mormonism.

In the nature of things, I am perhaps as capable as any of seeing both sides and sympathizing with both sides, because throughout my public life—as Speaker of the House in my State Legislature, as Governor of Illinois, as member of the National House of Representatives and as a member of the Senate—my record has been one of persistent, unqualified opposition to Mormonism as it has been in the past, and as it is to-day if the same evils still exist or just so far as they exist. Mormonism, as it was, has always and upon every possible occasion received from me the severest condemnation, because of what appeared to me two most objectionable features. I refer, of course, to polygamy and hierarchy. We cannot, we must not, have the taint of either touch our history or the stain of either tinge the fair record of our nation. We cannot afford to allow the evil breath of either to influence the course of a single State or the smallest part of any State in our commonwealth. The voice of every earnest, conscientious, worthy citizen is raised against such an issue. This has always been my profound conviction and has caused me, through the past three years, to sympathize thoroughly and deeply with every honest and unprejudiced effort of public opinion to assert itself against these evils; to encourage every legitimate act of legislation which tended to reduce their influence or obliterate them.

My position is the same to-day as it has always been. I would not retract or change an act I have done or a word I have spoken or written in antagonism to the evils of Mormonism. But it is perfectly obvious that the evils of Mormonism are not what they

were. I am satisfied that polygamy, for example, has been practically obliterated; that the last of it lives in the midst of detestation, even from its fellow Mormons; that nothing further is needed to wholly abolish the miserable remnant that remains but the spirit of decency which forced intercourse with the true and the honorable has instilled through the very heart of Mormonism and must continue to instil without the aid of external agitation. Incidentally, I am satisfied that Reed Smoot has never practised polygamy, but on the contrary has always set his face against it by both practice and precept.

Polygamy could not long exist in any community brought into contact with the world through the facilities of modern intercourse and the necessities of commerce. I am convinced that we have nothing more to fear from this evil of Mormonism, and that the Senate could have found no reason to allow this question to influence its vote.

The remaining evil of the Mormon Church is of graver and more subtle importance and more difficult to deal with. If the Church be really the hierarchy which by many it has been represented to be, and a dominating feature of influence in local, State or national life, it behooves us to combat it everywhere and under all circumstances, and I give my most earnest cooperation to every honest effort in that direction. We can no better afford to have our national life tainted by church hierarchy than to have our social life tainted by polygamy. There is no difference of opinion here. There is complete unity of thought and purpose. There was no need of hundreds of thousands of signatures upon petitions and memorials to incite this sentiment in every clean, honest patriot. But the petitions, the basis of which we all respect, piled higher and higher because public sentiment, in fighting against the evils of Mormonism—either real or honestly believed to be real—was determined to strike a blow through the apostle of the Mormon Church whom the State of Utah had legally elected and the Senate had formally accepted as its representative.

I can conceive of no more unfortunate misconception than to suppose the Senate of the United States open to the influence of these memorials and petitions when once it took cognizance of the charges brought against the Senator from Utah, with the view to prove him unworthy of his seat in the Senate. From that

moment, every Senator was obliged, of necessity, to assume the position of a judge upon the bench—a judge from whose verdict there could be no appeal. It was not in legislative but in judicial capacity that testimony was heard and witnesses examined. It was as a judicial body, not as a legislature, that the Senate had to pass judgment. If the public had realized this it would have realized that, in the presentation of testimony to establish the charges and make good the case, lay its only legitimate method of influence. Memorials and petitions were as much out of place, in urging one decision or another, as if they had been presented to a court in the act of trying a case.

As individuals, Senators have sympathized with every effort to eradicate the evils of Mormonism, but he would be false to his oath of office and his duty to his country who allowed either personal prejudice, political antagonism or any amount of external influence to affect his judgment in a question of constitutional rights. The Senate had simply the legal rights of Reed Smoot to his seat in the Chamber to consider, in the light of all the evidence which in three years the Committee on Privileges and Elections had been able to collect. It had no choice or duty but to consider whatever charges were established as they affected Smoot's legal right to retain the seat to which he had been elected and in which he had been confirmed. In this light the charges themselves were weak, being from their inception aimed more at Mormonism than at Reed Smoot.

Mr. Smoot's personal record is clean. In the Senate, he has won the esteem and respect of his colleagues for many good qualities which he has exhibited. As an earnest, honest, conscientious member no one has assailed him. His home life is without a known blemish. These facts added weight to his own testimony before the Committee, to the effect that there was nothing in any oath of office he had taken, or any vow he had made in connection with the Church, which could impair his usefulness or conflict with his duty as a Senator. It is impossible, under such circumstances, not to give greater weight to this testimony than to the uncertain, often obviously sensational and fanciful, testimony to the contrary.

The question, the only question, before the Senate was whether, under these conditions, there was that in Reed Smoot, individually, which rendered him unworthy of the high office which he held.

Wholly without respect or reference to any Senator's personal convictions concerning Mormonism and the Mormon Church, the conclusion concerning Mr. Smoot as a member of the Senate was unavoidable. The verdict was one concerning Smoot's constitutional right to his seat in the Senate. It was in no way a verdict or an opinion concerning Mormonism. This is something that should be distinctly borne in mind by the earnest workers for the purity, integrity and honor of our country. They should not for a moment think that their efforts lack the sympathy and deep appreciation of their representatives. We must not for a moment relax our efforts against hierarchy, whether in church, community, State or country. It must not be allowed to impress itself upon our institutions or cast its shadow across our land.

I believe that in the end it will be found that the course of the Senate has really done more to effectively place the ban upon it, to suppress and crush the tendency as expressed in the Mormon Church, to denounce hierarchy everywhere, than if sentiment and prejudice had been allowed to gather force from popular agitation and Reed Smoot had been practically made its martyr.

SHELBY M. CULLOM.

QUEER DIPLOMACY WITH CASTRO.

BY HERBERT W. BOWEN, FORMERLY UNITED STATES MINISTER TO VENEZUELA.

AFTER the blockade instituted in December, 1902, by Germany, Great Britain and Italy had been raised, and protocols had been signed for the settlement of all duly recognized claims of foreign nations against Venezuela, Venezuela enjoyed a short period of tranquillity; but, by the beginning of 1905, every legation in Caracas had a list of grievances founded on alleged unfair awards of arbitrators, on denials of justice on the part of the Venezuelan Courts and on the diminution by President Castro of the percentage he had agreed to pay to the creditor nations from the receipts of his custom-houses. Moreover, Germany and Great Britain began to show signs of restlessness, because President Castro had not provided, as had been agreed in the protocols, for the payment of interest to British and German bondholders. The situation looked even worse than before the blockade, for the principal nation aggrieved was the United States, and it had the moral support of all the other nations represented in Caracas by legations.

The main issue between the United States and Venezuela was the asphalt case. In July, 1904, President Castro had demanded ten million dollars from the American Company, known as the "New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company," and had threatened, if that amount was not paid immediately, that the whole asphalt lake and the property of the Company would be seized. He based his demand on the alleged support given by the Asphalt Company to the Matos revolution of 1902; but, as he did not demand anything from the countless other supporters of the revolution, it was clear that his demand on the Asphalt Company was piratical. The demand was refused, and the lake

and property were seized. The Government of the United States naturally protested vigorously against President Castro's high-handed procedure, sent a military attaché to Caracas and prepared, as the newspapers announced, to take drastic measures to secure justice and to maintain its dignity and prestige.

At this juncture, a proposition was made by the American legation at Caracas to President Castro, to settle by arbitration all pending disputes with the United States and other nations. His Minister for Foreign Affairs urged him to accept the plan, and he finally gave a favorable answer. President Roosevelt and Mr. Hay were then consulted, and they at once approved of the main part of the plan, as is shown by the following extract from our book of Foreign Relations, 1905:

"*The Secretary of State to Minister Bowen. Telegram—Paraphrase.*

"*January 9, 1905.*—Mr. Hay states that the President approves acceptance of 5,000,000 bolivars, annually to be paid to all creditor Powers from customs revenues, provided said Powers assent. The President could not interfere in any way in relation to German and British bondholders, that being a question in which the Government is not concerned.

"The President approves the suggestion of an arbitration treaty with the United States for settlement of all questions which, being of a diplomatic character, cannot be settled by mutual consent. Also of the provision to settle by arbitration unsettled claims of all the Powers, except contractual claims and bonds held by citizens of other Governments.

"The Department will cable Mr. Bowen bases of protocol for arbitration of all disputed claims of the United States and other nations, excepting bonds and all claims of a contractual nature.

"The Department will take under advisement the question of a permanent treaty of arbitration."

President Castro was duly informed of the entire contents of the cablegram, and it seemed to him and his Ministers perfectly satisfactory. Private arrangements were made with the British and German bondholders, and ultimately their claims were duly paid; so the situation was favorable to a clean and complete settlement of all the grievances of the creditor nations. The bases of the protocol promised by Mr. Hay were, consequently, now eagerly awaited. They would, it was thought, mark the beginning of a new era in South-American diplomacy, promote arbitration generally, and lessen to such an extent the causes for

European aggression in South-American waters as practically to relieve the United States of all apprehension that the Monroe Doctrine would be attacked. Three days after the receipt at Caracas of Mr. Hay's cablegram—to wit, on January 12th, 1905—the promised protocol arrived by cable. It was signed by Mr. Loomis and did not cover the 5,000,000 bolivar agreement, nor the claims of other nations, nor anything except the asphalt case! And it was couched in such displeasing terms that President Castro immediately rejected it. No word of explanation or apology accompanied it. The Venezuelan Government, as well as the American Minister, was astounded. Subsequently, it was learned that the entire protocol had been written by the attorney of the Asphalt Company. The explanation offered by President Castro's friends was that the Asphalt Company feared arbitration, and so broke up the entire scheme by getting an offensive protocol sent to President Castro. Negotiations were continued for a time to induce President Castro to settle the asphalt case, but he sent to Washington an agent, who succeeded absolutely in undermining the influence of Mr. Hay, as is shown by his cablegram to President Castro sent just after Mr. Hay addressed his so-called "ultimatum" to Venezuela, and stating in substance that after President Castro had answered the ultimatum the matter would be allowed to drop.

Several attempts have been made to fix on Mr. Hay the responsibility for all the occurrences in the Department of State at this time, but it is now pretty generally known that he was utterly unable to cope with the forces arrayed against him.

President Castro was, of course, much pleased to have the whole scheme of arbitration fail, for he would not now have to pay a fixed and fair sum from the receipts of his custom-houses, nor settle his other debts, nor have the acts and decisions of his courts reviewed and criticised by arbitrators. The entire result was satisfactory to him. The United States had practically said to him: Arbitrate or fight. He had serenely answered that he would do neither. He was then asked to settle the controversy by diplomacy, but by this time he was unwilling to do so, as he had become a strong supporter of the Calvo and the Drago Doctrines, which, if generally accepted, would prevent foreign nations from enforcing their right to protect their citizens and subjects from spoliation in South-American countries, and from

collecting their debts by armed intervention or occupation of territory. In short, President Castro joined the ranks of those who want all the rights of sovereignty without any of the responsibilities.

As Venezuela is the most turbulent of the South-American Republics, and as they are all aware that we proposed to her a far-reaching scheme of arbitration, and then dropped it without excuse or apology, it would seem as if we have united them all more closely in their support of the Calvo and Drago Doctrines, and have, on the other hand, strengthened the determination of Europe to ignore those Doctrines, thereby increasing the chances of conflict between the European and South-American Governments, and adding to the possible dangers that may disturb our own tranquillity and peace.

HERBERT W. BOWEN.

THE STORM CENTRE IN THE NEAR EAST

BY KARL BLIND.

I.

All those who are able to appreciate the matchless benefit which the civilization of the world has derived from ancient Hellenic culture and from its revival, in the Renaissance Age of humanistic studies down to our days, are looking with grave anxiety to what the coming spring and summer will bring forth. I refer to that much-disturbed "weather-corner"—as the Germans phrase it — called "Macedonia" as well as to Bulgaria, where at present a wholesale and most atrocious persecution of the Greek inhabitants of this country takes place.

The greatest apprehensions exist at Athens itself. It is not only on account of the renewed bloodthirsty campaign of Bulgarian bands which have again broken into Macedonia, or of the arrival, in the Piræus, week after week, of such masses of Greek exiles from Eastern Rumelia and from the Bulgarian Kingdom at large, owing to the cruel measures deliberately taken against that nationality by the Government of Sofia. It is chiefly, also, because in England an active political group does its worst to encourage the Bulgarian rulers to effect a formal military intervention in Macedonia by means of its army; hints being given that, in such a case, England would furnish aid for that venture! These attempts need to be fully shown up, while there is still time. The maintenance of the peace of all Europe is involved in these occurrences.

A few months ago, when the Interparliamentary Conference was held in London, I had occasion to discuss this subject with a number of notable Greeks, some of whom had come here as representatives of the Legislature at Athens. Among them was Mr. Mauromichalis, a former Cabinet Minister, who has been Secre-

tary-at-War and head of the Admiralty. He is a descendant of a famous family, many of whose members played a leading part in the War of Independence. I have frequent occasions, too, to learn the feelings of other distinguished Greeks in the political world, former and present ambassadors, public writers, as well as men of the great merchant class in the Greek communities in England. And I can fully testify to the very bitter feelings prevailing among them. They stand aghast at the incomprehensible swerving round of public opinion (or what is artificially made to appear as such) in this once phil-Hellene "land of Lord Byron," who laid down his life in the Greek War of Independence.

"What aims and objects," the Greeks ask, "has this strange policy? What are we to think of such action on the part of Liberals, who fall into the nets craftily spread by men whose doings virtually serve Russian policy in the East? Can it be forgotten that, by the Treaty of San Stefano, Russian Tsardom sought to gain access for Bulgaria to the Ægean Sea, whilst trying to get for itself the military and financial overlordship in Bulgaria? Are the terrible and murderous plots to be forgotten by which the Government of St. Petersburg has for years endeavored to obtain the mastery over Bulgaria?"

Not being able, at present, to pursue an active policy of attack in the Near East, Muscovite Autocracy still works for its well-known aim by supporting Bulgarian aggression, so as to keep up a state of general disturbance for future use. The procedures of Russian consuls and ambassadors in the East prove this to a sufficient extent. No wonder if Bulgarian freebooters, when released from captivity at the demand of those representatives of the Russian Government, exclaim, on leaving prison: "Long live our Tsar Nicholas!"

Guns, ammunition, dynamite, money, for the Bulgarian freebooters, have been clearly traced to Muscovite sources. The complicity of the Government at Sofia with the irruptions into Macedonia is so patent that the Opposition press and the Opposition speakers in the Bulgarian Parliament itself have repeatedly denounced it in the strongest words possible.

II.

In order to clear the ground as to the race question in Macedonia, a few details may here at once be given. By unscrupulous

writers, whose manœuvres cannot be too strongly reproved, it is often made out that that still Turkish province is mainly inhabited by a Slav race—namely, Bulgars, identical in blood with those of the neighboring Principality.

Now, first of all, the Bulgars are originally not a Slav race. They are of Tartar, Mongolian, descent. They originally lived near the river Volga; hence their name of Volgars, Bolgars or Bulgars. Making an incursion into the Balkan countries many centuries ago, and establishing themselves there, they became Slavonized in speech. Physically, their aspect, as well as their qualities, still indicates their Tartar origin in a great measure. I need not say that I state this merely as an historical fact, not wishing in the least to draw an insidious conclusion therefrom. I am not in any way given to race hatred.

As to "Macedonia," the very word is scarcely known to the masses, of whatever national origin, which at present inhabit that province. Historically, in ancient times, there lived there a people of Thrakian (Thracian) kinship. It can clearly be shown to have been in close relationship with the vast Getic, Gothic, Germanic stock that once filled Eastern Europe, up to the High North, and the greater part of Asia Minor. Those Thrakian Macedonians, of whom Alexander the Great is the most notable in history, became, in the course of time, Hellenized in culture and speech. Afterwards, in the disturbed times of the early Middle Ages, Bulgars and other race fragments made incursions upon that Hellenized Thrakian population which, of old, had been added to by Greeks pushing up from the South.

Thus, to this day, not less than seven races, each with a different speech, exist in Macedonia; that is, in the three Turkish *vilayets* (departments) of Kossovo, Monastir and Salonika, which are usually, though somewhat erroneously, held to constitute that province. There are in it Greeks, Bulgars, Turks, Serbs, Kutzo-Wallachs (kindred in language, or rather dialect, to the people of the Rumanian Kingdom near the Danube, who speak a daughter-language of Latin), Albans and even Jews. These last, often thickly clustering together in certain localities, are reckoned, in the East, as a special nationality. Surely, a multicolored conglomerate of Macedonian races!

Yet the attempt of the Bulgarian bands, which have the Government authorities of Sofia stealthily at their back, has been,

for about four years, to effect by every means of terror and bloodshed the forcible Bulgarization of the whole province. The unfortunate victims have been and are the Greeks, who, in the two southern departments of "Macedonia," are statistically provable to be in a largely preponderating majority. Whilst, in the northernmost *vilayet* of Kossovo, there is a Slav-speaking majority, the two southern departments have 348,050 Greeks against 205,886 Bulgars in Salonika; and 309,782 Greeks against only 174,000 Bulgars in Monastir.

Thus, the whole south of the Turkish province in question, which is the real "Macedonia," has a clear majority of Hellenic people. They are certainly by far the more highly developed national element, and the influence of their culture reaches also north—just as it does eastwards into Asia Minor and southwards even into Egypt.

III.

Yet, for years past, this more civilized population, living outside of, but close to, the frontier of Greece, has been the object of incessant attacks from the brigand raids of Bulgarian bands, who under the false parole of "Macedonia for the Macedonians," try to denationalize the superior Greek element by the most outrageous means of murder and arson. The deeds done in many cases transport us, in mind, to what has occurred in the most barbarous, even prehistoric, times of out-and-out savagery. It was, and it is, a perfect tragedy. The assassination game is almost too awful for words.

At last the Greeks resolved upon their own defence by the organization of three corps. They are attacked by the Bulgars both as a race, and because Greeks, in their religious creed, keep to the Patriarchate at Constantinople, whereas the Bulgars follow the so-called Exarch. That high priest is the Muscovite favorite.

And this detestable struggle, in which the aggressors are actuated by clerical bigotry, as well as by race hatred—a struggle of Christians against Christians—is falsely described, by men who advocate a military intervention of the Government at Sofia, as if it were a struggle of the "Christian Macedonians" against the "Infidel Turk!" Could misrepresentation, systematic misleading of public opinion, further go!

Those who urge on such interference do not care whether, by an operation of that kind, a general war would be lighted up—

a war which soon might spread into Asia and Africa, throughout the Mohammedan world, which finds itself more and more hard pressed by an injudicious policy of Christian Powers in the Near East, in Egypt and in India. For, let it not be forgotten that, according to the testimony even of men who would fain break up the Ottoman Empire, the progress of culture has reached also the younger generation of Turks. It has reached equally so the younger men of Mussulman faith, or outward creed, in the land of the Nile, and in the far-off Asiatic dominions of England.

Now, what a farce it was, on the part of the European Powers, to appoint the Russian Tsar and the Government of Austria-Hungary as reformers of the maladministration of the Sultan, and as healers of the troubles, in Macedonia. "Physician, heal thyself!" Russia, in the throes of a sanguinary revolution against an Autocracy loaded with more sins of hideous oppression than the Sultan Abdul-Hamid! And the Government of Austria-Hungary—where Germans and Czechs, Magyars and many Slav populations, Poles, Ruthenians, Slovaks, Serbs, Italians and Rumanians are in the most discordant strife on national and constitutional matters—forsooth, that Government also is to be the great medicine-man for curing the race evils of the Ottoman Empire, and of Macedonia especially! Here it would be difficult not to write a satire.

To give an idea of the cold-bloodedness with which the chiefs of the Bulgarian freebooters go to work in their attacks upon the Greeks in Macedonia, it may be useful to quote the most prominent of them, Boris Sarafoff. He is the so-called "Reviser of the Inner Organization," and has just returned from a prolonged secret stay in Macedonia, in view of an intended renewal of the campaign there. Shortly before he went away from Sofia, he said to a German interviewer:

"We have not, since 1903, forced anybody to make common cause with us. We only demanded, wher explaining our object and distributing arms, that everybody should preserve proper silence, and not act as a traitor. Now, whoever became a traitor was killed, irrespective of nationality. It was for disloyalty they were punished with death—but only because they were traitors, not because they were Greeks or Serbs."

How very simple! When you have a Greek or a Servian Slav before you, who objects to being violently made into a Bulgar, you call him a "traitor" and then slaughter him. By such a

plain process all difficulties standing in the way are easily disposed of; for, as Mr. Sarafoff says: "We want an autonomous Macedonia."

He then went, in that interview, into a fantastic plan of a fresh campaign and the future convocation of a Macedonian "National Assembly" (of course, after Greeks, Serbs and other incongruous impediments have been killed off) for the purpose of electing a Prince as ruler. Add to this that, during the last few years, rival Bulgarian freebooters' bands have even fallen upon and massacred each other; and the picture of the "Macedonian Chaos" leaves little to be desired in abominable confusion.

IV.

Striking testimony to the real state of things has been given by Mr. Kyriakulis Mauromichalis, whom I have before mentioned, and who occupies at present a leading position in Parliament. When Mr. Sarafoff, the Bulgarian freebooter's chief, was asked how it could be explained that, in the last campaign in Macedonia, his followers were finally driven back into the neighboring Principality, he took good care not to enter into details. It was a bad poser for him. Now on this subject, Mr. Mauromichalis says:

"For years Bulgarian bands formed and fitted out at the cost of the Principality, and commanded by Bulgarian officers, penetrated into Macedonia, terrorizing its populations, massacring the Greek inhabitants, burning their property, destroying their villages, in order to force them to give up their religious faith and their national conscience by declaring themselves 'Exarchists'—that is, Bulgars. The Greeks seeing that the Turkish authorities could not, or would not, defend themselves against these armed bands, and that Europe remained deaf to their outcries and their sufferings, felt that nothing was left to them but to take up arms themselves in order to drive back these aggressors. Although continually attacked by the Turkish troops, who had let the Bulgarian bands do their worst, the Greek free-corps succeeded in delivering the country from the terrorists, restoring quiet and making it possible for the peaceful population, without distinction of race and religion, to attend to their affairs. I ask you: Could these Greek free-corps have been able to achieve so happy a result if the country had not been with them, and if the main portion of the population were not Greek?"

The Hellenic statesman then dwelt on the fact of Turks, Bulgars, Jews, and so forth, who reside in Greece, enjoying there the full benefit of absolute freedom. On the contrary, in Bulgaria and Rumania, the numerous Greeks there are the object of the

most pitiless persecution. Masses of Greeks have had to fly from Bulgaria and Eastern Rumelia which is connected with that Principality. The cities of Anchialos, Burgas, Varna, Philippopolis, Rustschuk and other Bulgarian towns have been the scene of the most disgraceful attacks upon the Greek inhabitants there. They had, and numbers of them still have, to seek safety at Constantinople, Smyrna and Athens.

Scenes of barbarism were enacted, during which thousands of Greeks lost their lives in Bulgaria, and a mass of their property was destroyed. "At last," the distinguished Hellenic statesman says, "Christian Bulgaria had to undergo the disgrace of receiving an indignant protest against all those acts of massacre, destruction and pillage from a Mussulman Government, from the Government of the Turks. And civilized Europe, the Europe of the twentieth century, was not moved by the spectacle of seeing the defence of Christian minorities in a vassal Principality of Turkey taken in hand by the Porte!"

Truly, "upon horror's head, horrors accumulate." It looks as if, for the ill success of Bulgarian bands in Macedonia, revenge were being taken upon the Greeks in Bulgaria itself. Tens of thousands of them have, within the last few months, been driven to emigration by such sanguinary persecution as the Turks themselves, in their conquests, have never been guilty of. In towns like Anchialos, until lately mainly inhabited by Greeks, there have been bloodshed, incendiarism, robbery, violent seizure even of Cathedrals, with the full connivance of the Bulgarian authorities. When the Exarchist bishop solemnly took possession of the Greek Cathedral, after those disgraceful deeds, he did not scruple to declare that "a town which hitherto had been as Greek as Athens, or even more so, was now in course of becoming Bulgarian."

Week by week, some three hundred, four hundred, even five hundred Greeks, have of late landed as exiles from Bulgaria at Constantinople or at Athens. The number has been growing so much that the Turkish authorities finally forbade their disembarking in an Ottoman port. The Government at Athens, scarcely knowing what to do with such an ever-swelling crowd of refugees, has brought in a bill for settling those of the agricultural class in Thessaly, where the State possesses some domains.

To add to the sufferings of the Greek would-be emigrants from Bulgaria, the authorities there have latterly put on them all kinds

of arbitrary imposts before permission for leaving the country is given them. If they cannot pay those imposts, which often reach the very amount of their property, embargo is laid upon that property. It has to be left as security, unsaleable by its owner. No wonder many of those emigrants burned their huts and then fled.

These barbarities are of so crying a character that even at Paris —where Tsardom and its Bulgarian protégé are still treated very tenderly, owing to the Russian loans in which masses of Frenchmen are interested—protests have recently been raised. The "*Temps*" makes an appeal to the Cabinet of Sofia in the name of outraged humanity and of the Treaties of 1878, which have been so disgracefully violated in the case of the Greek inhabitants of Bulgaria and Eastern Rumelia.

V.

What can be done? Look at what the Sofia paper, which is the organ of the parliamentary Opposition leader, Daneff, says. It denies that the Principality, as was asserted in the speech from the Throne, "has become an important factor of civilization." It declares, on the contrary, that "Bulgaria has become *an important factor of disorder*." It refers to "excesses of all kinds, to brigandage, incendiarism, daily misdemeanors, thefts, attempts upon the lives and property of men of every race in the realm."

In the Bulgarian Parliament, Mr. Naïto Tsanoff has openly charged the Government with being the author of the anti-Greek movement, and having "promoted inexcusable deeds of such violence as even Rumania, though in conflict with Greece, does not tolerate." The same charge was brought forward by another member, Mr. Tassaroff, who spoke of "the scandal and the barbarism of the anti-Greek movement." These are Bulgarian voices, hence certainly not to be suspected.

Where, then, would it be most necessary to intervene, if an intervention were at all desirable and judicious? Would it be right to appoint the Bulgarian Government as a military executor in Macedonia? Or might it not rather be the proper thing to take that Government to task for its downright violation of the Treaties of 1878 and of the simplest principles of humanity?

Strange to say, one obvious measure of reform for the Macedonian complication and of Turkish Administration in general

is never discussed in England now, unless it is done by the writer of this essay. I mean the reconvocation of the Ottoman Parliament, which sat at Constantinople in 1877 and 1878, and which was "prorogued" when the Russian army was before the gates of the Turkish capital. Prorogued it was — not abolished. Prorogued — not even dissolved. To the European Ambassadors, more especially to the one from England, the Sultan formally promised a later reconvocation.

Two successive English Ambassadors have testified to the excellence of the work done, or attempted, by that Parliament, in which Turks, Greeks, Bulgars, Albanians, Egyptians, Arabs, Syrians, harmoniously worked together. A word from England now would force the Sultan to make good his promise of 1878. Why is that word not spoken? "This silence is suspicious!" many Greeks may believe.

Having for many years been in close contact with the leaders of the "Young Turkish" Reformers, who call for the reconvocation of an Ottoman Parliament, I might say more on that most important subject. For the present, be it enough to observe that, in the opinion of the "Young Turks," with the death of Abdul-Hamid—an event probably not far off—a decisive constitutional change may be effected at Constantinople.

KARL BLIND.

MUNICIPAL GLASGOW.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

GLASGOW is, no doubt, a very well managed city, as modern cities go, but it is very far from being self-supporting. The more "municipalizing" it becomes, the more its rates grow. In 1905 these reached 2*s.* 9½*d.* per pound sterling of rental for ordinary burghal expenses alone. For water, gas and electricity each citizen has to pay according to his consumption, just as if he were supplied by a private company instead of by the Civic Corporation. And for the support of the poor and schools he has to pay another 1*s.* 6*d.* or so in the pound, just as if he belonged to the worst, instead of (as he is told by flatterers) the best managed city in the kingdom. And what makes the thoughtful Glasgow citizen impatient at the suggestion that he is sitting rate-free is the knowledge that his assessments are growing year by year, to meet the growing capital charges caused by the perpetual extension of the paternal hand of the municipality. Every Ward, for instance, must have its own public hall and its own pleasure-ground, etc. The parks in the different sections must have their boating-lakes and their skating-ponds, their bowling-greens and their golf-links. All very nice, no doubt, but all to be provided out of the public funds, which means the annual assessments of the ratepayers.

Whether street locomotion by electric tramways is a "public utility" proper to municipal administration we need not discuss just here. The tramway system of Glasgow has been so much in evidence in America of late that I do not propose to dwell on it. It is an excellent system of which the citizens are proud, and it is beyond doubt admirably managed. Unlike many municipal undertakings, it pays; but it is pure delusion to claim the profit as proof of the efficiency of municipalization. In a community

of a million inhabitants, surrounded by a network of populous industrial and agricultural towns, within an hour's reach of over one-half the population of Scotland, a monopolistic undertaking like the tramway system could not fail to be profitable in any but the most incompetent or inefficient hands. Before the municipality (commonly called the Corporation) took over the system, it was very profitably worked by a limited liability company, when the population was considerably smaller than it is now. The profits then were divided among the shareholders, but the Company was a large contributor to the municipal revenue in rental and rates. The Corporation Tramways Department is not an equivalent contributor, but distributes its profits, or most of them, in reduced fares, longer haulage and improved service. These benefits are admitted, but they are not the perquisite of the ratepayers. The tramways are used by non-ratepayers, outside dwellers and visitors, as much as, perhaps more than, by the ratepayers whose money provided the system and whose representatives and servants manage it.

The tramway department of Glasgow is in a good position. It has the longest track mileage of any tramway undertaking in Great Britain. It has the biggest annual revenue of any tramway undertaking, and all the tramway managers in the country envy it. It has the largest staff in the whole country. The Corporation tramways have been extended a considerable distance into the country districts and have actually extended the city of Glasgow. The railway companies are angry at the tramways just now, because the number of passengers carried by the Scottish railways has had a steady decrease since 1901; but that should all come back to them again with the aid of the tramway connections.

Glasgow is an ancient city and has borne a more prominent part in the history of Scotland than has Edinburgh, the political capital. And now, of course, as the second city in the United Kingdom, it far exceeds all other Scottish towns in industrial and commercial importance. But modern Glasgow, the Municipal Trader, is the product of the evolution of the last forty years. The population of the city forty years ago was 437,850, to-day it is 800,000. The valuation of Glasgow then was £1,743,117, the ratable value of a penny per £1 of rental being £6,500, compared with £5,770,570 and £20,000, respectively, at present.

Forty years ago there were only two public parks — Glasgow Green and Kelvingrove Park — measuring between them 200 acres; to-day there are fifteen parks, with a combined area of 1,091 acres, and in addition there are twenty-three open spaces and recreation-grounds. Forty years ago private gas companies charged 4*s.* 7*d.* per 100 cubic feet for gas; to-day it is supplied by the Corporation at 2*s.* 1*d.* In that period the cost of water for domestic purposes has been reduced from one shilling to five pence per pound on rental. Railway accommodation forty years ago was very much in evidence, and the Glasgow Union Railway bill was passed by Parliament in 1864. The intention of that scheme was to establish in the centre of the city a railway station that would accommodate the requirements of the three companies which had possession of the railway traffic—the North British Railway Company, the Glasgow and South Western Railway Company, and the Caledonian Railway Company; and provision was made both for the terminal and through traffic in an area of seventeen acres defined. The space then considered sufficient for the combined traffic of three separate companies has proved insufficient for one of them. Instead of four small stations that existed forty years ago, Glasgow has now no fewer than fifty-three railway stations within the civic boundary.

The greatest change that has taken place within the municipality during these forty years has been the great scheme of city improvements devised by the late Mr. John Carrick, City Architect. Under the City Improvement Act of 1866, the citizens obtained possession of a public park, and demolished enormous areas of foul, insanitary property, obtaining thirty new streets, and widening and improving twenty-six existing streets, adding 98,999 square yards of ground to the free spaces of the city, and, generally, altering the appearance of the whole of Ancient Glasgow. The municipal area of Glasgow forty years ago measured 5,063 acres, and to-day it is 12,688 acres. At least a million persons now traverse the city either by tramway or by rail every day. No wonder the tramways pay, when there is no opposition except by cabs at a shilling a mile!

The craze for municipalization has not a charm for all town dwellers. It is, at any rate, noteworthy that, since Glasgow became so progressive, the rate of the growth of the population has been checked. This was disclosed in the returns of the City

Assessor, which show that at June 1st, 1905, the number of "inhabited" houses within the municipality was 162,888, as compared with 163,002 at the corresponding date in 1904. This was a decrease for the year of 114, and it is notable as an actual interruption to a period of growth which had been continuous since 1887. It is the seventh only which has occurred since 1872—the majority, indeed, of the former years of decrease having occurred in the period of commercial depression which followed the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank. During fifteen years the inhabited houses in "old" Glasgow have increased by 7.9 per cent. only, while in the marginal area they have increased by 85 per cent.

Dr. Chalmers, the Medical Officer of Health for the city, estimates 765,162 as the population of the houses within the municipal area, as compared with 765,696 in 1904, representing a decrease of 534. Institution and harbor population, in addition, together number 20,312, compared with 19,769 in 1905, and represent a balance in excess of 543. Adding "house" and "institutional" (including harbor) population together, he estimated the total population within the municipal area at June, 1905, as 785,474, compared with 785,465 in 1904, representing a difference of nine persons only in favor of 1905. The population has only been saved from a numerical reduction by an increase in the number of persons resident in institutions, and, in consequence, removed from opportunities of discharging many of the responsibilities of citizenship. The difference between 1.9 per cent. which was the rate of increase in last decade, and 1.3 per cent. in the present period, represents a reduction of 5,812 persons in the number being annually added to the population.

While within the municipality the rate of increase has fallen to barely one-half, the rate of increase of the marginal parts has almost been maintained at its former level; notwithstanding the lowering of the rate over the whole area. In all, 52,276 persons have been added to the combined population during the period, and of this number 23,765 were added to "inner" Glasgow, while 28,514 were added to other portions of the "outer" ring.

The liabilities (£15,176,044) include the public debt of the city. The assets (£20,627,245) include £3,075,167 for the tramways, £2,634,233 for the gas, £1,311,856 for the electricity, £365,042 for the telephones undertakings, in all of which the

Corporation is exposed to the vicissitudes of invention or of private competition. The Water department asset, £4,153,139, is not so exposed. The value of the rest of the assets depends upon the maintenance of the city as an active, healthy and prosperous community.

The Telephone Department Accounts have been bad enough. In the first year of the telephone enterprise, the revenue was £14,096; in the second, £35,014; in the third, £49,639; and last year, 1905, £55,426. The expenditure in the first year was £13,698; in the second, £33,320; in the third, £46,000; and in 1905, £53,320. Out of this expenditure was laid aside for Sinking-Fund during the four years' existence of the department, £36,163 6*s.* 8*d.*; and for general depreciation fund during the same period, £7,247 13*s* 5*d.* These two sums amount to £43,411. The Corporation received in taxes from the Department over £5,000, and it provided employment for 588 persons. The Department had to meet the competition carried on by the Telephone Company, which can recoup itself by charging higher rates in other places, the Municipal Telephone Department only operating in the city and neighborhood. Last year an agreement between the Post-office and the National Telephone Company for the purchase of the latter company's system was completed and came into force. The Municipal Telephone Committee acted in concert with other telephone-owning municipalities in favor of the municipalities, but the Postmaster-General did not adopt the recommendations of that Committee.

The telephone accounts have been denounced as the most unsatisfactory in the history of this municipality. The accounts showed, in fact, that the undertaking was unsound. The increased working expenses marched almost pound for pound with the increased revenue. The earning of increased revenue actually cost more in total expenditure.

The principal wrong in the minds of most citizens was that there should be such an undertaking as a municipal telephone at all, but it was contended by others that, if it is wise for the Government to have a telephone, and to be content with 1-34 as a Sinking-Fund, the Glasgow Corporation were doing better by putting aside 1-30. But the Corporation system has been now sold to the Post-office at a price which will leave a loss that will not be less than £15,000, and may be found to be as much

as £50,000 when all items are adjusted. The telephone system, the risks of which formed a charge upon the rates, was not a proper subject for municipal enterprise. It is a "utility" for an inconsiderable percentage of the population at the expense of the majority who do not use it at all.

The accounts of the Loans Department for the year ending May 31st, 1905, show that during the year 825 stock certificates and 1,791 temporary loan receipts were signed and 827 transfers of Corporation stock were registered, namely, 207 of 3½-per-cent. redeemable stock; 148 of 3½-per-cent. irredeemable stock; 124 of 3¼-per-cent. redeemable stock; 262 of 3-per-cent. redeemable stock; 25 of 2½-per-cent. redeemable stock, 1925-40; and 51 of 2½-per-cent. redeemable stock, 1910-25. Some 2,380 Mortgages were signed on behalf of the Corporation, and 54 transfers of Mortgages were registered. The Mortgage rate was reduced to £3 7*s.* 6*d.* and £3 5*s.* per cent. The total amount borrowed by the Loans Fund as at May 31st, 1905, was £11,790,044 17*s.* 3*d.*, an increase as compared with the total at May 31st, 1904, of £320,806 14*s.* 3*d.* The loans to the several Corporation Departments at the end of the financial year amounted to £11,635,091 5*s.* 7*d.* on capital account, and £120,000 on temporary loan. The total amount of the Sinking-Funds provided out of the annual revenue of the Corporation Departments and proceeds of sale of property paid into the Loans Fund during the year, was £303,125 7*s.* 6*d.* Further borrowing powers have been obtained for purposes of markets, for sewage purposes, and for gas purposes, in connection with the recent amalgamation of the burgh of Kinning Park with the city.

There is, beyond doubt, a considerable body of adverse opinion about the methods of finance in Glasgow, which may now be considered. They are based on the Glasgow Corporation Loans Act, 1883. On the 10th of July, 1900, an ex-Lord Provost was asked a question by the Chairman of the Joint Select Committee of Parliament on Municipal Trading: "What public enterprise does the Corporation of Glasgow undertake?" The answer was: "In addition to the ordinary Municipal departments, such as Police, Health, Parks, City Improvements, and so on, we do various non-rating enterprises, carried on apart from any rating security, those being markets and slaughter-houses, water-supply, gas-supply, tramways of the city and adjacent burghs, electric light

for the city, telephones for the city." The Parliamentary Select Committee was told that the Tramways, Electric Light, and Telephones were carried on "apart from any rating security." The tramways are, indeed, carried on "apart from any rating security," and are on the Common Good. The Electric Lighting Department and Telephones, however, are on the Loans Fund, and are carried on with full unlimited rating security.

The debts of the city (the Loans Fund) and the debts of the Departments to the Loans Fund are quite distinct: The Sinking-Funds are used in paying off the particular debts of the Departments to the Loans Fund. The Departments having borrowed from the Loans Fund are, no doubt, paying back to the Loans Fund, but the collective debt of the Departments to the Loans Fund is not reduced, as collectively they have reborrowed from the Loans Fund the money they have paid to it. The Sinking-Fund is supposed to be one which in a given number of years will pay off and redeem a given debt, but the debt of the city and the debts of the Departments are quite distinct. If the Sinking-Funds were invested in liquid securities they would require to be realized before they could be used to pay off debt, but being invested in Corporation non-liquid enterprises, the Sinking Funds cannot be used in paying off debt until the securities and enterprises are realized. It is difficult to say what the securities would be worth in forced liquidation.

The Glasgow method of managing its loans is peculiar. The treasurer in charge of the Loans Fund practically acts as cashier for the various enterprises. He receives the Sinking-Fund payments from one Department and lends them to another Department. When a terminable loan becomes due, the Sinking-Fund exists as an investment in non-realizable securities, having been lent out again in some other Corporation venture. The Glasgow system of finance has been characterized by one of its citizens as "one constant borrowing and never repaying."

The Corporation Tramway accounts are very well kept. The objections taken to these accounts are not against them, but against the financial lines upon which the undertaking is carried on. The prosperity of the Glasgow tramways cannot be questioned, and the management is excellent. It is the pet scheme of the Glasgow Corporation, and in order to increase the profits of it every difficulty has been removed. It is considered by some citizens that

the Statute Labor Department (which takes care of the streets) is burdened in order to cheapen the permanent way for the Tramways Department. The rounding of corners and widening of streets is generally paid for by private tramway companies, but the Glasgow Tramway Department gets this work done free. All the municipal undertakings in Glasgow are upon the rates, except the tramways. If the tramways result in loss the "Common Good" or capital would be liable. *Per contra,* the profits do not come in relief of rates.

The water-supply is admirable, and the whole enterprise splendidly engineered. The Gas undertaking is fairly prosperous, and wholly efficient. The Electric Lighting hardly manages to pay its way; and the Telephones Department was a huge blunder.

It is the complaint of financiers that the Corporation is liable at a month's notice to pay two millions sterling borrowed from sundry persons, which is not a satisfactory state of affairs. The Ratepayers' Federation of Glasgow look upon municipal trading as a national danger to be guarded against, especially with regard to finance and in regard to the likelihood of fettering individual effort.

The Cleansing Committee of the Corporation of Glasgow recently acquired Ryding, Maryburgh and Robroyston estates on the northeastern confines of Greater Glasgow—a remarkable extension of communal property. One object in view in purchasing these estates was to provide an outlet for city refuse, which could not be disposed of otherwise. Another was to provide better feeding for the stud of horses used in the cleansing and other departments of the municipal service. Before the lands were acquired by the Cleansing Committee, there was no alternative but to lay the refuse in depots all round the outskirts of the city, especially during the summer months. This was a menace to the health of the citizens. Cremating-furnaces were then introduced and gradually extended, until now there are six destruction stations with 58 cells, capable of destroying over 50 tons of refuse daily. These furnaces were not sufficient to deal with the enormous quantity of refuse produced in the city, and the necessity arose for acquiring land in the near country to which the surplus material could be sent. The Committees started by leasing land, but afterwards they decided to buy land outright. In 1891, they acquired the Ryding estate, and more recently two

adjacent farms were added, and in 1894 Maryburgh was purchased. The most recent addition to the landed property of this Department is the estate of Robroyston, purchased two years ago. Besides giving the Cleansing Department facilities for the tipping of refuse and the growing of crops, the Health Department has taken a portion of this ground for the erection of a small-pox hospital, while accommodation has also been provided for the Sewage Committee to tip sludge. The total area of the committee's estates is 1,710 acres, of which 1,509 acres are the property of the Corporation and 192 acres are held on lease. Five of the farms are at present leased to tenants, but of four of these the leases expire within the next twelve months, when the Cleansing Committee will have to work them. On behalf of the Cleansing Committee it is claimed that it was only within the past five-and-twenty years that the people of large cities have realized that one of the greatest things they have to deal with is their own dirt. The Cleansing Committee of the Corporation of Glasgow, therefore, attacked that problem, and resolved that all the dirt of the city, so far as it was in a solid form, should vanish from the city within twenty-four hours, and should be disposed of so as not to injure other people. This, then, is an enterprise in which some profit may be possible in a pecuniary sense, but which was necessary in a communal sense. It is not, therefore, to be regarded as a mere example of actual municipal trading.

As an example of the craze for further municipalization in Glasgow, let us now take a recent scheme proposed for a Corporation Works Department. It was proposed in the Town Council,

> "That it be remitted to a special committee to consider and report on the expediency of instituting, in the public interest, a works Department of the Corporation, whose committee shall be charged with carrying out, by its own workmen in the pay of the Corporation, the whole work that at present is executed for the Corporation by private contractors."

This was a large order, and it was claimed that the motion did not introduce a new principle, as the Corporation already have several sectional works departments. The success of the works department of the tramways, for instance, was cited in support of the proposal, and tailoring was mentioned as a branch of industry in which the Corporation could effect a great saving by executing its own work. Another element in the case was the

allegation that the Corporation had difficulty in getting contractors to pay the "standard" rate of wages, and in preserving the adjustment of the "fair conditions" under which they gave out Corporation contracts. It was also claimed that, while the contractors' estimates for the Clydebank intercepting sewer amounted to £119,000, the work was done by the Corporation for £78,000, or a saving of about £41,000. It was argued, on the other hand, that it is more economical to let out work to contractors, because of contingencies that might arise. The proposal was resisted on the ground that a more dangerous motion for the city of Glasgow and for the ratepayers never had been brought forward.

The idea of having a clothing department means that the Corporation would have to make their own police clothing, the tramway uniforms, their hats, underclothing, and then have a mill for the manufacture of the cloth that would be required. The Tramways Department started, not to make cars, but to repair cars, and from that it was an easy step to building them. The Town Council should be free to face emergencies, and to decide, when occasion arises, whether they will do certain work themselves or give it out to a contractor. Otherwise, they might as well establish engine-shops, lease quarries, open brick-fields cement works, and purchase the foreshore of the ocean to get sand.

The motion asked the Corporation to do everything for everybody, as if what was wanted was a huge Cooperative Society, or an imitation Tammany Hall. The electorate of the city numbers 150,000 voters, of whom 15,000, or one-tenth, are employees of the Corporation. If the number of Corporation employees was to be increased, the only relief from corruption would be in their disfranchisement. It was alleged, in debate on the motion, that the municipalization of the water and gas supplies was identical with this proposal. But these were necessities of the community, and they were previously held as monopolies by private companies. The hands of the Corporation are sufficiently full without adventuring upon this proposed new enterprise, and happily the motion was rejected.

But this did not discourage the "progressives," who on another occasion moved: "That it be remitted to a committee to consider the advisability of the Corporation undertaking the man-

ufacture, in their own workshops, of clothing required by the various departments for their employees." This motion was commended to the Corporation at a time when they were in a dilemma regarding the police-clothing contract. The total value of the clothing manufactured for the various Departments runs from £10,000 to £12,000. The proposal was supported on the ground that it was based on a desire to keep the manufacture of their own clothing within the city. But where would Glasgow be but for the trade she does with all the world? The citizens should be very careful of any attempt to try to limit manufacture within the city. The whole tailoring scheme was in the nature of a movement to create Socialistic conditions of wages and hours of labor. It was properly characterized as "silly," because there is a clear and distinct dividing-line between what the Corporation had previously municipalized and this proposal. The friends of the motion wanted the Corporation to municipalize everything and to drive out private enterprise. This motion was negatived, but the promoters of it are not effaced.

The decision of the Glasgow Town Council against municipal tailoring workshops has invited comparison with modern industrial methods of the most successful kind. Formerly it was considered good business for every firm to specialize on its own particular article. To-day, the tendency is for the big undertakings to be self-contained. A large ship-building firm may control everything from the coal and iron mines up to the battle-ship, including even photography and upholstery. A railway company may make wooden legs for its disabled servants; provide hotels for its passengers; and supply a steamboat service which drives private steamboat-owners off the river. A packing-house firm in America finds it necessary, under modern conditions, to manufacture sausages, bristles, glue, felt, candles, soap, table condiments and manure; to own the rolling-stock which it uses; to protect itself from competition by acquiring railroads and organizing transport in several cities; to open retail shops; to insure itself, and, through a bank of its own, to conduct its own financial business. Some members of the Town Council think that Glasgow should follow the same methods. It is too late in the day, they cry, to shout the bogey of Socialism.

There are certain aspects of this question on which more light is needed, such, for instance, as the effect of an indefinite increase

of the position of the municipality as an employer of labor in its own constituency. No questions more perplexing arise in Parliament than those with which are connected members returned to the House of Commons by constituents paid by the state. The danger there induces suspicion of the employment by the community as a whole within the constituencies. Municipal bodies may be tempted by pressure to actions that are not for the common good. While municipalities are dealing with such things as water-supply, cleansing, paving of streets, and so forth, there is no great probability that the progress of invention and knowledge will be retarded, or that it will render useless any of the expenditure in which they indulge. There is not the same certainty in gas and some other enterprise in which municipalities engage. No one can say with certainty, for instance, that gas will for all time retain its place as a source of light, heat and power. As to tramways, great changes are even now going on, and no one can say that a fixed line of tramway is the permanent form of transit from one street centre to another, and from the centre of crowded areas to the exterior. There are, certainly, doubts about the commercial future of many commercial undertakings in which municipalities are engaged. In private enterprise, when inventions render antiquated vast capital expenditure, a company winds up its affairs, and a new system takes the place of the old one. But a municipality which has embarked the ratepayers' money in, say, some mode of road transit which becomes superseded by some new method more convenient, will find that it has wasted millions of the ratepayers' money. The tramway methods of twenty years ago are already antiquated; will the tramway methods of to-day be antiquated ten years hence?

While Glasgow is, as has been said, a well-managed city, as cities go, its citizens are by no means unanimous in approval of the management of its affairs. These affairs are in the hands of representatives elected periodically by the ratepayers in the Wards, each representative being seated for three years and eligible for reelection without limit. While it is true that many able and shrewd business men are sent to the Town Council, it is also true that a great many are sent there without the mental grasp or experience to deal with such weighty matters as the Town Council has to control. Men accustomed to small trans-

actions in their own business will quarrel fiercely over some proposal to add £50 a year to the salary of a deserving official, and will then blindly vote for some project that may add a million to the debt of the city. Such men will propose capital expenditure that will please their Wards, without knowing, or at all events without appearing to consider, that capital expenditure must ultimately fall upon the ratepayer in some form.

To make the water-supply of Glasgow a municipal enterprise was at the time a matter of necessity, in the interests of public health. And because the water-supply and the tramway system are so much admired by outsiders, the opinion has developed in certain sections of the community that the Corporation of Glasgow can do everything it undertakes much better than private enterprise can do. It is this delusion, strongly reflected in the Council Chamber, that is the great source of danger to the community. It is shared by many able men who ought to know better. To one of the ablest and most efficient men who ever occupied the Lord Provost's Chair, Glasgow owes the wretched burden of the telephone system. This very able Lord Provost had Socialistic proclivities and a masterful way of his own. Acting, as he thought, for the best, he practically forced the telephone system on to the Corporation—and the ratepayers are left to pay the piper.

In the matter of municipal trading, Glasgow well exemplifies what Professor Shield Nicholson recently set before the Institute of Bankers in Scotland. He said that municipal trading covers all the operations of any local authority which, if undertaken by a private company, will be expected to yield a profit. It excludes many forms of municipal enterprise which requires large capital outlay and involves an annual charge—such as poorhouses and asylums, public parks, municipal buildings, etc., in which municipal enterprise is rather to be compared with private benevolence than with private trading. With the progress of society an increase of municipal expenditure for these purposes is to be expected, and this militates against Local Authorities taking over other functions which can be adequately performed by associations or individuals. In all branches of industry there has been an increasing tendency to production on a large scale, and for amalgamation, shown not only in manufactures but in transport and distribution. The creation of Trusts and Cartels shows

how excessive competition and production on a large scale tend to facilitate the growth of industrial monopolies. But whenever monopolies arise, some kind of state control is necessary in the interests of the public. When monopoly arises from natural combination, state regulation is not easy, and the idea has been encouraged that the state, either by central or local authority, should take monopolies into its own hands.

Municipal trading is monopoly and is advocated on the ground that the monopoly will prove a convenient source of revenue; and that the interests of the public will be promoted by its better management. But if the prime object is profit, then the price is fixed higher than it need be, and the consumers are taxed to the extent of the monopoly revenue. There can never be much surplus revenue from municipal trading itself, and what there is will be of the nature of a tax. In estimating the profit on municipal trading, allowance must be made for all the expenses that would be involved if in private hands. By the omission of these elements the net gain of municipal enterprise is made to seem larger than it really is. Municipal trading, too, is almost entirely carried on on borrowed capital, and there may be a fall in the value of the capital invested either through improvements in the methods of supply, or through changes in demand—or through the decay or stagnation of the locality. And when municipal trading is successful, there is generally a tendency to routine; and there is also the danger, as Professor Nicholson says, of extravagance and other abuses of an "expanding and vainglorious bureaucracy."

Thus, while Glasgow presents to the world some things which afford to other cities and countries a good example, she also affords in many other things a warning. Between her splendid water-supply and prosperous tramways, and her woful telephone business, there are many lines to read.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ELIZABETHAN PLAYWRIGHTS.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS, PROFESSOR OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

THERE is no denying that the dominant characteristic of the English-speaking race is energy, and that this energy never expressed itself in literature more completely than it did in the later years of Elizabeth's reign. There was then the most abundant revelation of the power and passion of this sturdy people, the most magnificent luxuriance of its essential imagination, and a sudden outflowering of the vigor of a hardy and prolific stock. And above all the turmoil of those spacious days there towered aloft the genius of Shakespeare. Small wonder is it that many lovers of literature have been blinded by the effulgence of all this genius and have closed their eyes to all except its glory, unable to perceive anything but absolute perfection. So long have we made a habit of using a megaphone to proclaim its manifest and manifold beauties, that a microphone would suffice for our infrequent and unwilling admissions that all was not equally faultless in this splendid era. I can still recall the shock of surprise with which—when I was yet an undergraduate in college—I came across a passage in one of Matthew Arnold's essays seeming to suggest that there might be weak places in Shakespeare's works, and that even his genius did not always maintain him at the topmost pinnacle of transcendent achievement.

But to adopt an attitude of insistent admiration is to renounce the privilege and the duty of criticism, as Gautier did when he declared that, if ever he found a single line of Hugo's to fall short in any way, he would not confess it to himself alone, in a cellar, on a dark night. We deny ourselves the pleasure of knowing wherein the Elizabethan poets are truly mighty, if we give

them all credit for all possible excellence, or if we carelessly fail to see clearly that even the mightiest of them does not always sustain himself at his highest level. The work of the great Elizabethans is what it is; and for that we love it. But also it is not what it is not; and we ought to be honest enough not to claim for it the qualities which it lacks, and which it could not have because they are inconsistent with those it actually has. Largeness of vision it has, and depth of insight, and the gift of life itself, and many another manifestation of the energy of the race. These possessions are beyond question; and yet, because it possesses these qualities, because it has sweep, and penetration, youthful daring and robust vitality, it is often violent, often trivial, often grotesque. Reckless and ill-restrained, it is likely to be wanting in taste and lacking in logic. Energy it has above all things else, and a compelling imaginative fire; but balance and proportion it rarely reveals. Only infrequently do we find symmetry and harmony,—qualities seemingly incompatible with the wastefulness of effort always characteristic of this masterful people.

More than any other group of the Elizabethans, have the dramatists suffered from this practice of indiscriminate praise and from the absence of measured appreciation. Sometimes it seems as though the commentators have chosen wilfully to shut their eyes to everything they would wish away. They have made no effort to free themselves from the spell of Lamb's contagious enthusiasm; and they have not resisted the evil influence of the extravagant eulogy habitual with Mr. Swinburne, whose overpowering rhetoric once bade fair to have as pernicious an effect on literary criticism as Ruskin's overpowering rhetoric had for a while upon pictorial criticism. As Ruskin misled many and discouraged more, who, under wiser guidance, might have learned in time to take keen pleasure in the painter's art, so Swinburne by his indiscriminate overpraise must have repelled many a reader who might have been lured into a liking for the real value of the Elizabethan dramatic poets, if this had been modestly set forth.

Many commentators and critics yield themselves up to be hypnotized by the dramatic poet they are dealing with, crediting him with a host of merits and refusing to counterbalance their commendation by allowing weight even to such demerits as they are compelled to record. An amusing instance of this abdication of

the critical function can be found in the introduction to "Old Fortunatus" in the Temple Dramatists, in which the editor is permitted to say that this comedy of Dekker's, "though containing numberless faults in construction, in weak and ineffective character-drawing, and in improbable psychological deduction, is nevertheless one of the greatest of Elizabethan dramas." Surely, this is the very negation of criticism, to call a piece containing "numberless faults" one of the "greatest of dramas." Such writing is disheartening, not to term it dishonest. The truth is that "Old Fortunatus" is only a narrative in dialogue, and it has little dramaturgic merit; its character-drawing is mere prentice-work; and it pleases because of its primitive unpretentiousness and its fleeting glimpses of poetry. It has none of the broad humor or of the hearty veracity of character which lends charm to Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday," a brisk comedy of the contemporary life of London which the sturdy author knew so well and relished so keenly.

In considering the lack of play-making skill, abundantly evident in the works of the Elizabethan poets, two points must ever be borne in mind. The first of these is that the literary form which happens to be popular and therefore profitable, in any period, attracts to it many who have little or no native gift for that special art. In the nineteenth century, for example, the vogue of the novel was overwhelming; and many a man of letters, who had but a small share of the narrative faculty, undertook to express himself in fiction. So, at the end of the sixteenth century, the drama was the one field in which an aspiring genius might hope to make money; and it is not surprising, therefore, to find only a few among all the mass of Elizabethan dramatic poets who either were born playrights, or who took the trouble, by dint of hard work, to master the secrets of the craft. Marlowe, for one, had no natural bent toward the theatre; and Webster, for another, for all his striving after the horrible, does not prove his possession of the native endowment of the instinctive playmaker. Marlowe and Webster were poets, beyond all question; they were richly endowed with imagination; but they were not born playwrights.

The second point to be kept in memory is that the dramatic art was not highly esteemed in Elizabeth's time. The theatre was a means whereby a poet might earn his living; but plays

were not held to be literature; they were devised only to satisfy the three hours' traffic of the stage; they were looked down upon by men of letters, much as journalism is looked down upon to-day. Accustomed as we are to consider the drama as the chief glory of Elizabethan literature, we do not always remember that the Elizabethans themselves scarcely held it to be literature at all. Nothing is more significant of this contemporary opinion than the fact that Shakespeare corrected the proof of his two narrative poems carefully, while he gave no thought to the printing of his plays, carelessly abandoning the manuscripts to his comrades of the theatre. One result of this contemptuous attitude toward the drama was that the poet was not held to any high standard, and that what was good enough for the rude play-going public of those turbulent times was often good enough for the playwright himself.

Perhaps it is well also to note a third point, the recalling of which will help us to understand certain of the dramaturgic deficiencies of those days; and this is that the drama had not yet come into its own. It was still imperfectly differentiated; it had not disengaged itself from elements wholly undramatic. Just as the Greek drama in the time of Æschylus retained a lyrical element which often delayed the movement of the play itself, so the English drama in the time of Shakespeare had not purged itself of functions which had nothing to do with the setting of a story on the stage. It needs to be remembered that, in those early days, the theatre was not only the theatre; it was also, to a certain extent, the newspaper, the lecture-hall and even the pulpit. So it is that we find the dramatic poet sometimes halting his plot to deliver a lecture or a sermon, which his audience received gladly, but which clogged the movement of his action, and which is seen now to be a hindrance to the artistic shaping of his plot.

Here we touch the connection between the drama as it was under Elizabeth and the drama as it had been under Henry VIII and his predecessors. There is close kinship between the mysteries and miracle-plays of the Middle Ages and the masterpieces of Marlowe and even of Shakespeare. The outward form of the drama is always conditioned by the actual theatre in which it is performed and to which it has to be adjusted. The unroofed playhouses of London in 1600 were wholly unlike our snug

modern theatres; and the conditions of the performances therein were very like those under which the mysteries had been acted. A modern theatre is roofed and artificially lighted; it has a stage, shut off by a drop-curtain and made more illusive by scenery. An Elizabethan playhouse was open to the air; it got its light from the sky; its stage, encumbered with spectators, had no drop-curtain and no scenery; its methods were those of the mystery performed in the market-place and the churchyard. There is really very little difference in structure between the miracle-play of the later Middle Ages and the chronicle-play of Elizabeth's youth. If the method of the elder is mediæval, the method of the younger is semimediæval, to say the least. It could not be anything else until the roofed and lighted theatre came into being, with its separating drop-curtain and its realistic scenery. There was no modern theatre in London until after the Restoration; and so it is that the Elizabethan drama could not be modern; it had to remain at least semimediæval even in its loftiest efforts. It was not the fault of the Elizabethan drama that it had not the severe simplicity of the ancients or the neat dexterity of the moderns; but there is no denying that it had neither, and that it could not have them.

In every epoch when the drama has flourished,—in Athens in the days of Sophocles, in Madrid in the days of Lope de Vega, in London in the days of Shakespeare and in Paris in the days of Molière,—the dramatists have always adjusted their plays to the special theatre in which these were to be performed and to the special audience before whom these were to be acted. The severe drama of Sophocles is not shaped in closer accord with the conditions of the huge theatre of Dionysos than is the tumultuous drama of Shakespeare fitted to the wholly different conditions of the rude Globe Theatre. And when we consider what were the actual circumstances of performance in the Globe Theatre, our wonder is not that the structure of Shakespeare's plays is often straggling and slovenly, but rather that the great dramatist was ever able to attain to a more seemly conduct of his plot, such as he did achieve in "Othello" and in "Macbeth." Perhaps, indeed, there is no better proof of the might of Shakespeare's genius than this,—that now and again he was able to overcome conditions which seem to be unconquerable, and to produce a play which endures for all time even though it was originally adjusted

adroitly to the circumstances of performance upon a semi-mediæval stage.

Furthermore, the Elizabethan dramatist not only put his plays together in conformity with the customary methods of representation that obtained in the Elizabethan theatre, he also kept in mind always the audience before which they were to be produced. It was for the playgoer of the present that he exerted himself; it was not for the reader of the future. It was the playgoer he had to please; and for the playwright there is never any appeal from the verdict of the playhouse itself. As those "who live to please, must please to live," the playwright is ever dependent upon the public of his own time and of his own town.

The absence of standards and the contemporary contempt of the acted drama, account for many of the defects of the plays of that renowned period; but the chief cause is ever to be sought in the necessity of pleasing a special public, probably far more brutal in its longings than any other to which a great dramatist has had to appeal. The Athenians, for whom Sophocles built his massive and austere tragedies, and the Parisians, for whom Molière painted the humorous portrait of our common humanity,—these were quite other than the mob before whom Shakespeare had to set his studies from life, a mob stout of stomach for sheer horrors and shrinking from no atrocity. It is the Elizabethan public which is mainly responsible for the fact that the Elizabethan drama, glorious as it is with splendid episodes, taken separately, has only a few masterpieces, only a few plays the conduct of which does not continually disappoint even a cordial reader. As M. Jusserand has pointed out, with the calm sanity which is characteristic of French criticism, it is not difficult to select many "luminous parts, scenes brilliant or tragic, moving passages, characters solidly set on their feet," but it is very rare indeed to find complete wholes sustained as a lofty level of art, "plays entirely satisfactory, strongly conceived, firmly knit together, carried to an inevitable conclusion."

Why take the trouble to knit a story strongly and to deduce its inevitable conclusion, when the public the play had to please cared nothing for this artistic victory? Not only did the playgoers of those days find no fault with the lack of plausibility in the conduct of the story, with sudden and impossibly quick changes in character, with coincidences heaped up and with arbitrary

artificialities accumulated; but these, indeed, were the very qualities they most enjoyed. They preferred the unusual, the unexpected, the illogical; and it was to behold startling turns of fortune and to get the utmost of surprise that they went to the theatre. To us in the twentieth century it seems strangely unnatural that the jealousy of Leontes should flame up violently and almost without pretext: but to them in the sixteenth century this was a pleasure. To us there is annoyance in the huddling of two and three several stories into a single play, wholly unconnected, the joyous and the gruesome side by side, and in no wise tied together; but to them this was entirely satisfactory, for it gave them variety, and this was what they were seeking. Where we like to find the finger of fate pointing out the inevitable end, they would rather have the climax brought about by the long arm of coincidence; and this is the reason why we must be ready to "make believe," when we surrender ourselves to the charm of these semimediæval poet playwrights. We must be willing to adventure ourselves in a maze of unreality, in a false world differing widely from the real world in which we live and in which cause must go before effect.

No doubt, there were gallants sitting on the stage who had some tincture of cultivation; and there must have been other men of some education in the rooms of the gallery. But the most of those who stood in the yard below were unable to write or to read. Among them were discharged soldiers home from the wars, sailors from the ships of Frobisher and Drake, runaway apprentices and all the riffraff and rabble of a seaport town which happens also to be the capital of an expanding nation. They were violent in their likings, with a constant longing for horse-play and ribaldry, and with a persistent hankering after scenes of lust and gore. They were used to cock-fighting and bear-baiting and bull-baiting; and these brutal sports were shown sometimes within the very building where on other occasions there were performances of those raw tragedies-of-blood, the sole plays on the stage which could stir the nerves of such a public. These supporters of the stage were used to battle, murder and sudden death, not only in the theatre, but in daily life, for there were scores of public executions every year; and in those spectacular times the headsman of the Tower was a busy man, with his ghastly trophies frequently renewed on the spikes of the gate.

The pressure of the main body of playgoers upon the playwrights was not unwholesome then, as it is not unwholesome now, in so far as it led the dramatic poets to avoid preciosity and to eschew style-mongering; in so far as it forced them to deal directly with life, and to handle passion boldly and amply. But the playgoers of those days had cruder likings also; they craved constant excitement, both for the eye and for the ear; and the aspiring playwright gave them good measure, pressed down and running over. For the pleasure of the eye, he lavished processions, coronations, funerals, encampments, single combats and serried battles. For the pleasure of the ear, he was prolific of songs, melancholy or smutty; and he never stinted such other sounds as he could command, the roll of the drum, the staccato call of the trumpet, the clangor of loud bells, the rattle of musketry and the long reverberation of thunder. Sheeted ghosts and bloody spectres were sure of their welcome in advance; and the playwright was prompt to produce them whenever he had an excuse. He knew also that these ignorant playgoers had a rough sense of fun and liked to laugh heartily; and so he sprinkled throughout his pieces a variety of ingenious retorts and of obvious repartees, even descending now and again to get his laugh by the more mechanical humor of a practical joke. Furthermore, he was aware that, gross as was the taste of the yardlings, they could enjoy pretty sentiment, sometimes presented with simple truth, and sometimes surcharged with the utmost of lyric exaggeration.

When we consider how rank was the quality of those who stood in the yard of the Globe in those days, how deficient their education, how harsh their experience of life, how rude their likings, the wonder is not that the play prepared for their pleasure was often violent and arbitrary and coarse, but rather that any play devised to delight them was ever logical and elevated, shapely and refined. If the best of Shakespeare is for eternity, the worst of him was frankly for the groundlings who were his contemporaries, and whose interest he had to arouse and to retain as best he could. It is evidence of the intense practicality which ever directed his conduct that he was in the habit of taking over old plays which had already proved their power to attract paying audiences. It is evidence of his strict adaptation of his plays to his semimediæval audiences that he had a total disregard of

chronological, historic or geographic accuracy, giving clocks and cannons to the Romans and having the Italians going from Milan to Venice take ship when the tide served, because this was the mode of travel most familiar to the Londoner then. It is evidence of his understanding of his public that he is open in having his villains proclaim their own wickedness, so that the spectator might never be in doubt as to their motives.

In nothing else is the superiority of Shakespeare over his contemporaries more obvious than in the adroit dexterity with which he played upon the prejudices of his audience and made profit out of them. He sought always to give the spectators of his own time what he knew they wanted; and yet, now and again, perhaps a dozen times in the score of years of his play-making, uplifted by his genius and by his love of his craft, he looked above the spectators and beyond them, and he took a trouble they did not require of him. On these occasions, all too few, he made a play, pleasing to them indeed, but also pleasing to himself, and to his own intense artistic enjoyment of technical mastery. So it happens that we have the compact and logical "Othello," as well as the sprawling and incoherent "Cymbeline," which came long after.

The most of his contemporaries, brilliant as they were and highly gifted, were incapable of this, and they were unable to profit by the example Shakespeare had set them in those of his plays in which he was himself interested enough to do his best and to put forth his full strength. It is because he is at his best only on occasion, and when the spirit of perfection moved him, that he founded no school. He was not a master to follow unhesitatingly, partly because the mark at which he aimed was not always the best target for others, since he was willing often to let the incomparable felicity of the poet cover up and cloak the careless planning of the playwright; and partly also because no weaker arm could bend the bow of Ulysses. His chief gift was uncommunicable; it was the power of endowing all his creatures with independent life. This power is the test of his work; and it never leaves him. We discover it abundantly even in his most recklessly arbitrary plots, and even in those of his episodes which are based on a childish make-believe. It is not to the credit of critics, like Brandes, that they gloss over the absurdities that abound in Shakespeare's plays because Shake-

speare was ready enough to give the spectators of his own time the puerile devices they delighted in,—the pound of flesh and the trial of the caskets in the "Merchant of Venice," for example, and the test of the affection of Lear's daughter, when that fatherly monarch, unless he was already imbecile, ought to have learned the characters of his children in the long years of their family-life. If a critic does not see these absurdities, if he is blind to the arbitrary and muddled plot of "Cymbeline" and to the shocking callousness of the last act of "Much Ado about Nothing," then we may well doubt whether he is really able to appreciate the masterly simplicity of "Othello" and the orderly richness of "Romeo and Juliet."

The significant fact is that Shakespeare was, after all, an Elizabethan; and that, like the others, he had to accept the conditions of a semimediæval theatre and to please a full-blooded public. The others cannot climb with him; but not infrequently he sinks with them. They were ready enough to be satisfied themselves when they had satisfied the playgoers of their own day. They had no hesitation in sacrificing consistency of character to immediate effect on the mass of spectators,—very much as their fellow playwrights in Spain were doing at the same time and for the same reason. Climbing to impossible heights of honor or sinking to impossible depths of dishonor, abounding in the most romantic reversals of fortune and in the most inexplicable transformations of character, caring little for reality or even for plausibility, disregarding the delicacy of art no less than the veracity of nature, they were fertile in inventing striking episodes; and they failed, as a rule, to combine the several parts into a coherent whole, sustaining itself throughout and gathering power as it proceeded. Capable on occasion of the finest shadings of a subtle psychology, they were content for the most part with a bald daubing of character in the primary colors. In other words, they often proved themselves true poets, but far less frequently did they reveal themselves as real playwrights.

This is the reason why the flamboyant and iridescent eulogy of Swinburne is doing them an ill service to-day, while they gained greatly by the apt selection of Lamb, who artfully singled out the perfect passages. Only too often the parts are far finer than the whole; and Lamb presented the best bits so enticingly that he must have lured to disappointment many readers who

went straight from his "Specimens" to the complete works of the several dramatic poets. Here also we may find an excuse for Hazlitt and for Lowell, who have praised these poets more especially as poets to be read in a library, while almost wholly neglecting to consider their plays as plays intended to be performed by actors in a theatre and before an audience. To Hazlitt and Lowell, these dramatic poets appealed primarily as poets; and that the poets were dramatists also rarely arrested the attention of either of these acute critics.

Of a certainty, there must be many other readers who are willing enough to follow the example of Hazlitt and of Lowell and to accept the pure poetry which is abundant in the works of the Elizabethan dramatists without caring to consider whether or not the plays enriched by this poetry are all that they ought to be merely as plays. Some of them may even be inclined to resent any attempt to call attention to the dramaturgic defects of plays possessing a host of splendid passages wherein poetry combines with psychology to give the keenest pleasure. Others there are who are willing to admit the existence of the defects themselves, but who deny the justice of a criticism which gauges the semimediæval playwrights by tests properly applicable only to the modern drama. This protest was voiced most persuasively not long ago by a devout admirer of the old dramatists who insisted on the impropriety of judging Marlowe and Massinger by the standards proper enough in judging Scribe and Ibsen.

There is a certain speciousness in this claim; but analysis shows that it was not valid. It may be unfair to weigh the semimediæval Marlowe and Massinger on the same scales as Scribe and Ibsen, who are moderns; but it is not unfair to measure them by the standards we can derive from the comparison of the greatest dramatists, both ancient and modern. If we find certain principles of the art of play-making exemplified in the best dramas of Æschylus and of Sophocles, of Shakespeare and of Molière, of Calderon and of Racine, of Beaumarchais and of Scribe, of Ibsen, of Sudermann and of Pinero, it is not unfair to consider these as the eternal verities of dramaturgy, and to point out that Marlowe and Massinger fail to achieve an excellence of which we find frequent examples all through the long history of the drama, some of them a score of centuries before Scribe and Ibsen were born.

At its best, the dramatist's art reveals itself as akin to the architect's; and a really good play ought to have a solid framework and a bold simplicity of planning, with a foundation broad enough to sustain the superstructure, however massive or however lofty this may prove to be. It ought to have unity of theme, freedom from all extraneous matter, veracity of motive, contrast of character, clearness of exposition, probability of incident, logical coherence, swift movement and culminating intensity of interest. These qualities can be found in "Agamemnon" and "Œdipus the King," as well as in "Othello" and in "Tartuffe," in the "Alcalde of Zalamea" and in "Phèdre," in the "Barber of Seville" and in the "Ladies' Battle," in "Ghosts," in "Magda" and in the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray." But these qualities are not to be found in any large degree in "Doctor Faustus" or in the "Roman Actor"; and they are not often to be found in the plays of any of the Elizabethan dramatists,—far more often in Shakespeare than in any of the others.

And if these deficiencies exist, surely it is unwise to close our eyes to the fact; surely it is unjust to pretend that the Elizabethan drama, as a whole, possesses that which it has not; surely it is safer and honester to admit frankly that the art of building plays solidly and symmetrically was little cultivated by the Elizabethan dramatists, just as it was little considered by the Elizabethan critics. Surely, again, it is wisest to try to see things as they really are and to tell the truth about them, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Even in criticism, honesty is the best policy; and the Elizabethan poets are indisputably great enough to make it worth while for us to assure ourselves wherein their true greatness lies. They are none the less great as poets when we have seen clearly that—excepting Shakespeare—they are great as playwrights only occasionally, and almost, as it were, by accident.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

TRUSTS.

BY ALBERT STICKNEY.

"TRUSTS." What are they? What are their evils?

A "trust," as nearly as one can understand the current use of the term, is a large combination of capital in the hands of a corporation, or of a combination of corporations. The term is not applied to large combinations of capital in the hands of individuals, or of an ordinary partnership; but to those unusually large accumulations of millions, and hundreds of millions, in the hands of corporations.

What are the evils of these combinations?

It must be conceded that corporations do have their uses. A corporation is merely an artificial person, a device of the law, created for the sake of aggregating small amounts of capital for large enterprises, under a single ownership, and for securing continuity of control. They are an absolute necessity for the business world. Especially, they are a necessity for the small investor, for persons who cannot venture to expose large amounts of money to the risks of loss in single enterprises; for persons who find it incumbent on them to avoid having "all their eggs in one basket."

Above all things, however, they are absolutely indispensable to the successful prosecution of the large undertakings of our vast modern industries. Individual fortunes do not provide capital in sufficiently large amounts.

Particularly is this the case in a new country, such as ours has been until very recently. The most useful institutions in our modern life are the corporations which have been formed for the prosecution of two most important public ends, education and transportation. Our public schools, our colleges and universities, cannot exist without the accumulation in single hands, under continuous control, of large amounts of money, large charitable

foundations; which make it possible to combine a large number of contributions from the charitably inclined, and invest them in libraries, laboratories, and funds for professorships, with all the other machineries of the modern educational world. So, too, with our machinery of transportation—our early plank-roads and our railroads. It was impossible to secure their construction, or their operation, without the use of corporations, which enabled the small investors to combine their individual contributions of capital. Thus only was it made possible to construct our railroads and other public highways, which are the arteries and veins for the transmission of our industrial blood, by which only are trade and commerce made possible. Furthermore, it would be an impossibility to carry on the large volumes of the transactions in our modern business world without the agencies of banks; which are the public highways for the transportation of money, and credit; carrying both where they are needed; diffusing both from the great financial centres to the industrial frontiers; and then, in turn, bringing back the manufactured products which constitute the results. It is easily seen, then, that corporations cannot be condemned by wholesale; that they are a vital necessity of our modern industrial existence.

What, then, are their evils?

Many thoughtful men, in recent years, have been appalled by the large figures of the capital which is concentrated in single hands, through the agency of separate corporations, or of several corporations which are "affiliated," as the phrase is, under a single control.

Is there a real substantial danger in this concentration?

Here, the first point that strikes our attention is that capital, in order to yield income, which is essential if it is to serve the mere moneyed interests of its owners, must of necessity be employed in some way that is beneficial to the community. It cannot be kept idle. Nor can it be applied to uses that are not beneficial, that will not "pay." Useless investments will not yield income. Money, in order to earn interest, must be used in industries that are beneficial. It must be used in "business"—that is, in the production of goods and merchandise that are in demand for the uses of the community; or in the transportation of such goods and merchandise from the producer to the user. There is no other way in which capital can be made to yield a profit to its owner.

Consequently, every capitalist is under compulsion, from the laws of industry and commerce, to invest his capital in ways which are useful to the community, and which give employment to the community's workers.

Moreover, the capitalist is, in the long run, compelled to invest his capital in ways that are approved by other men. Every large capitalist is under the necessity of investing his money through the agencies of the banks and the large corporations. If he invests through the banks, his money is loaned to business men for business enterprises. If he puts it into shares, or bonds, of some corporation, it goes directly into the business of that corporation. In any event, his capital must go into the veins and arteries of the business world, must form part of our industrial blood, if it is to yield income. So the practical result is, that the capitalist, under the immutable laws of industry and commerce, is under the supreme necessity of using his capital in the promotion of enterprises that are approved by the judgment of other men. Emerson somewhere says that men are seldom so wisely employed as when they are "making money." The reason is simple and plain; when they are "making money," they are giving employment to the honest and industrious working-men, and are contributing in the best possible way to the community's well-being. We hear much said of the capitalist's selfishness. Men must be selfish. If a man does not look out for himself, he will go down. Of course, the capitalist is selfish. He must invest in ways that will yield a profit to himself, if he is to serve successfully the interests of either himself or the community.

Then we come to another fact. The rates of compensation to the capitalist, for the use of his capital, are, in the long run, fixed by other men, and by causes quite beyond his own control. It is a widely prevalent idea that the capitalist controls the use of his own capital or, at least, the rate of the payment for its use.

But the fact is quite the reverse. If he puts his money into a bank to be loaned, he has to be content with the current rates of interest. If he invests it in a railroad corporation, or in a manufacturing or trading corporation, he has to be content, in the long run, with the average returns on similar investments. His investments may at times be extremely fortunate. At times, they will be unfortunate—unless, indeed, he is an unusually wise investor, in which case he is justly entitled to the fruits of his own

financial wisdom. And precisely in proportion to the wisdom of his investments will be the benefits to the community resulting from these investments. In short, he is at all times, in the end, subject to the laws of industry and commerce, and the returns on his capital are decided by those laws.

It may be thought that an exception to this statement is to be found in the case of the railroads; and that they have it in their power to fix the rates of traffic almost arbitrarily.

But the exception here is more seeming than real. Even the railroads are subject to the laws of commerce. They are, in their own way, all subject to competition; and none of them has an arbitrary control of the rates to be charged for transportation. This is the case quite independently of statutes, or control by the public authorities. Every railroad, if we carefully consider the facts, has a competitor in other railroads. Whatever may be its power over its own rates under the theory of the law, nevertheless, as a matter of fact, every railroad is compelled, in the long run, to give as favorable rates for both passengers and freight as other roads give. Otherwise, passengers and freight will go elsewhere. Attempts have been made through mergers and consolidations to escape the regulative influence of competition in reducing rates. But these attempts have always failed. The laws of commerce will assert their supremacy. Assume that railroad corporations will impose as high rates "as the traffic will bear." Nevertheless, the traffic on one road cannot long bear higher rates for the same service than are paid on other roads. If any one road insists on higher rates, it soon loses its traffic. Business men leave it; they seek other homes, for their business and themselves. They go where they get the most for their money. Then, too, after the railroads are once constructed, they soon find that the quickest and surest way to get an increase in income is to make a decrease in traffic charges. So it results that, although in theory the railroad may have the power to fix its own rates for traffic, nevertheless, in fact, it finds itself compelled, in time, to lower its charges, and reduce them to the lowest figures which will secure a reasonable return on the capital invested. More than that, the instances are numberless where millions on millions of capital have been sunk in railroad enterprises, which have never yielded a dollar of income to the investor. Meantime, not by force of any law other than the laws of industry, the quality of our railroad

service has had a steady and rapid increase; while, at the same time, traffic rates, for both freight and passengers, have had a steady and rapid decrease. Our railroad service, taken as a whole, is to-day superior to that of any other nation; and that fact is due, not to any statutes, or to governmental control, but to the natural legitimate operation of the laws of trade and commerce; and to our conditions of large industrial freedom.

What, then, are the evils which have resulted from these large modern accumulations of capital?

None whatever. That is, there have been no evils which can be correctly attributed to these large accumulations on the score of their mere magnitude. The only evils that have come, have come from the wrongful, illegal uses of capital in order to deprive other men of some of their legal rights. Wherever money has been used to corrupt public officials, that constitutes a violation of law. Where favoritism in rates has been shown to particular individuals or corporations, that has been a violation of law. It should be punished by enforcement of the law, at the hands of either public or private prosecutors. But, in these recent years, it has been found much more profitable for high public officials to rail at the "trusts" than to enforce the laws against the individuals who have made unlawful uses of trust funds. Violent declamation, against capital and corporations, is the ready resort of the demagogue. But an efficient enforcement of the laws, against individuals who make illegal uses of corporate moneys and corporate properties—that is a different matter. The evils, which have existed in the management of our great modern "trusts," so called, have consisted entirely in the unlawful uses that have been made of trust properties. In the trusts themselves—in the mere large accumulations of capital—there are no evils, or dangers, so long as the capital is put to lawful uses; so long as it is used for legitimate business purposes. Nor is there anything novel in our modern breaches of trust and violations of law. Such evils have existed ever since human beings held property. The forms of punishment for those breaches of trust are old and well known. What is needed, in order to put an end to such offences, is the speedy and rigid enforcement of existing laws.

The modern increase in the figures of capital invested in large enterprises has been necessary, and unavoidable. The large in-

crease in our control over the forces of nature has resulted in a large increase in the magnitude of our modern combinations of men and material, for the uses of our modern industries. No doubt, we have in later years witnessed what may accurately be termed a mania for magnitude. We have, no doubt, gone to extremes in this direction. But, in the main, these large modern industrial combinations have been a great benefit. They undoubtedly do result in large economies; and in a large increase of industrial energy. Waste of material, which will escape notice when it exists in small quantities, at once compels attention when it reaches larger proportions. That leads to the discovery of new processes; which result in what we term "by-products." Then, too, these large combinations of men, which we have in our modern industrial armies, make it more possible to have superior organization—a better selection of men for the different orders of work. They render it possible for us to make the fullest use of our modern "captains of industry" in positions of command. Captains cannot be used without the rank and file who are to be led. If at any time these combinations of capital get too large for efficient and profitable handling, they will fall to pieces; they will resolve themselves into their original constituents. But, so long as they continue to pay, so long as they can be operated with a profit to their owners, so long it is certain that they are giving good service to the community; so long the community should secure them the full protection of the law.

It is hard to conceive of anything more injurious to the well-being of the community than the present wholesale denunciation of "trusts"—meaning thereby our large corporate aggregations of capital. Misappropriation and illegal use of corporate funds we have unfortunately had in large amounts. The remedy for such acts is to be found in pursuing the guilty individuals, according to well-established legal methods. But that course our public prosecutors seem to have carefully avoided. Somewhat singularly, the guilty individuals have usually been large contributors to the party treasuries; and those contributions have frequently constituted the most serious misuses of corporate funds. It may be, that here we have the real reason why we have such a superfluity of sensational declamation about "trusts," coupled with such an absence of prosecutions for clear violations of the law. But there can be no doubt as to the great injury to our

financial and industrial interests, that results from these continuous attacks on our large modern accumulations of capital. Capital must be secure and prosperous, in order to secure the interests of labor. The interests of the two are harmonious. Every capitalist is a laborer. Every laborer is a capitalist. The difference between them is only one of degree. The capitalist and the laborer should cooperate. And everything from high public officials which tends to rouse hostility to capital is a crime against the community.

Especially is this true at the present time. Just at this time, we need industrial peace. We need just now a large increase in our facilities for transportation. We need at once the expenditure of large amounts by our railroads, for track and equipment. Capital is proverbially timid. Investors will be unwilling to advance the many millions, which are now necessary, in order to bring our railroads and other public highways up to the needs of the times. We can command the capital of the world for the development of our means of transportation provided we make its owners feel secure as to investments made in our railroads. If, however, our highest public officials, who should be the protectors of capital, are constantly doing all in their power to arouse against it the prejudices of the ignorant, the injuries done to the community's business interests will be incalculable.

In the corporate abuses which have in recent years so excited the public, capital has not been the real offender. The real offenders have been the men who have misused capital which belonged to others. Capital requires every possible protection, in the hands of corporations as well as of individuals. If there be any difference between the two, more care should be given to the protection of capital in the hands of corporations, than to capital in the hands of individuals. The reason is, that its amount is so much larger, and its misuse so much easier. Especially, our railroads should receive every possible protection, and have every possible security, at the hands of the government. No doubt, they should be under wise governmental supervision. No doubt, there should be a rigid enforcement of the law as to capital's misuse. On the other hand, however, the well-being of the community requires, that capital should have the most complete security, the fullest protection, at the hands of the entire community.

ALBERT STICKNEY.

THE CUBAN NEGRO.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. L. BULLARD, U.S.A.

For hours I had been conscious of a hollow pounding upon my ears, the distant beating of a tom-tom in the still air of the Cuban evening; but a preoccupied mind had refused to turn to it. Now the air, stirring to a breeze, began to bring other sounds—voices, at first few and low, then more numerous and louder, and at last strange songs, cries and the mingled noises of busy feet and clapping hands. It was the "Congo" dance. For a moment I looked at the grotesque costumes of black men and women with faces barren of refinement, intelligence or thought, yet deep-set with fervor and intent upon this outlandish dance brought from dark Africa; then I turned to go. "Brutes almost," was the thought that rose to my mind, "brutes, not worth the stumbling that brought me to find them in the darkness." Yet I paused. "They are men, of the dignity of the image of God and they constitute a real question in Cuba to-day." White Cuba and America may not turn from them. This is no essay of jeering. If follies and weaknesses are noted most, it is for knowledge and wise action, not for ridicule.

West Africa was the source of the slave supply of all the Western Hemisphere. Whether, therefore, we consider the negro in Cuba or in the United States, we should look to find him in his prime characteristics the same in both places, and so we do. Yet in Cuba he has been subjected to special conditions that differentiate him from his brother in the United States.

In the days of Cuba's colonization, Spain was a conqueror. When master, the Spaniard has always been a hard, uncompromising one. To maintain these qualities in her colonists, Spain long permitted to come to the New World only the Castilians and others from her southern provinces whose natures, she knew,

had been hardened and made fierce, masterful—nay, cruel almost—by long contact and struggle with the Saracens. She intended that her colonists should be of a nature to spare not, and so they were. Within one hundred years their hard mastership had utterly exterminated the native Indians of Cuba, whom they had enslaved and whom they literally worked to death. The great priest, de Las Casas, seeking to save the unhappy Indians, first, it is said, recommended the introduction of negroes as slaves; but, says history, the father soon helplessly saw that in being kind to the one he had but been cruel to the other race. Negro slaves poured into Cuba and were treated almost as beasts. Their span of life in the fields was five years. Supply, however, was inexhaustible.

With countless women at the master's will, there soon sprang up a race between the mulattoes, the Creoles, free perhaps for the master's blood in their veins. For the honor, the favor or the relief it carried from the bitter toil that had exterminated the Indians and was still sweeping away the African slave, this blood was sought, and the pure blood of their own race disdained by the female blacks and mulattoes. It spread until it filled the land, approximated white and can no more be traced. It has made impossible all clear distinction between races. We may know the extremes, but the means blend. But, free or slave, black or mulatto, the mother's side, the rearing and teaching side, the side that gives character to man, has been essentially negro, and has made the type.

Though they gained greatly in numbers, the freemen did not gain much in progress. They repeated what seems the story of the blood when left to itself; they were soon found lagging. Idleness, superstition and sensualism, the failings of the race, seized upon them. Nature has wonderfully endowed Cuba. Nutritious fruits grew in rich abundance, almost without cultivation; comfort demanded but a poor house, little clothing and less fire; it was hardly necessary to work, and, besides, the climate was hard upon the laborer. Unharried by other men's ideas, the free part of the race naturally and easily held or returned to its African beliefs and practices in religion and marriage—conjury in the one and promiscuousness in the other. Morality does not enter into original African religions. From then until to-day, the Cuban negro freemen have propagated and continue to propagate

largely without regard to family or marriage. To the civilized mind the horror of slavery was its annihilation of the family. With these, family is to a large extent made upon passion and broken on whim; it is little regarded.

The history of Cuba records two or three attempts at insurrection by the slaves to gain freedom. But these were disjointed, pitiful, ineffectual, quickly and easily suppressed. They brought no results. In Cuba's various efforts to throw off the yoke of Spain, Cuban negroes always joined on the promise and in the hope of freedom; but these too failed; and, though some thus attained freedom, the race remained in slavery, unable to save itself, until freedom came at last, not as a victory wrung, but as gift received, from Spain.

As to the negro's part in Cuba's final struggle for independence, no word can be said in derogation of it by his worst enemy. He bore it as the best. Indeed, it was his war. He was the soldier, the man behind the gun, the arm that swung the machete; but this too failed, and Cuba's freedom came to her, exhausted and defeated, as it had come to her negroes, as a gift from another. The race has not saved either itself or its country, and history goes sadly against that boastful feeling which is common among them to-day, that what they are, that they have made themselves.

The sun that made the race made it nocturnal. Night is the time of pleasure. It fills their Cuban villages, quarters and country with voices, music and dance. As non-intellectual, and therefore without personal resources, they are dependent upon their fellows for entertainment and company. They are gregarious in Cuba, as elsewhere. They flock together for fun. In close, airless rooms, they dance the night through, and the morrow cares for itself.

There are two dances, the "Congo" and the "Creole," both protracted perhaps through many nights. The first is a memory or tradition of Africa. In it, men and women, black, real negroes, sing the songs and dance the dances of Africa to the sound of rattles and rude drums, genuine savage instruments. The dance is always significant. It takes many forms of war, love, tradition and conjury, yet it is most addressed to the sexual passions and can but lead to their indulgence. The "Congo" may be seen to-day in any country town in the cane regions.

The "Creole" aspires to be very different. It is a modified

waltz by the more mixed generation, far less interesting, more modern, but not more moral than the Congo. One needs but to see it to be impressed with its sensuality.

There is the usual marked love of music and musical instruments, the guitar, the mandolin, the flute and the piano, a large proportion of the race being performers in the usual "ragtime" upon some of these instruments.

From Africa, with the love of music and dance, they have brought to Cuba, too, as to America, the folk-lore, those animal tales that delight the hearts of children and simple folk. It is for some one to save these for Cuba, as Joel Chandler Harris has done for America.

With Cubans, distinctions on account of race, color and previous condition of servitude are neither sharp nor hard. Not with them, as with English-bred men, does one drop of negro blood make the negro. They are all liberal. All professions and all opportunities are open to all the race, and some have distinguished themselves as soldiers, editors and politicians. Everywhere—in public, in the streets, in the theatres, on steamers and cars—our man of negro blood carries himself with confidence and self-possession. It is his marked characteristic in Cuba. Looking at him, one cannot but be impressed with his great gain in dignity in consequence. He feels himself a worthier man. In rural guard, police and other official positions occupied by him, he conducts himself with steadiness and dignity. Placing him in such offices seems not in Cuba, as in America, to make him foolish and giddy. These are noteworthy things for Cuba and the negro race.

After an absence of thirty years, I went back to find an old nurse living within a stone's-throw of the spot where she had been born a slave, had raised her family and lived her life. No change, no offer, no price had moved her. She was the type of her race in the South. This wonderful love of home, which binds the American negro still to the place of his fathers, seems wholly wanting in the Cuban. He is a wanderer, cares little for family and less for home. He passes easily from place to place; and, in the season of the cane-cutting, migrates in numbers from province to province, a thing unknown among American negroes.

A more striking difference between him and the American is

in the matter of religion. The latter is a devoted church-man, holds long meetings, is a shouter, "falls under conviction" and visits heaven and hell in trances and dreams. Not so the Cuban. It is said of all Cubans that they are religious for baptism, marriage and burial. The negro takes in only the first. For religion in general he cares little, and for that little principally in connection with conjury and the black arts. In families of Spanish breeding and tradition, religious instruction and moral instruction belong to the priest, not the family. Cuba, to be abreast of the age, disestablished the religious instruction of the Catholic Church. With the religious went the moral instruction, for no one has taken the priest's place and the Cuban to-day is largely without moral instruction. The negro went all the further in the direction of indifference, from the revulsion that came with freedom from the law's compulsory religious instruction, which, in slavery times, cut down his short hours of rest and recreation. As above all men his nature seems to call for a religion, he has made up for the loss by an excess of superstition. A large part of the race believes in witchcraft, conjury, spells, dreams, and all the trickery and absurdity of the black arts. These practices and fragments of beliefs have become inextricably mixed up with the Christian religion, producing a mass of foolishness.

The Saints, especially Sts. Barbara and Lazarus, are confounded with memories and traditions of African deities to whom they may bear some resemblance. The laws of Cuba have attempted to suppress the practice of witchcraft and conjury, but have been unable to make much way against them. They have continued in the very highest centres of civilization. The Cuban press shows constant arrests, often in Havana itself, of parties of men and women, assembled for the ceremonies of these arts.

"Obtala" is the chief being appealed to. He is of both sexes and represents the reproductive forces of nature. He is followed by a god of thunders and hot rocks (meteors) and by many others, each with his specialty. To the devotee, these gods or saints do not, it is said, represent principles of good and evil, but forces of nature, or beings who, following their own will without regard to humans, may do the latter much harm in an incidental, careless way, and are so to be provided against, persuaded or even forced, and the conjurer is the one through whom this is done. After gifts and the observance of due forms, sickness is cured, an

enemy is hurt, a revenge given or a sweetheart won by curious prescriptions. To cure toothache the devotee is told to spit in the mouth of a toad; to drive away enemies or disagreeable persons, sprinkle wet bread-crumbs across the threshold; to win her beloved, the maiden is told to tie seven knots in a string, each time repeating his name, then to bury the string with a rag of his clothes, etc. Such things are harmless to everybody except the devotees themselves, whom they keep benighted.

The conjurer is paid for his devices and prescriptions, but he rarely becomes a serious abuse for his impositions in this respect, though he may become much feared. To him it is also given to tell fortunes and interpret dreams. From these he reaps an easy harvest and gains enormously in prestige.

Together conjury and augury exercise a wonderful influence over the minds of their devotees. These not infrequently work themselves into such states of exaltation and fervor that they fall into long trances.

In the mind of the African the right to eat is unconditioned. It does not depend upon work. This makes him a thief, but not a bad one. He steals for his stomach's sake, perhaps a little for his fancy. He is a small thief, never a highwayman. Such is he in Cuba.

He is the largest inhabitant of the jail; but let it be said to his credit that he does not commit against the other race that unbearable crime of which lynching is the common result in the United States. This is a blessed difference. If it depends upon his difference of status and treatment in Cuba, then we have something to learn here.

Tenderness in point of color is of the race and limited to no locality. Everywhere they long to throw it off. The earliest negroes brought to Cuba a sad, faint little belief that after death they should be born again into another land, white men. "Negro" and even "mulatto" must be softened to "*gente de color*" (colored people) and "*pardo*" (brown), while the housemaid becomes "*Señorita*" (miss) and the cook "*Señora*" (lady). These, and the tendency, in the face of manifest aversion, to push themselves as equals upon another race, are discouraging signs of weakness, showing a lack of that genuine independence, self-respect and pride that indicate strength and real worth.

With a quicker temper he is less of a fighter than his Amer-

ican brother, is less devoted to the revolver and black-handled razor. He puts his trust in the more visible, and therefore less dangerous, machete. He is more of a gambler; is more polite, with less regard for the truth—which he can violate with a straight face, carelessly and without expectation of ever being pinned down. His grave defect is lack of serious purpose. Indefinitely he is ambitious for himself and children; but for this very lack of serious purpose he can hardly bring himself to pay the price of success.

We hear negroes everywhere spoken of as "lazy," yet they produce, we know, a large part of the cotton and sugar of the world. No race can show less for what it does, the difficulty again being a lack of continuing purpose. In Cuba, politically and socially, they desire recognition, but they seek it rather by agitation than by merit or worth. They are certainly unrestricted. All trades, all careers, all professions are open to them, but the same lack of practical purpose causes them to be found usually in the lower occupations. Though found in more professions than in America, they are less industrious there than here. They show disposition but no aptness for commerce, and their inclination in this direction must perhaps be looked upon more as a desire to avoid the hard labor of the fields than as any serious effort to try fortune in trade.

The sentimental for the negro is everywhere above the substantial. The old sergeant whom I encountered in Cuba had piecemeal answered me that he was surer of all substantial rights, surer of justice, better protected by the laws, lived better and earned more in the United States, but he ended with saying: "Ten to one, sir, I'd rather live in Cuba, because here there's no difference between us and white folks." He spoke the desire of his whole race. This distinction is their heaviest burden. Said a young man who had followed the American forces to Cuba in the war with Spain: "I'd rather live in Cuba, Colonel, 'cause de cullud peoples here lives married to white folks jes de same es anybody. En dey eats wid um en drinks wid um en talks to um jes de same as anybody. An den anodder thing, dey's policemans jes de same es white uns." The ablest of his blood in their longest dissertations have not yet stated as plainly and as fully the whole aspiration of the race as this simple fellow in three brief sentences.

The boast of Cuba has been equality of the races. There are signs in its higher classes of a feeling that they are coming to the limit of this as a living rule. On the other hand, there are indications in the negro race of an intention to demand greater consideration. This points, perhaps, to sharper divisions.

We are accustomed to regard the negro as more impulsive, emotional and excitable than the white man. Looking at the black and white Cuban together, however, one cannot fail to be impressed with a remarkable reversal of the usual here. The negro is the more self-contained, placid, reserved—aye, and dignified. Yet, he has been the man who has filled the ranks of the revolutions. Constituting about thirty per cent. of the population, he yet made up some fifty per cent. of the insurgents in 1898 and eighty in 1906. His ignorance and lack of anchor in world's goods and family restraints leave him free for anything. His color feeling makes him the easy victim of any tale of racial wrong, inequality or injustice, be it never so flimsy. From almost a century of it, he, with all Cuba, has come almost to regard nonsubmission to government, insurrection and revolution as demonstrating in the man the highest qualities of manhood, independence and love of liberty. Withal he is too apt to go off after the first scoundrel, guerrilla or disappointed politician.

Notwithstanding the whisperings of knowledge and reason, Cubans as yet credit Cuba's independence of Spain to Cuban deeds. There are few who are ready to admit, what the world knows, that Cubans had failed when the "Maine" was blown up. Among the great common bulk there is quiet assumption that they, none others, drove out the Spaniards. So think the black population, who so largely formed the ranks of the revolution. Having taken, as they think, so effective a part in securing the independence of their country, they are inclined to demand a corresponding part in its administration.

R. L. BULLARD.

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES—PARTNERS.

BY BARON KENTARO KANEKO, LL.D., PRIVY COUNCILLOR, FORMERLY MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE.

THE geographical relation of Japan and the United States is such that they can never come into collision with each other. All the nations of Europe, and America, are looking for new markets for their industries, and the only market now remaining which can be exploited with benefit is the continent of Asia. And with Asia as the goal of international trade, what nations stand in the most advantageous position to garner the fruit of her commerce? Clearly, they are the United States and Japan.

Now let us examine the coast line of the United States. Beginning at Alaska with its littoral fronting British Columbia, down through Oregon and Southern California, then through the Hawaiian Islands, Guam and the Philippines, the United States occupies almost two-thirds of the whole coast of the Pacific Ocean; while the remaining one-third is held by Japan, beginning with Formosa, adjoining the Philippines, and including Loochoo, the Kurile Islands and the newly acquired territory of Saghalin. With the exception of Kamchatka, which is Russian, the whole Pacific Ocean is the common waterway of the international trade of the United States and Japan. Therefore, these two nations, if they undertake to exploit Asiatic trade, need have no fear of any rival stepping in. Japan stands nearest to the Asiatic market, and next comes the United States.

All the nations of Europe must send their goods to Asia either by way of the Cape of Good Hope or through the Suez Canal and across the Indian Ocean, a long and expensive route. The natural advantages favor Japan and the United States beyond measure. Hence, we find the tonnage of American and

Japanese shipping on the Pacific increasing year by year, as a glance at the statistics will show, and the volume of American and Japanese trade with Asiatic countries growing enormously. These facts are matters of record and easily ascertained.

Moreover, a prominent factor in the international relation is the submarine cable which connects San Francisco, Honolulu, Guam, the Philippines and the continent of Asia. This is an American line. By this line the Japanese can send commercial telegrams to Asia with the greatest speed and at the cheapest rate. Thus the shipping interest and the submarine cable connect the United States, Japan and Asia so intimately that any misunderstanding or friction or irritation between the United States and Japan is bound to affect instantly the trade of the three.

Now, as we all know, the first object of diplomacy to-day is to extend our commercial influence among other nations and increase our international commerce. If diplomats will but bear this principle in mind, how can they permit such important relations of these great peoples to be disturbed by the mere whim of politicians or of ambitious statesmen who would play a high-handed policy in international questions? Any rash action on the part of the Government would react very heavily and instantly upon the purse of the people. And here we have the most powerful influence to keep the ambition of politicians and statesmen at bay.

In the twentieth century the sole object of diplomacy is to keep near neighbors in cordial relationship so that they may benefit themselves and each other in the exchange of merchandise to mutual advantage.

So much for theory. Now I shall state the actual relations of the United States and Japan in commerce. What Japan supplies to the United States can never be produced in that country, namely, raw silk, tea and artistic goods. Although efforts have been made many times to raise the mulberry and cocoon and tea in the southern parts of the United States, these could not be grown with profit, and, as I am informed, the Americans have abandoned the idea. The three articles I mention are peculiarly the products of the Japanese people. Government statistics show that, in the year ending December 31st, 1906, the raw silk exported from Japan amounted to 120,000,000 yen (equal to

$60,000,000), out of which ninety per cent. went to the United States. The amount of tea we exported last year was 40,000,000 yen ($20,000,000), which was sent largely to the United States and Canada.

So I can fairly state that no lady in the United States can get a silk dress if we stop the export of silk to that country, and that the average American citizen cannot drink tea if our tea is excluded from America. So much for the dependence of the American people on Japanese products.

But if any American will study closely the condition of Japanese life, he will simply be amazed to find how much we depend upon American products. In the ordinary upper or middle class families in Japan, we get up in the morning from a bed whose sheets are made of American cotton, put on the Japanese costume, which is made from American cotton, eat bread whose flour comes from Minnesota, and take a cup of tea with condensed milk from Chicago and sugar from the Philippines, Hawaii or the southern United States. After breakfast, we light a cigarette or take a puff at a pipe. In either the tobacco used comes from Virginia, Tennessee or some other American State. We take up our morning newspapers whose pages are of paper imported from Milwaukee or western Connecticut. So great is the extent of Japanese dependence upon the United States. We cannot raise raw cotton. Of the raw cotton imported into Japan, seventy-five per cent. comes from the United States. Condensed milk, tobacco leaf, flour and paper we cannot either raise or make in our country at prices lower than the Americans charge.

At night, all our streets, in every city, town and hamlet, from the extreme north of Kurile to the extreme south of Formosa, are lit with petroleum which comes from West Virginia or Pennsylvania. So, then, the United States feeds us, clothes us and gives us light. The Japanese cannot live a single hour without American supplies.

Now, let us look at the industrial plants. Baldwin locomotives, telephones, electric apparatus, street-cars and practically all the machines in small shops are imported from the United States. These imports are increasing year by year, while at the same time our exports to the United States are increasing with equal rapidity. Since the United States Government has taken up its policy of expansion toward the west the trade of the two

nations, far from conflicting, is growing without any collision or disadvantage to either party. Politicians and business men are aware, through their daily reports and commercial information, of the facts I have cited. Therefore it is that the people of Japan feel that under these circumstances the two nations are destined to play an important rôle in extending their trade into the continent of Asia, and that it is their natural function to open up China to international trade.

Since the commerce of the two nations is so closely interwoven and increasing to the benefit of both, no ambitious politician can sever such a relation by his political schemes, because the people will not stand it, will prevent any action that tends to put an end to a mutual benefit. At the moment this is written, with the school question unsettled, the American-Japanese situation might be likened to that between the United States and England more than half a century ago when the commercial relation of the two countries prevented the possibility of their making war upon each other. I heard an anecdote when I was in London a few years ago which makes the point very clear. At the time of a certain burning question between Great Britain and the United States, Lord Granville, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Motley, the American Minister, sat together in the office of the former. The air was full of rumors of war.

"Mr. Motley," said Lord Granville, "there is no use of our discussing this matter diplomatically. I ask you for a simple answer to one question: 'Shall it be war or peace?'"

There practically was an ultimatum delivered to Mr. Motley. He sat at ease for a few moments; then replied: "If your Lordship thinks that war is the only form of settlement of this question, I have only one suggestion to make."

"And that is?"

"That you burn Liverpool by your order and our Government will burn the city of New York."

This reply at once brought a smile to the face of Lord Granville.

"Mr. Motley," he said, "I see your point. We will not talk any further of war."

For at that moment Liverpool warehouses were full of American raw material, whereas in New York there was a great stock of British manufactured goods. Such intimate relations of in-

ternational commerce formed the best guarantee of peace. The burning question was arranged in a friendly way.

Let us see how that condition of facts applies to the present situation. Japan sends raw material to the United States and the United States sends manufactured goods to Japan. If we sever our relations and fight each other, the commercial ties between the two nations would be shattered, and the Chinese market would fall into the hands of England, Germany and France. Thus the United States and Japan, no matter how favored by their geographical advantages on the Pacific Ocean and by their means of quick communication by the submarine cable, would lose all the benefit of the Asiatic trade. I need not stop to point out how very necessary that market is to both countries. Would that be a wise diplomatic policy which should sever our united nations? Can the people stand a policy so detrimental to international comity? I repeat that in the twentieth century it is the increase and expansion of international commerce that guides the policy of the nations.

Besides the material arguments for peace, we must remember that America and Japan have been friends ever since the advent of Commodore Perry. There has never arisen between them one troublesome question, their diplomatic relations have always remained cordial, and the trade of the two nations has increased within the last thirty years with unparalleled rapidity.

And I might prophesy that commerce between the two countries will be trebled when the Panama Canal is completed. Cotton and tobacco will come from Galveston and New Orleans through the Canal direct to Yokohama, instead of going across the Atlantic to Gibraltar and around by way of the Indian Ocean. American petroleum, heavy machinery and flour, which now have to cross the Atlantic to reach us, will come through the Canal. In one word, the Isthmian Canal will bring the American Atlantic coast and the Gulf of Mexico much nearer to Yokohama than they are to-day.

So we see clearly that Japan and the United States, friends of half a century, still have vital need of each other, to say nothing of the prospect of great mutual benefit through united effort in Asia. And the suggestion that the American or Japanese people would tolerate any hostile policy by their statesmen cannot be for one moment believed. KENTARO KANEKO.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY CHARLES KLEIN, CHARLES JOHNSTON AND OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

"MARK TWAIN AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."*

I.

It is impossible to read Mark Twain's book on "Christian Science" without coming to the conclusion that not only Christian Science but every other religious belief appeals to his sense of humor—and to his sense of humor only, and this gives rise to the question (in my mind at least) as to whether the comic point of view is a valuable or even a reliable point of view in the consideration of religious topics.

The first part of Mr. Twain's book is devoted to the *Reductio ad absurdum* method of dealing with the subject—a prolific field for the humorist to work in, but scarcely a profitable one for the seeker after Truth, or even the investigator who is anxious to know something about the matter. Indeed if it were not for the unjust and unfounded statements against Mrs. Eddy, seriously made by Mr. Twain, in the latter part of his work, it would be impossible to take the book seriously. For example, does Mr. Twain really wish his readers to infer that the Christian Science prayer contains such expressions as "Ante and pass the buck," "All down but nine," "Set 'em up in another alley," or is his object merely to infuse poker and bowling-alley atmosphere into a religious subject? It would have been far easier for Mr. Twain's readers if he had given them a key to his book explaining what he wished them to take seriously and what he wished them merely to laugh at; it would have been far easier for them if he had explained what he intended them to regard as truth and what he intended

* "Christian Science." By Mark Twain. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

them to regard as pure fiction. As the book stands it is a combination of truth and fiction which is most misleading, for one doesn't know which Mr. Twain intends to be which; it is a mixture of not too skilfully blended sense and nonsense, and while it is not funny enough to appeal to one's sense of humor it fails equally to convince in its serious moments. As the matter stands, so carefully has Mr. Twain hidden his meaning that, after reading the book, I honestly don't know whether he regards Christian Science as the greatest blessing or the greatest evil the world has ever known.

It is Mr. Twain himself who has set a value on his work; he says (page 43): "Upon a great religious or political question the opinion of the dullest head in the world is worth the same as the opinion of the brightest head—a brass farthing." Then why? But that's not the question—Mr. Twain's opinion is here. Is it worth even the price at which he quotes it? I think not, for from beginning to end Mr. Twain misunderstands where he does not misstate the beliefs of Christian Scientists. For instance, when a Christian Scientist says there are no such things as pain and sickness, the Scientist means that pain and sickness are beliefs, that they are relative and not permanent realities, and that they can be destroyed, he (the Christian Scientist) does not deny their relative, but their absolute, existence. There is a difference between relative and absolute Truth (Mr. Twain doubtless knows this) as in its philosophic sense, Eternity destroys the idea of Time. So does the Idea of Good destroy the Idea of Evil.

Mr. Twain says (page 38) that he is being sued for payment for Christian Science treatment. Is this misstatement deliberate or accidental? A Christian Scientist would not use legal means to obtain payment for his services, and the person who did could not continue to be a Christian Scientist, in fact, would automatically cease to be one. But perhaps this is Mr. Twain's humorous way of suggesting a possibility.

But what are we to believe in the face of the following? "For of all the strange and frantic and incomprehensible and uninterpretable books," says Mr. Twain (page 29) "which the imagination of man has created, surely this one" ("Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy's book) "is the prize sample."

Now this is perfectly clear: Mr. Twain declares that "Science and Health" is "incomprehensible and uninterpretable"—so far

his attitude is plain. What then are we to understand by this?

"Let the reader turn," says Mr. Twain (page 267), "to the excerpt I have made from the chapter on Prayer (last year's edition of 'Science and Health') and compare that *wise* and *sane* and *elevated* and *lucid* piece of work with the aforesaid Preface," etc., etc.

Now may I ask Mr. Twain just what he means by calling Mrs. Eddy's work, "Science and Health," "strange and frantic and incomprehensible and uninterpretable" on page 29, and on page 267, when criticising parts of the same work, he calls it "wise and sane and elevated and lucid"?

Can anything be more "strange, frantic, incomprehensible and uninterpretable" than this? Again:

"I feel sure," says Mr. Twain (page 30), "that none but the membership (meaning Christian Scientists) can understand it ('Science and Health'). It is only the martial tooting of the trombone and merely stirs the soul through the noise, but does not convey a meaning."

Indeed! What then does Mr. Twain mean by the following:

"If she (Mrs. Eddy) borrowed the Great Idea (in 'Science and Health') did she carry it away in her head or in manuscript? Did she hit on the Great Idea herself? By the Great Idea I mean, of course, the conviction that the healing force involved was still existent and could be applied now, just as it was applied by Christ's Disciples." Further (page 283), "And I think that *the Great Idea,*" (the italics are mine) "*Great* as it was would have enjoyed but a brief activity and would have then gone to sleep for some more centuries but for the perpetuating impulse it got from that organized and tremendous force" (the Christian Science movement).

Now in the name of common sense, how can Mr. Twain make such obviously contradictory statements and expect the public to take them seriously? "No one can understand it." "It is only the martial tooting of a trombone." It "does not convey a meaning." What about the Great Idea, Mr. Twain? "The Great Idea" that received "the perpetuating impulse it got from that organized and tremendous force"? So it has a meaning and a very great one it seems: great enough to be worth stealing, for later on in his book he accuses Mrs. Eddy of stealing it!

He then goes on to say (page 292) that "she has restored to the world neglected and abandoned features of the Christian religion (physical healing) which her thousands of followers find gracious, and blessed, and contenting." "But," he says on page 268 "there is a mightier benefaction than the healing of the body, and that is the healing of the spirit, which is Christian Science's other claim. So far as I know," continues Mr. Twain, "so far as I can find out, it makes it good. Personally I have not known a Scientist who did not seem serene, contented, unharassed."

And all this, mark you, through the study of the works of one who is "untruthful"—is this reasonable? But let Mr. Twain continue: "If time shall prove that the Science can heal the persecuted spirit of man,"—and Mr. Twain has stated on page 268 that so far as he can find out *it has been proven*—"why then Mrs. Eddy will have a monument that will reach above the clouds." Christian Scientists believe that "she has delivered to them a religion which has revolutionized their lives, banished the glooms that shadowed them, and filled them and flooded them with sunshine and gladness and peace." But they are "prejudiced" witnesses!

"Is it insanity," asks Mr. Twain (page 49), "to believe that Christian Scientism is destined to make the most formidable show that any new religion has made in the world since the birth and spread of Mohammedanism?" "It has a better chance to grow and prosper and achieve permanency than any other existing *ism,* for it has more to offer than any other." "And who are attracted by Christian Science? There is no limit. It appeals to the rich, the poor, the high, the low, the *cultured,* the ignorant, the *gifted,* the stupid, the modest, the *wise,* the silly, etc.," (the italics are mine) "they who are ailing in body and mind, they who have friends who are ailing in body and mind. To mass it in a phrase, its clientage is the Human Race. Will it march? I think so. Remember its principal great offer—to rid the race of pain and disease. Can it do so? In large measure, Yes—."

All these benefits, all these blessings, all this spiritual uplifting, this freedom from sorrow and suffering, Mr. Twain allows will come from Christian Science, the acknowledged founder and discoverer of which he accuses of dishonesty. Mr. Twain, do you really believe it yourself?

In his concluding chapter Mr. Twain expresses himself as believing that in Christian Science there is a "field for great and distinguished usefulness," that among other things it should make voters honest, that it should try and make Congress honest, in other words, that it should make the world honest,—a splendid idea of Mr. Twain's. And yet with almost incredible inconsistency he accuses Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, the founder and discoverer of Christian Science, the author of its Text-Book "Science and Health, with key to the Scriptures"—the science that he suggests should make the world honest—of wilful and deliberate dishonesty herself! The evil tree can produce good fruits, a dishonest cause can produce an honest effect—is this common logic?

Mr. Twain says that Mrs. Eddy is illiterate, shallow, incapable of reasoning, yet he declares (page 49) that Christian Science attracts among others "cultured, gifted and wise people," and that eventually Christian Science will dominate the world. Whence this power if its founder and discoverer is dishonest, illiterate, shallow and incapable of reasoning? Does Mr. Twain believe that evil has more power than good? Will he accuse the Christian Science leader of being a force for evil, while he admits that Christian Science itself is a force for good? Isn't character, force, and does Mr. Twain think that Christian Scientists are mistaken in Mrs. Eddy's character? I suspect that he has listened largely to Mrs. Eddy's enemies; but there are hundreds of thousands—and if Mr. Twain's prophecy is to come true (and I believe it will) there will soon be millions of Christian Scientists who will testify that Mrs. Eddy is exactly what he himself says she is to her followers (page 285)—"Patient, gentle, loving, compassionate, noble-hearted, and unselfish." Does Mr. Twain believe that Christian Scientists are so thoroughly in the dark as to Mrs. Eddy's real character? Does he believe that daily contact with her students and an intimate acquaintance with her life's purposes, objects, pursuits and works, an understanding of her motives, could fail to have enlightened them as to her true character when he himself says: "She has revealed it in her autobiography and the by-laws of the church"? He can read it all so plainly in her books. It is a comfortable position Mr. Twain has assumed; he can read between the lines that which many, many thousands of Christian Scientists are unable to decipher;

and yet among these thousands are included judges, lawyers, clergymen, doctors, university professors, authors, United States Senators, congressmen — every profession, trade and religious denomination in the world being represented. I confess I gasp in admiration at Mr. Twain's intuition—I must read that autobiography and those by-laws again.

Some years ago these attacks on Christian Science were confined to the Science alone. Now that it is generally conceded that Christian Science has established its claims, the point of attack is Mrs. Eddy herself. "Science and Health" is such a wonderful book, say its critics, that Mrs. Eddy couldn't have written it. Mr. Quimby or Mr. Somebody else must have written it—perhaps the proof-readers wrote it—anybody but Mrs. Eddy. Still the fact remains that it is written and is doing marvellous work. It is not my purpose in this paper to prove that Mrs. Eddy wrote "Science and Health"—the proof is overwhelming to those who really want the truth—but to point out that since the beginning of time this queer old world has always been ungrateful (if not maliciously cruel) to those who have done it the most good, and I should like to ask Mr. Twain and a few others on the board of strategy who are planning this concerted attack on Mrs. Eddy if it is because her work is lifting sinning and suffering humanity to a higher plane of existence that they (the aforesaid bureau) are trying to put her in the public pillory?

CHARLES KLEIN.

II

THE pleasantest thing in the book is the picture of dear old Mark at the beginning. Next come certain paragraphs. One is about a child who fell from a pony, and "demonstrated" over a swollen eye, which presently began to open. Mark Twain comments: "Why, dear, it would have opened an oyster. I think it is one of the touchingest things in child-history, that pious little rat down cellar pumping away at the Scientific Statement of Being." One of the chapters in Mrs. Eddy's "Autobiography" is headed: "Marriage and Parentage." On this Mark Twain writes: "You imagine that she is going to begin a talk about her marriage and finish with some account of her father and mother. And so you will be deceived. 'Marriage' was right, but 'Parentage' was not the best word for the rest of the record. It refers to the birth of her own child. After a certain period of

time 'my babe was born.' Marriage and Motherhood—Marriage and Maternity—Marriage and Product—Marriage and Dividend—either of these would have fitted the facts and made the matter clear." Again, on the sentence: "His spiritual noumenon and phenomenon silenced portraiture," he writes: "I realize that noumenon is a daisy; and I will not deny that I shall use it whenever I am in a company which I think I can embarrass with it; but, at the same time, I think it is out of place among friends in an autobiography. . . . You cannot silence portraiture with a noumenon; if portraiture should make a noise, a way could be found to silence it, but even then it could not be done with a noumenon. Not even with a brick, some authorities think." Then there is a note on Mrs. Eddy's eloquence: "She usually throws off an easy remark all sodden with Greek or Hebrew or Latin learning; she usually has a person watching for a star—she can seldom get away from that poetic idea—sometimes it is a Chaldee, sometimes a Walking Delegate, sometimes an entire stranger. . . ." But I think the finest is this: "Thus it is plain that she did not plead that the Deity was the (verbal) Author; for if she had done that, she would have lost her cause—and with rude promptness. It was in the old days before the Berne Convention and before the passage of our amended law of 1891, and the court would have quoted the following stern clause from the existing statute and frowned her out of the place: 'No Foreigner can acquire copyright in the United States.'"

But Mark Twain will never forgive me, if I do not make it clear that his book is much more than a garland of humor. In reality it is much more. It is a sober, dispassionate and very earnest study of a remarkable system, the achievement of a very gifted woman. Mark Twain shows us two sides of Mrs. Eddy's character, the brighter and the darker. He gives us a view of her enthusiastic self-reliance, her psychic gifts, her wonderful personal magnetism, her fine power of organization, her keenness and alert, practical sense. He also shows us the cloud of which this is the lining: the boundless vanity, the despotism, the cold calculating mind, the sordid pursuit of money, after a certain point in her life, and the thirst for fame and admiration at a later time. As the better side of Mrs. Eddy has had ample justice, and something more than justice done to it, by her disciples, and notably by herself, it is natural and right that

Mark Twain should lay far more stress on the sordid despotism, the vanity, the pretence, which he makes exceedingly plain in his earnest and disinterested study. He is absolutely right in underlining the passion for money, backed up by claims of immediate divine guidance, as when Mrs. Eddy declares, in her Autobiography, that the Deity impressed her to charge $300 for a course of twelve, and later seven, lessons in healing. He is right when he points out the exorbitant prices demanded for Mrs. Eddy's books, in their hundreds of editions. And above all, he is right when he shows, with remorseless consistency, that the cult, of which Mrs. Eddy is the head, is a mental despotism, which deprives its devotees of the right and power of individual judgment, and to a large extent of individual responsibility and initiative, in all that concerns the cult and its organization. Mental despotism, anything which weakens or destroys individual discrimination, personal responsibility, is an evil, in whatever form, or under whatever pretext it appears in human life. And we cannot too often be warned against this great danger.

The impression one gets of Mrs. Eddy, by studying both sides of the question, is this. She is evidently a rarely gifted nature, a very unusual union of two qualities. On the one hand, she is a psychic, with all that this implies. She has visions of a world finer than the material earth; and, so far as they go, her visions are real. She does penetrate into regions sealed to the bodily eyes. She does perceive realms of finer forces, skies with wider horizons. And she has in a marked degree another characteristic of nearly all psychics. She tries to give expression to her thought in terms of her visions, in imagery, in parables, in metaphors. As her vision, though wide, perhaps, is not very lofty, she does not often find the real principle which links image to image; and so she strings them together in a haphazard way, mixing metaphors, confusing terms, multiplying symbols, in wildest confusion. Of these mixed metaphors Mark Twain has made a fine collection. They show that her culture is defective, if you will; but they show a great deal more. They bear all the hall-marks of the psychic temperament, and give us an insight into the world of tumbling images into which her consciousness has found its way. There is a second characteristic of the psychic temperament, and one that is a constant and formidable danger. It is vanity, the desire to put one's self forward, boastfulness, the craving for

notoriety and domination. If the psychic has the strength to rise above the psychic plane, and enter the real spiritual world, this evil tendency may be conquered and kept under foot. If not, then the expansion of psychic consciousness inflames vanity and egotism, and gives them an inordinate growth, such as we have seen a thousand times in the history of the world's thought.

Add to the psychic temperament, with its genuine gifts and its genuine dangers, a keen Yankee faculty for organization, and we have the outline of Mrs. Eddy's character, the seed of the plant whose overgrowths Mark Twain has pictured for us in his book. I do not at all share his apprehension that we are threatened with a future Christian Science Papacy. The heart of mankind is too sane for that. We may, indeed, grow enthusiastic over half-truths, but we shall never rest permanently content with half-truths. There will come the breaking of the shell, the new birth into a sounder and wider world.

For I think the essence of the matter is, that Christian Science is a half-truth. It is the truth, but it is not the whole truth. All mankind has, throughout the long ages, cherished the intuition of the Great Awakening into the finer life, which shall answer to our hopes and aspirations. All literature, the records of all Seers and Sages, are full of that vision and that hope. We find it in the most ancient Upanishads: "When all desires that were hid in the heart are let go, the mortal becomes immortal, and enters the Eternal. And like as the slough of a snake lies lifeless, cast forth upon an ant-hill, so lies his body, when the Spirit of man rises up bodiless and immortal, as the Life, as the Radiance, as the Eternal." We find it in Shelley's "Adonais":

> "He hath awakened from the dream of life. . . ."

And we find it in every true scripture, every true poem, between.

But we find also, in all scriptures, the indispensable condition of entrance: "He that hateth not his life shall lose it. He that hateth his life, shall keep it unto life eternal." Or, as Carlyle magnificently says: "*Es leuchtel mir ein!* The self in thee needs to be annihilated!"

There is a mirage in the psychic world, an inverted image of the divine spiritual realm above it. And this image can be reached without the great sacrifice. It promises, not self-sacrifice, but self-satisfaction, not humility, but vanity, not renunciation, but

"health, happiness, success in all legitimate enterprises." And for a time it keeps these promises, just as Dutch courage lasts a certain time, and enables one to face bodily dangers. But the psychic world is also an intoxicant, a stimulant, and like all stimulants, radically unwholesome.

And mankind is at heart wholesome and sane, not to be satisfied with stimulants, not to be fed with half-truths. He will throw away this husk, and demand the true bread of life. Demanding, he will be confronted with the immemorial condition: "The self in thee needs to be annihilated!" And if he fulfils the condition, then he may enter, and with joy realize what a burden selfishness has been, blinding him to the world of his immortality.

I do not, therefore, apprehend terrible things from this new psychic evangel. It is but the effervescence of a genuine power, the flush of false dawn, to be followed by real light.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

"THE FAR HORIZON."*

IT is more than a little puzzling that a writer of Lucas Malet's experience and skill should have produced a novel bearing so many dreary resemblances to a "first book." It is as if Mrs. Harrison had absent-mindedly believed herself to be under the necessity of writing without realizing that she had nothing to write about; and had therefore languidly gathered up a handful of stock characters, loosely related them, and depended upon the expression of an acute religious bias to give life to the result. Her Spanish-Irish hero is like the ignorantly sentimental conception of a young girl; and it is astonishing that the author of "Sir Richard Calmady," which is vigorously imagined, whatever its faults of taste, should have chosen for the ostensible theme of her book so banal an idea as that expressed in the title. Dominic Iglesias is very far from unique in his contemplation of a "far horizon"; that is understood to be the novel-hero's exalted function.

Mrs. Harrison has followed the traditional method of elaborately accounting for her hero before presenting him, and her highly colored explanation makes the part that she later gives Iglesias to play seem peculiarly uninspiriting. It might also be

* "The Far Horizon." By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

offered as a hint to habitual novel-readers that it is, after all, heroes of colorless, close-to-the-soil origin who afford the liveliest satisfaction in the end. Iglesias's father, a Spaniard of "far from ignoble nature," was nevertheless an anarchist, and therefore, by the very nature of his exacting profession, only intermittently domestic. The anarchist's wife, even though she was considerately spared an active share in the movement of demolition, nevertheless so suffered from contact with it that she became permanently insane. It is inartistically plain that Mrs. Harrison considers anarchy as reprehensible as Protestantism, nor is she able to restrain herself from springing out before the decent curtain of authorship to denounce both. How much better use might have been made, even of the slender material that her pages contain, one need only recall "The Princess Casamassima" to realize. There is something snugly schoolboyish in the explicit statement that the elder Iglesias was "a victim of that false passion of humanity which takes its rise, not in honest desire for the welfare of mankind, but in blind rebellion against all forms of authority. His self-confidence was colossal; all rule being abominable to him—save his own—all rulers hideous, save himself. The anarchist, rightly understood, is merely the autocrat, the tyrant, turned inside out."

From his sensational ancestry Dominic Iglesias appears to have inherited nothing of importance except that dark, melancholy beauty that has almost disappeared from fiction and that we reencounter with cheerful hopes that remain unfulfilled. The excitements of his early life seem rather to have stunned than stimulated him, so that he was able, without revolt, to remain a bank clerk for thirty-five years; an employment whence he emerges, with a pension and great personal dignity, in the first chapter. Becoming suddenly at leisure, at this sober period of life, Iglesias immediately meets, or is assailed by, the insufferably trashy heroine, whose name suggests an unfortunate contrast with Miss Sinclair's admirably described Poppy Grace in "The Divine Fire." The objection to the present Poppy is not at all that she is a vulgar person, but that she is conceived in something not far removed from a vulgar spirit. One does not receive the impression that the novelist has mysteriously "gotten inside" a showy, slangy actress; rather, that the whole picture is a rash conjecture, not a divination, and that it is, on the whole, a tiresome

one. Like the heroine of "Sir Richard Calmady," Poppy relies largely for her effect upon her clothes, described with exotic adjectives and great sophistication of detail. The paragraph devoted to her first appearance gives the note of the artificiality and empty pretentiousness of much of the book:

"About her shoulders she wore a long blue-purple silk scarf, embroidered with dragons of peacock, and scarlet, and gold. These rather violent colors found repetition in the nasturtium leaves and flowers that crowned her lace hat, the wide brim of which was tied down with narrow strings of purple velvet, gypsy fashion, beneath her chin. Under her arm she carried another tiny spaniel, the creature's black morsel of a head peeping out quaintly from among the forms of the embroidered dragons, which last appeared to writhe, as in the heat of deadly conflict, as their wearer moved. Her face was in shadow owing to the breadth of the brim of her hat. Otherwise the sunshine embraced her whole figure, conferring on it a glittering yet singularly insubstantial effect, as though a column of pale wind-swept dust were overlaid, here and there, with splendor of rich enamel!"

At the close of her preposterous interview with Dominic, "Poppy St. John walked slowly along the footpath, her figure dyed by the effulgence of the skies to the crimson and gold of her name," —a sentence which the most admirable of its author's previous achievements can scarcely extenuate.

The relation that developed between these two, although it is apparently the book's only excuse for being, makes a narrative that is no more significant than it is enthralling. The unworldly Dominic's dignified stupor, which, although not unnatural when one considers the circumstances of his life, is not a magnetic quality in a hero, makes it possible for him to find Poppy St. John a delightful friend without suspecting the more irregular details of her life, or without becoming entirely aware of his own attraction for her, a fact which she violently and stagily conceals from him. He remains calm through her flattering confidence that "It's you, just simply you, that sends me back to an honest life and my profession," and disregarding the personal note that she has struck, he has the courage to address to her, a few minutes later, such a fatiguing bit of verbosity as this: "Opportunity may have been narrow, and one may have been balked of high endeavor and rich experience, by lack of talent and adverse circumstance; but in the supreme, the crowning experience, that of death and all which, for joy or sorrow, lies beyond it, even the

most obscure, the most uncultured and untravelled must participate." By adhering to her intention to "play fair," Poppy proves an entirely safe acquaintance; and it is she who comes to weep when Iglesias lies "beautiful in death as in life, serene, proud, austere, but young now with the eternal youth of those who have believed, and attained, and reached the Land of the Far Horizon."

For this melancholy story lavish "comic relief" is provided, but in over-familiar form. A novelist must be in an inert and uninventive mood to offer once again the eternal widowed landlady, eager to ensnare her eligible lodgers, or the elderly spinster, profuse with inanities, sentimentally gauche. We are not even spared a comic parrot. De Courcy Smyth, the pauper playwright and professional borrower, is an equally old story and the pompous clergyman is a bubble whose pricking is become a five-finger exercise for even the amateur analyst. Sir Abel Barking, the smug bank president, "pursy, prolific, Protestant," is too usual and on the whole too inoffensive to warrant the virulence with which he is anathematized. Such people as these cannot interest, not only because they are too obvious types, but because they are types that have become familiar in books rather than in life. With the exception of certain pictures of London, there is perhaps not a single direct impression from life in the novel. And although it will be easy to recall cases where clergymen and landladies and sentimental spinsters have been found engaging, it will be because they have been conceived with tenderness or with humor. It is a hard and superficial observation that produces such results as this,—an observation guided neither by an energetic imagination nor by a judiciously selective taste.

Olivia Howard Dunbar.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG.

LONDON, *February, 1907.*

IN issuing, on February 5th, the usual letter to his followers, summoning them to attend the opening of Parliament, the Prime Minister made use of a significant phrase. He announced that "the attention of the House of Commons will at once be called to matters of grave importance." The adjective "grave" marked a departure from the ordinary formula that could not fail to strike the country. It was felt to bear a special meaning, a meaning that was emphasized by the fact that, not Parliament as a whole, but the House of Commons alone, was designated as the body whom it most concerned. In the letter from the Government leader in the House of Lords advising Liberal Peers that Parliament was to meet on February 12th, a letter that was despatched simultaneously with the Premier's message to his supporters in the Commons, no mention was made of any "matters of grave importance." The inference was immediately drawn that the Prime Minister was revolving in his mind a policy that closely touched the prestige and utility of the House of Commons, and touched them primarily in their relation to the Upper Chamber. That this inference was correct I do not question; but the practical meaning to be read into it is more than, writing on the eve of the meeting of Parliament, I am able to forecast. This much, however, may safely be said—that the question of the House of Lords is now rapidly moving to the first place among English issues, and that the Government have definitely resolved to deal with it.

The subject is far too vast a one, and far too intricate, to be treated otherwise than scrappily in such a communication as this. Even to present its leading features would need more pages than

I have lines at my disposal. A hereditary Chamber embedded in an otherwise democratic Constitution is an obvious anachronism, but not on that account to be condemned except by those—their number, I fear, is increasing nowadays—who look upon politics as a branch of mathematics, and who set a greater store by the symmetry of political arrangements than by their practical convenience and adequacy. Englishmen, who are still inclined to pride themselves on their contempt for mere theories in the work of government, would not easily be wrought up into attacking an ancient institution merely because it failed to satisfy the fancied requirements of logic. Moreover, the House of Lords is not an unpopular assembly. There is not, I should judge, anything like as much feeling against it as obtains amongst Americans against the United States Senate. Individually, its members have an influence and a position that are accepted and approved by the people, and that draw their strength from the deep and rich soil of sanctified customs and traditions. Collectively, in their legislative capacity, they have opposed reforms but have rarely defeated them, and no charge of a tyrannous or unscrupulous use of their powers can be sustained against them.

The great political inconvenience of the Upper House in its present form is that it is overwhelmingly Tory. When a Tory Government is in power, the Lords, except as a mere ratifying Chamber, virtually cease to exist. They abandon their privilege of revision. Their "suspensory veto" is itself suspended. They will swallow any measure, however distasteful, so long as it bears the Tory label. But, directly a Liberal Government comes into office, the Lords awake from their stupor of inaction and assert themselves. No matter how strong the Government may be, they claim the right to reject or amend its proposals at will. A measure such as the Trades Disputes Bill they will pass, not because it has behind it a great popular backing, but because it is almost entirely a commercial question with which their own peculiar interests are not crucially concerned. Besides, to pass it may be a good move in the party game. But other Liberal measures that more intimately affect them as a privileged political class or as territorial magnates—measures, for instance, dealing with the land, the Church and education—they do not hesitate to throw out or to mutilate. It comes, therefore, to this—that, under a Liberal Government, the Lords only allow public

opinion to prevail when it favors measures that do not clash with their special interests. When measures are brought forward that antagonize those interests, the Lords disregard opinion and alter and reject them as they please. Thus in the last session they killed both the Plural Voting Bill and the Education Bill, though each was a measure approved of by the people at large. It is true that, by the practice of the Constitution, the Lords withdraw their opposition to any measure that is sent up to them again after a second General Election. But there are many measures—the Education Bill was one of them—which the people wish to see passed, which ought to be passed, and which yet do not warrant all the disturbance of a General Election in order to force them through the Upper House. And why, it may be asked, should a Liberal Government, just fresh from the polls, with a huge majority both in the Commons and in the country, be required to produce a certificate of two General Elections, when a Tory Government gets all it wishes with one? Is the majority only to rule effectively in Great Britain when it is a Tory majority?

Such are the questions that the Liberals are asking themselves; such is the dilemma in which they are placed. And it is a dilemma rendered all the more perplexing by the certainty that to "reform" the Lords, to make them more representative, to introduce the elective principle into their composition, to widen the area from which the Upper House is recruited, is simply to make it more powerful and at the same time to leave the balance of parties unredressed. The present Ministry has already seen the principal measure of its first session founder in the Lords. There is a prospect, there is more than a prospect, that the principal measure of its second session, the Irish Bill, will suffer similar shipwreck; and when it comes to tackle the land question there is no chance whatever that its views and those of the Lords can be harmonized. What under these circumstances is the course for it to pursue? To dissolve at once and appeal to the country on the general issue of the House of Lords is a policy more violent than bold. The Lords, so far, have only thrown out one of the Government's great measures; it is only thirteen months since we had a General Election; to have another one now is practically to admit the right of the Lords to force a dissolution whenever they choose; the experi-

ment of whether a Liberal Government can do its appointed work with the Lords in possession of their present powers has not yet been fully tried; above all, the country needs educating on the many and difficult issues which are involved. These arguments are decisive against an immediate dissolution. On the other hand, the Government cannot go on as though nothing had happened, nor can it submit to seeing legislative effect given only to such residuum among its projects of reform as the Lords may chance to approve. Said Mr. Winston Churchill a few days ago:

"The Peers had deliberately provoked a great constitutional struggle. Every effort at compromise and conciliation (in the matter of the Education Bill) had been insultingly rejected, and the Commons in the heyday of their strength and youth would take up the challenge without hesitation. . . . The Houses of Parliament would meet upon conditions of war; and it was their, the Commons', business to come to an understanding at once with those lordly persons and to show without delay that it was the House of Commons and not the House of Lords which would be master in the second Parliament of King Edward VII. No doubt, the end of such a conflict must be a general election. But there were many things to be done before they came to that. They had to pass a couple of good Radical Budgets; they had to formulate and develop their policy upon the land question; they had to educate the country upon the constitutional issues which were raised, and bring all progressive forces into the line of battle against a common enemy. The General Election would come soon enough for everybody. The battle of Lords and Commons had first to be fought out in Parliament."

The meaning of this, and of many other declarations by Ministers in a somewhat similar sense, I take to be that the Government intends to regulate its policy and strategy from now onwards by constant reference to the supreme issue of Lords *vs.* Commons. The negative side of its tactics will be to send up Bill after Bill, and to pile up a case against the Lords on the strength of each Bill the Lords reject or mutilate. But side by side with this manœuvre—which, though an easy one to prescribe, is a difficult one to carry out, for it asks a skilful and far-sighted selection of the measures that are to be placed in the front line of attack, and it asks also more sacrifice and restraint among the various sections of the Liberal party than they usually display—there is to be waged a direct and aggressive campaign in the House and in the country against the overriding of the popular Chamber. "A way will be found," said

the Prime Minister at the end of last session, "whereby the wishes of the people may be made to prevail." It may be useful to compile a rough estimate of the resources of the Government and of the House of Commons in the emergency that confronts them. There is an immediate and an ulterior problem. The immediate one is to deal with the situation created by the rejection of the Education Bill. This may, perhaps, be effected by means of a simple Bill providing that no school shall be deemed to be a public elementary school which is not under full public control, absolving the teachers in such schools from all religious tests and vesting their appointment and dismissal in the local education authority. Again, the House of Commons has the undisputed and undivided control over the expenditure of all public money. If it were to refuse to pay Government grants to schools not under public control, it would seriously cripple the Church of England schools and might thus force the compromise it has failed to secure by negotiation.

So much for the specific and minor issue. It is, however, the larger, vaguer and infinitely more complex problem, of which the fate of the Education Bill is but a part, that most engages speculation. How can the present Government give effect to the wishes of its supporters against the will of the House of Lords? It possesses already the vast power of finance, a power which, if remorselessly used in a struggle between the two Houses, might of itself decide the conflict. A Ministry that exercises a sole jurisdiction over the kinds of taxes that are to be raised and over every detail of their allocution and expenditure, has a weapon to hand, if it cares or has the courage to use it, of incalculable potency. Then again, by a device which the House of Representatives has sometimes employed against the Senate, it is always possible to embody legislative provisions in the clauses of a money bill. The creation, or threatened creation—the threat in such cases is usually sufficient—of a number of new Peers to overcome the opposition of the Tory Lords is a third expedient that the Commons may, if they choose, adopt. But neither of these latter stratagems has the directness or the candor befitting the treatment of a great constitutional issue. Lord Crewe said a day or two ago, and with perfect truth, that the people of this country do not like to see one party in the political game playing with loaded dice. That is the position which the

Tories, through the use and abuse of their overwhelming numerical strength in the Upper House, at present occupy. But the people of this country have no wish to see the Liberals adopting the subterfuges and trickeries they denounce in their opponents; and a policy of legislating through money Bills and of creating Peers by the fifties, besides shelving instead of solving the essential question, would make a disagreeable impression of pettiness, if not of quackery. Heroic remedies are for heroic crises and at present there is no crisis, but only an emergency, or rather a condition of static inequality which circumstances have somewhat aggravated and which ought to be rectified. The best and most dignified way of facing it seems to be that of a series of resolutions which would precisely formulate the issues between the two Houses and provide, what is sadly needed, a basis for rational discussion. That was the course followed in 1860 when the Peers reimposed the paper duties which the Commons had remitted. Lord Palmerston brought forward three resolutions in the Lower House for the purpose of telling the Peers, as he put it, that the step they had taken in reenacting a tax which had been repealed by the Commons "was a very good joke for once, but they must not give it to us again." The Peers took the hint then; they might conceivably see fit to take it again. If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were to introduce resolutions stigmatizing the partisan character of the Upper House, reaffirming the supremacy of the House of Commons as the organ of the nation's will, and limiting the veto of the Peers to the duration of a single session, their effect, while devoid of the force of law—for the Peers, naturally enough, would decline to accept them—would at least have the virtue of a serious and impressive warning. If the warning were disregarded the next step would probably be the incorporation of the resolutions in a Bill. If the Bill in its turn were rejected, there would then be nothing for it but a General Election, fought out on the specific issue of curtailing the prerogatives of the House of Lords. I do not say that such is, indeed, the double-barrelled programme which official Liberalism contemplates; but among unofficial Liberals there is a very strong sentiment in its favor, nor would it lack support from the people. What, at any rate, may be safely assumed is that the question, once definitely raised, cannot and will not be dropped until it has been carried to a clear and comprehensive issue.

ST. PETERSBURG, *February, 1907.*

AT last the elections have begun, and the most sceptical subjects of the Tsar are now convinced that the Government is endeavoring in earnest to introduce representative institutions into the country. Excitement, therefore, is intense at meetings and in public places, for this time all political parties and factions are taking an active part in the struggle. Even the revolutionists have decided, without abandoning their deeds of blood, to record their votes for the enemies of the Government. But the enthusiasm which is noticeable in various parts of the Empire is fitful. Thus many hate to put themselves out and go to the voting-booth on a frosty day; but there are exceptions, and the exceptions are generally the adversaries of the Government and of the *régime.*

The first elections that took place in the towns were primary; that is to say, they were not for members of the Duma, but for delegates who will contribute later on to return Deputies to the Duma. On the first day, the frost, which was intense, kept many voters away; but, of those who braved the cold, the most part were staunch supporters of the Socialist, the Revolutionary or the Democratic party. From the villages where the peasants have since chosen their men of confidence, a different story has come. The semiofficial telegraphic agency describes the selected delegates as Moderates or Conservatives. But only those believe this who hope the tale is true. My own forefeeling—it is hardly more than that—is that the country has sent, and will send, representatives of the extreme Monarchist and the Revolutionary parties, and also a mass of peasants who may be swayed by either.

If the Duma wisely narrows down its aggressive action to constitutional attacks on the Stolypin Cabinet, it will have the Government at a serious disadvantage. For, however warmly one may defend the monarchical system as the most suited for the Russian people until they are better fitted for self-government, one cannot but admit that the present Cabinet is no longer much of a help to the monarchy. Most people regard it as a hindrance. Certain of its members have deliberately exceeded their powers, some have utilized their position for their own private benefit, while others are simply incapable of transacting the business of the nation during a revolutionary crisis. Nothing, therefore, would be easier than to upset the present Cabinet,

so long as the lever pressed is constitutional. If the Duma, instead of asking that the Tsar shall choose his advisers from the parliamentary majority, analyzes the important acts of certain of his Ministers in the broad light of day, it is virtually certain that the Crown will soon disavow the measures and dismiss the men.

One of the principal misdemeanors complained of was committed by the Ministry of the Interior, for which the Premier himself is responsible. Corn was needed by the hunger-stricken peasants of twenty-seven provinces, and the Government resolved to purchase and distribute it. This transaction, owing to its magnitude, required delicate handling; for, if it became known that the Treasury was buying a vast amount of corn to be delivered by a certain date, prices would rise proportionately or even disproportionately. To obviate this, a competent person or committee ought to have been charged with the execution of the order. Formerly, the business was confided to a competent board. But M. Stolypin, say his adversaries, needlessly altered this arrangement and handed the matter over to his own adjoint, Gurko, a man who is uncommonly able, resourceful, pushing, self-centred and haughty. Gurko, meeting a contractor whose ways reminded him of enterprising Americans, asked him whether he would buy the corn; and then, having bargained for very acceptable terms, gave him the contract and four hundred thousand dollars in advance. If this man had indeed been an enterprising American, the peasantry and the Government would have both had reason to rejoice. For it was perhaps an excellent way to get the corn cheaply and speedily. But whether the agent was also the right sort of person may be doubted. In any case the subordinate Minister had exceeded his powers and technically committed an offence, and, as the arrangement has since proved abortive, he lacks defenders. The contractor had no money of his own, no property, no commercial past, no guarantees for the future. Very soon the matter was bruited abroad by an enemy of the Government, and, as secrecy is indispensable to success in dealings of this kind, premature publicity ruined the arrangement. Doubtless it might have failed in any case. But, as a matter of fact, prices rose rapidly, the contractor could no longer purchase rye at rates which would have given him a profit, the contract could not be fulfilled and the hungry peasants suffered

as well as everybody else concerned. For a time, M. Stolypin hesitated what course to take, then he had a Commission appointed to inquire into the transaction; but, although the Committee found that M. Gurko had gone beyond his powers and must be sent for trial on this charge, the Premier has allowed him to remain in office down to this moment. Consequently, from first to last, the Premier has technically covered with his own person the policy of his subordinate and shares with him the blame for breaking the law.

Then comes another and a more serious matter. The Premier is accused of having violated the fundamental laws by restricting the franchise and depriving tens of thousands of electors of their votes. He answers that he did restrict the franchise, but without breaking the law. He conscientiously refused to alter the electoral law as it now stands, because that would, he held, be tantamount to a *coup d'état.* But immediately afterwards he caused a Department of the Senate to interpret the electoral law in a most restrictive sense, so that what he feared to take by hook, he got by crook. Whether technically he committed a misdemeanor depends upon the construction put upon the clauses of the law, but it is only fair to say that some of the Senators themselves are of opinion that the statute was violated in this case. Whether it would follow that the present elections are null and void and the Premier guilty of a punishable offence is open to discussion.

A third count against the Cabinet raises one of the most important problems of all, the finances of the Empire. The Opposition maintains that the financial policy struck out by the present Minister, M. Kokovtseff, is baleful to the country, and that the Minister himself is professionally incompetent and ethically unfit to remain at the head of his department. If this accusation were proferred by Radicals alone, one would be warranted in receiving it with mistrust; for the Opposition itself left nothing undone to ruin the finances of the Empire deliberately, perseveringly and for the sole purpose of triumphing over the partisans of the monarchy. Patriotism, therefore, which is usually presupposed as the motive of the accusers in this category of offences, cannot be assumed in the present case. But it is not only the Opposition that is dissatisfied with M. Kokovtseff. Some of the most zealous of the partisans of the Government are equally discontented with

him, on grounds which to most people will appear cogent or at least reasonable.

M. Kokovtseff's financial policy is now complained of by every one in Russia who understands the subject. The superabundance of paper currency is one of its drawbacks. There are now six hundred million dollars circulating in the form of banknotes, besides three hundred and twenty-five millions in gold and one hundred and twenty-five millions in treasury bonds which are employed as banknotes. Three years and four months ago, when Witté quitted the Finance Ministry, there were in circulation only two hundred and seventy-seven million dollars' worth of banknotes, three hundred and eighty millions in gold and fifty millions in treasury bonds. M. Kokovtseff's policy, therefore, involved the increase of money in circulation by forty-eight per cent., whereas the increase in trade has been either insignificant or *nil*. His shortsightedness necessitated a high rate of interest for the recent loans, because the time chosen for borrowing was inauspicious. And M. Kokovtseff has done nothing to better all this. He has been reposing on the laurels gained by Witté. His budget has been balanced by Witté's foreign loan; the paper notes are covered by Witté's gold; the revenue is formed of taxes levied by Witté's system. M. Kokovtseff can point to nothing of his own. Yet he could and should have adopted a series of effectual measures. The present Cabinet has evinced a marvellous degree of ingenuity in enacting laws, despite the Tsar's promise to issue no law in future without the consent of the Duma. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* It has given the peasantry considerable relief in a circuitous way, striking off their fetters and enabling them to purchase land; it has accorded liberty of conscience to millions, and in many other departments of life it has done excellent work. But in the financial domain neither the Cabinet nor the Minister has accomplished or even attempted anything. Yet nothing would have been easier than to issue a law cutting down wasteful expenditure. The amount, for instance, annually squandered on yearly or life annuities for able-bodied officials who are in receipt of fat salaries is very considerable. And it has not been lessened. Yet the main source of relief is precisely that careful economy of which the Minister seems afraid.

M. Kokovtseff has, however, abolished the annuities called "rents." In bygone times the monarch was wont to show his

recognition for services rendered by presenting the object of his favor with lands. To-day, instead of an estate, a fixed sum of money is bestowed annually for a certain time or during life. Many widows and orphans whose pensions are slender—$500 to $1,500 a year—receive a "rent" of as much again. Now, to these ill-starred people the loss of one-half or one-third of their slender income will be very painful indeed; and there have been bitter complaints on the subject. The gain to the country, too, is a mere trifle, from $500,000 dollars to $1,000,000. But the Minister is austerely inexorable—a sort of Lucius Brutus condemning his own sons to death and witnessing their execution.

At the same time, however, M. Kokovtseff has been, it is said, prolonging the annuities of certain of his friends who are in receipt of large salaries. If true, that accusation will prove damaging. And, unhappily, it is not all. M. Kokovtseff, it is further alleged—and this time the facts are apparently firmly established—has obtained for his own self an annuity of four thousand rubles, although he is receiving eighteen thousand as Finance Minister. It seems very cruel thus to enrich himself at the moment that he is heroically depriving shabby-genteel widows and pale-faced orphans of one-half or one-third of their yearly incomes. Ought the man who can do this trick to remain at the head of the finances of the Empire in a period of revolution? Is he a help to his sovereign? He has, it is further alleged, got this annuity for himself in an underhand way, through the medium of two friends, and having obtained it, he innocently said to the Premier: "Could I have refused the offer coming from his Majesty, unsolicited by me?"

There are many other counts in the indictment against M. Kokovtseff. But those which I have enumerated may stand as types. Unhappily, M. Stolypin, who is himself the soul of honor, has publicly sung the praises of his Finance Minister, and will therefore technically have to bear his share of the blame attaching to that Minister's acts. In a word, the Opposition will have ammunition enough to batter breaches in the Cabinet and even to annihilate it, if that be the object of its attack.

One of its trump cards will be the alleged fact that the official advisers of the Crown are not the real advisers. And among the evidence is the action taken in the matter of reorganizing the fleet. An elaborate scheme was recently drafted dividing

the administration of the navy into several departments, making the chief of each one answerable for his service to the Crown only, and abolishing the post of Marine Minister. When the Marine Minister, Birileff, was summoned to a council in Tsarskoye Selo, under the chairmanship of the Emperor, to discuss the condition of the navy, he learned for the first time that such a project existed. That scheme would have abolished his office. Yet he had been, until a few weeks before, one of the court favorites, a *persona gratissima* despite grave disqualifications. "They evidently don't want me here," he murmured; and, drawing one of the consequences, he tendered his resignation. There was nothing else to do. Birileff's disgrace is a matter of indifference. What is really important is the conditions that led to it, because they still continue to prevail.

The navy reorganization scheme will go on, must go on, if Russia is ever to regain her lost position; but whether it will be tackled skilfully and carried out successfully is open to question. The new Minister is a respectable, elderly gentleman, but he is only an average naval officer and a poor administrator. The Tsar has, it is true, given him a number of relatively young admirals as assistants, but their worth is varied, some of them owing their promotion wholly to favor. Admiral Bostrem is an instance. He distinguished himself negatively during the war; and, curiously enough, he ruined the career of his chief without impairing his own. It happened in this way. Admiral Jessen, the only man who achieved any success on sea against the Japanese, came home in charge of three vessels. One of these, the "Bogatyr," was commanded by Captain Bostrem, who brought it into port in such a deplorable state that Admiral Skrydloff, whose duty it was to inspect the ships, sharply reprimanded Admiral Jessen, who immediately resigned. But Captain Bostrem had friends at court who have been active ever since, and he has just now been made Subordinate Minister with the powers of a Minister.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

WEDNESDAY, *March 6.* Existence in a Great City.

WE wonder if the people throughout the country are as glum as those who have their being in the great city where it is our misfortune to live. Here everybody—rich man, poor man, beggar-man—appears depressed. The thief alone, according to the newspapers, is blithe and gay; all others abide in an atmosphere, if not of gloom, at least of meditation, tinctured with discontent.

Everybody is cross—the merchant, because he is obliged to transact more business upon a closer margin of profit; the banker, because high rates for money do not counterbalance a sense of instability; the broker, because only the elect make gains in a declining market; the manufacturer, because the greater cost of materials and higher wages exceed the enhanced value of his finished product; the minister, because his flock is sinful and indifferent to the needs of his family; the directors of great industries, because further expansion is estopped by capital's fright at official activities; women, because landlord, grocer and butcher absorb the increase in income and more, leaving less than ever for plumage and fine raiment, and so it goes throughout the list.

Statistics seem to demonstrate that we are prosperous, but personal observation contradicts the conclusion. Worthy charities never required so much; yesterday we were accosted by three beggars on a single block; this morning come urgent appeals to save two families from being turned into the street; willingness to work apparently exceeds the opportunity.

Everybody is ill in body or mind, but chiefly in the throat; the streets are filthy; the air laden with germs of disease; none speaks but to cough or sneeze or utter profane language; the hand of the dentist trembles and lacerates the nerves; the physician cannot heal himself; there is no health in us.

The newspapers scold and scold and scold. There is no fun any more—no ray of relief from the incessant clamor of real or fancied wrongs, no sign of joyousness, not even a joke or quip or pun outside of "Life" and the back part of "Harper's Weekly."

We wish the snow and slush would go away, and the robins would hasten their coming; we want to hear somebody laugh.

THURSDAY, *March* 7. Some More Letters.

To-day's post brings:

"SIR,—My Quaker ancestry moves me to speak, but not possessing a megaphonic voice, there seems nothing left for me to do but write.

"That which endears the REVIEW to my unregenerate soul is your Editor's Diary. I am supposing you to be the author of those delightful and sometimes whimsical screeds—though it really does not matter whether it's you or another—to me they are 'as good news from a far country,' or 'cold water to a thirsty soul.' Hitherto I have sternly repressed my longing to cast one flower before the editorial shrine, but I realize that repression, carried to excess, may easily become a nuisance to its possessor.

"The question of taxation for spinsters and bachelors is a matter to be approached with some caution. Are you in a position to judge as to the justice of such a tax? What do you know about it, anyway? *You* cannot put yourself in *her* place (for obvious reasons), and neither can you put yourself in *his* place, for other reasons which will readily occur to you; while I—well, from observation and experience, I *know* that 'a bachelor is a wretch, sir, a miserable wretch,' and I would not burden their already 'miserable' existence by so much as a groat.

"But, then, there is the spinster's side to be thought of, too. I am sure they are not all spinsters from choice. Necessity has much to do in this matter, and if they are taxed for a condition they are in through no fault of their own, that would merely be adding to the 'sorrows of Satan,' without correcting the evil. Here is a solution which you might find it expedient to exploit: Induce the Government to place a good premium upon every spinster over thirty years of age, and in less than six weeks there would be no spinsters left to tell the tale, and you might search the land from sea to sea and not find a bachelor.

"And there is that screed 'On Being Younger or Older.' You say, 'Who cares?' Well, *you* 'care,' for one, and *I* 'care,' for another. *Every* one cares. No one likes to be laid neatly, or carelessly, away on a shelf, even if the shelf *is* padded. Antiques are all very well when confined to inanimate objects, but who wants a crabbed human antique about the house? It is not so much that they are non-decorative; we do not insist upon their æsthetically harmonizing with their surroundings; but they decline to admit that they were ever guilty of youthful

follies, their stereotyped phrase being (surely you recognize it?): 'Well, they never did this or that when *I* was young.'

"History repeats itself. You admit that 'Woman's Right to Enhance Nature's Charms' is both expedient and wise. Turn to the oldest 'woman's rights' document—presented to King Ladislaus IV, of Poland, in 1635—and the thirteenth paragraph says: 'Inasmuch as not all women are favored with good looks, we earnestly recommend the Diet not to place duty on cosmetics or other stuffs for beautifying the human face or form, for every woman should be allowed to make herself as pretty as possible, so she may secure a husband for herself.'

"You say you 'make it a point seldom to criticise publicly the methods of the Creator.' Now, I like that remark; it shows a reticence as touching as it is beautiful. And you add: 'God knows, as well as we, that there is nothing more hideous than a plashy feminine appearance.' Ah, my brother, there is, there is. What about a bleary, a wheezy, flabby old bald-headed man with three feet in the grave, trying to pose as a gallant of twenty-five? Ah, the injustice of Providence!

"But the real object of this impeachment is not to impeach—as you might suppose, but to thank you for what you say regarding 'God's Omnipotence.' You explain what I have always dimly felt, but have never ventured to question. The last paragraph in your article gives me renewed faith in the real goodness of God. I never before have been able to reconcile God's mercy and goodness with the suffering, the sorrow and the sin of this world. Your editorial upon the subject clears my vision, as no sermon has ever been able to do—and again I thank you.

"I am, sir, etc., B. FAWCETT.

"ALBION, NEW YORK."

"SIR,—With the greatest pain, surprise and disappointment, I read the blasphemous article, 'Is God Omnipotent?' in your last issue. As the article was purely a (un) doctrinal statement of the writer, and should find no place in the magazine that has such a standing with our American readers, I am still so confident in you that I dare venture to state such faults will be few, if any, in the future. Had it been treating of a religio-political or religio-social subject on the part of one of your writers, it would not seem so shocking as it does, coming *ex cathedra* from the editor.

"Your magazine, if such should be continued despite the protests of your readers, will not be any better than the theological knowledge of your 'theologian' who forgets or ignores reason in his teachings of error.

"I am, sir, etc.,

"MICHAEL D. COLLINS.

"SAINT MARY'S, MISSOURI, IMMACULATE CONCEPTION RECTORY."

"SIR,—I am always much interested in your 'preachments' in the Editor's Diary, and highly appreciate them. But what you say in regard to Unitarian belief in the last issue of your REVIEW, under the heading,

'Is God Omnipotent?' I cannot let pass without a word of protest, and I think that mine will not be the only one. For what you proclaim and praise as the distinctive feature of the so-called 'New Theology' in England has been preached in our Unitarian churches for the last fifty years or longer; if Unitarianism tried to do anything, it was to do away with this gulf between man and God, by showing that human nature is divine, and that the sonship of God is a real thing. I think that you would be interested to look into Unitarian literature, which broadly treats on the beliefs commonly held by Unitarians, for there is no uniform fixed creed excepting that of perfect individual liberty, and I shall send you under separate cover a few mission tracts as well as a clipping from recent newspapers which will enlighten you as to our theological position. Hoping that you will set aright in your REVIEW the wrong impression your article must have made upon those not acquainted with Unitarian teaching,

"I am, sir, etc., GEORGE R. GIBAULT.

"ALTON, ILLINOIS."

"SIR,—Notes from the Editor's Diary move me to say that to me God is omnipotent in the sense that He has all the power there is. There *is* no power to 'make a two-year-old calf in a minute,' or to create a race of beings who are free and responsible in will, and yet have no results follow from their free choice. That the determination of events can thus be committed to those whose choice is always imperfect, and sometimes malign, by a Supreme Being who seeks the best, is because any number, however small, of beings choosing righteousness, and attaining some degree of it through struggle and suffering, is of higher moral value than that the whole race should be correct puppets. If this free action is not in the end overruled, bringing the best finally to each, then is the time to arraign power and goodness; but this requires a wider space in which to turn than this small earth affords.

"Again, power and goodness should not be arraigned for the existence of suffering until we know that temporary suffering is an evil, any more than occasional discords in music.

"As to the 'futile' explanation of the ways of Providence being inscrutable, how could one mind be superior to another and not have its plans at times inscrutable to the lesser mind? The child called from the making of mud pies, which seems to him at the time the only good, to crawl with shining morning face unwillingly to school, is submitting to the inscrutable ways of parental providence, which desires him to rise in time above the making of mud pies!

"I am, sir, etc., MARY B. DIMOND.

"WICHITA, KANSAS."

"SIR,—When an educated and influential editor can, in these days, robustly publish that he 'does not believe that God is omnipotent,' he introduces a momentous question into the arena of modern discussion.

"I am one of those who believe that any man's honest belief is worthy of attention, and that we learn more from those who differ from us than from those who agree with us. There is no crime in any belief which is true to the man. The expression of it is free from blame, but it is not exempt from reasonable criticism.

"When I had read the editor's confession of faith, it reminded me of my early years when I read Baron d'Holbach's 'System of Nature,' from which our friend Colonel Ingersoll imbibed so freely; also Laplace's reply to Napoleon, when asked why he did not mention the name of God in his 'Celestial Mechanics,' that in explaining the mysteries of the universe he had no occasion to think of such a Being. Herbert Spencer considered the idea of God as unthinkable.

"To these men no God was necessary; only matter and energy.

"To Voltaire, Franklin, Thomas Paine and Napoleon, a God was necessary, but they did not think it imperative that He should employ Himself with human affairs. At seventy years of age, Franklin changed his mind, and confessed to a belief in an overruling Providence. He died with his eyes fixed upon a picture of the Crucifixion.

"But most of those who believe in the existence of a God consider Him infinite in life, power and virtues.

"Our editor and a few others can only accept a God partly divine and partly human, who does the best He can for us, but is not competent to supply all our needs. This naturally reminds one of Voltaire's witty remark that 'God made Man in His own image, and now Man returns the compliment.'

"These judges do not invent a Devil, as the barbaric nations do, to take all the blame of what they conceive to be defects in the universe while giving to God all the glory of what they deem to be good; but they excuse God by denying His omnipotence and by declaring that He cannot do any better.

"As no human being lives long enough, sees far enough, or has sufficient expansion of reason, to include all sides of this question, the most that mortals can do is to decide which of all of these doubts or beliefs is most likely to be true. The greatest obstacle to an emphatic and final decision to the question of God's omnipotence lies in the fact that the God of the Universe cannot be judged by His peers. He must be judged only by His own creatures, limited, undeveloped and unable fully to comprehend what a God is and what omnipotence implies.

"Those who believe God to be partly divine and partly human, seem to base their belief upon the following data:

"1. That God is the Prime Potential of the Universe.

"2. That He created all matter and charged it, for eternity, with His will, which is called the law of nature.

"3. That a Supreme Power is a Supreme responsibility.

"4. That if God is good, merciful and omnipotent, He would protect us from pain, sorrow or misfortune.

"In spite of these presumptions, we suffer from pain, calamity, death, destruction, insanity and wars.

"From these facts it is argued that God either cannot help us or that He inflicts them upon us as punishments.

"I deny that they are punishments, and also that God is impotent to protect us.

"Instead of being impotent to protect us, these very crosses are ordained by Himself to develop our race in manhood, character and loftier lives. They are not punishments, but discipline. In the wide range of creation, I deny that there is any divine punishment.

"God has created Man, but not yet the perfect Man. He is yet in the process of creation. After a hundred thousand years of discipline, varying with the age and clime, the Man of the present period may have been disciplined into the perfect Man.

"God has plenty of time, and He will take it.

"In a poem called 'The Logos of Theism,' written many years ago by myself, the same idea is expressed, as follows:

"'Of all, of saint or sinner, I am God;
God of your Good, your Evil, joys and tears.
Judge not My Mercy by Time's thorny rod,
Judge not My ways through mortal atmospheres.
Judge not eternity by finite years.
Judge not My meal by your few dismal crumbs;
Your world will wither ere the Truth appears;
At some far time, the fitting answer comes.
I have the time to spare, and wait millenniums.'

"Pain locates power and material for cure. Disease impels us to study the human body, one of the greatest works of our Creator. It also prompts us to ransack the universe for help. Poverty and calamity are necessary to develop charity, and they contribute to our recognition of the brotherhood of man. Death is promotion. Destruction leads to reconstruction on improved models. The poets teach us these truths, that 'Matter up to Spirit works,' and that Spirits up 'to higher levels rise.' Nothing is at rest, and the motion is forward and upward. The universe is charged with God's infinite intention to advance. Every day increases the sum of things in Matter and in Mind, in quantity and quality.

"Man is endowed with forty different faculties. As this world is organized, the normal brain is not supplied with magnetism sufficient to live in more than three or four faculties simultaneously. No man ever goes to the grave believing that he has accomplished all he might have done, if the power had been supplied according to his desires. The normal man can only live in one-tenth of his faculties at the same time. He was made for a world which will supply him with ten times as much magnetism as this world supplies. When projected into that magnetic world, he will be almost like a god in comparison to his limited being on this earth.

"It is true that there are brain diseases which in this life unite more than three or four human faculties. Cambyses, Cæsar, Mahomet and

Napoleon were all epileptics. Socrates, Joan of Arc, Thomas à Kempis and many others had hyperesthetic brains. But what normal man could live such lives or even desire to live them?

"In the future world these great beings will infinitely surpass themselves by having in the atmosphere around them a sufficient supply of magnetism to animate all their faculties without sickness and the distortions of sickness. This will be supplied without sleep and without nourishment. There will be a consciousness of perpetual life such as cannot be approached while in the flesh. After they have penetrated and studied the universe for ten thousand years and have found, in a million worlds, countless millions of different sets of laws, animals and souls, all produced and sustained by the same Creator, they will begin to have a dim idea of His omnipotence and perfection.

"I am, sir, etc., ALEXANDER HAMILTON LAIDLAW, A.M.

"NEW YORK CITY."

"SIR,—I wish to express my appreciation of your article in the February issue, entitled 'Is God Omnipotent?'

"My wife and myself have been trying to reconcile religion with the loss of a dear little boy, who passed away a few months ago, and your few words are the most consoling ones from a religious view-point we have found.

"Can you refer me to other writings along the line that 'God stands for the infinite reality—which is the source of all things, but is itself still in process of fulfilment in a manner which is suggestively adumbrated in the evolution of humanity'?

"Your kindness will be appreciated.

"I am, sir, etc., LOUIS C. ROWE.

"OSWEGO, NEW YORK."

"SIR,—In your Editor's Diary of February 1st, you say: 'If your God be all-powerful and true and kind, why does He permit sin and suffering to sadden countless generations of His children who wish to revere and love Him?' I do not pretend to be able to answer that question, although I confess that I believe that God is Almighty, and that He does permit sin and suffering. I may be presuming too much in taking up your question as if it were a personal one addressed to every Christian who might happen to read it; and yet I have enough confidence in your open-mindedness and courtesy to ask you one or two questions in reply. Not that I mean you to answer them, but simply in the hope of getting them before your mind.

"May not God permit sin and suffering for reasons like those which at times influence us, if we are wise, when we too permit sin and suffering

which we could prevent, and would, did we not clearly see that some lessons are not learned except in the school of bitter experience?

"Does the fact that God has permitted sin and suffering, or the fact that He does not at once end them, necessarily imply a limitation of His power? Is not the question really one concerning His wisdom? Was it wise for Him to permit them? Is His way of overcoming them the best way?

"Does not your question really mean that it is suffering which saddens men? Is not the real cause sin? How else will you explain the peace and cheerfulness of the sufferer who believes that his sins are forgiven?

"Would a world in which men were automatons be a higher manifestation of divine power and wisdom than the world as it is, taking it for granted, of course, that God is the Redeemer as well as the Creator of the world?

"Would the character of Christ have had the same perfection and beauty had the element of suffering been wanting?

"I have often wondered why it has never entered the mind of a scientist like John Burroughs, for instance, that there might be other systems of theology than the one under which he was raised and against which he reacted. The same thought comes to my mind as I read what you have to say about 'a God whom we have been taught, not to love but to fear —lest we perish'! I am trying to serve a God whom I believe to be all-powerful and true and kind, and by Whose permission I believe sin and suffering to be here; but I am not at all conscious of doing it from any motive of cowardice and fear, but because I have learned that out of His great love He 'has redeemed me, a lost and condemned creature, purchased and won me from all sin, from death and the power of the devil, not with silver and gold, but with His holy and precious blood, and His innocent sufferings and death, in order that I might be His, live under Him in His kingdom, and serve Him in everlasting righteousness, innocence and blessedness, even as He is risen from the dead, and lives and reigns to all eternity.'

"You will agree that the Bible professes to be a revelation from God, and that there is wide-spread belief that it is such. Perhaps you will agree, too, that the best thoughts men have had about God, whether true or not, have been derived from the Bible. Even though many questions can be asked that I cannot answer, am I foolish to believe the Bible when it teaches that 'Where sin abounded grace did abound more exceedingly'; that 'whom the Lord loveth He reproveth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth'; that 'our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory'? Why should we not believe, in spite of all perplexities, when experience still verifies the assertion that 'all chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous, but grievous; yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, even the fruit of righteousness.'

"With Bishop Thorold, 'I can just barely conceive of a God who is Almighty, but I cannot at all conceive of a God who is not Almighty.'

"Is it not true that the doctrine of evolution is but a theory, and one which in its present form has little resemblance to the Darwinian? And yet it is on the Darwinian theory that most of the negative criticism of the Bible rests. Moreover, the Wellhausen school of Old Testament criticism is disintegrating, and the indications are that it will follow after Tübingen, and every other effort men ever organized to shake men's faith in the Bible as the Word of God. For the layman in science, is not Romanes's witness for Christianity worth more than Huxley's or Spencer's against it? "I am, sir, etc., FREDERICK E. COOPER.

"SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA."

FRIDAY, *March 8.* Singularity of the Jamestown Exposition.

THE Jamestown Exposition offers an opportunity for a historical, educational and uplifting exhibit such as no other has ever presented. Social economy is the science which has been born and has grown to maturity in the last three hundred years. Never before has the bond between class and class, between man and man, been so closely knit and so significant. The phrase, "the solidarity of the race," is heard on all sides. Never before have there been so many societies for binding men together, for organizing labor, for civic education and enlightenment, for ameliorating the conditions of the poor and enlightening the criminal classes. These are the phases of life which, it is hoped, the new Exposition will emphasize. A mere commercial exhibit will be but a repetition of what has been done, and done *ad nauseam,* over and over again in the last thirty years. Commerce is but a small detail in the growth of this nation. The nation's growth as a moral force, as a leader in the new sense of the unity of mankind, as a higher development in the racial history of the sense of brotherly responsibility, of justice and education and enlightenment, and equal opportunities for all men, these are the points to be emphasized by the Jamestown Exposition.

SATURDAY, *March 9.* Of the Life Romantic.

WHY is it that in middle age the novel so palls upon us, while we turn instinctively to biography and letters, or to poetry and history, for our lighter reading? It seems a fact too readily overlooked that the very form of life's romance changes with the years. It is undoubtedly a provision of nature that the emotional life should be paramount from eighteen to thirty; but surely the glamour shed about the amative relations begins to wane with

middle age, and we find either new food for the life romantic or we settle into a dull routine of recurrent occupations. It is then that personal optimism and pessimism are put to the test. To let the sweeping pageant of life become all drab and dreary is to admit failure in life, and to live with ever-increasing zest and interest is to have captured success.

The greatest free gift of the years is impersonality. That voracious interest in ourselves which is so natural a limitation of youth fades of its own accord as we grow to fuller knowledge of our slight endowment, the paucity of our spoken lines and the fragmentary and insignificant part of our rôle in life. And then what is to fill up the void? We are, after all, not cast for the hero's part; but are we to sink into mere hardened machines? The gift of entirely impersonal enjoyment is one of the greatest of life's events. When it falls upon us we can adorn our secret corners of delight and learn to live in them. We begin to listen to music with no disquieting desire to have it interpret our personal emotions or feed our ambitions. We can look at pictures and nature with a new and a more liberal interest.

There is a shifting of basis, by which, if we will, we may gain complete advantage. As in youth we cling to some glorified fragment of the past or hold out our hands to some warm hope of an unearned but magnificent future, so in middle age we come, if we will, to a moment richer and nobler in itself. If in youth we use the senses for personal aggrandizement, in maturity we learn to enjoy them for themselves. It is a shifting of basis from emotion to perception, and the perceptions can give as keen a pleasure, every whit, as the emotions.

To keep the sight and the hearing ever alert, attuned to wider visions and fuller harmonies, is to be on the winning side in the game of life. To observe the world in the gross, as it subserves a personal interest, is not particularly vivifying, but continually to see and to hear more delicately, more exactly, is to intensify life and life's interest. As the demand of the intellect is to feel itself ever increasing in power and scope, so the demand of the senses is for continuous refinement and delicacy of resource, and this is to become, as we age, not less but more alive till, at the instant of Death, Destiny shall overtake us at the very flood-tide of our abilities and our zest.

MONDAY, *March 11.* The Ancient Doctrine of True Love.

BOOKS very often give us the feeling that everything in the world has been thought and that all the tumult and din of speech and print are but a recasting of what has been thought and said since ever words were committed to parchment. The only change one can find is in the audience addressed. The doctrine which was offered in secret in 1575 to the elected disciple is sung abroad in 1905 for him who will, to hear. The manner of the modern doctrine, too, if somewhat less exalted, is still sincere and convincing.

Jacob Boehme in his "Dialogue of the Supersensual Life," says to his disciple:

"As Heaven rules the World, and as eternity rules time, even so must love rule the natural, temporal Life; for no other method is there, neither can there be, of attaining to that Life which is supernatural and eternal. . . . The virtue of Love is through all things; its height is as high as God; its greatness as great as God; its virtue is the principle of all principles; its power supports the Heavens and upholds the earth; . . . Love is higher than the Highest; Love is greater than the greatest . . . it is the virtue of all virtues . . . the power of all powers. . . . When thou art gone forth wholly from the creature and from that which is visible, and art become nothing to all that is nature and creature, then thou art in that Eternal One, which is God; and then thou shalt perceive and feel within thee the highest virtue of Love, whose power is through all things. . . . Thou shalt then see also in all the works of God how Love hath poured forth itself into all things, and is the most inward and most outward ground of all things; inwardly in the virtue and power of everything, and outwardly in the figure and form. . . . Love hates all egoism, hates all that which we call I, or I-hood; hates all restrictions and confinements; hates all that springs from a contracted Spirit or from this Selfhood, which is so hateful and deadly a thing. . . . But in Love there is such infinity as comprehends and surpasses all the divine attributes."

Thus was the solidarity of all creation taught in the sixteenth century by the illuminated cobbler. To-day we find the message uttered to the masses in less intellectual and more colloquial form thus:

"Justice is in bond. What will deliver justice? Hate? Love? I say, Love's hand will deliver. . . . Because we love . . . not love a few. Not love a class, or some church, or some petty social or national interest. Because we love all. For no solution that would not be a solution for all would be a solution for one. As long as we do not solve the trouble

for all we do not solve it for one. It will forever recur until the last unit is enclosed. The law of love is not the law for a parish—a law for one day. It is a law for the whole world. For forever. The law of love could not put one item of social evil under ban or under approval. . . . Can you isolate a structure from its detail? Can you separate the body from its flesh? So many things need to be done in order that one thing may be done. But they must all be done for the one result."

There is a gap of three hundred years between the two utterances; there is the difference of the mediæval and the modern form of thought, but the underlying doctrine is identical, like Shelley, who declared that perfect man must be "free, unclassed, tribeless and nationless"; like Kant, who gave as the one secure rule of right that "we act according to a maxim which might become a universal law"; like all the deep-seeing prophets, these two men are assuring that a personal interest is a contradiction in terms and that there is no possibility of gaining by another's loss or separating the interests of that indissoluble whole, humanity.

tion, clothed in the garb of science or philosophy, of sociology or economics, soars into the domain of faith and morals, and challenges the Church within its own sphere. Must not the Church be on guard at its frontiers, lest, under the flag of truth, error be seeking passage? Parleying, at least, there must be. The Church calls for time to consider whether faith and morals are really, and not apparently only, put in jeopardy; and it allows to speculation time to reexamine its groundwork and discover whether it is the proven voice of science and philosophy, of sociology or economics, or merely, as the case often is, a phantasm of the imagination. But, it might here be urged, the Church is at times too meticulous, too exacting, and, occasionally, goes too far in its demands and its prohibitions. Be it so: the treasures in the keeping of the Church are so precious that extreme vigilance must be its rule. Better, by far, now and then, an excess of vigilance than, now and then, a lack of prudent care and forethought. In this light, the recent decision of the Scriptural Commission regarding the authorship of the Pentateuch is quite comprehensible. Perhaps the Professor is a little too confident of his own opinion, that Moses should be eliminated for good from the books that have so long borne his name. Modern criticism has yet to speak its last word in this matter. Nor were certain books recently placed on the Index so plainly innocuous as the Professor would lead us to believe: even to theologians outside the Congregation—and many of those most liberal-minded —those books were far from being free of fatal defects, especially the works of Abbé Loisy. As to whether the Syllabus which, report says, is soon to be given out by Pius X, will prove to be dangerous reactionarism, we should wait until we have read it before giving judgment. Nor will the Syllabus of Pius IX appear to be such a dreadful "intrusion of Papal jurisdiction" as the Professor would have us believe, when, in our perusal of it, we give due weight to the circumstances determining the original pronouncement of each separate article, and gather from those circumstances its meaning and intent. Cardinal Newman's letter to the Duke of Norfolk will, I opine, free the Professor's mind from apprehension on this score.

"There can be no question," the Professor says, "of the right of the Pope to determine all ecclesiastical questions as regards marriage and divorce for Roman Catholic citizens; or of the

right of Roman Catholic citizens to organize parochial schools with religious instruction after their own mind; but any interference by the Pope, directly or indirectly, with such questions when under debate by modern governments cannot be less than a misuse of Papal jurisdiction." Here the Professor is most generous in his concession of rights to Pope and to Catholic citizens as regards marriage, divorce and parochial schools; no Catholic should strive to be more so. As to Papal interference with such questions when under debate by modern governments—I should be made conversant more than I now am with each and every one of the cases which the Professor has in mind before I could offer a pertinent reply. Modern governments differ so much in the laws they propose that no general observation of mine could serve the purpose. This much, however, I know full well—that, in our own country, where creeds abound, where each creed has its own norm of faith and morals, Pope and Catholics make no opposition to the Government in its efforts to secure general peace and general contentment by methods and transactions which often are below ideal principles, which, however, are imperiously imposed by existing circumstances.

Other points raised by the Professor scarcely need to be discussed. They are of minor importance; the solution is merely a question of expediency; and, whether inside or outside the Church, the Professor will be free to debate them, without the slightest peril of censure from Pope or Catholics.

That Œcumenical Councils should be more frequent—it is possible. Good comes from such gatherings, where bishops from every clime under the sun raise their voice to offer suggestion and counsel. However, in practice, it is not so easy a task as Professor Briggs may imagine to bring from their homes, "every three or five years," a thousand bishops, so many of them removed from Rome by wide expanse of continent and of ocean, and hold them together in one place, be it the largest of cities, during the weeks and months needed for mutual deliberation. Nor are Œcumenical Councils so necessary that the Pontiff be informed of the needs of religion the world over. Provincial councils, episcopal visitations *ad limina,* modern facilities of correspondence, accomplish much in this regard. Moreover, we must keep in mind the organization of the Church. The Papacy is not the dreadful centralization that it is sometimes reported to be. There

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—XV.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated October 8, 1906.*]

From Susy's Biography of Me.

Papa says that if the collera comes here he will take Sour Mash to the mountains.

This remark about the cat is followed by various entries, covering a month, in which Jean, General Grant, the sculptor Ger-
(1885.) hardt, Mrs. Candace Wheeler, Miss Dora Wheeler, Mr. Frank Stockton, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, and the widow of General Custer appear and drift in procession across the page, then vanish forever from the Biography; then Susy drops this remark in the wake of the vanished procession:

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Sour Mash is a constant source of anxiety, care, and pleasure to papa.

I did, in truth, think a great deal of that old tortoise-shell harlot; but I haven't a doubt that in order to impress Susy I was pretending agonies of solicitude which I didn't honestly feel. Sour Mash never gave me any real anxiety; she was always able to take care of herself, and she was ostentatiously vain of the fact; vain of it to a degree which often made me ashamed of her, much as I esteemed her.

Many persons would like to have the society of cats during the summer vacation in the country, but they deny themselves this pleasure because they think they must either take the cats along when they return to the city, where they would be a trouble and an encumbrance, or leave them in the country, houseless and homeless. These people have no ingenuity, no invention, no wisdom; or it would occur to them to do as I do: rent cats by the month for the summer and return them to their good homes at the end of it. Early last May I rented a kitten of a farmer's wife, by the month; then I got a discount by taking three. They have been good company for about five months now, and are still kittens—at least they have not grown much, and to all intents and purposes are still kittens, and as full of romping energy and enthusiasm as they were in the beginning. This is remarkable. I am an expert in cats, but I have not seen a kitten keep its kittenhood nearly so long before.

These are beautiful creatures—these triplets. Two of them wear the blackest and shiniest and thickest of sealskin vestments all over their bodies except the lower half of their faces and the terminations of their paws. The black masks reach down below the eyes, therefore when the eyes are closed they are not visible; the rest of the face, and the gloves and stockings, are snow white. These markings are just the same on both cats—so exactly the same that when you call one the other is likely to answer, because they cannot tell each other apart. Since the cats are precisely alike, and can't be told apart by any of us, they do not need two names, so they have but one between them. We call both of them Sackcloth, and we call the gray one Ashes. I believe I have never seen such intelligent cats as these before. They are full of the nicest discriminations. When I read German aloud they weep; you can see the tears run down. It shows what pathos there is in the German tongue. I had not noticed before

that all German is pathetic, no matter what the subject is nor how it is treated. It was these humble observers that brought the knowledge to me. I have tried all kinds of German on these cats; romance, poetry, philosophy, theology, market reports; and the result has always been the same—the cats sob, and let the tears run down, which shows that all German is pathetic. French is not a familiar tongue to me, and the pronunciation is difficult, and comes out of me encumbered with a Missouri accent; but the cats like it, and when I make impassioned speeches in that language they sit in a row and put up their paws, palm to palm, and frantically give thanks. Hardly any cats are affected by music, but these are; when I sing they go reverently away, showing how deeply they feel it. Sour Mash never cared for these things. She had many noble qualities, but at bottom she was not refined, and cared little or nothing for theology and the arts.

It is a pity to say it, but these cats are not above the grade of human beings, for I know by certain signs that they are not sincere in their exhibitions of emotion, but exhibit them merely to show off and attract attention—conduct which is distinctly human, yet with a difference: they do not know enough to conceal their desire to show off, but the grown human being does. What is ambition? It is only the desire to be conspicuous. The desire for fame is only the desire to be continuously conspicuous and attract attention and be talked about.

These cats are like human beings in another way: when Ashes began to work his fictitious emotions, and show off, the other members of the firm followed suit, in order to be in the fashion. That is the way with human beings; they are afraid to be outside; whatever the fashion happens to be, they conform to it, whether it be a pleasant fashion or the reverse, they lacking the courage to ignore it and go their own way. All human beings would like to dress in loose and comfortable and highly colored and showy garments, and they had their desire until a century ago, when a king, or some other influential ass, introduced sombre hues and discomfort and ugly designs into masculine clothing. The meek public surrendered to the outrage, and by consequence we are in that odious captivity to-day, and are likely to remain in it for a long time to come.

Fortunately the women were not included in the disaster, and so their graces and their beauty still have the enhancing help

of delicate fabrics and varied and beautiful colors. Their clothing makes a great opera audience an enchanting spectacle, a delight to the eye and the spirit, a Garden of Eden for charm and color. The men, clothed in dismal black, are scattered here and there and everywhere over the Garden, like so many charred stumps, and they damage the effect, but cannot annihilate it.

In summer we poor creatures have a respite, and may clothe ourselves in white garments; loose, soft, and in some degree shapely; but in the winter—the sombre winter, the depressing winter, the cheerless winter, when white clothes and bright colors are especially needed to brighten our spirits and lift them up—we all conform to the prevailing insanity, and go about in dreary black, each man doing it because the others do it, and not because he wants to. They are really no sincerer than Sackcloth and Ashes. At bottom the Sackcloths do not care to exhibit their emotions when I am performing before them, they only do it because Ashes started it.

I would like to dress in a loose and flowing costume made all of silks and velvets, resplendent with all the stunning dyes of the rainbow, and so would every sane man I have ever known; but none of us dares to venture it. There is such a thing as carrying conspicuousness to the point of discomfort; and if I should appear on Fifth Avenue on a Sunday morning, at church-time, clothed as I would like to be clothed, the churches would be vacant, and I should have all the congregations tagging after me, to look, and secretly envy, and publicly scoff. It is the way human beings are made; they are always keeping their real feelings shut up inside, and publicly exploiting their fictitious ones.

Next after fine colors, I like plain white. One of my sorrows, when the summer ends, is that I must put off my cheery and comfortable white clothes and enter for the winter into the depressing captivity of the shapeless and degrading black ones. It is mid-October now, and the weather is growing cold up here in the New Hampshire hills, but it will not succeed in freezing me out of these white garments, for here the neighbors are few, and it is only of crowds that I am afraid. I made a brave experiment, the other night, to see how it would feel to shock a crowd with these unseasonable clothes, and also to see how long it might take the crowd to reconcile itself to them and stop looking astonished and outraged. On a stormy evening I made a talk before a full

house, in the village, clothed like a ghost, and looking as conspicuously, all solitary and alone on that platform, as any ghost could have looked; and I found, to my gratification, that it took the house less than ten minutes to forget about the ghost and give its attention to the tidings I had brought.

I am nearly seventy-one, and I recognize that my age has given me a good many privileges; valuable privileges; privileges which are not granted to younger persons. Little by little I hope to get together courage enough to wear white clothes all through the winter, in New York. It will be a great satisfaction to me to show off in this way; and perhaps the largest of all the satisfactions will be the knowledge that every scoffer, of my sex, will secretly envy me and wish he dared to follow my lead.

That mention that I have acquired new and great privileges by grace of my age, is not an uncalculated remark. When I passed the seventieth mile-stone, ten months ago, I instantly realized that I had entered a new country and a new atmosphere. To all the public I was become recognizably old, undeniably old; and from that moment everybody assumed a new attitude toward me—the reverent attitude granted by custom to age—and straightway the stream of generous new privileges began to flow in upon me and refresh my life. Since then, I have lived an ideal existence; and I now believe what Choate said last March, and which at the time I didn't credit: that the best of life begins at seventy; for then your work is done; you know that you have done your best, let the quality of the work be what it may; that you have earned your holiday—a holiday of peace and contentment—and that thenceforth, to the setting of your sun, nothing will break it, nothing interrupt it.

[*Dictated January 22, 1907.*] In an earlier chapter I inserted some verses beginning "Love Came at Dawn" which had been found among Susy's papers after her death. I was not able to say that they were hers, but I judged that they might be, for the reason that she had not enclosed them in quotation marks according to her habit when storing up treasures gathered from other people. Stedman was not able to determine the authorship for me, as the verses were new to him, but the authorship has now been traced. The verses were written by William Wilfred Campbell, a Canadian poet, and they form a part of the contents of his book called "Beyond the Hills of Dream."

The authorship of the beautiful lines which my wife and I inscribed upon Susy's gravestone was untraceable for a time. We had found them in a book in India, but had lost the book and with it the author's name. But in time an application to the editor of "Notes and Queries" furnished me the author's name,* and it has been added to the verses upon the gravestone.

Last night, at a dinner-party where I was present, Mr. Peter Dunne Dooley handed to the host several dollars, in satisfaction of a lost bet. I seemed to see an opportunity to better my condition, and I invited Dooley, apparently disinterestedly, to come to my house Friday and play billiards. He accepted, and I judge that there is going to be a deficit in the Dooley treasury as a result. In great qualities of the heart and brain, Dooley is gifted beyond all propriety. He is brilliant; he is an expert with his pen, and he easily stands at the head of all the satirists of this generation—but he is going to walk in darkness Friday afternoon. It will be a fraternal kindness to teach him that with all his light and culture, he does not know all the valuable things; and it will also be a fraternal kindness to him to complete his education for him—and I shall do this on Friday, and send him home in that perfected condition.

I possess a billiard secret which can be valuable to the Dooley sept, after I shall have conferred it upon Dooley—for a consideration. It is a discovery which I made by accident, thirty-eight years ago, in my father-in-law's house in Elmira. There was a scarred and battered and ancient billiard-table in the garret, and along with it a peck of checked and chipped balls, and a rackful of crooked and headless cues. I played solitaire up there every day with that difficult outfit. The table was not level, but slanted sharply to the southeast; there wasn't a ball that was round, or would complete the journey you started it on, but would always get tired and stop half-way and settle, with a jolty wabble, to a standstill on its chipped side. I tried making counts with four balls, but found it difficult and discouraging, so I added a fifth ball, then a sixth, then a seventh, and kept on adding until at last I had twelve balls on the table and a thirteenth to play with. My game was caroms—caroms solely—caroms plain, or caroms with cushion to help—anything that could furnish a count. In the course of time I found to my astonishment that I was never

* Robert Richardson, deceased, of Australia.

able to run fifteen, under any circumstances. By huddling the balls advantageously in the beginning, I could now and then coax fourteen out of them, but I couldn't reach fifteen by either luck or skill. Sometimes the balls would get scattered into difficult positions and defeat me in that way; sometimes if I managed to keep them together, I would freeze; and always when I froze, and had to play away from the contact, there was sure to be nothing to play at but a wide and uninhabited vacancy.

One day Mr. Dalton called on my brother-in-law, on a matter of business, and I was asked if I could entertain him awhile, until my brother-in-law should finish an engagement with another gentleman. I said I could, and took him up to the billiard-table. I had played with him many times at the club, and knew that he could play billiards tolerably well—only tolerably well—but not any better than I could. He and I were just a match. He didn't know our table; he didn't know those balls; he didn't know those warped and headless cues; he didn't know the south-eastern slant of the table, and how to allow for it. I judged it would be safe and profitable to offer him a bet on my scheme. I emptied the avalanche of thirteen balls on the table and said:

"Take a ball and begin, Mr. Dalton. How many can you run with an outlay like that?"

He said, with the half-affronted air of a mathematician who has been asked how much of the multiplication table he can recite without a break:

"I suppose a million—eight hundred thousand, anyway."

I said "You shall have the privilege of placing the balls to suit yourself, and I want to bet you a dollar that you can't run fifteen."

I will not dwell upon the sequel. At the end of an hour his face was red, and wet with perspiration; his outer garments lay scattered here and there over the place; he was the angriest man in the State, and there wasn't a rag or remnant of an injurious adjective left in him anywhere—and I had all his small change.

When the summer was over, we went home to Hartford, and one day Mr. George Robertson arrived from Boston with two or three hours to spare between then and the return train, and as he was a young gentleman to whom we were in debt for much social pleasure, it was my duty, and a welcome duty, to make his two or three hours interesting for him. So I took him up-stairs

and set up my billiard scheme for his comfort. Mine was a good table, in perfect repair; the cues were in perfect condition; the balls were ivory, and flawless—but I knew that Mr. Robertson was my prey, just the same, for by exhaustive tests with this outfit I had found that my limit was thirty-one. I had proved to my satisfaction that whereas I could not fairly expect to get more than six or eight or a dozen caroms out of a run, I could now and then reach twenty and twenty-five, and after a long procession of failures finally achieve a run of thirty-one; but in no case had I ever got beyond thirty-one. Robertson's game, as I knew, was a little better than mine, so I resolved to require him to make thirty-two. I believed it would entertain him. He was one of these brisk and hearty and cheery and self-satisfied young fellows who are brimful of confidence, and who plunge with grateful eagerness into any enterprise that offers a showy test of their abilities. I emptied the balls on the table and said,

"Take a cue and a ball, George, and begin. How many caroms do you think you can make out of that layout?"

He laughed the laugh of the gay and the care-free, as became his youth and inexperience, and said,

"I can punch caroms out of that bunch a week without a break."

I said "Place the balls to suit yourself, and begin."

Confidence is a necessary thing in billiards, but overconfidence is bad. George went at his task with much too much lightsomeness of spirit and disrespect for the situation. On his first shot he scored three caroms; on his second shot he scored four caroms; and on his third shot he missed as simple a carom as could be devised. He was very much astonished, and said he would not have supposed that careful play could be needed with an acre of bunched balls in front of a person.

He began again, and played more carefully, but still with too much lightsomeness; he couldn't seem to learn to take the situation seriously. He made about a dozen caroms and broke down. He was irritated with himself now, and he thought he caught me laughing. He didn't. I do not laugh publicly at my client when this game is going on; I only do it inside—or save it for after the exhibition is over. But he thought he had caught me laughing, and it increased his irritation. Of course I knew he thought I was laughing privately—for I was experienced; they all

think that, and it has a good effect; it sharpens their annoyance and debilitates their play.

He made another trial and failed. Once more he was astonished; once more he was humiliated—and as for his anger, it rose to summer-heat. He arranged the balls again, grouping them carefully, and said he would win this time, or die. When a client reaches this condition, it is a good time to damage his nerve further, and this can always be done by saying some little mocking thing or other that has the outside appearance of a friendly remark—so I employed this art. I suggested that a bet might tauten his nerves, and that I would offer one, but that as I did not want it to be an expense to him, but only a help, I would make it small—a cigar, if he were willing—a cigar that he would fail again; not an expensive one, but a cheap native one, of the Crown Jewel breed, such as is manufactured in Hartford for the clergy. It set him afire all over! I could see the blue flame issue from his eyes. He said,

"Make it a hundred!—and no Connecticut cabbage-leaf product, but Havana, $25 the box!"

I took him up, but said I was sorry to see him do this, because it did not seem to me right or fair for me to rob him under our own roof, when he had been so kind to us. He said, with energy and acrimony:

"You take care of your own pocket, if you'll be so good, and leave me to take care of mine."

And he plunged at the congress of balls with a vindictiveness which was infinitely contenting to me. He scored a failure—and began to undress. I knew it would come to that, for he was in the condition now that Mr. Dooley will be in at about that stage of the contest on Friday afternoon. A clothes-rack will be provided for Mr. Dooley to hang his things on as fast as he shall from time to time shed them. George raised his voice four degrees and flung out the challenge—

"Double or quits!"

"Done," I responded, in the gentle and compassionate voice of one who is apparently getting sorrier and sorrier.

There was an hour and a half of straight disaster after that, and if it was a sin to enjoy it, it is no matter—I did enjoy it. It is half a lifetime ago, but I enjoy it yet, every time I think of it. George made failure after failure. His fury increased with each

failure as he scored it. With each defeat he flung off one or another rag of his raiment, and every time he started on a fresh inning he made it "double or quits" once more. Twice he reached thirty and broke down; once he reached thirty-one and broke down. These "nears" made him frantic, and I believe I was never so happy in my life, except the time, a few years later, when the Rev. J. H. Twichell and I walked to Boston and he had the celebrated conversation with the hostler at the Inn at Ashford, Connecticut.

At last, when we were notified that Patrick was at the door to drive him to his train, George owed me five thousand cigars at twenty-five cents apiece, and I was so sorry I could have hugged him. But he shouted,

"Give me ten minutes more!" and added stormily, "it's double or quits again, and I'll win out free of debt or owe you ten thousand cigars, and you'll pay the funeral expenses."

He began on his final effort, and I believe that in all my experience among both amateurs and experts, I have never seen a cue so carefully handled in my lifetime as George handled his upon this intensely interesting occasion. He got safely up to twenty-five, and then ceased to breathe. So did I. He labored along, and added a point, another point, still another point, and finally reached thirty-one. He stopped there, and we took a breath. By this time the balls were scattered all down the cushions, about a foot or two apart, and there wasn't a shot in sight anywhere that any man might hope to make. In a burst of anger and confessed defeat, he sent his ball flying around the table at random, and it crotched a ball that was packed against the cushion and sprang across to a ball against the bank on the opposite side, and counted!

His luck had set him free, and he didn't owe me anything. He had used up all his spare time, but we carried his clothes to the carriage, and he dressed on his way to the station, greatly wondered at and admired by the ladies, as he drove along—but he got his train.

I am very fond of Mr. Dooley, and shall await his coming with affectionate and pecuniary interest.

P.S. Saturday. He has been here. Let us not talk about it.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

PATRIOTISM AND HOLIDAY OBSERVANCE.*

BY GROVER CLEVELAND, FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE American people are but little given to the observance of public holidays. This statement cannot be disposed of by the allegation that our national history is too brief to allow the accumulation of days deserving civic commemoration. Though it is true that our life as a people, according to the standard measuring the existence of nations, has been a short one, it has been filled with glorious achievements; and, though it must be conceded that it is not given to us to see in the magnifying mirage of antiquity the exaggerated forms of American heroes, yet in the bright and normal light shed upon our beginning and growth are seen grand and heroic men who have won imperishable honor, and deserve our everlasting remembrance. We cannot, therefore, excuse a lack of commemorative inclination and a languid interest in recalling the notable incidents of our country's past under the plea of a lack of commemorative material; nor can we in this way explain our neglect adequately to observe days which have actually been set apart for the especial manifestation of our loving appreciation of the lives and the deeds of Americans who, in crises of our birth and development, have sublimely wrought and nobly endured.

If we are inclined to look for other excuses, one may occur to us which, though by no means satisfying, may appear to gain a somewhat fanciful plausibility by reason of its reference to the law of heredity. It rests upon the theory that those who secured for American nationality its first foothold, and watched over its weak infancy, were so engrossed with the persistent and unescapable labors that pressed upon them, and that their hopes and

* An address delivered at the Union League Club of Chicago, on Washington's Birthday, February 22nd, 1907.

aspirations led them so constantly to thoughts of the future that retrospection nearly became with them an extinct faculty, and that thus it may have happened that exclusive absorption in things pertaining to the present and future became so embedded in their natures as to constitute a trait of character descendible to their posterity, even to the present generation. The toleration of this theory leads to the suggestion that an inheritance of disposition has made it difficult for the generation of to-day to resist the temptation inordinately to strive for immediate material advantages, to the exclusion of the wholesome sentiment that recalls the high achievements and noble lives which have illumined our national career. Some support is given to this suggestion by the concession, which we cannot escape, that there is abroad in our land an inclination to use to the point of abuse the opportunities of personal betterment, given under a scheme of rule which permits the greatest individual liberty, and interposes the least hindrance to individual acquisition; and that in the pursuit of this we are apt to carry in our minds, if not upon our lips, the legend: "Things done are won; joy's soul lies in the doing." But the question is whether all this accounts for our indifference to the proper observance of public holidays which deserve observance.

There is another reason which might be advanced in mitigation of our lack of commemorative enthusiasm, which is so related to our pride of Americanism that, if we could be certain of its sufficiency, we would gladly accept it as conclusive. It has to do with the underlying qualities and motives of our free institutions. Those institutions had their birth and nurture in unselfish patriotism and unreserved consecration; and, by a decree of Fate beyond recall or change, their perpetuity and beneficence are conditioned on the constant devotion and single-hearted loyalty of those to whom their blessings are vouchsafed. It would be a joy if we could know that all the bright incidents in our history were so much in the expected order of events, and that patriotism and loving service are so familiar in our present surroundings, and so clear in their manifestation, as to dull the edge of their especial commendation. If the utmost of patriotism and unselfish devotion in the promotion of our national interests have always been and still remain universal, there would hardly be need of their commemoration.

But, after all, why should we attempt to delude ourselves? I am confident that I voice your convictions when I say that no play of ingenuity and no amount of special pleading can frame an absolutely creditable excuse for our remissness in appropriate holiday observance.

You will notice that I use the words "holiday observance." I have not in mind merely the selection or appointment of days which have been thought worthy of celebration. Such an appointment or selection is easy, and very frequently it is the outcome of a perfunctory concession to apparent propriety, or of a transient movement of affectionate sentiment. But I speak of the observance of holidays, and such holidays as not only have a substantial right to exist, but which ought to have a lasting hold upon the sentiment of our people—days which, as often as they recur, should stimulate in the hearts of our countrymen a grateful recognition of what God has done for mankind, and especially for the American nation, days which stir our consciences and sensibilities with promptings to unselfish and unadulterated love of country, days which warm and invigorate our devotion to the supreme ideals which gave life to our institutions and their only protection against death and decay. I speak of holidays which demand observance by our people in spirit and in truth.

The commemoration of the day on which American independence was born has been allowed to lose much of its significance as a reminder of Providential favor and of the inflexible patriotism of the fathers of the Republic, and has nearly degenerated into a revel of senseless noise and dangerous explosion, leaving in its train far more of mishap and accident than lessons of good citizenship or pride of country. The observance of Thanksgiving Day is kept alive through its annual designation by Federal and State authority. But it is worth our while to inquire whether its original meaning, as a day of united praise and gratitude to God for the blessings bestowed upon us as a people and as individuals is not smothered in feasting and social indulgence. We, in common with Christian nations everywhere, celebrate Christmas—but how much less as a day commemorating the birth of the Redeemer of mankind, than as a day of hilarity and the interchange of gifts.

I will not, without decided protest, be accused of antagonizing or deprecating light-hearted mirth and jollity. On the contrary,

I am an earnest advocate of every kind of sane, decent, social enjoyment, and all sorts of recreation. But, nevertheless, I feel that the allowance of an incongruous possession by them of our commemorative days is evidence of a certain condition, and is symptomatic of a popular tendency, which are by no means reassuring.

On the day these words are written, a prominent and widely read newspaper contains a communication in regard to the observance of the birthday of the late President McKinley. Its tone plainly indicates that the patriotic society which has for its primary purpose the promotion of this particular commemoration recognizes the need of a revival of interest in the observance of all other memorial days, and it announces that "its broader object is to instil into the hearts and minds of the people a desire for real patriotic observance of all of our national days."

Beyond all doubt, the commemorations of the birth of American heroes and statesmen who have rendered redemptive service to their country in emergencies of peace and war should be rescued from entire neglect, and from fitful and dislocated remembrance. And, while it would be more gratifying to be assured that throughout our country there was such a spontaneous appreciation of this need, that in no part of our domain would there be a necessity of urging such commemorations by self-constituted organizations, yet it is comforting to know that, in the midst of prevailing apathy, there are those among us who have determined that the memory of the events and lives we should commemorate shall not be smothered in the dust and smoke of sordidness, nor crushed out by ruthless materialism.

On this day, the Union League Club of Chicago should especially rejoice in the consciousness of patriotic accomplishment; and on this day, of all others, every one of its members should regard his membership as a badge of honor. Whatever else the organization may have done, it has justified its existence, and earned the applause of those whose love of country is still unclouded, by the work it has done for the deliverance of Washington's Birthday from neglect or indolent remembrance. I deem it a great privilege to be allowed to participate with the League in a commemoration so exactly designed, not only to remind those of mature years of the duty exacted by their heirship in American free institutions, but to teach children the inestimable value of

those institutions, to inspire them to emulation of the virtues in which our nation had its birth, and to lead them to know the nobility of patriotic citizenship. The palpable and immediate good growing out of the commemorations which, for twenty years, have occurred under the auspices of the League are less impressive than the assurance that, in generations yet to come, the seed thus sown in the hearts of children and youth will bear the fruit of disinterested love of country and saving steadfastness to our national mission.

In furtherance of the high endeavor of your organization, it would have been impossible to select for observance any other civic holiday having as broad and fitting a significance as this. It memorizes the birth of one whose glorious deeds are transcendently above all others recorded in our national annals; and, in memorizing the birth of Washington, it commemorates the incarnation of all the virtues and all the ideals that made our nationality possible, and gave it promise of growth and strength. It is a holiday that belongs exclusively to the American people. All that Washington did was bound up in our national life, and became interwoven with the warp of our national destiny. The battles he fought were fought for American liberty, and the victories he won gave us national independence. His example of unselfish consecration and lofty patriotism made manifest, as in an open book, that those virtues were conditions not more vital to our nation's beginning than to its development and durability. His faith in God, and the fortitude of his faith, taught those for whom he wrought that the surest strength of nations comes from the support of God's almighty arm. His universal and unaffected sympathy with those in every sphere of American life, his thorough knowledge of existing American conditions, and his wonderful foresight of conditions yet to be, coupled with his powerful influence in the councils of those who were to make or mar the fate of an infant nation, made him a tremendous factor in the construction and adoption of the constitutional chart by which the course of the newly launched Republic could be safely sailed. And it was he who first took the helm and demonstrated, for the guidance of all who might succeed him, how and in what spirit and intent the responsibilities of our chief-magistracy should be discharged.

If your observance of this day were intended to make more

secure the immortal fame of Washington, or to add to the strength and beauty of his imperishable monument built upon a nation's affectionate remembrance, your purpose would be useless. Washington has no need of you. But in every moment from the time he drew his sword in the cause of American independence to this hour, living or dead, the American people have needed him. It is not important now, nor will it be in all the coming years, to remind our countrymen that Washington has lived, and that his achievements in his country's service are above all praise. But it is important—and more important now than ever before—that they should clearly apprehend and adequately value the virtues and ideals of which he was the embodiment, and that they should realize how essential to our safety and perpetuity are the consecration and patriotism which he exemplified. The American people need to-day the example and teachings of Washington no less than those who fashioned our nation needed his labors and guidance; and only so far as we commemorate his birth, with a sincere recognition of this need, can our commemoration be useful to the present generation.

It is, therefore, above all things, absolutely essential to an appropriately commemorative condition of mind that there should be no toleration of even the shade of a thought that what Washington did and said and wrote, in aid of the young American Republic, has become in the least outworn, or that in these later days of material advance and development they may be merely pleasantly recalled with a sort of affectionate veneration, and with a kind of indulgent and loftily courteous concession of the value of Washington's example and precepts. These constitute the richest of all our crown jewels; and, if we discard them or depreciate their value, we shall be no better than "the base Indian who threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe."

They are full of stimulation to do grand and noble things, and full of lessons enjoining loyal adherence to public duty. But they teach nothing more impressive and nothing more needful, by way of recalling our countrymen to a faith which has become somewhat faint and obscured, than the necessity to national beneficence and the people's happiness of the homely, simple, personal virtues that grow and thrive in the hearts of men who, with high intent, illustrate the goodness there is in human nature.

Three months before his inauguration as first President of the Republic, which he had done so much to create, Washington wrote a letter to Lafayette, his warm friend and Revolutionary ally, in which he expressed his unremitting desire to establish a general system of policy which, if pursued, would "ensure permanent felicity to the Commonwealth"; and he added these words:

"I think I see a path as clear and as direct as a ray of light, which leads to the attainment of that object. Nothing but harmony, honesty, industry and frugality is necessary to make us a great and happy people. Happily, the present posture of affairs and the prevailing disposition of my countrymen promise to cooperate in establishing those four great and essential pillars of public felicity."

It is impossible for us to be in accord with the spirit which should pervade this occasion if we fail to realize the momentous import of this declaration, and if we doubt its conclusiveness, or its application to any stage of our national life, we are not in sympathy with a proper and improving observance of the birthday of George Washington.

Such considerations as these suggest the thought that this is a time for honest self-examination. The question presses upon us with a demand for reply that will not be denied: "Who among us all, if our hearts are purged of misleading impulses and our minds freed from perverting pride, can be sure that to-day the posture of affairs and the prevailing disposition of our countrymen cooperate in the establishment and promotion of harmony, honesty, industry and frugality?" When Washington wrote that nothing but these were necessary to make us a great and happy people, he had in mind the harmony of American brotherhood and unenvious good-will, the honesty that insures against the betrayal of public trust and hates devious ways and conscienceless practices, the industry that recognizes in faithful work and intelligent endeavor abundant promise of well-earned competence and provident accumulation, and the frugality which outlaws waste and extravagant display as plunderers of thrift and promoters of covetous discontent.

The self-examination invited by this day's commemoration will be incomplete and superficial, if we are not thereby forced to the confession that there are signs of the times which indicate a weakness and relaxation of our hold upon these saving virtues.

When thus forewarned, it is the height of recreancy for us obstinately to close our eyes to the needs of the situation, and refuse admission to the thought that evil can overtake us. If we are to deserve security, and make good our claim to sensible, patriotic Americanism, we will carefully and dutifully take our bearings, and discover, if we can, how far wind and tide have carried us away from safe waters.

If we find that the wickedness of destructive agitators and the selfish depravity of demagogues have stirred up discontent and strife where there should be peace and harmony, and have arrayed against each other interests which should dwell together in hearty cooperation; if we find that the old standards of sturdy, uncompromising American honesty have become so corroded and weakened by a sordid atmosphere that our people are hardly startled by crime in high places and shameful betrayals of trust everywhere; if we find a sadly prevalent disposition among us to turn from the highway of honorable industry into shorter cross-roads leading to irresponsible and worthless ease; if we find that wide-spread wastefulness and extravagance have discredited the wholesome frugality which was once the pride of Americanism, we should recall Washington's admonition that harmony, industry and frugality are "essential pillars of public felicity," and forthwith endeavor to change our course.

To neglect this is not only to neglect the admonition of Washington, but to miss or neglect the conditions which our self-examination has made plain to us. These conditions demand something more from us than warmth and zest in the tribute we pay to Washington, and something more even than acceptance of his teachings—however reverent our acceptance may be.

The sooner we reach a state of mind which keeps constantly before us, as a living, active, impelling force, the truth that our people, good or bad, harmonious or with daggers drawn, honest or unscrupulous, industrious or idle, constitute the source of our nation's temperament and health, and that the traits and faults of our people must necessarily give quality and color to our national behavior, the sooner we shall appreciate the importance of protecting this source from unwholesome contamination. And the sooner all of us honestly acknowledge this to be an individual duty that cannot be shifted or evaded, and the more thoroughly we purge ourselves from influences that hinder its conscientious

performance, the sooner will our country be regenerated and made secure by the saving power of good citizenship.

It is our habit to affiliate with political parties. Happily, the strength and solidity of our institutions can safely withstand the utmost freedom and activity of political discussion so far as it involves the adoption of governmental policies or the enforcement of good administration. But they cannot withstand the frenzy of hate which seeks, under the guise of political earnestness, to blot out American brotherhood, and cunningly to persuade our people that a crusade of envy and malice is no more than a zealous insistence upon their manhood rights.

Political parties are exceedingly human; and they more easily fall before temptation than individuals, by so much as partisan success is the law of their life, and because their responsibility is impersonal. It is easily recalled that political organizations have been quite willing to utilize gusts of popular prejudice and resentment; and I believe they have been known, as a matter of shrewd management, to encourage voters to hope for some measure of relief from economic abuses, and yet to "stand pat" on the day appointed for realization.

We have fallen upon a time when it behooves every thoughtful citizen, whose political beliefs are based on reason and who cares enough for his manliness and duty to save them from barter, to realize that the organization of the party of his choice needs watching, and that at times it is not amiss critically to observe its direction and tendency. This certainly ought to result in our country's gain; and it is only partisan impudence that condemns a member of a political party who, on proper occasion, submits its conduct and the loyalty to principle of its leaders to a Court of Review, over which his conscience, his reason and his political understanding preside.

I protest that I have not spoken in a spirit of pessimism. I have and enjoy my full share of the pride and exultation which our country's material advancement so fully justifies. Its limitless resources, its astonishing growth, its unapproachable industrial development and its irrepressible inventive genius have made it the wonder of the centuries. Nevertheless, these things do not complete the story of a people truly great. Our country is infinitely more than a domain affording to those who dwell upon it immense material advantages and opportunities. In

such a country we live. But I love to think of a glorious nation built upon the will of free men, set apart for the propagation and cultivation of humanity's best ideal of a free government, and made ready for the growth and fruitage of the highest aspirations of patriotism. This is the country that lives in us. I indulge in no mere figure of speech when I say that our nation, the immortal spirit of our domain, lives in us—in our hearts and minds and consciences. There it must find its nutriment or die. This thought more than any other presents to our minds the impressiveness and responsibility of American citizenship. The land we live in seems to be strong and active. But how fares the land that lives in us? Are we sure that we are doing all we ought, to keep it in vigor and health? Are we keeping its roots well surrounded by the fertile soil of loving allegiance, and are we furnishing them the invigorating moisture of unselfish fidelity? Are we as diligent as we ought to be to protect this precious growth against the poison that must arise from the decay of harmony, and honesty, and industry, and frugality; and are we sufficiently watchful against the deadly burrowing pests of consuming greed and cankerous cupidity? Our answers to these questions make up the account of our stewardship as keepers of a sacred trust.

The land we live in is safe as long as we are dutifully careful of the land that lives in us. But good intentions and fine sentiments will not meet the emergency. If we would bestow upon the land that lives in us the care it needs, it is indispensable that we should recognize the weakness of our human nature, and our susceptibility to temptations and influences that interfere with a full conception of our obligations; and thereupon we should see to it that cupidity and selfishness do not blind our consciences or dull our efforts.

From different points of view I have invited you to consider with me what obligations and responsibilities rest upon those who in this country of ours are entitled to be called good citizens. The things I have pointed out may be trite. I know I have spoken in the way of exhortation, rather than with an attempt to say something new and striking. Perhaps you have suspected, what I am quite willing to confess, that, behind all that I have said, there is in my mind a sober conviction that we all can and ought to do more for the country that lives in us than it has

been our habit to do; and that no better means to this end are at hand than a revival of pure patriotic affection for our country for its own sake, and the acceptance, as permanent occupants in our hearts and minds, of the virtues which Washington regarded as all that was necessary to make us a great and happy people, and which he declared to be "the great and essential pillars of public felicity"—harmony, honesty, industry and frugality.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

IS THE PAPACY AN OBSTACLE TO THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM?

BY THE MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

Is the Papacy an obstacle to the reunion of Christendom? The answer given by Professor Charles A. Briggs is: No, if we have in mind the "ideal Papacy"; yes, if we have in mind "the real Papacy." I refer to the Professor's article in the mid-February number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The "ideal Papacy," as the Professor explains himself, is the Papacy of the New Testament and of the early ages of the Christian Church; the "real Papacy" is the practical working Papacy of later ages grown in power far beyond the intent of the Founder of the Church, and putting forth claims to which its original commission gives no title or justification. The Professor demands that the Papacy divest itself of all developments and accretions, making itself again the Papacy "as near to Christ as St. Peter was, and as truly representative of the Lord and Master"; and, in this manner, open the portals of its temple to many, in other bodies of Christendom, now separated from it, who pray earnestly, as Christ prayed, that all "may be one," and willingly confess that unity among the followers of the Saviour implies the recognition of the "ideal Papacy" instituted by Christ and delegated to Peter and his successors.

The charge is grave, that the Papacy, through its own fault, through ambition and lust of domination, compels believers of the Gospel to hold themselves aloof from it, thus making necessary, for the time being at least, the divisions of Christendom, and voluntarily setting at naught the prayer of its Founder. Christ, undoubtedly, willed unity among His disciples. To disrupt Christian unity, to build up obstacles to the healing of the breach, when, from one cause or another, unity has been dis-

rupted, is the crime of crimes against Christ and His Church. But is the guilt upon the Papacy? Is the charge proven by facts in its history, or by its present attitude towards the interests of religion and of humanity?

No truer and more convincing presentation, from Scripture and early Christian history, of the divine institution of the Papacy could be wished for than that which is given by Professor Briggs. I thank him, in the name of the Papacy, for his brilliant and learned argumentation. According to the Professor, this much is established beyond all reasonable doubt: that "all attempts to explain 'the rock' in any other way than as referring to Peter have ignominiously failed"; that the texts, "Strengthen thy brethren," "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep," conferred most certainly upon Peter authority over his fellow Apostles. The sayings of Jesus, the Professor continues to argue, are confirmed by the history of the Apostolic age. "Peter was the chief of the Apostles, according to all the Gospels, during the early life of our Lord. The early chapters of 'Acts' represent him as the acknowledged chief of the Apostolic community down to the Council of Jerusalem." The Council of Jerusalem itself, the Professor adds, decided for Peter as against Paul. And, what is most important for the defence of the Papacy, the Professor writes: "It is evident that Jesus, in speaking to St. Peter, had the whole history of His Kingdom in view. . . . It is, therefore, vain to suppose that we must limit the commission to St. Peter. We could no more do that than we could limit the Apostolic commission to the Apostles." And, as to the testimony of early Christian history, what could be more significant than the Professor's words: "We shall have to admit that the Christian Church from the earliest times recognized the primacy of the Roman Bishops. . . . When the whole case has been carefully examined and all the evidence sifted, the statement of Irenæus stands firm: 'It is a matter of necessity that every Church should agree with this Church [the Church of Rome] on account of its pre-eminent authority.'"

So far, I desire no more forcible defender of the Papacy than Professor Briggs himself. But now comes the parting of the ways. The Professor fails to grasp the full meaning and intent of the texts of Scripture which he quotes in favor of the Papacy. According to him, the Pope, the successor of St. Peter, is merely

the Executive Head of the Church, not its Supreme Ruler; legislative and judicial functions are not among the inherent rights of the Papacy, and are best exercised by other organisms within the Church.

The Pope is what Peter was; and Peter was supreme in his leadership. The words of Christ establishing the primacy established the supremacy. "I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven." Peter holds the keys of the Kingdom: he is the absolute master. Whatsoever he binds is bound; whatsoever he looses is loosed: his power extends over the whole sphere of the Kingdom, over all its activities; it is shortened by no power or rights confided to others. Plainly, Peter is legislator and judge, no less than Executive Head. Again: "Simon, Simon, Satan has asked to have you that he might sift you as wheat; but I made supplication for thee, that thy faith fail not: and do thou, when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." The whole Apostolic College will be tempted by Satan. But for one only (Simon) is supplication made; to one only (Simon) is the command given to strengthen the brethren. Do not the words, "strengthen thy brethren," give to Peter the Supremacy over the other apostles? Do they not give to Peter —to Peter apart from the others—all power necessary to carry into effect the trust, whatever the form into which it may be required to cast itself, legislative, judicial or merely executive? And again: "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." The whole flock, the entire Church, disciples and Apostles, are put into the hands of Peter, to be (in the significant expression of the original Greek) "shepherdized" by him. Is the shepherd of the flock merely the Executive Head of lambs or of sheep? Is he not supreme guide and leader, judge and legislator? Is he not the absolute master?

The Professor equally misapprehends the facts and teachings of early Christian ages. In those ages, the Papacy never appears as the mere Executive. Its functions are legislative and judicial, as well as executive. Before A.D. 325, no Œcumenical Council had been held; whatever the general powers exercised in the government of the Church, they were solely the appurtenances of the Bishop of Rome. In A.D. 189, Victor, of himself, ordered the

Bishops of Asia to follow the Roman custom in the celebration of Easter; and, when Irenæus of Lyons expostulated with him in favor of greater clemency of action, it was by way of prayer, not by a denial of his authority. Victor was supreme—legislator, judge and executive. So, too, was it, A.D. 259, with Dionysius of Rome, when he summoned Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria, to explain his utterances regarding the Second Person of the Trinity; and so, again, was it, A.D. 254, with Stephen, whom Cyprian of Carthage solicited to send to the Bishops of Gaul a command for the deposition of Marcianus, Bishop of Arles.

In its claims that primacy means supremacy, the "real Papacy," surely, does not depart from the "ideal Papacy"—the Papacy of Scripture and of early ecclesiastical history.

Nor is the Professor correct in the idea which he forms to himself of the Papacy as the centre of Christian unity. He holds to three elements of unity—the Papacy, the ministry and the people—and he would have us believe that, while unity may be impaired, it is not destroyed, so long as even one of those elements remains unbroken. He maintains that, however important the element of the Papacy may be, ministers and people, refusing to accept as valid its later developments — the supremacy — and keeping themselves aloof from it because of those developments, cannot be regarded as violating unity. If such to-day do not take active part in unity with the Papacy, the Papacy itself, the Professor declares, must bear the blame.

Supremacy was vested in the original Papacy; consequently, there is no excuse for those who remain aloof from the Papacy, under the plea that supremacy, as is now claimed, is a late development, void of validity.

That there is in Christian unity a threefold element is true in a sense. The Papacy, the ministry, the people, make up the Church; the Papacy cannot be thought of without ministers and without people, any more than in any organism the head can be thought of without members. But that a portion of the ministry, or a portion of the people, cut off from the Papacy, can still hold that they are within the lines of Christian unity, is no more conceivable than would be the claim that certain members, separated from the head and trunk, no longer deriving from the head the current of life and motion, are still parts of the physical organism. Union with the head is the vital condition of organic unity,

as truly in moral entities as in physical entities. The Pope is the Head of the Church: they who are separated from the Pope are separated from the Church.

Is not this the doctrine of Scripture? If Peter holds the keys, no one is within who has not entered at his opening. If Peter is the rock upon which the Church is built, no one is a stone in the superstructure who does not rest upon him. If Peter is the shepherd, no one is of the flock who is not "shepherdized" by him. If Peter it is who strengthens, no one is strengthened over whom his hand is not raised. Is not this the testimony of early ecclesiastical history? "It is a matter of necessity," wrote Irenæus, "that every Church should agree with this Church" (that of Rome). "Where Peter is," Ambrose declared, "there is the Church." "Following no chief but Christ," wrote Jerome to Damasus, "I am joined in communion with your Holiness, that is, with the Chair of St. Peter."

I am speaking, of course, not of "the soul of the Church," the invisible union of the personal soul with God, of which the invisible God is alone the judge; but of the visible body of the Church, as Christ constituted it among men, to which all must belong if they obey Christ's words—"Hear the Church"; which lives and moves among men, according to the organic laws of its visible being. Of this visible body all must be members, invincible ignorance alone excusing, if they are to be members of Christ; and the condition of membership in this visible body is union with the Pope, the successor of Peter.

No other line of unity, whether that of the people, or that of the ministry, will or can suffice. Priests and bishops they may be, validly ordained, deriving their sacred character from Christ through Apostolic succession; yet, they are not of the Church, unless they are with Peter, and of Peter. Away from Peter, they are in rebellion against the Chieftain of the army, the Shepherd of the flock; they are outside the army, outside the fold. Novatians and Donatists were not without validly ordained priests and bishops; yet neither Novatians nor Donatists were viewed as members of the Church; nor were their bishops admitted to seats in its legislative assemblies. Away from Peter, away from the Church—this was ever the law of early Christian history.

Professor Briggs must widen his "ideal Papacy"; he must do so on his own principles of loyalty to the Papacy of Scripture

and of tradition. And as he widens his "ideal Papacy," he narrows down, by so much, the compass of faults and pretensions which, he thinks, disfigure the modern Papacy, and which alone, he avers, hold him outside the Communion of the Bishop of Rome.

Divisions arose in Christendom. There was the exodus, first, of Greeks, and, later, of Protestants, from the Roman Communion. If we believe Professor Briggs, the chief fault was with Rome. Both in Orient and in Occident, the separatist movement was, at first, a protest only against Papal usurpation, "with a willingness to recognize all valid, historical and Biblical rights of the Pope": but, later, it was compelled to go farther, and set up "National Churches, entirely apart from any jurisdiction of the Pope." Well, if the protest was aimed at vital conditions in the Papacy, such as those which I have described, the protestants were, decidedly, in the wrong from the beginning, and the protest should never have been made. Were it only against policies and administrative acts, matters in which the Papacy claims no immunity from error, it should have remained a protest; never should it have had separation as its outcome. No one, within the fold of the Papacy, believes or needs to believe that all its policies and administrative acts are above criticism. In this regard there reigns the widest liberty. At times, even, circumstances may be such that criticism becomes a duty — criticism, however, that should always be grave and respectful, as befitting the subject, in presence of exalted authority. At one time, Paul himself withstood Peter: although, whatever may have been for the moment the inopportuneness of the attitude of Peter, he was substantially right, as the ulterior prevalence of his Gentile policy amply proves. But never must criticism go so far as to threaten, or lead to rebellion or separation. Reform may be timely; it may be urgent. It must always, however, be attempted from within; there and there only can it be wholesome and effective: there the Founder of the Church made room for it. Separation is the original sin of Greeks and of Protestants, the guilt of which nothing can cancel, save complete return to unity. In withdrawing from the Papacy, the centre of unity in Christendom, under whatever provocation, real or fictitious, and forming Churches of their own, apart from Communion with the Bishop of Rome, Orientals and Protestants were, decidedly, in the wrong. Neither is the wrong made right by lapse of time. The wrong lasts, so

long as separation lasts. The duty is paramount to undo the wrong and bring separation to an end. Centuries have gone by since the separation: the successors of the first separatists are to-day as much bound to return to the fold as their forebears were bound to have remained within it. Most illogical, most un-Christian is the assumption that men must stay where their forebears put them, however untenable be the ground upon which they find themselves encamped. In matters of conscience and religion, each individual soul gives answer for itself. If the Papacy is of divine command, as Professor Briggs proclaims, the Professor and those who think alike should seek at once the shelter of the Papacy: and there make protest and institute work for reform, if protest and reform are still seen to be conducive to the greater welfare of religion. To protest and to reform within the legitimate lines, liberty will be amply guaranteed.

It were interesting, if space permitted, to look into the history of the Greek, or of the Protestant, exodus, and question how far, in the premises, there was fault with the Papacy, how far there was fault with the separatists themselves. It were no difficult task, I am prepared to say, to show that, in the Orient and in the Occident, the real grounds upon which separation was based lay well outside the bulwarks of the Papacy; that complaints against the Papacy, set forth as justifications, were to a large degree excuses, rather than reasons, for schisms which had elsewhere their inciting causes. In the Orient, the cause was pride and ambition in Photius, first, and, later, in Michael Cærularius, together with an unconquerable jealousy of "Old Rome" in Emperors and courtiers of the "New Rome" on the shores of the Bosphorus; the people, as was usually the case in those ages, merely followed the leaders, whithersoever they were going. In Germany, the preaching of Tetzel and the "*Gravamina*" counted far less, as causes, than the personal waywardness and recklessness of character of Martin Luther, and the political ambition and the inordinate greed of princes and barons. In England, who will say that Henry, obeyed by a servile and self-seeking Parliament, would ever have separated from Rome, if Catherine of Aragon had discreetly gone to her grave? Whether in Constantinople, or in Wittemberg, the Papacy showed itself patient and long-suffering; excommunication was pronounced only when its authority had met with stern defiance, and its representatives had

been refused a hearing, or had suffered open contumely. In England, the breach under Henry was consummated only when Parliament had declared that the Bishop of Rome had no longer any authority in the realm, that all the rights and privileges heretofore claimed by him in spirituals as well as in temporals vested in the King and his successors. Not for twelve years after the Elizabethan Settlement by Act of Parliament did Pius V issue his Bull of excommunication.

Separations took place and went their course. But the Papacy remained. With it were bishops, priests and people, who clung to the "rock"; and these, with the Papacy, constituted the Church. Professor Briggs would have us believe that since the separation, first in the Orient, and, later, in the Occident, the life and the activities of the Church were so impaired that its right to act in a corporate capacity ceased, that it could no longer hold an Œcumenical Council. He writes: "The Roman Catholic Church, after the separation of the Orient, continued to hold Œcumenical Councils down to the present time—twenty-two in all; but, inasmuch as these Councils were limited to bishops, doctors and heads of orders in subjection to Rome, and excluded, especially since the Protestant Reformation, the majority of Christian and Orthodox Churches, they are not regarded as œcumenical, except by the Roman Catholic Church itself." A strange doctrine this—that Christ should have so constructed His Church that during centuries it could, by any manner of means, be reduced to practical lifelessness, unable to perform its chief function, that of teacher and definer of truth, through its chief Pontiff, whether alone or in conjunction with his fellow bishops in Œcumenical Council. A strange doctrine this—that lifelessness in the Church becomes at once a fact, so soon as a number of its ministers or its people cut themselves away from it, for whatsoever cause, to set themselves up into separate and independent jurisdictions. No; Christ made His Church to live and to work in every age, and naught will happen from conscious or unconscious interference on the part of any body of men, be they of the people or of the priesthood, or of the episcopate itself. "Where Peter is, there is the Church." Peter is the head; those with him are the members; and, thus constituted, the Church lives on and works. So was it in all ages. From the beginning there were schisms and heresies. Did those schisms and

heresies suspend the life and activity of the Church? Were heretics and schismatics, with or without bishops, ever represented in early Councils, œcumenical or provincial, after they had formally withdrawn from the Church? Were Nestorian bishops admitted to Chalcedon? So soon as Theodoret, Bishop of Cyrus, once a partisan of Nestorius, made his appearance, the Fathers of Chalcedon cried out that the Canons of the Church forbade the admission of a heretic to the Council; and only when he had made clear his acceptance of the decrees of Nicæa was he permitted to take a seat. Did Donatist bishops sit with Augustine in African episcopal gatherings? Once in open schism, Christians of all degrees, priests or bishops, are outside the Church, take no part in its corporate life, retain no right to invalidate its normal action. And so Tridentine and Vatican Councils, convened since the Protestant Reformation, are as truly œcumenical as were, long before the Reformation, the Councils of Nicæa, Ephesus and Chalcedon; and Professor Briggs, by virtue of his appeal to Scripture and early tradition, is bound to accept all Councils, however many they may be, that the Papacy accepts. With best will on its part, the Papacy cannot exempt him from this obligation without annihilation of its own life.

I now come to points where agreement is easier between the Professor and myself—my task being, in the main, the removal of misconceptions into which he has fallen regarding "the Papacy" —what he persists in calling the "real Papacy," the Papacy of recent and present times.

"The claims of the Papacy to jurisdiction in civil affairs and to dominion over civic governments"—to those the Professor will not listen. To such claims, fortunately, he is not asked to listen. No claims of the kind are made; the Papacy has no right to make such claims, and does not dream of making them. The two spheres, the temporal and the spiritual, are distinct from each other. In its sphere, the civic government is as independent as is the Papacy in its own. Of course, there may be times when the civic government violates the laws of good morals or of religion, and the Papacy must raise its voice in protest. This, however, is not an encroachment upon the civil or temporal sphere: the Papacy remains within the range of the spiritual, performing one of its direct and immediate duties. Perhaps the Professor has in mind the days of Gregory VII, Alexander III, Innocent

III, when a united Christendom saw in the reigning Pope the Supreme Arbiter of peoples and of monarchs, and willingly invoked his intervention, all the more readily that often, in those days, as the Professor himself admits, naught else than Papal intervention was able to arrest direst evils "threatening humanity and even Christianity itself." But those days are past: other international laws and customs hold sway: the Papacy puts forth no claim over civic affairs or civic rulers.

The Professor objects to a Papal domain in the former states of the Church and the City of Rome, "as impracticable and of no real importance." I am sure Pius X entertains no thought of, no wish for, a Papal domain, such as was once possessed by his predecessors. Very much less will satisfy him. The extent of his claim does not go beyond what the Professor is willing to grant. I quote with unlimited approval the Professor's words: "The Papacy must have a territory in which it may carry on the government of the Church throughout the world outside the jurisdiction of any particular civil government. But a very limited territory, such as the American District of Columbia, would be amply sufficient for that purpose." This, and nothing more, is desired by the reigning Pontiff.

The Professor objects to the claim of the Papacy to determine questions of civil government for Roman Catholic citizens, and, as instances, he refers to Catholic parties in Germany "for the maintenance of so-called Catholic principles," and to the recent Papal action in France relating to the tenure of Church property. My answer is: If purely civil matters are in issue, the Pope has no right whatsoever to give directions to Catholics. Catholics would resent directions of this kind. I think, however, that the Professor will admit that the question changes when issues under consideration are such as to appeal to the religious conscience and to demand solution in the light of religious principles. The issue then would appertain to the spiritual order. Who should refuse to the Chieftain of the Church the right to define what such principles mean, and how they are to be applied? The question under discussion in the great battle-days of the "Centrum" in Germany was the inherent right of the Church to the appointment, according to its own rules and requirements, of its bishops and priests: was not this strictly a matter of religion? In France, the controversy turns on the question whether Church

property shall be held under control of the hierarchy or under that of bodies independent of that control. Is not this, again, a religious question? It is true, as a general proposition, that questions of right to property and of tenure of property fall within the competency of the state. But, underneath this competency, there are always the natural rights of the citizen, which the state dares not overlook; and, among those rights, there is that primary right, freedom of religion. Now, the practice of the Catholic religion calls for temples, for temples under the control of the hierarchy. To refuse to the Church the control of its temples violates the natural rights of every professing Catholic, as it violates the principle of religious liberty of which the Government of France makes loud proclamation. "You are free in this land," the Government says to the Church. "Very well," replies the Church through its authorized spokesman, the Pope; "allow me what is essential to my freedom, temples under my control, subject only to such regulations by the state as are conducive to the public weal, and are required in the name of public order." Monsieur Briand, at the present date, concedes to the Church the right to speak in this manner in the name of religious freedom. Professor Briggs should not be more punctilious in defence of the state in France than its own imperious Minister of Public Worship. By the way, while we are touching upon the French question, is not Professor Briggs at sea regarding the rupture of the Concordat? He writes: "The Pope himself violated the Concordat with France by summoning two French bishops to Rome in spite of the prohibition of the French Government." Where, I ask, in the Concordat is there a denial to the Pope of the right to summon to Rome bishops without the consent of the Government? The Professor, evidently, confounds with the Concordat, to which the Papacy was obligated, the "*Articles Organiques*" of Napoleon, which the Papacy repudiated from the moment of their enactment.

"The claims of the Papacy to determine questions of science and philosophy, of sociology and economics" are, in the Professor's mind, serious obstacles to his journeying towards Rome. But the Papacy claims no right, possesses no right, to determine questions of science and philosophy, of sociology and economics. The realm of the Papacy is faith and morals—that much, and nothing more. The situation changes, of course, when specula-

are the Dioceses and the Provinces, where greatest latitude is given to local action, as local interest may require. The organization of the Catholic Church is much as that of the American Republic, with its national and its State governments. However, an occasional Œcumenical Council is profitable; and perhaps the Professor may see one during his lifetime. Meanwhile, it is unfair to say of the Papacy that its reluctance to convoke frequently Œcumenical Councils arises from its wish that no check be put upon its will. There is no warrant whatever for such an accusation.

That the Cardinalate should be more wide-spread over the world; that among Cardinals resident in Rome and forming the Pope's immediate cabinet there might be, with advantage to the general Church, fewer Italians and more foreigners; that, conditions changing with the modern world, the Catholicity of the Church might be more emphasized than it is at present in its central seat of government—on this score the Professor is most free to think as he likes, to urge, as he chooses, his views upon the Papacy. However, he must agree with me that time is needed before changes from existing policies can be prudently made, all the more so that those policies are of ancient date, and had in the past, as they may have in the present, good reasons in their favor.

That the Pope need not, always and ever, be an Italian—of course not; many Popes in the past were not Italians. One who is not an Italian may in the not distant future be enthroned in the Vatican. For my part, however, I do not easily see that, in these days of international jealousies and fears, such a happening would be an omen of greater international peace than the Church now enjoys. It is wisdom, perhaps, to leave things as they are. Nor does the Pope, ever and always, need to reside in Rome. The Popes, for a long time, resided in Avignon. Yet who does not see that Rome, the Capital of Christendom from earliest ages, the city of the martyrdom of Peter and Paul, the central seat of Papal memories and glories for nineteen centuries, is the native home of the Papacy through the will of Providence, no less than through the will of the Church? To what city, other than Rome, would the Catholics of the world bid the Pope to go? Not to Paris, not to Berlin, not to London, not even to Washington. Rome is the city of the Catholic heart and of the Catholic faith:

be it ever the city of the Popes! And if a resident of Rome, why should the Pope not be the Bishop of Rome, as well as Bishop Universal? Is not the national government fittingly the sole civil government in Washington? So the Pope is, most fittingly, the sole episcopal authority in Rome.

Is the Papacy an obstacle to the reunion of Christendom? Is there sufficient justification for Professor Briggs, holding, as he does, as he must, in loyalty to Scripture and tradition, to an "ideal Papacy," to remain aloof from the "real Papacy"? There is none. The "real Papacy," in all its principles, is the Papacy of Scripture and tradition, the "ideal Papacy"; and seen in action, yesterday and to-day, stripped of clouds gathered over its brow by prejudice and misconception, it looms up in Christendom still the "ideal Papacy," so far as the ideal can be realized through human elements. Christ did not, in instituting it, promise to manifest Himself in its every word, in its every measure. He appointed men to be His Vicars; and while, in the interest of truth, He guards their official utterances, He does not guarantee supreme wisdom in all their administrative acts. Yet, even in the human work of the Papacy, along its many centuries of life, so much wisdom is noticeable that men wonder at its grandeur, and easily confess that, through its human elements, there shines a supernatural radiance, a reflection from the divinity of its inner soul, which is Christ, the Founder of the Church.

Whatever can be done to bring about reunion, the Papacy is most willing to do. It will not change the vital principles of its being. The Professor will not, on second thought, ask it to do this. For then it were not the Papacy, as instituted by Christ; and the Professor, assuredly, covets none other. The Papacy must maintain that primacy means supremacy, since supremacy was the Lord's appointment; it must maintain that the Pope cannot reduce himself to be merely the Executive Head of the Church, since he is from Christ the Supreme Ruler; it cannot in its Councils put on the same level priests and bishops, however validly ordained, who persist in schism, though it may invite them to argument and explanation, as Leo invited the Orientals to the Vatican Council, as Clement VII and Paul III invited the Lutherans of Germany to the Tridentine; it cannot repudiate as non-œcumenical those Councils which were held since the Greek Schism, or the Protestant "Reformation"—these Councils were

valid Councils of the Church; the Church, after the separation as before, lived with fulness of power and authority, with rights unimpaired. Nor is the dream, apparently the most dear to the Professor, to be realized—that a Constitution be framed defining and limiting the authority of the Papacy, adjoining to it with independent powers a representative Council of Bishops to whom should belong all legislative functions, and another body, equally independent, that should take to itself judicial functions. Christ, once for all, gave a Constitution to the Papacy—that it be supreme; the Constitution given by Christ no Pope, no body of Bishops can alter. Counsellors the Pope will gather around him; vicars and delegates he will have, to divide with him the labor of his office; but the Supreme Master, in last resort, he will ever remain.

Claims of the Papacy to be what Christ made it will not be an obstacle to reunion for those who sincerely seek to know the Papacy, as Christ established it. Other obstacles, enumerated by the Professor, have no existence in fact, or, at best, refer to trifling questions of mere human expediency, to which no serious mind will pay attention when the great duty is remembered to withdraw from schism and seek shelter within the fold where the Master's prayer is fulfilled, that "they be one"—"one fold and one shepherd."

JOHN IRELAND.

HUMOR: ITS KINSFOLK AND ACQUAINTANCE.

BY CHAUNCEY B. BREWSTER.

In the "Spectator" Addison describes the god of wit, "who bore several quivers on his shoulders, and grasped several arrows in his hand," and who marched on the right hand of the goddess of truth. Thus he pictures together wit and truth. A closer friend of truth is humor, whereof Addison here says naught, but which is often associated with wit. Wit and humor seem like near neighbors. Indeed, the two are akin. Time was when wit was wont to look down on humor as a homely, shabby sister quite unfit for fine company. But this despised Cinderella at last got her own footing and the slipper that fitted only her, and has been coming to her own. There is a kinship, and it lies in the sense of the incongruous. Wit makes connection with the discrepant or contrary so as to get an electric shock of surprise; while the sphere of humor also is found in the contradictions, misfits, things queerly crooked or awry, the oddities and illusions confronting one.

Wit and humor are by no means, however, one and the same, or even twins closely resembling each other. There is plainly a distinction to be recognized between them. The distinction between the two is suggested by the etymology of the words. Wit—compare "to wit," German *wissen* — is the intellect at play. John Locke, in his chapter treating "Of Discerning and other Operations of the Mind," speaks of "Wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas." The word "humor," originally signifying a moisture or fluid of the body, is applied to a temper or disposition of the soul. It means juice or juiciness of nature. In wit the intellectual predominates: in humor, the moral. Wit implies a penetrating perception that sees into a thing: humor, a sympathy that feels with one. Wit aims its shaft at an object: humor smiles and

laughs with one. Wit lies more in verbal collocation: humor rather in the atmosphere or the spirit. Brevity is the soul of wit; the quality of humor is a slow and leisurely play. Wit produces the sparkling gem: humor discloses the vein of gold. Wit coruscates in quick flashes that electrify like mimic lightning: humor, like the sunshine, bathes things in its radiance. In wit is more of instantaneous illumination; but more of warmth and glow in humor.

The humorous is sometimes mistaken for mere facetiousness and is made equivalent to "funny." But it is a degenerate humor which is merely comic. It loses the name of humor if it be witless; yet it is more than wit. George Eliot defined wit as "reasoning raised to the highest power." Humor is not in so close relations with the understanding. It has not even a bowing acquaintance with logic, which it usually is either at variance with or utterly ignores, and is likely to be quite illogical. One of our College Presidents, when in Rome, desiring to see a particular function at St. Peter's, at the door was informed that a special card of admission was necessary. "But surely," said he, "I am entitled to admission." "Why so?" "Because of my name." "What is your name, sir?" "My name is Luther." The reply struck the fancy of the official, proved an open sesame, and procured one of the highest seats.

Not only will humor not be found to be a tenant of the premises of logic, but often, like an unlooked-for apparition, it rises from the nether region of the subconscious. Many, I dare say, can vaguely recall the strangely incongruous situations and the whimsical suggestions of dreams. The absence of rational self-governance may release humor. For example, it is sometimes in intoxication set free to play and run riot. Of Scotch humor Sydney Smith said that there was needed a little operating to let it out, and he knew of no instrument so effectual for the purpose as the corkscrew. Its effectiveness is not confined to the Scotch. A very dignified friend of mine met the son of an old family servant. The fellow was happy through strong drink and said: "Mr. ——, I never can quite remember whether it was my mother that worked for your mother or your mother that worked for my mother." He felt an exhilarating sense of a common humanity lifting him quite above any social distinctions or barriers. Holding no intercourse with logic, humor is more

likely to be found in the company of fancy and imagination. It is a not distant relative of theirs, being itself more constructive and creative than wit and not practised in the latter's keen, cutting analysis.

While wit must have its point, humor is usually without sharp point or edge. Wit may sting with the bite of scorn, the venom of malignance. Humor is characteristically genial and humane. In humanity it finds an habitual associate, and, if true to itself, fails not to manifest some feeling and regard for what is human. Wit may forge weapons of irony and satire. But, if the satire be kindly, then wit passes into humor because of the human touch, even although that human touch be only light and superficial. An instance is the well-known interview when William Penn stood before Charles II. If that monarch, according to Lord Rochester's epigram,

> "Never said a foolish thing
> And never did a wise one,"

he sometimes acted by a happy inspiration. Penn, as a Quaker, kept his hat on in the royal presence, whereupon Charles took off his own. "Friend Charles," said Penn, "why dost thou not keep on thy hat?" "'Tis the custom of this place," replied the king, "for only one person to remain covered." There, I take it, was the spirit of fun passing into a phase of whimsical sympathy that, while asserting distinctions, let the Quaker keep his hat on.

Humor means far more than the laughter of a fool or at one. It goes often hand in hand with compassion. It is always sane and clear-eyed, and none the less so for its kindly smile and thrill of sympathy as it contemplates the follies, foibles, and faults of men. In the sympathy lies its kinship and acquaintance with pathos. But it is the sanity, the clear-sightedness, of humor that keeps the pathos from degenerating into bathos or anything that could be described as maudlin. Humor is on the best of terms with sentiment, so long as it is true and healthy. When, however, feelings have passed from their natural spontaneousness into a secondary stage where they have become self-conscious, are called out for drill and marshalled for parade, then sentiment has degenerated into sentimentality. Genuine humor is too loyal a friend of truth to have anything to do with such artificiality or to associate with sentimentality. At once it

is suspicious and becomes shy and reserved. Take, in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," the familiar episode of the dead donkey and the mourner's weeping and wailing: "It was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him." Alas, poor Yorick! a fellow of infinite jest, but undeniably a sentimentalist and, by that same token, not a genuine humorist. Was it not the verdict of such a judge as Thackeray: "a great jester, not a great humorist"?

Genuine humor shrinks with holy horror from anything that is morbid, shunning its infection, seeking escape out-of-doors into the fresh air and sunshine of mirth. Thus humor may find its refuge in jest and jollity even over human frailty. "Pat!" said the priest, "how's this? You've been drunk again? Don't you remember the pledge you signed?" "Yes, your rivirince! But, sure, all signs fail in dry times!" There is not exactly the note of Lamb's "Confessions of a Drunkard"! Yet with the Irish often the smiles are not far from the tears; and it is the very sensitiveness to the pathetic that is the key to much of their rich humor. Hard by, one feels the presence of the sad and the tragic. Nor, indeed, in this are the Irish alone or exceptional. Although loathing the morbid, humor is fond of the mood of thoughtfulness that is not blind to the contradictions and defeats and failures of life, nor deaf to "the still, sad music of humanity," nor insensible of

> . . . "the burden of the mystery,
> Of all this unintelligible world."

It is evident humor requires and implies a certain detachment of mind, not to take the episode in such wise as to be lost in it, but to be sufficiently aloof to view the particular matter, not by itself alone, but in relation to a larger whole. That humorist, Touchstone, after summing up the pros and cons of shepherd life, says: "Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?" Genuine humor *is*, consciously or unconsciously, philosophic. Thus its close companion is a thoughtful seriousness, although this companion is not recognized by the many to whom humor is known as mere levity. By such people, it is in proportion as one is dull that he is taken seriously. Mark Twain has lamented to friends "that his reputation as a humorist had stood in the way of people's believing that he ever meant what he said." It was Thackeray's grave assertion that the humorous writer "takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak."

Where there is genuine humor, moral earnestness is not far away. As an illustration take a soliloquy in Macbeth. It is the murder scene. Upon that false, unnatural dreamland of cruel crime breaks in an interrupting summons from God's world of reality, in the knocking heard. It rouses the porter, who shambles in, half awake, half dreaming he is porter of hell-gate. "Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in time: . . . here you'll sweat for't.—Knock, knock! Who's there, i' the other devil's name? . . . Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out a French hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.—Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." The dreamy, drowsy whim of hell's gate, in juxtaposition with hellish murder, may illustrate humor with a background of most serious reality.

Or take again, near the end of Cymbeline, the humor of the gaoler summoning Posthumus to be hanged: "Look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go." "Yes, indeed do I, fellow." "Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; for, jump the after-inquiry on your own peril, and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one." Or recall the story of Falstaff's last hours told by Mrs. Quickly: "Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. . . . for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way: for his nose was sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields." "*How now,* Sir John? quoth I: *What, man! be of good cheer.* So 'a cried out: *God, God, God!* three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God: I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." What a picture! That kindly, commonplace comforter of poor frail humanity standing out against, as in a Rembrandt etching, the shadow of death!

Indeed, behind true humor, howsoever dimly discerned and undefined, is some kind of philosophy of life. Its assumptions may be optimistic or at least melioristic. If so, the humor will be perhaps reverent to observe "some soul of goodness in things evil," at any rate, cheerful, and, it may be, even tenderly sympathetic. The assumptions of this latent philosophy may, on the other hand, be pessimistic. Then we may see the humorist, as it were, performing on a tight-rope of wit stretched over a yawning abyss of pessimism. Certain strongly marked varieties of humor may be accounted for largely by the standpoint taken and the view of things in general. The philosophy of life may pervert the humor, which thus may become soured. A very small amount of the dregs of pessimism may act as a kind of mother to turn to vinegar the sweet and kindly juice of humor. It may in like manner be converted into very vitriol that bites and eats into the object of scorn, as did the *saeva indignatio* of Swift, mighty genius, but himself, in his minanthropy, most wretched of men.

By reason of this connection with the serious and ideal, humor may be found in the highest company, in that of poetry, for example, although its free play is often too wanton to submit to the restraint of poetic form. Then, too, the presence of humor must depend on the nature of the man gifted with the vision and the faculty divine. Dante, in his awesome journey, was too solitary,

> "Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone,"

and was too intense in his gaze upon things not of this world, to allow of the play of humor. For it, again, Milton dwelt too much apart, although some acquaintance therewith is manifested in "L'Allegro." Wordsworth took himself and his mission too seriously, not to say solemnly: his sense of humanity, moreover, was too thin and abstract, a matter of theory not of vital experience. The faintest whisper of humor, in friendly warning, would have saved him from leaving to posterity, along with some of the noblest verse in the English language, such lines as these:

> "Once more the Ass, with motion dull,
> Upon the pivot of his skull
> Turned round his long left ear."

With lofty epic or passionate lyric we might not expect to find humor associated, but rather with dramatic poetry. Not now to speak of Shakspere, take Goethe's Faust. Here is a robust

sense of humanity. In the scene "Before the City-Gate," at sight of the Sunday pleasure-seeking throng, is voiced the fellow feeling with the children of men:

"Hier bin ich Mensch, hier darf ich's sein,"
("Here I am Man,—dare Man to be").

The humor of the poem, however, is concentrated in Mephistopheles. There is a pathetic touch of tenderness in recalling to Margaret her childhood's hours in church, and her prattle of prayers:

"Halb kinderspiele
Halb Gott im Herzen,"
("Half child's play, half God in the heart").

But in Mephistopheles it is not good humor, it is the humor of evil. It frolics in reckless wantonness. In the Classical Walpurgis-Night the nudity of the antique offends his scruples:

"Doch das Antike find' ich zu lebendig,"
("But the Antique is too lifelike for me").

This might be a satire of to-day upon Anthony Comstock! It is always the humor of evil, satiric, sarcastic, and mocking, sometimes sardonic and as biting and vitriolic as Swift's. It is so because it is aloof from, and at enmity against, humanity and human life. This Margaret intuitively detects. She ungrammatically complains of Mephistopheles:

"Man sieht, dass er an nichts keinen Anteil nimmt,"
("One sees that he takes no interest in nothing").

Another type of humor we find, for example, in Burns. He is outspokenly defiant in his freedom. Yet we feel him to be "a man for a' that." If there is biting satire, there is also the sympathy, as there is the pathos, of genuine humanity.

Of practical interest is the question concerning the association of humor with will-power. It has been held to be usually not compatible with force of will nor favorable to greatness in action. Lincoln's humor is unquestioned. A recent writer finds him in respect to this characteristic an exceptional instance of a great man. Certainly Lincoln's humor did not paralyze his power of resolution. "Wrapt in a most humorous sadness," he accomplished the Emancipation. It is true the sense of humor may give us pause and sometimes hold one back from a hasty initiative. It is a sense not possessed by the typical fanatic, who

often does things he would not did he have it. It may also put a check upon any overweening selfish ambition. On the other hand, humor's kinship with sympathy means alertness to human need and elicits one's interest away from self. It might save one from that despondent moodiness which plays with fancied and fantastic ills and which threatens paralysis of will. Humor abides not self-pity and works deliverance therefrom, meeting events with a front face and going forward in company with a brave patience, smiling at grief.

Humor, as we have noted, keeps no company with fanaticism, and is none the less to be esteemed for that. She is not likely to associate with anger or jealousy or any violent or insane passion. She is a foe to excess in any direction. Her habit is to "see life steadily and see it whole," not to see double, but to see the two sides of the same thing with sane, clear-eyed vision. While she has naught to do with the pessimism that despairs, she goes not the length of an unreasonable optimism that shuts its eyes to what comes short or crooked. She is well acquainted with complacent self-satisfaction and conceit and arrogance and the sisterhood bearing the family likeness of pretentiousness, be it of purse-pride or pedantry or pedigree, but endures to be in their company only long enough to puncture the inflation and expose the sham. She takes not herself too seriously nor thinks of herself more highly than she ought to think. From the vulgarity, which means lack of simplicity and ignoble content with low standards or no standards, she has her safeguard in those standards and ideals in measurement wherewith the actual falls so incongruously short.

Humor dwells with sanity and common sense and truth. Her sisters are sympathy and humanity. Beside her walks a noble seriousness. The mentor whose influence she obeys is a veiled reverence for certain ideals. Her close companions and friends are generous tolerance and magnanimity and that divine charity which vaunteth not herself, is not puffed up, doth not behave herself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

CHAUNCEY B. BREWSTER.

FIONA MACLEOD AND HER CREATOR WILLIAM SHARP.*

BY CATHARINE A. JANVIER.

In December of the year 1894, my husband and I were living in Saint-Remy-de-Provence, an out-of-the-way little South-French town where nothing ever happened. So uneventful was the passing of time that my memory holds firm to a day when the Postmistress—the Post-office stood next door to our dwelling-place—sent word that she would be glad to see me for an affair of importance.

As I entered her office, she stepped forward and, with a smile and a little bow, handed me a registered foreign package—this was the affair of importance—and with it a foreign letter superscribed in the familiar handwriting of our long-time friend, William Sharp. The package was addressed in the script—then strange to me—of his sister, Miss Mary B. Sharp: the script that later came to be known as the handwriting of Fiona Macleod. It contained a slim green book, inviting to the eye and to the touch, belonging to the "Regent Library" series published in Derby by Frank Murray—a series with which I was familiar through "Vistas," sent to me in the preceding March by its author, William Sharp. The little pale-green book was entitled: "Pharais: A Romance of the Isles, by Fiona Macleod." Of this writer I never had heard. No inscription indicated the sender of the book. Laying it aside, I opened the letter, which had been written in South Hampstead, and bore the date of December, 1894.

After wishing a Happy Christmas to me and to my husband, Mr. Sharp continued: "Herewith I am sending to you, through

* This article embodies the substance of a paper read before the Aberdeen Branch of the Franco-Scottish Society, June 8, 1906.

my sister in Edinburgh, with whom I left it the other day, a copy of a book which has made a deep impression here. I know the author: and wish you would tell me just what you think of 'Pharais.'"

Before recording my answer, I pause and—in a somewhat personal digression—I will tell of a wandering letter bearing on "Pharais" *before* the time of Fiona Macleod.

In the spring of 1893, my husband and I left New York; and, mainly in search of health for me, we went from seashore to mountain, and again from mountain to seashore, at last returning for a while to New York: whence, in 1894, we sailed for what was expected to be a summer's stay in Europe. The summer's stay lengthened into a seven years' absence, and it was near eight years after it was written that I found and consciously read this letter. The postmarks on it show how it had followed us from place to place in America; but I have no recollection of ever seeing it, nor do I know how it found its way into a bundle of family papers sent to a storehouse for safe-keeping during our absence.

When—nine years after it was written—I showed this letter to Mr. Sharp, he was much surprised at its mention of "Pharais"; for he had as totally forgotten the writing as I had the reading—if ever I did read it—of that mislaid letter which here is quoted. It is dated St. Andrews, 12th August, 1893:

"Your letter from Narragansett has just reached me. . . . The white flowers you speak of are the moon-daisies, are they not?—what we call moon-flowers in the west of Scotland—and ox-eye daisies in England—and marguérites in France. Your description of them as seen in that nocturnal glamour is worthy of any Celtic poet from Muireadach Albannach down to Duncanban MacIntyre—a seven-centuries compliment!

"It is very strange that you should write about them to me just as I was working out a scene in a strange Celtic tale I am writing (called '*Pharais*') wherein the weird charm and terror of a night of tragic significance is brought home to the reader (or I hope so) by a stretch of dew-wet moon-flowers glimmering white through the mirk of a dusk laden with sea-mist. Though this actual scene was written a year or two ago—and one or two others of the first part of 'Pharais'—I am going to rewrite it, your letter having brought some subtle inspiration with it.

"'Pharais' is a foil to the other long story I am working at. While it is full of Celtic romance and dream and the glamour of the mysterious, the other ["Wives in Exile"] is a comedy of errors. . . . In both, at least the plot, the central action, the germinal *motif*, is original: though I for one lay little stress on extraneous originality in comparison with that inner originality which alone has the invincibility of individual life."

Quitting now the letter telling of the writing of "Pharais," I return to Saint-Remy and to the book purporting to be written by Fiona Macleod.

In my first reading of this romance of the Isles, I could not pause for critical observation, so swiftly was I carried on by a current of astonished interest. In an attentive rereading, here and there I was arrested by a familiar trick of word or phrase. When I read of Lora and of Alasdair entering the mist-veiled "sea of death-white blooms," my mind flew back to a time when *I* had seen a field of tall white flowers fading dimly into moon-rayed mist, and it came to me that once I had described those mist-veiled daisies to William Sharp. Conviction flashed into my mind: I wrote saying that, for sure, William Sharp and Fiona Macleod were one. The answer came swift:

"LONDON, *January 5th, 1895.*

"Early to-morrow morning I leave for the Isle of Wight for a fortnight. . . . I hope to send you a letter soon from the beautiful place by the sea where we are going to. It will be a letter from Fiona Macleod.

"Yes, 'Pharais' *is* mine. It is a book out of my heart, out of the core of my heart. I wrote it with the pen dipped in the very ichor of my life.

"It has reached people even more than I dreamed of as likely. . . . Ignored in some quarters, abused in others, unheeded by the 'general reader,' it has yet had a reception that has made me deeply glad. It is the beginning of my true work. Only one or two know I am Fiona Macleod. Let you and my dear T. A. J. preserve my secret. I trust you. . . . You will find more of me in 'Pharais' than in anything else I have written.

"Apropos of what you say about the 'Chant of Women,' I had a letter (or, rather, F. M. had) the other day from Wm. Yeats. He wrote for himself and for Dr. Douglas Hyde, the famous Celtic critic. They say that if the 'Chant of Women' is ancient, it is the most remarkable thing in Celtic literature: if my own, that it is 'convincing proof of rare genius.' I tell you this frankly, for I know you will be glad.*

". . . Let me add that you will find 'The Mountain Lovers' (at which

* It is with Dr. Hyde's permission that this quotation is reproduced.

I am now working when I can) more elemental still than 'Pharais,' while simpler. In the late spring an American firm is to publish a volume of six strange Celtic short stories by me (F. M.) which will be called after the first, 'The Sin-Eater.'

"Do write to me more fully about 'Pharais,' as you promise. It will help me in more ways than you know."

I wrote, and in my letter I asked why he—a man—chose to send forth good work under the signature of a woman. The answer to this question was:

"I can write out of my heart in a way I could not do as William Sharp, and indeed that I could not do if I were the woman whom Fiona Macleod is supposed to be, unless veiled in scrupulous anonymity. . . .

"This rapt sense of oneness with nature, this *cosmic ecstasy* and elation, this wayfaring along the extreme verges of the common world, all this is so wrought up with the romance of life, that I could not bring myself to expression by my outer self, insistent and tyrannical as that need is. . . . My truest self, the self who is below all other selves, and my most intimate life and joys and sufferings, thoughts, emotions and dreams, *must* find expression, yet I cannot, save in this hidden way."

And to this hidden way he adhered steadfastly until the end.

Although taken from a later letter (July, 1896), I give here this reference to the name—Fiona Macleod:

"The *name* was born naturally. Of course, I had associations with the name Macleod. Fiona's is very rare now. Most Highlanders would tell you it was extinct—even as the diminutive of Fionaghal (Flora). But it is not. It is an old Celtic name (meaning 'a fair maid') still occasionally to be found. I know a little girl, the daughter of a Highland clergyman, who is called Fiona."

In April of 1896, there had come to Saint-Remy a letter telling of the dedication of "The Washer of the Ford," and saying: "If a book can have a soul that book has one." This volume of Fiona's work should have reached Saint-Remy at Bealtaine; but it did not arrive until the 12th of May, and in its stead there came, on the 1st of May, an especially printed and bound copy of the Prologue, and a letter stating that the Prologue had been "materially improved and strengthened and largely added to."

I refer to this because a little later Mr. Sharp gave me the original draft of this Prologue, written partly with pen and partly with pencil.

For the student of Fiona Macleod it is instructive to compare draft and printed page; to note the precise choice of word, the careful ordering of phrase and placing of paragraph. This same painstaking precision is shown in some other manuscripts and corrected proof in my possession. Never was there a more careful writer than Fiona Macleod, while of her creator this cannot always be said.

In December of 1896—preceded by the announcement that he was old and gray-haired—William Sharp, superb as a young viking, burst in on us in quiet Saint-Remy.

After the excitement of the first joyous meeting was over, it was plain to see that this magnificent presence gave false promise. He was exhausted by the long strain of double work and had been ordered away from the smoke and fog of London to the sunshine of the Riviera, there to seek the rest he nowhere had found.

While with us strange moods possessed him; and, perhaps because of these, strange things happened. At times it was as though he struggled against an evil influence; was forcing back a dark tide ever threatening to overwhelm his soul. Warring presences were about him, he thought; and he believed that these must be conquered, even at the risk of life. The culminating struggle came, and through one winter night my husband watched over him as he battled against some unseen but not unfelt influence. The fight was won, the dark tide stemmed, but at great cost of vitality, his victory leaving him faint and exhausted. "Nevermore," he told us, "would he tamper with certain forces, for such tampering might mean destruction."

Now, in different mood—he was a man of many moods—he began to take great comfort in our quiet little town with its pretty old-fashioned ways. The quaint Christmas doings were a delight to him; but when Christmas was over—in pursuance of his doctor's orders, which he had disobeyed by remaining in colder Saint-Remy—he left us for the warmer Riviera, where he wandered restlessly from place to place. The opening of the new year of 1897 found him at Sainte-Maxime, where seemingly he craved help and companionship in a way foreign to his self-sufficing nature. He wrote that he felt lonely; and he ended a pelting shower of telegrams by reappearing in Saint-Remy with

the statement that he wished to be looked after and to be made much of.

During this second stay with us, he was utterly unlike the mystery-surrounded, dual-natured dreamer of his previous visit: he was William Sharp, and William Sharp in his blythest mood. Though Fiona might smile, it is impossible to imagine her as bursting into a hearty laugh; while her creator could be the gayest of companions, full of fun and frolic, displaying at times a Pucklike impishness worthy of a twelve-year-old boy. He left our town in this joyous trim, waving his blue béret from the carriage window until the train was out of sight.

Not long after the appearance of Fiona's first publications, the assertion was made by some of her critics that her books were read only in a small literary set: a possibility that to her creator —who above all sought to reach the hearts of his own people— at times was deeply depressing. In one of these seasons of discouragement, by a fortunate chance, he was cheered and heartened by a little happening in which I had a share.

In 1898, we had joined Mr. and Mrs. Sharp in Scotland. One day, in quest of some Fiona lore, Mr. Sharp and I rowed to a point of rocks jutting out into the Clyde — "Ruadh nan Eoin" he called it. As we rounded the point, we saw lying at anchor a fishing-boat painted white; and as we neared her I made out what looked like Fiona lettered on her bow. I did not think this possible, and concluded it must be Flora; but on closer view we saw plainly the unusual name, "Fiona." And then, as we came beside the supposedly empty boat, we were a little startled by the slow uprising above the rail of a man. He was a pleasant-faced fisher who readily answered all our questions.

Mr. Sharp said to him: "That's a pretty name of your boat. For sure, it's a real name?"

The man answered in a very soft, agreeable voice: "Oh yes; for sure it's a real name."

"And will it be the name of some one you know?"

"Ay, I've heard that the daughter of Mr. McLane—the minister out Iona way—is called Fiona."

"Ah then, it will be after her?"

"No, no; for sure, it wasn't after her."

"Then it will be after your wife or your sweetheart?"

"Ah, no, it only will be after a writing lady, a great Highland lady."

"Oh, a writing lady. Who will that be?"

"Well, she will be called Miss Fiona Macleod."

"Oh, then you know Miss Macleod?"

"No, but I read a story of hers in the Oban 'Times,' or in some other paper; and, after, I read one of her books about Iona —and so I just called my new boat for her. Oh, she's a great writing lady! And for that, sure, I'm a Macleod, too."

"Oh then, are you a Macleod?"

"Oh yes, my mother was a Macleod."

"Slain leibh!"

And, well content, we rowed to shore.

During the years immediately following the appearance of "Pharais," much work was produced under the signature of Fiona Macleod. In 1895, "The Mountain Lovers" and "The Sin-Eater" were published. In 1896, "The Washer of the Ford"; a romance entitled "Green Fire"; and a volume of poems: "From the Hills of Dream"—"the sacredest of all Fiona's books," wrote the author. In 1897, "The Laughter of Peterkin," some new tales and several rearrangements and reprints of old ones, came out.

While these years passed away bearing their tale of work by Fiona Macleod, William Sharp in rapid succession had brought forth books, essays, critical and other articles. So great was the amount of this double work that it disconcerted those seekers who, suspecting the identity of the two writers, would pry into the secret of Fiona's existence. Well that so it was, for the discovery would have put an end to Fiona's work. Her creator was wont to say: "Should that secret be found out, Fiona dies."

After recording this emphatic saying, I think it pertinent to mention that it is at William Sharp's request that I have kept the letters and papers which I cite. On several occasions I spoke with him concerning their ultimate disposition. The last time of speaking was on the 25th of November of 1904 in New York: when he answered decisively, after careful deliberation: "Keep all these papers. Who knows what may happen after my death? These letters and papers—should proof ever be needed—are proof positive that I am Fiona Macleod."

It was but a little more than a year after this conference that the sudden revelation of the identity of William Sharp and Fiona Macleod surprised many people; and, most of all, Fiona's numerous correspondents. Women, I take it, were not displeased to find that they had been writing to a man; but for men, I fancy, it was an unpleasant shock to discover that Fiona was one of themselves.

The revelation has given rise to much lively discussion concerning the work put forth under the two names. Many suggestions have been made as to the explanation of its double character. It has been hinted that William Sharp was one of those beings of double consciousness who live two separate lives: the one life having no remembrance of the actions performed in the other. This notion is untenable, and is disproved by the letters herein quoted. The letter of the 12th of August, 1893, shows how long "Pharais" was in the writing, and also proves that the name under which it was published was an afterthought.

In a way, Fiona was evolved gradually; and, did space permit, it would be interesting to trace in full her evolution: very easily traceable, it seems to me, through William Sharp's earlier work. Already in "The Human Inheritance" (1882) faint echoes of Fiona's voice come to listening ears. In "Earth's Voices" (1884) and again in "Romantic Ballads and Poems of Fantasy" (1886) her low tones are heard. In that *tour de force,* "The Pagan Review," she inspired several pages; while in some of the papers afterward put together in "Vistas," and in "Ecce Puella," and also here and there in the "*Sospiri di Roma,*" the touch clearly is hers.

As the years went on, the scope of Fiona's writing was greatly widened; and, toward the end of William Sharp's life, work that —to my mind—she could not have done was produced under her name. Once I called his attention to this: asking him how he could account for the extraordinary erudition of this Highland lady, and questioning how it was possible she could have so perfect a familiarity, not only with Greek and Latin writers, but also with authors scarcely known save to especial students. "You will betray," I said, "that it is William Sharp who writes." He took my remonstrance with the utmost good-humor and acknowledged the justness of it; but, so far as I have seen, he never lessened the extent of Fiona's learning.

In her early writings, Fiona made no display of this diffuse erudition. What she then published had a strong Gaelic or Celtic trend; to use her own words, it "was lighted by a Celtic torch." And all of this work differed so greatly in style from anything that William Sharp had produced that the unlikeness was pointed out in triumphant refutation of the two writers being one.

There was interest in watching, as sometimes we could do, the growth of a Fiona story. In Saint-Remy, during his visits to us there, Mr. Sharp wrote and read to us some of Fiona's work. Again, during an August our two families spent together at Southwold, he did much writing under conditions apparently adverse to poetic or mystic production.

He was fond of working in the open air; and, when the mood seized him, he would sit for hours just outside of the cottage (which had no garden in front), with people passing to and fro, calmly writing—generally with pencil—on a pad of green or of blue paper. Should one of us approach him, either a restraining hand repelled us, or he beckoned us to come near. When his writing was finished, we listened to the Fiona tale or poem or essay. We women commonly had little to say except in praise, but the two men often wrangled hotly over word or form of sentence.

It was strange how, among us—who knew of her non-existence—Fiona little by little grew to seem a real personage. This was the more so because, principally to guard against any betrayal of the secret, we and others made a point of speaking of Fiona by name. "What is Fiona doing to-day?" one of us, with unconscious gravity, would ask her maker; and with equal gravity he would tell what Fiona had in hand.

Now and then, indeed, her creator's sense of fun, and his delight in mystification, carried him far away from any gravity. In these freakish moments, he would tell to us—and, no doubt, to others—wild tales of the doings of this Highland lady: who to him was a real person; or, as it might more correctly be stated, was a real dominating influence. Yet the true Fiona mood or inspiration could not be compelled. It was a wind of the spirit that came and went as it listed. Its presence was evident, though at times its manifestation was in words which were spoken, not written, and so were lost.

As long ago as the Autumn of 1895, William Sharp wrote:

"Sometimes I am tempted to believe that I am half a woman, and so far saved as I am by the hazard of chance from what a woman can be made to suffer if one let the light of the common day illuminate the avenues and vistas of her heart."

Fancifully as this was meant, to those who knew him well there is deep insight in these words, and in others of a like sort that he uttered—almost tempting one to believe that two differing influences did impel his complex being, or as though some far-off, unknowable pointsman shunted thought from one line to another. At times the wished-for way was closed to him. Despondent, he writes in 1896: "To-day there is sad need of inspiration, perhaps F. M. is dead." But soon comes the triumphant disclaimer: "Will and Fiona are well, eager, hopeful. No, you are right: Fiona is *not* dead!" Again and again he writes of this definite Fiona mood or inspiration, and now and then discourses seriously on the possibility of a man's and a woman's soul dwelling in one body. This is debatable ground, into which I do not propose to enter. What is certain is that William Sharp had no common nature, and that those in close relationship with him now and then had glimpses of the strange workings of a strange mind.

From the beginning, he took a serious view of his poetic work. I am permitted to quote from a letter referring to the time shortly after the publication of his first volume of poems in 1882:

"You ask about our acquaintance with Willie Sharp. Yes, we knew him well in the days when we all were gay and young. . . . . He was a very nice-looking amiable young fellow whom every one liked, very earnest and with great notions of his own mission as regards Poetry, which he took *very* seriously. He used to have the saving grace of *fun* —which kept him sweet and wholesome—otherwise he might have fallen into the morbid set."

This feeling of responsibility, of having a message to deliver, he shared with many poets and imaginative writers. He felt himself to be but a transmitter, a magic wire through which nature, and perhaps a power beyond nature, were flashing a message to man's cognizance; and eventually he came to feel that certain tidings were to be delivered only in Fiona's words. From Ireland, in October, 1897, he wrote:

"I hope to be dreaming in that old castle in what the Gaels called Far Connaught. Think of me there at the extreme verge of the passing Celtic world. There I know that some spiritual tidings or summons await me."

To him spiritual tidings always were very real; and gladly, through Fiona, he gave them to the world—where they have reached receptive minds. With the passing of time the message has been more and more fully delivered. Fiona's mystical essays, her poems and her romances, gain wider and wider spread of effluence, so reaching unexpected strands.

In order to describe the characteristics of the mind of the creator of Fiona Macleod, it hardly seems necessary to recur to any mysterious or out-of-the-common explanation. A visionary trend of spirit surely is normal in one who truly felt himself to be kindred not only to "the wild beast and the wood-dove," but "to the green tree and the green grass, to the blue wave and the flowing wind, the flower of a day and the granite peak of an æon."

From childhood to boyhood, from boyhood into youth, William Sharp lived in rare communion with nature; with "Madonna Natura," whom lovingly and reverently he invoked in "Earth's Voices" published as long ago as 1884. And, in return for his love and worship, Nature departed from her reserve and taught him what seldom she teaches man; vouchsafing him glimpses of mysteries jealously shielded from human sight. Cathal of the Woods she made him: giving him clear vision of the green life; tuning his heart-strings so that they would thrill to the rapture of the wilderness, to that ecstasy of wind and wave known to so few of us. He writes of himself as one who "is really an estray here from another time and people, with a life strangely different from others, and having a close kinship with, and knowledge of certain mysteries of nature."

In youth and in young manhood romance and wild adventure sought him out in Highland and in Lowland, in the arid plains of far Australia, in lonely coral-cinctured islands and in crowded Europe. When young manhood had fled and full manhood was come, Madonna Natura plucked him away from vain delight and bade him enter the austere service of that Beauty who the master—Plato—tells us, "is not like any face or hands or bodily thing; it is not word nor thought; it is not in something else, neither living thing, nor earth nor heaven; only by itself in its own way in one form it forever is."

For a while he stood bewildered, uncertain how this service must be rendered. He looked about him until, nature-taught, he

knew. In the wane of a long past year he wrote, modestly, yet with conviction: "I stand at the verge of great things. I know it now and have dreamed overlong, and I have had so much to learn and to unlearn." Upheld by this right understanding, his way was clear before him, and it was with strong heart and steadfast purpose and consistent design that he began his new work. In his own words: "When once the Spirit of Beauty has entered into the inward life, there is no turning from that divine service, whatsoever of hard patience or long sorrow be involved." With the share of sorrow that must come with all divine service, William Sharp possessed that "certain infinite patience of the will which has a power beyond expression"; a power compelling nature to teach all things to those who know how to seek her.

Here there is neither time nor space to refer to the principal characters in Fiona's works, nor to speak of the admirable delineation of women in them. All of the women—even the wholly savage ones—are possible women, not the lay-figures so often seen in stories and romances. Her romantic heroines are fine, strong, brave creatures to whom a lover well may sing:

> "Sweet Heart, true heart, strong heart, star of my life, oh never
> For thee the lowered banner, the lost endeavour!"

But leaving aside the principal characters of Fiona's stories and romances, I fain would draw attention to the careful limning—often with but a few light strokes—of some lovable and simple women, minor personages in her work. One of these women is Anne Gillespie, who first appears in the "Dan-nan-ròn." Serenely unconscious of sinful strife; standing out against her dark background of murderous hate and cold malice, she treads her chosen way. In "Pharais"—while Lora's vain struggle against the slow advance of merciless fate is the main theme of the book—Mary Maclean redeems the piteous tragedy by her always calm, strong and tranquilly helpful presence. In her eyes was "the secret home of peace, and perhaps, deeper, the unveiled beauty of the serene and lovely soul."

In "Pharais," also, appears Ealasaid—the first of the old women so tenderly depicted by Fiona—who later, in "The Anointed Man," tells how fairy hands, reaching up through heather bloom, touched the eyes of Alison Achanna, so that ever after he saw

beauty where other eyes saw naught but ugliness. This same nature-touch gave power to Fiona to catch the gleam of a white soul through the dark smirch of sin; to perceive beyond the dreamy lives, the bitter loneliness, the bitter patience of life-weary old women, the hidden loveliness of old age. Gazing out on bleak sodden pastures of life, Fiona could cry with Alison: "Oh God, how beautiful is this lovely world!"

She shows us the gentle soul of lonely old Ealasaid, the widow of Duncan Mac Aodh, as she kneels in prayer: unknowing that her shamed death-wishers are watching the look of "pathetic yearning as it strains a white and beautiful peace from unrepining grief."

Sheen Macarthur is as a clear lamp shining through the tragic mirk of the "Sin-Eater." In her forlorn life (with no shirking of sordid detail), wet and draggled, bowed down under her burden of peat, the patient, weary, old woman comes before us. "The rain trickled down her withered brown face, over which the thin gray locks hung limply. It was only in the deep-set eyes that the flame of life still glimmered, though that dimly." To a nigh-distraught man, Sheen yields her poor bed and her poor food and —supreme sacrifice—she gives him her Sunday pipeful of tobacco, her one solace in the long weary week: "She held a burning peat to his mouth, and hungered over the thin rank smoke that curled upward."

In this the clear sight of the true seer pierces to eternal truth. Place and time are immaterial; the much-talked-of "Celtic glamour" is but an accident. Fear-chased, distraught, self-tortured minds are found elsewhere than in Celtdom, and old Sheen is in all lands.

Surely one of the loveliest of old women is the mother in "The Fisher of Men"—Sheen nic Leoid, the "grey sweetheart" of her son Alasdair; Sheen, whose white soul went forth to meet Iosa Mac Dhe in the Shadowy Glen.

The time drew near when William Sharp must pass through this same Shadowy Glen to where:

> "The moonlight of a perfect peace
> Floods heart and brain."

Mind and body had been strained to the utmost by the past years of intense mental activity, of stress of spirit and also of hard

and frequently incongenial task work. A great weariness came upon him. He craved rest, but took little of it. Toward the end, his illness became very evident; yet so wonderful was his vitality and so extraordinary his power of steady labor, that it seemed impossible that his ardent life could be quenched. If at times his buoyant nature was submerged by pain and weariness, bright hope soon rose afresh: stimulated by his healthful love of life, and still more by his love of—to use his own phrase—"art, the quintessence of life; a grave ecstasy." In August, 1891, he wrote:

"Life is so unutterably precious that I cannot but rejoice daily that I am alive: and yet I have no fear of, or even regret at the thought of death. . . . There are many things far worse than death. When it comes, it comes. But meanwhile we are alive. The death of the power to live is the only death to be dreaded."

Twelve years later, in 1903—after three days of torturing surgery—he wrote:

"You are not to worry yourself about me. I'm all right, and as cheerful as a lark—let us say as a lark with a rheumatic wheeze in its little song-box or gout in its little off-claw. . . . Anyway, I'll laugh and be glad to take life as I find it, till the End. The best prayer for me is that I may live vividly till 'Finis,' and work up to the last hour."

This prayer was granted; and his gay defiance of physical suffering, and his scorn of yielding to it, stayed with him until the end. The last word I have in his handwriting is dated the 9th of December, 1905. After briefly telling of his illness, he continues: "I hope and expect to be all right before Tuesday;" and in a letter dictated on the 11th of December—the day before he died—he added: "There is no need for anxiety, the worst is over and I soon shall be up again."

Despite this indomitable cheerfulness, he long had known how death ever lurked very near to him. But he feared death not at all. He regarded the quitting of life with a serene curiosity, looking upon it as the means of solving many problems that had puzzled him. Also, he took a grave interest in learning just how the great change would come as he passed away. In this calm view there was nothing morbid. His lifelong outlook upon death —or, rather, upon the continuance of conscious life after death—consistently continued to be that which he proclaimed in the strength of his joyous young manhood:

"Each death is but a birth, a change—
Each soul through myriad byeways strange,
Through birth and death, doth upward range."

During the passing years, William Sharp under his own name, and later—through Fiona Macleod—again and again repeated that to die is to pass into new life. In 1899, through the medium of "The Divine Adventure," he soberly, deliberately and conclusively has set forth his affirmative answer to the oft-asked question as to the existence of conscious life after death. Five years later, in "The Winged Destiny," he repeated in other words the truth so evident to him; and in a letter written but a few weeks before his death, he said to me: "To die is to pass to a fuller, deeper life."

William Sharp died on the 12th of December, 1905. On the day after his death, his wife wrote telling us of the peaceful ending of that ardent life; of the quiet going of that passionate soul, that fared forth into silence with the glad words: "All is well."

CATHARINE A. JANVIER.

THE FIRST HOUSE OF BURGESSES.

BY KATE LANGLEY BOSHER.

EACH century, as each generation, has its formative years, its periods of problems, its times for action which is not uncertain; but perhaps no year in American history is more significant in impulse or suggestive in operation than the year 1619, when the first legislative Assembly in America was held at Jamestown, Virginia.

To understand even in part what such an Assembly represented one should recall the experiences of the Colonists during the twelve years preceding it, years of unbelievable hardships, of death by fever and pestilence, by Indian treachery, by cold and starvation; years full of misrule, of cruel disregard of human life and of selfish unconcern on the part of those in authority. From even a glance over the pages of such times the marvel grows that the colony survived to tell the story of its stupendous struggle against odds too terrible to be realized to-day. Owing to a fortunate discovery by Bancroft, the historian, of certain old chronicles in the London Record Office, and by the aid of the record of the proceedings of this first legislative Assembly kept by John Pory, its Speaker, some insight is gained into the conditions existing during these first twelve years. From these documents much light has been thrown upon a period of history peculiarly powerful in purpose and far-reaching in results; and from them can be obtained some idea of the debt Democracy owes to the initial movement in that direction made by the early fathers in their efforts to secure local self-government and to inaugurate the principle of the representation of the people by the people.

In this "Briefe Declaration of the Plantation of Virginia During the first twelve years when Sir Thomas Smith was Governor

of the Companie and down to the present time by the Ancient Planters nowe remaininge alive in Virginia, 1624," we learn something of how so hazardous an undertaking as the establishment of that colony was advertised, and while in matters of material progress the London Company who organized the expeditions to America was centuries behind the present day, in clever phrasing and alluring promises, it was the peer of the most modern promoters.

"Whereas in the beginninge of Sir Thomas Smith's twelve years' government it was published in printe throughout the Kingdom of Englande that a Plantation should be settled in Virginia for the glorie of God in the propogation of the Gospell of Christ, the conversion of the Savages, to the honour of his Majesty by the enlargeinge of his territories and future enrichinge of his kingdom, for which respects many noble and well-minded persons were induced to adventure great sums of money to the advancement of soe pious and noble a work, who have from the very first been frustrate of their expectation, as we conceive, by the misgovernment of Sir Thomas Smith's aiminge at nothing more than a perticular gaine, to be raised out of the labours of such as both voluntarilie adventured themselves or were otherwise sent over at the common charge. This will clearly appeare in the examination of the first expedition and several supplies in the tyme of his government."

So reads the old chronicle, explaining in part how the colonization was first exploited, but owing to their ignorance of the true condition of affairs during these first twelve years those colonists who followed the earlier expeditions were unprepared for what awaited them; and that they did not return to England was due to conditions that prevented them rather than to any desire to remain.

Letters from these first settlers to their friends at home were also, for a while, intercepted by direction of Sir Thomas Smith, who ordered that "all men's letters should be searched at the goinge away of ships, and if in any of them were found that the estate of the Collony was declared they were presented to the Governor and the indighters of them severely punished, by which means noe man durst make any true relation to his friends of his own or the Collony's true estate, neither was it permitted any one to have pass to go home, but by force were kept heere and employed as we have saide." In 1619 relief came, however, in the return of Sir George Yeardley, bringing certain commissions and instructions from the Company,

"for the better establishing of a Commonwealth heere wherein order was taken for the removinge of all those grievances which formerly were suffered &&, and farther that free liberty was given to all men to make choice of their dividents of land, and as their abilities and means would permit to possesse and plant upon them. And that they might have a hand in the governinge of themselves it was granted that a general Assemblie should be held yearly once whereat were to be present the Governor and Councill with two Burgesses from each plantation freely to be elected by the inhabitants thereof—this Assemblie to have power to make and ordaine whatsoever laws and orders should by them be thought good and proffitable for our subsistance."

The issuance of such orders was pregnant with possibilities beyond the vision of those who created them or of those who promptly put them into execution, and they knew not that the future prosperity of the country, at whose birth they had been present, together with its hope and happiness, would be but the outgrowth of the principle of the right of the people to govern themselves, a right exercised through their chosen representatives. And in the institution of the House of Burgesses by the Jamestown Colonists this idea found expression some seventeen months before the Pilgrims set foot ashore at Plymouth and makes the year a potent one in American history.

This first legislative body of Englishmen in America was called together in the wooden church at Jamestown on the 30th of July, 1619, and as each of the eleven local constituencies, under the various designations of city, plantation and hundred, sent two representatives called Burgesses, the Assembly was called the House of Burgesses and continued to be so called from 1619 until 1776. In addition to the Burgesses proper there was also the Council, the members of which, with the Governor, constituted, together with the Burgesses, a General Assembly essentially similar to the old English county court and to the two legislative bodies of a large part of the world of to-day.

Its first meeting, as has been said, was held in the Episcopal Church, a wooden building sixty feet long and twenty-four feet wide, the session lasting from July 30th through August 4th. A green velvet chair was placed in the choir, in which the Governor sat, and on the morning in which he took his seat in it pomp and ceremony were not lacking. Accompanied by the Councillors and officers of the Colony, with a guard of Halberdiers dressed in the Governor's livery, he went in state to the

church, and behind his attendants walked the twenty-two newly elected Burgesses. It is stated that Governor Yeardley had caused the building to be "kept passing sweet and trimmed up with divers flowers," the Virginian flowers of trumpet-creeper and white honeysuckle, and clematis and sweetbriar, and swamp-roses and lilies, and here, after the Governor and the Secretary, later appointed Speaker, and the Clerk and Sergeant, together with the Council of Estate and the Burgesses had been properly arranged, prayer was said by Mr. Burke, after which every man "took the oath of Supremacy and then entered the Assembly."

The personnel of this body is not without interest. In a valuable paper prepared some time ago for the Virginian Historical Society by Mr. William Wirt Henry, of Virginia, he tells us something of those who composed it, and it is interesting to note that as a rule the character of its members justified their assumption of official duties, and that they played well their part is evidenced by the permanent hold their principles took upon the future political life of the nation.

Of those who took part in the deliberations of this body was, first, the Governor, Sir George Yeardley, the cousin to the step-father of John Harvard, the founder of Harvard College; while among the Councillors were Captain Francis West, the son of Sir Thomas West, the second Lord De La Warr, a direct descendant of William the Conqueror; Captain Nathaniel Powell, a man of culture who kept an account of occurrences in the Colony which were freely used by Captain Smith in his "History of Virginia"; John Rolfe who married the Princess Pocahontas; the Rev. William Wickham, a man of prominent family who added the dignity of the clergy to the Assembly; Captain Samuel Maycock, a Cambridge scholar and a gentleman of "birth, virtue and industry"; John Pory, Secretary of the Colony, who sat as its Speaker, also an accomplished scholar and great traveller. Educated at Cambridge, he had served in Parliament and was able to give order to their proceedings; while John Twine, Clerk and Thomas Pierce, Sergeant, are names well known to students of English jurisprudence, each being actors in a famous litigation suit.

Among the Burgesses were Captain William Powell and Ensign William Spence, sitting for James City, while the representatives of Charles City were Samuel Sharp and Samuel Jordon.

Thomas Dowse and John Polentine represented the City of Henricus, located at what is now Dutch Gap, and for Kiccowtan, afterwards called Hampton, Captain William Tucker and William Capps sat, the one a merchant and trader, the other an ancient planter. From Smythe's Hundred came Captain Thomas Graves, and Mr. Walter Shelly, concerning whom a brief entry was made in the Journal to the effect "that on Sunday, August 1st, Mr. Shelly, one of the Burgesses deceased."

The representatives for Martin's Hundred were John Boys and John Jackson, while Captain Pawlett and Mr. Gourgaing represented Argall's Guifte. (In 1637 Captain Pawlett owned Westover, which he left to his brother, Lord Pawlett.) Flower dieu Hundred was represented by Ensign Rosingham, a nephew of the Governor, and Mr. Jefferson, with whom Thomas Jefferson claimed relationship. Captain Christopher Lawne and Ensign Washer represented Captain Lawne's Plantation, afterwards known as the Isle of Wight Plantation, while Captain Warde's Plantation, only commenced in 1618, was represented by Captain Warde and Lieutenant Gibbs. Thomas Davis and Robert Stacy, who had been sent from Captain John Martin's Plantation, were excluded from the Assembly. The Rev. Richard Bucke, the officiating minister, was educated at Oxford and was a learned and able divine, a great friend of John Rolfe, whose marriage ceremony to the Princess Pocahontas he performed.

From the above list it can be seen that this first legislative Assembly was small in number, but its purposes were large and uncompromising, and though after a session of only five days it adjourned, "Being constrained by the intemperature of the weather and the falling sick of diverse of the Burgesses to break up so abruptly—before they had so much as putt their lawes to engrossing—this they wholly committed to the fidelity of their Speaker," they nevertheless in those five days accomplished much.

Just conceptions of their right as a new Assembly were recognized promptly, and in the exercise of them they excluded the delegates sent from Captain John Martin's Plantation because by the provisions of his patent he appeared to be exempt from the general form of government which had been given the Colony.

The roll thus having been purged, the Assembly proceeded to business, and among its acts are many that indicate its temper and character. Various petitions were ordered sent to the Virginia

Company in London, petitions wisely framed in view of the needs of the Colony, among them being one that "towards the erecting of the university and college they shall sende when they shall think it most convenient workmen of all sortes fit for that purpose," thus showing their desire to establish at once an institution where the youth of the Colony could be properly educated.

After discussion of the great "Charter of Lawes, Orders and Privileges" had been concluded, "debating of such instructions given by the Counsell in Englande to several Governor's as might be converted into lawes" was next entered into with the result that the value of tobacco, to be taken either for commodities or for bills, was fixed. Laws were passed against drunkenness and excess in apparel, and also concerning intercourse with the Indians, and relative to educating and Christianizing them; laws relating to the planting of mulberry-trees, silk-flax, hemp and grape-vines; to the regulation of contracts with tradespeople, tenants and servants, and to many other things. Ministers were required to conduct worship according to the laws and orders of the Church of England, and to catechize every Sunday afternoon those not yet ripe to come to the communion. All persons were required to attend divine service on the Sabbath day, the men to come with their firearms, and every male above sixteen was compelled to contribute one pound of tobacco to the Speaker, Clerk and Sergeant. At the conclusion of the session several petitions were offered to the London Company, the last two of which are in the following words:

"Thirdly, the General Assembly doth humbly beseech the said Treasurer, Councill and Company that albeit it belongeth to them onely to allowe or to abrogate any lawes which we shall here make, and that it is their right so to doe, yet that it would please them not to take it in ill parte if these lawes which we have nowe brought to light do pass current and be of force till such time as we may know their farther pleasure out of Englande in, for otherwise this people (who nowe at length have gotten the raines of former servitude into their own swindge) would in short time grow so insolent as they would shake off all government and there would be noe living among them. Their last humble suite is that the said Counsell and Company would be pleased so soon as they shall find it convenient to make good their promise sett down at the conclusion of their Commission for Establishing the Counsell of Estate and the General Assembly, namely that they will give us power to allowe or disallowe of their orders of courts as his Majesty hath given them power to allowe or reject our lawes."

This last petition was most significant and full of vital possibilities, being a long step forward in the direction of local self-government; and the promise of such powers by the London Company indicates to what extent the spirit of liberty was nourished by the latter.

Compared with succeeding legislative bodies this first Assembly appears simple in organization and lacking in many of the characteristics that make modern political institutions questionable concerning their representation of the will of the many as opposed to the interests of the few, but it deserves to be memorialized as the beginning of the time when chance was given to all men to express their will concerning those who represented them in matters of government; and the nation owes a debt of gratitude for the stand Virginia took at her first Assembly, a stand which insisted clearly on the equality of her citizens before the law, a principle later inserted in her Declaration of the Bill of Rights in 1776 when she became a State.

Beyond the dream of seer or prophet the little settlement on the banks of the James has grown into the richest and most powerful nation on the earth, but its strength lies not so much in the accumulation of wealth, the development of resources, or the acquisition of learning as in the recognition of those principles to which the early fathers gave expression; and when, as a nation, she repudiates them her star will set, and death will follow where before was life.

KATE LANGLEY BOSHER.

A SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.*

BY ALFRED NOYES.

I.

He needs no crown of ours, whose golden heart
Poured out its wealth so freely in pure praise
Of others; him the imperishable bays
Crown, and on Sunium's height he sits apart:
He hears immortal greetings this great morn!
Fain would we bring, we also, all we may—
Some wayside flower of transitory bloom,
Frail tribute, only born
To greet the gladness of this April day,
Then waste on death's dark wind its faint perfume.

II.

Here, on this April day, the whole sweet Spring
Speaks through his music only, or seems to speak;
And we that hear, "with hearts uplift and weak,"
What can we less than claim him for our king?
He is here on earth, and many a hawthorn-time
Spring shall return and find him singing still;
But, ah! his heart is far beyond the years,
One with the pulsing rhyme
Of starrier heavens that work their rhythmic will
And hold the secret of all human tears.

III.

For he—the last of that immortal race
Whose music, like a robe of living light,
Reclothed each new-born age and made it bright

* Algernon Charles Swinburne, born April 5th, 1837.

As with the glory of Love's transfiguring face,
Reddened earth's roses, kindled the deep blue
Of England's radiant ever-singing sea,
Recalled the white thalassian from the foam,
Woke the dim stars anew
And triumphed in the triumph of Liberty—
We claim him; but he hath not here his home.

IV.

Not here: round him to-day the clouds divide!
We know what faces through that rose-flushed air
Now bend above him; Shelley's face is there,
And Hugo's, lit with more than kingly pride!
Replenished there with splendor, the blind eyes
Of Milton bend from heaven to meet his own:
Sappho is there, crowned with those queenlier flowers
Whose graft outgrew our skies,
His gift; Shakespeare leans earthward from his throne
With hands outstretched. He needs no crown of ours.

ALFRED NOYES.

JACKSON AND ROOSEVELT: A PARALLEL.*

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE overpowering question now confronts the American people. Shall they rule themselves, or shall they be ruled? Shall their sovereignty continue to be popular, however inadequate, or become paternal, however beneficial? Shall it be a government by the people or of the people, a government based upon principle, or a government relying upon expediency? The founders of the Republic believed they had settled this question for all time when they conceived the idea of withholding from the national Government the exercise of all functions not specifically conceded by the people and the States, and it was in conformity with that decision that Washington put aside the proffered crown—the symbol of centralized authority—and Massachusetts wrote into her organic law those memorable words:

"To the end that this may be a government of laws and not of men."

Upon that rock the fathers builded the Constitution of the United States, jealously safeguarding personal liberty, guaranteeing to life and property the protection of self-government, giving first consideration to true interpretation of written law, maintaining the rightful force of precedent and tradition, leaving the correction of temporary evils to natural remedies, reposing faith in the ability of each community to solve its own problems, and regarding no question as settled "until settled right."

The results that have ensued, even to the excessive prosperity of which happily we are now able to complain, would seem to prove the wisdom of the conclusion reached by those elder statesmen; and yet we are told by those now in executive authority that

* An address by the editor of the REVIEW delivered before the Hibernian Society of Charleston, South Carolina, on March 18, 1907.

the time has come when the great body of citizens, convinced of the essential inadequacy of that original policy to meet the requirements of new conditions, demand that the pendulum be swung back and that the Federal Government be vested with plenary power.

I.—THE TENDENCY.

Secretary Root marked the tendency, and President Roosevelt not only accepts but reaches eagerly for the responsibility. The former, in the course of his memorable declaration in New York, after noting the "gradual passing of control into the hands of the national government," and summarizing "further projects tending more and more to obliteration of State lines," frankly added:

"It may be that such control could better be exercised in particular instances by the governments of the States, but the people will have the control they need either from the States or from the national Government, and if the States fail to furnish it in due measure *sooner or later constructions of the Constitution will be found to vest the power where it will be exercised—in the national Government.*"

Constructions of the Constitution are made by the Supreme Court. The justices comprising that august tribunal, designed by the fathers to hold final authority exceeding that of either the Executive or the Congress, are named by the President. One member of the cabinet, in avowed sympathy with the "tendency" noted by the Secretary of State, has just been designated; another, it is well understood, awaits appointment as Chief Justice. A member of the great court nominated by the Chief Magistrate who voted against the contention of the Administration in a famous case was denounced as "disloyal." What are we to infer? That "constructions" of the Constitution "will be found, sooner or later," by justices of purely judicial temperament, bent solely upon correct interpretation, or by mere prejudiced puppets of the executive arm of the Government?

"It is useless," declared the Secretary of State, "for the advocate of State rights to inveigh against the supremacy of the constitutional laws of the United States." But nobody has inveighed against either the supremacy or application of "constitutional laws"; it is the adroit, avowed and almost treasonable challenge of our fundamental law that evokes condemnation. It

is also "useless," according to the Secretary of State, to inveigh "against the extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control." Against *constitutional* extension of such authority? No. It is the admittedly *unconstitutional* extension that makes for apprehension; that is, admittedly unconstitutional until "constructions" shall be "found." When, if ever, that sinister prophecy shall have come to pass, there will be no occasion to stand steadfastly for or inveigh against a Constitution that will have become as dead as the laws of Medes and Persians.

II.—THE AVOWAL OF PURPOSE.

But we are told that Secretary Root's words were not meant to convey a threat of usurpation by the Federal authority as at present constituted; that they bore no more than a friendly warning, a gentle hint to the various commonwealths to be up and doing and pass laws to conform with the policy of the Administration —or take the consequences. It is a distinction with no great difference apparent to average vision. But it was not necessary for the Secretary of State to avow intent; the President had already done so when at Harrisburg he said, in unmistakable terms:

"We need, through executive action, through legislation and through *judicial interpretation and construction of law, to increase the power of the Federal Government. If we fail thus to increase it, we show our impotence.*"

Again, he endorsed the explicit declaration:

"Whatever can be safely left to the States should be left to them, but where the interests of the Nation require action on the part of the Federal authorities, such action should not be withheld on grounds of mere abstract theory."

The Constitution having sunk to the level of "mere abstract theory," it is not surprising that the President should utterly ignore the fact that such powers as are now vested in the Federal Government were held originally by the States and were surrendered voluntarily by them for a definite purpose; and that all others were specifically reserved. In the phrase "whatever can safely be left" to them, we find a plain implication of purpose, not to ask that additional authority be delegated, after the manner provided by the Constitution, but to take it virtually by force. This is very far from being mere disregard of "abstract theory"; it is in flat violation of a solemn compact, frankly derisive of the

binding force of contractual obligations, and is based upon the false and dangerous assumption that it is the Nation, and not the States, that possesses the right to give or take away.

We have no need to inquire who is to determine when and in what respect local governments shall have failed to perform their functions properly; there is but one fount of true wisdom, but one abiding-place of relentless virtue left to this benighted land.

It is no cause of surprise, therefore, that such a ruler should telegraph to his cabinet minister:

"*I do not care in the least for the fact that such an agreement is unconstitutional.*"

True, the Constitution thus spat upon was not that of the United States, but of Cuba—an instrument which our Government had participated in framing, had expressly approved and by plain implication promised to sustain. The assertion, therefore, was not treasonable, but it does clearly indicate a frame of mind which spurns restraint of even organic law; incidentally, moreover, it was the most gratuitous and insulting utterance respecting a friendly neighbor and helpless ward that ever emanated from the lips of an American President.

III.—REPUBLICAN DISSENTERS.

In his latest fulmination at Cambridge, the President gave passing notice to the "curious revival of the doctrine of State rights," and impugned the motives of those who had raised it at this inopportune time, declaring that their real purpose was "to protect State corporate creations in predatory activities." The names of these marauders were not mentioned, but fortunately they are well known. Those most conspicuous from one branch of public service are Justices Brewer and Harlan of the Supreme Court, and Justice Brown, of Pennsylvania; from another, Senator John C. Spooner, who pronounced Secretary Root's deliverance "altogether unprecedented and full of startling suggestions, to say the least"; Senator Joseph B. Foraker, who found such "advocacy of the centralization of power" destructive of "wise constitutional limitations," and Congressman Samuel W. McCall, who denounced "the proposition to take by 'construction' powers not expressly granted by the Federal Constitution" as "only a part of the unending conflict between autocracy and liberty."

True, the ebullient young Senator from Indiana leaps to the defence of his idol with the ringing definition:

"What is the nation? It is the American people in the mass."

Chief-Justice John Marshall used the same term in another sense when he declared that "no political dreamer" would ever be "wild enough to think of breaking down the lines which separate the States, and of compounding the American people into one common mass."

Even Abraham Lincoln unwittingly invited the wrath of an impatient successor by asserting in his first inaugural:

"To maintain inviolate the rights of the States to order and control under the Constitution their own affairs by their own judgment exclusively, is essential for the preservation of that balance of power on which our institutions rest."

Nearly if not quite as happy in expression as Senator Beveridge, Governor Cummins, of Iowa, solemnly asseverated:

"I believe with Secretary Root that the failure on the part of the various commonwealths to do their full duty in bringing their legislation into harmony with existing conditions will necessarily result in the usurpation of functions by the general Government."

It may well be suspected that the incautious Governor's ears burned at about the time Secretary Root's eye lit upon the word "usurpation"—and yet it is a strong, meaningful term, and Mr. Cummins can find an excellent precedent for its use in the farewell address to the people of the United States of George Washington, now become the grandfather of his country, who said:

"If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit, which the use can at any time yield."

Yet more directly applicable to the "tendency" of the moment was Thomas Jefferson's contemplation with satisfaction of what he described as "our peculiar security in the possession of a written Constitution not made a blank paper by *construction*."

IV.—DANIEL WEBSTER, "MOLLYCODDLE."

But the worst "mollycoddle" of all was Daniel Webster. "States' rights," declared the President at Cambridge, "should be pre-

served when they mean the people's rights, but not when they mean the people's wrongs." What would the great expounder of the Constitution have said to this wily and disingenuous declaration? What *did* he say to a precisely similar and equally specious assertion, namely, that criticism of the Executive should be "subject to the restraints of truth and justice," contained in President Jackson's protest in 1837. "But, sir," he demanded, "who is to be the judge of this truth and justice? Are the people to judge for themselves, or are others to judge for them?" So, who can doubt that if living to-day Daniel Webster again would want to know, not whether, for example, the imposition of a divorce law upon South Carolina by Federal authority would be desirable, but who should be the judge of its desirability—a far-away Executive or the people themselves concerned? And who can doubt that he would continue to-day as he did continue seventy years ago with this splendid utterance:

"The first object of a free people is the preservation of their liberty; and liberty is only to be preserved by maintaining constitutional restraints and just divisions of political power. Nothing is more deceptive or more dangerous than the pretence of a desire to simplify government. The simplest governments are despotisms; the next simplest, limited monarchies; but all republics, all governments of law, must impose numerous limitations and qualifications of authority, and give many positive and many qualified rights. In other words, they must be subject to rule and regulation. This is the very essence of free political institutions. The spirit of liberty is, indeed, a bold and fearless spirit; but it is also a sharp-sighted spirit, it is a cautious, sagacious, discriminating, far-seeing intelligence; it is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. It demands checks; it seeks for guards; it insists on securities; it intrenches itself behind strong defences, and fortifies itself with all possible care against the assaults of ambition and passion. It does not trust the amiable weaknesses of human nature, and therefore it will not permit power to overstep its prescribed limits, though benevolence, good intent and patriotic purpose come along with it."

These are not the words of present-day "mollycoddles," sneeringly alluded to as bowing before the fetish of States' rights; they are the firm and everlasting declarations of the great Nationalist, whose insistence that the indestructible States had welded them-

selves into a no less indestructible Union ultimately required the arbitrament of the sword. One can almost hear that mighty voice ringing again to-night:

"I do not wish, sir, to impair the power of the President as it stands written down in the Constitution, and as great and good men have hitherto exercised it. In this, as in other respects, I am for the Constitution as it is. But I will not acquiesce in the reversal of all just ideas of government; I will not degrade the character of popular representation; I will not blindly confide, where all experience admonishes me to be jealous; I will not trust executive power, vested in the hands of a single magistrate, to be the guardian of liberty."

V.—A POSSIBLE PRESIDENT.

We may, nevertheless, admit that if Daniel Webster were now living, and could be assured of a continuance of monopoly of public virtue embodied in a single personality, he would look into the future with calm confidence. But life, however earnest, is short, and history teaches the necessity of considering succession. In the ordinary course of human events, especially in the turmoil and excitement and misapprehension of a national political contest, an error might be made and one might be chosen by the nation as its Chief Magistrate who should combine in himself qualities of profession so inconsistent with his practices as to create general distrust and constitute a real menace to the stability and permanence of our national institutions; one, for instance, who, while demanding vehemently that all should be doers and builders, himself should be the most striking exemplar of constant undoing and persistent tearing down; one who should sternly denounce all critics, though himself the most censorious of persons; one who should sneer at others for opposing radicalism instead of proposing actual reforms, while himself forced to appropriate the notions of political antagonists; one who should hold aloft the banner of idealism and simultaneously trade with those notoriously corrupt; one who, while urging the necessity of individual achievement, should encourage socialism by inviting attack upon accumulations of wealth which are the natural results of the very individual endeavors thus advocated; one who, while exacting the fullest recognition of his own official prerogatives, should not hesitate to denounce an hon-

est judge for performing his simple duty under the Constitution and the statutes; one whose sense of personal righteousness should so far overpower his sense of personal charitableness as to induce frequent denunciation of those disagreeing with him as wilful, malicious and unqualified prevaricators; one who should, while constantly railing at trusts, yet shield with the utmost care the sacred tariff, breeder of them all; one who should deplore political contributions from corporations, yet raise to the most powerful position in his government one who had sought and obtained them; one quicker than any other to castigate the beneficiaries of a violation of trust, firmer than any other in demanding restitution of diverted funds, yet painfully silent respecting the disposition of large sums of money taken from policy-holders and used to insure, not the lives of the insured, but the election of a President.

VI.—JACKSON AND ROOSEVELT—A PARALLEL.

It was a ruler such as this beyond a doubt that Webster refused to constitute the guardian of liberty—a ruler such as Jackson, whom he had in mind, and of whom, in Sumner's admirable biography, we find words well worthy of prayerful consideration at this time.

"Jackson," says his biographer, "held that his reëlection was a triumphant vindication of him in all the points in which he had been engaged in controversy with anybody, and a kind of charter to him, as representative, or, rather, tribune, of the people, to go on and govern on his own judgment over and against everybody, including Congress. His attitude towards the Supreme Court, his discontent with the Senate, his construction of his duties under the Constitution, all things, great and small, were held to be covered and passed upon by the voice of the people in his reëlection. . . . The Jeffersonian non-interference theories were now all left far behind. Jacksonian democracy was approaching already the Napoleonic type of the democratic empire, in which the elect of the nation is charged to protect the state against everybody, chiefly, however, against any constitutional organs. . . . Up to that time the Supreme Court had not failed to pursue the organic development of the Constitution, and it had, on every occasion on which it was put to the test, proved the bulwark of constitutional liberty, by the steadiness

with which it had established the interpretation of the Constitution, and checked every partial and interested effort to wrest the instrument from its true character. . . . Jackson's appointments introduced the mode of action by the Executive, through the selection of the judges, on the interpretation of the Constitution of the Supreme Court. . . . During Jackson's second term the growth of the nation in wealth and prosperity was very great. It was just because there was an immeasurable source of national life in the physical circumstances, and in the energy of the people, that the political follies and abuses could be endured."

So we perceive that there is no novelty in our present situation. In Jackson's time, as to-day, despite the excellent general conditions, there were constant manifestations of dissatisfaction and unrest, and the dispassionate historian does not hesitate to attribute them to Jackson's character and example.

"Great parties," he continues, "did not organize on the important political questions. Men were led off on some petty side-issue, or they attached themselves to a great man, with whom they hoped to come to power. One feels that there must have been a desire to say to them: No doubt the thing you have taken up as your hobby is fairly important, but why not pursue your reformatory and philanthropic work outside of politics? The truth was that nearly all the cliques wanted to reach their object by the short cut of legislation; that is, to force other people to do what they were convinced it was a wise thing to do, and a great many also wanted to make political capital out of their 'causes.'"

VII.—WEBSTER ON DANGERS OF PROSPERITY.

It was this condition of affairs, so precisely analogous to that of the present, that inspired Webster's stern denunciation of those, in places high or low, who, instead of inciting individual endeavor, feed the fires of socialism.

"There are persons," he declared, "who constantly clamor. They complain of oppression, speculation, and the pernicious influence of accumulated wealth. They cry out loudly against all banks and corporations, and all the means by which small capitals become united, in order to produce important and beneficial results. They carry on a mad hostility against all established institutions. They would choke up the fountains of industry, and dry all its streams.

"In a country of unbounded liberty, they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality, they would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more equally divided than anywhere else, they rend the air with the shouting of agrarian doctrines. In a country where the wages of labor are high beyond all parallel, they would teach the laborer that he is but an oppressed slave. Sir, what can such men want? What do they mean? They can want nothing, sir, but to enjoy the fruits of other men's labor. They can mean nothing but disturbance and disorder, the diffusion of corrupt principles, and the destruction of the moral sentiments and moral habits of society. A licentiousness of feeling and of action is sometimes produced by prosperity itself. Men cannot always resist the temptation to which they are exposed by the very abundance of the bounties of Providence, and the very happiness of their own condition."

Here we have a perfect picture of our present situation. Prosperity, aided by a President, has produced a licentiousness of feeling and action, a desire to enjoy the fruits of other men's labor and the promulgation of agrarian doctrines; complaints of oppression and of the pernicious influence of accumulated wealth have provoked hostility to established institutions, and outcries against the combining of small capitals to produce beneficial results bid fair to choke up the fountains of industry and dry all its streams. Already, as an immediate effect of a whirlwind of hostile legislation incited throughout the country by the declarations of the President and the "warnings" of the Secretary of State, capital has withdrawn its essential support, money cannot be had to provide adequate means of transportation, railway companies are called upon to make bricks without straw, and all enterprise pauses uneasily in the face of the official boast of so much "already done" and the latest threat of a further "girding up of loins to do more." Because a few have done wrong, all must suffer; just discrimination has been thrown to the winds, and the end is not in sight. The President reiterates the assertion that he is still unconvinced of the necessity of serving a third term, but authorizes the positive announcement that no "reactionary" need apply for the Republican nomination. Andrew Jackson alone of all the recent Presidents was strong enough to name his successor at the end of an administra-

tion curiously like the present one in impetuous defiance of restraint and in the ferocity of its assaults upon what Mr. Webster aptly termed the "fountains of industry." That Mr. Roosevelt is equally potent, so far at least as his own party is concerned, there can be no doubt.

VIII.—WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

What will the harvest be? Let us turn for a parallel to the pages of history recording the immediate sequence of the Jackson administration and read as follows:

"A few days after Van Buren's inauguration the country was in the throes of the worst and most wide-spread financial panic it has ever seen. The distress was fairly appalling, both in its intensity and in its universal distribution. All the banks stopped payment, and bankruptcy was universal. . . . The efforts made by Benton and the other Jacksonians to stem the tide of public feeling and direct it through the well-worn channel of suspicious fear of, and anger at, the banks, as the true authors of general wretchedness, were unavailing; the stream swelled into a torrent, and ran like a mill-race in the opposite way. . . . But a few years before the Jacksonians had appealed to a senseless public dislike of the so-called 'money power,' in order to help themselves to victory, and now they had the chagrin of seeing an only less irrational outcry raised against themselves in turn, and used to oust them from their places. The people were more than ready to listen to any one who could point out, or pretend to point out, the authors of, and the reasons for, the calamities that had befallen them. Their condition was pitiable. . . . Trade was at a complete standstill; laborers were thrown out of employment and left almost starving; farmers, merchants, mechanics, craftsmen of every sort —all alike were in the direst distress."

Such is the veracious chronicle of Theodore Roosevelt, historian, of the aftermath of an administration in all respects strikingly similar to that under which we now live—similar in methodical attacks upon property, in appeals to envy and uncharitableness, in wanton extravagance, in the domineering characteristics of the Chief Executive, in his aloofness from the conservative branch of his own party, in his determination to obtain new constructions of the Constitution from justices appointed by himself, in faith in his own ability to make the people happy, in his

assumption that he was constituted by them, not their mere executive officer, but their tribune, in his very personal popularity and power.

"The harm," adds the historian, "was largely due to causes existing throughout the civilized world, and especially to the speculative folly rife among the whole American people; but," he significantly concludes, "it is always an easy and a comfortable thing to hold others responsible for what is primarily our own fault."

Thus spake the historian. Pray God that a like evasion of responsibility may not be forced upon an historian become President!

I have drawn upon the bitter experience of the past for a parallel designed to indicate the menace of living tendencies because it is necessary to make the portrayal distinct and clear. The line I would draw lies between impulse and reason, between hasty action and sober judgment, between practice of politics and aim at statesmanship, between too great heed of expediency and too little observance of principle, between attempts to regulate human destiny, from before the cradle to after the grave, and reliance upon natural remedies and the patriotic spirit of American citizens.

IX.—THE DUTY OF THE SOUTH.

I ask only, in conclusion, if we must anticipate a repetition of history in the designation by a second Jackson of a successor pledged to the continuance of arbitrary regulation and legislation by executive commissions, or shall an earnest effort at least be made to turn back our government into the safer path hewn by the fathers of the Republic? Two years ago, in this city, I insisted that it was for the South to say, and I repeat the assertion now. No other section has remained loyal to the Democratic party; none other may in morals or precedent question its right to name the Democratic candidate and write the Democratic platform. But where will the South look for an alliance holding forth a hope of success? Will it turn to the East, whose great States proved at the latest elections that they await only an opportunity to renew their allegiance to the ancient faith, or will it turn to the West and assassinate both issue and prospects of success by pinning faith to one whose voice has become a mere whispering echo of that of the new high apostle

of radicalism, paternalism and socialism? It is easy to sneer at the failure of the latest national appeal for safety and sanity, but it is vastly more difficult to mention another candidate who, in those peculiar circumstances, would have fared better. There may be and probably is little hope of immediate success on even the certain ground that every evil complained of was born of Republican rule; but surely there is none at all without an issue,—with even the opportunity of appealing to reason, prudence, fidelity to tradition and faith in the ultimate triumph of idealism eliminated. We may at least be true, true to ourselves, true to the patriots who have died, true to those living who still insist that popular government should not and shall not "perish from the earth."

With Lincoln, then, let us stand; with Webster, too, for "liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable"; with the Supreme Court for "an indestructible Union of indestructible States"; but especially at this critical moment in our National history with John C. Calhoun for the motto graven upon the beautiful monument in your public square—"Truth, Justice and the Constitution"!

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY EDWARD PORRITT, BRANDER MATTHEWS AND OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

THE LONG OVERDUE BIOGRAPHY OF LORD DURHAM.

Two changes have come over the attitude of the governing families of England towards biography. At one time it was not unusual for the letters and papers of a departed statesman to be printed only for private circulation. But with the increasing popular interest in politics which in England dates from about 1820, and with Parliamentary life becoming less and less exclusively the occupation of one class, this practice has long since come to an end; and coincident with this change the reading world has become greatly enlarged. Even after this change there was still the tradition that political correspondence and political autobiography ought not to be published until at least a generation after the death of the authors. This delay was due to the feeling that in a biography or a volume of correspondence there might be statements calculated to hurt the susceptibilities of contemporaries still alive, or even of the sons and daughters of contemporaries. Within the last ten or fifteen years, however, this overdelicacy, which in the past long delayed the publication of many first-class political biographies, has been gradually disappearing. The biographies of Gladstone, Granville, Churchill and Argyll, to go no farther back than 1903, are proofs of this new attitude towards the publication of political correspondence and biography, and of the feeling that for statesmen of achievement it is best for their reputation and of advantage to political history that as little delay as possible should attend the publication of letters that are of really national importance.

The fame of the first Earl of Durham, and also of Earl Grey, the Premier of the Cabinet of 1830-34, of which Durham was so

outstanding a member, has suffered from the older attitude towards political biography; for, although Durham died in 1840, there was no adequate biography of him until Mr. Stuart Reid's "Life and Letters"* appeared; and even yet, although Earl Grey died in 1845, a full and authentic biography—a biography based on letters and private papers—is still lacking. The long delay in the publication of the memoirs of these statesmen is remarkable in the light of the advantage of the newer policy as regards biography; for Grey was Premier of the most epoch-making administration of the nineteenth century. The only administration which in this respect can be compared with that of 1830-34—that of the great Reform Act of 1832—is the Gladstone Administration of 1885-6, which launched England into the Home-Rule controversy; and of this historic administration of 1830-34, of which Grey was Premier, Durham was a member; and on him fell much of the work of drafting the great measure for which the Administration is famous.

The long-delayed "Life and Letters of Lord Durham" must at once be ranked among the great biographies of English statesmen of the nineteenth century. It is of the class to which Parker's "Peel," and Morley's "Gladstone" belong. As a literary achievement its place is alongside the "Life of Peel" rather than alongside Morley's "Life of Gladstone," for it has little of the painstaking care and insight in the sketching of the background of Durham's political activities either in England or Canada that characterize Morley's framework for the varied and long-extended political activities of Gladstone. It must take rank with the great biographies of English statesmen chiefly because of the letters and memoranda which it embodies. It is these which are of importance to students of English political history; especially to those who are interested in the era of reform, which began with the downfall of Wellington's ministry in 1829, and lasted until 1835. The biography appeals also to students of British colonial development; for the era of responsible government in the larger colonies—representative and responsible government such as exists in the Dominion of Canada to-day—began as the result of Durham's mission to Canada at the time of the Rebellion in 1837

* "Life and Letters of the First Earl of Durham (1792–1840)." By Stuart J. Reid. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Company.

in Upper and Lower Canada, now the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

Durham's Parliamentary and political life extended only from 1813 to 1840. He was of only one Cabinet; and in that held the comparatively unimportant office of Lord Privy Seal. Yet no statesman—certainly no member of the House of Lords—more influenced English Liberalism in its formative period than Durham; while as regards the colonial policy of Great Britain, Durham inaugurated a new era. He went to Canada at a crisis in its history as critical as that which confronted Lord Milner when he went to South Africa in 1897; and as a result there began the era which has witnessed the development of self-government in the larger colonies in North America, Australasia and South Africa, and the rallying of the colonies to the support of Great Britain at the time of the Boer War.

By birth and traditions Durham was a Whig. His traditions and his political and social environment were such that it would not have been surprising had he remained a Whig to the end of the chapter. But his traditions and environment did not hold him to Whiggism; for he was one of the few Whigs who developed into Liberals without reservation or qualification. As John George Lambton he was of the House of Commons—knight of the shire for Durham, where his ancestral possessions and his great collieries lay—until 1828. Then he was created a peer at the instance of Canning. A peerage might have been expected to subdue the Liberalism of Durham. A peerage does subdue the political enthusiasm of most men, especially when as commoners they have been associated with the Liberal party; and at this period—1828-40—such a change would have been characteristic of a Whig; for of the two great parties in English politics in the first forty years of the nineteenth century the Whigs were most jealous of what they described as "their order," and were ever on guard to retain for the Whig oligarchy, as long as was practicable, the political privileges which the Whigs had regarded as peculiarly theirs from as far back as the Revolution of 1688.

No such change came over Durham. His Liberalism was abiding. It was as much to him as his religious faith. With his record as an advocate of reform; with his high standing in Parliament and in the country; and with his close connection with Lord Grey, whose son-in-law he was, it was inevitable that Durham

should be of the Whig Administration which Grey formed after the last of the long series of Tory Ministries in 1829. Except for Durham, the Grey Administration was typically and exclusively Whig. Eleven out of the thirteen Cabinet Ministers were peers or held courtesy titles as heirs of peers. Durham was the only member who could be described as a Liberal; and when the controversies over the Reform Bill were being waged inside the Cabinet, most of the Ministers must have wished that some such mission as that which kept Durham in St. Petersburg from 1835 to 1837, had been found for the exponent of Liberalism at the time Grey was organizing the administration of 1830 to 1834. Excepting for Durham and Lord John Russell there was no enthusiasm for reform among the members of Grey's Cabinet. Enthusiasm for any change in the direction of democracy was never characteristic of the Whigs; and, although the Administration had come into power after Wellington's political downfall, pledged to Parliamentary Reform, the disposition of the Grey Cabinet was to concede just as little as would implement their pledges, and preserve an appearance of consistency for those Whig leaders who had long been associated with the Reform movement.

Durham had no sympathy with this attitude towards the question. He wanted a Parliamentary franchise practically as wide as exists to-day in Great Britain. His aim was to bring every man within the constitution; to give him a part in its working; and also by embodying the principle of the ballot in the Reform Bill to protect him in the exercise of the Parliamentary franchise. He could not carry the Whigs with him in either of these aims; and he did not live to see either of them accomplished; for it was 1872 before the Ballot Act was placed on the Statute-Book; and it was not until the Reform and Redistribution Acts of 1884-5 that the Parliamentary franchise was made as wide as Durham desired when he was of the Committee of the Cabinet which drafted the Reform Bill—a committee of which his colleagues were Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham and Lord Duncannon. Still, while Durham failed in these two points, he was preeminently the fighting member of the Administration as regards Parliamentary Reform. Once in the struggle, to Durham retreat was impossible; and it was Durham who insisted, in the last great crisis of the Bill, that Grey should advise William IV to create

a sufficient number of peers to ensure that the Bill should not for the second time be thrown out by the House of Lords. Reluctantly Grey took this extreme step. It was not necessary to create peers; but the fact that the King had committed himself to their creation, if it should be expedient, saved the Bill.

After the Reform Act had been carried Durham's Liberalism, unlike that of Lord John Russell and of most members of the Grey Cabinet, did not undergo any cooling process. The Whig leaders would have liked to close the era with the Reform Bill; but Durham went into the constituencies and showed that much more work in the direction of Reform remained to be done. In 1833 he was advocating a further extension of the Parliamentary franchise; the reform of the municipal corporations; reform in the Established Church; and the establishment of a national system of elementary education. He was a trial to the Whigs, who disliked his enthusiasm and his impulsiveness; but among Liberals, in and out of Parliament, he was more admired and trusted than any peer who before or since his time has taken the lead in Liberal movements. He was the greatest Liberal in the House of Lords in the nineteenth century. Comparatively short as was his political career, he accomplished more for English Liberalism than any man who has been of the peerage; and it is this accomplishment, as well as Durham's part in the development of Liberalism towards the colonies, that gives his "Life and Letters" their significant and honorable place in the literature of political history in the nineteenth century.

EDWARD PORRITT.

JUSSERAND'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

HERE in the United States we revived long ago the custom of the Italian Republics who were wont to employ their men of letters as ambassadors to other lands. We sent Irving and Bancroft, Motley and Lowell, to represent us abroad; and on occasion one foreign nation or another has sent us also men of letters. Spain was long represented in Washington by Señor Valera, the author of "Pepita Ximenez"; and Great Britain has just honored herself and us by sending Mr. Bryce, the author of

* "A Literary History of the English People." By J. J. Jusserand. Vol. II, Part I. From the Renaissance to the Civil War. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the "American Commonwealth." For some years now the ambassador of the French Republic has been M. Jusserand, the historian of that English literature which belongs by inheritance to us Americans also.

M. Jusserand is not only a trained diplomatist, he is also an accomplished man of letters who has taken for his special subject the literary history of the peoples who speak English,—although without neglecting the literature of his own language, for he is also the editor of the admirable series of "*Grands Ecrivains de la France.*" After several preliminary studies, on the beginnings of the English novel and on the little-known poet, Langland, he has settled down to the solid task of considering English literature as a whole. He proposes to compass his aim in three volumes, of which two have already appeared in French and of which the first part of the second volume has been published in an excellent English translation. From these two volumes it is now possible to perceive his method and to estimate the value of his work.

And it is not too much to say that if the third volume is equal to its two predecessors, M. Jusserand will have given us what is on the whole the best history of the literature of our language which has yet been written. He has the double qualification needed for such a work, in that he is both critic and historian. As a critic he possesses the four requisites which we have a right to look for in every one who seeks to express an opinion; he has insight and equipment, sympathy and impartiality. As a historian he reveals the three added qualities which the narrator of past events must possess; he has the gift of story-telling, the ability to gather and sift facts, and the sense of proportion. His book is exactly what it calls itself; it is a literary history of the English people. It considers the authors, one by one, but always it keeps in full view the main body of the people. It is a history of literary development; and it is not a casual collection of biographical criticisms of the successive poets and playwrights and essayists. Only too many of the so-called histories of English literature are fragmentary, as though their authors could not see the forest for the trees. Dr. Ward's "History of English Dramatic Literature," for example, is hardly to be accepted as a history in any exact sense of the word, for the author does not show us the growth of the drama in England, satisfying himself instead with outlining the lives of the several dramatic poets, taking them

in their chronological sequence and considering their plays one by one.

M. Jusserand is a true historian. He does not neglect the duty of sketching for us the chief authors and of making us acquainted with the more important facts of their careers. He does not fail to analyze their leading works,—indeed, his criticism of individual authors is always acute and always sane. But he subordinates the criticism of the individual writer to the larger and more necessary account of the literary movement to which the individual writer contributed. And as a result of M. Jusserand's ability to deal with the whole without sacrificing the separate parts, we find in these volumes a more satisfactory view of the development of our literature than can be found in any other attempt to tell the whole story of our literary triumphs. Behind the merely literary criticism, beneath it, supporting it, is the solid framework of the keen-eyed and broad-minded historian, accepting always the principle that literature is only one expression of the life of the times in which it came into being,—the most significant expression, very often, but to be fully understood only after weighing carefully the other manifestations of the national genius at the same period.

Thus it is that M. Jusserand gives us portraits of Henry VIII and of Elizabeth quite as elaborate as the portrait of Spenser; and he makes us feel that the king and queen, each in turn, were representative of the development of the race and had their influence on the men of letters who illustrated their reigns. Here M. Jusserand profits by what might seem at first sight to be a disadvantage; he profits by the fact that he is not an Englishman. He has mastered the literature of our language as very few men have done who are native to our speech; and yet he remains a Frenchman, with all a Frenchman's taste, and sobriety, and relish for harmony and proportion. His immense reading in our tongue has not caused him to lose any of his Latin inheritance; although perhaps it may have broadened his Latin standards now and again.

As a Frenchman, M. Jusserand is not fettered by the obligation of filial piety to the great masters; he is relieved from all empty lip-service; he can say what he really thinks, free from the fetishism of praise which is only too common in histories of literature written by compatriots of the great authors considered,—a fetish-

ism which is most frequent in German histories of German literature. M. Jusserand seizes on the essential qualities of our great writers, but he is not blind to their defects and he is not bound over to palliate these faults or to disguise them. Nobody has yet told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, about the marvellous group of dramatic poets who produced with such splendid and such prodigal abundance in the spacious days of Elizabeth and of James; but M. Jusserand has set a noble example in the final pages of his second volume. He sees the energy of these people, their power, their elevation, and their scope. But he sees also—and it is to be hoped that he may teach many of his readers to see—how wastefully this energy was displayed, how exaggerated, violent and fantastic it often was, how little reserved and how little restrained by art. M. Jusserand's training leads him to recognize true greatness when he finds it; but it also keeps him from finding it where it does not exist, or where dross is unfortunately commingled with the pure ore. And here he has done a service to all who love letters.

It has seemed better in this brief review to point out the larger merits of M. Jusserand's work rather than to dwell on the details of his criticism or even to consider at any length the noble gallery of portraits of rulers, of statesmen, and of writers, which we owe to his vigorous brush. Over the portrait of Spenser, for example, it would be a pleasure to linger and to draw attention to M. Jusserand's knowledge of his subject, to his understanding, to his sympathy, to his critical acumen—and also to his reserve, his common sense, and to his insistent applications of the standards which are permanent and universal.

The author's foot-notes are abundant and accurate; they exhibit his indefatigable research and his consummate scholarship. He reveals the true attitude of the scholar also in his frequent quotation from the authors he is considering, in that these extracts appear always in all the quaintness of the earlier and more licentious orthography of English. Perhaps this practice of M. Jusserand may make it plain to some of the more ignorant of his readers that there never has been any standard of English spelling accepted by all authors, and that the writers of our own time are using—whether they know it or not—a spelling which has been simplified by the efforts of the generations that have gone before. And perhaps the present writer may be forgiven for

suggesting that some of these readers may be converted to the opinion that we in our turn owe it to the generations that will come after us to leave the spelling of our language fitter for service than we found it,—following the good example set by our ancestors.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

"NEWER IDEALS OF PEACE."*

HOWEVER easily the professional speechmaker or the devout newspaper-reader may be able to disregard Miss Addams's fresh and independent conclusions, her book must at least be conceded an exclusive value; no one else could have written it, because no one else could have felt it. The group of subjects that she has discussed, from the sane standpoint of an opponent of violence,—militarism, immigration, child labor and other industrial problems,—because they are vital and immediate have also become common and familiar. Any sociologist can settle them and any politician rant about them. But Miss Addams's clear and confident voice is that of the interpreter and the seer. To our cool superficial consideration she brings wisdom that she has plunged deep to gather. It is her striking distinction that she does not feel bound to square her statements with empty academic formula nor to consider their bearing on her own political present or future. There is no party or school or movement to whose bias she is obliged to defer,—for she is not even speaking in behalf of Hull House, nor of the "settlement idea." Such an absolute release from formula, such detachment of vision, of course, contribute far more, even, to the book's solid authenticity than the author's intimate knowledge of what she is writing about.

It is just this, therefore, the beauty and simplicity of the writer's attitude, that will make this book seem important to those who are alert to discover the few essential words that may occur in thousands of printed pages. It is this quality that gives it spiritual coherence, that makes it a book, rather than a collection of "papers" and addresses, and that demands consideration for it as literature, in a large sense, whatever its minor blemishes. Without self-righteousness or any taint of moral Philistinism, Miss Addams is the fervid spokesman of the in-

* "Newer Ideals of Peace." By Jane Addams. New York: Macmillan.

articulate, the unassimilated. She sees, paradoxically, much that an observer with a keener vision could not see,—a vision, that is, for contrasts, for the dramatic, for the humorous, in short, for "copy." She is superhumanly able to condemn without bitterness, even without irony, and to praise without extravagance. Before the inevitable charge of being an "optimist" or "idealist" she is probably defenceless; sentimentalist, however, she is not. With all which considerations, it would seem as though her opinions on matters of common moment ought to have at least as much value as those of any other single type of writer.

It is not necessary to paraphrase Miss Addams's own admirable explanation of what she has meant by her "newer ideals of peace." Some, at least, of her main points will probably seem to most thoughtful persons irrefutable. If she said no more than that war is puerile or child labor criminal or strike violence undesirable we might yawn our complete agreement and close the book. But she has discoveries to set forth, the irresistible discoveries of Beauty in Ugliness, Goodness in Evil, Life in Death. It is her belief that there now exist "forces within society so dynamic and vigorous that the impulses to war seem by comparison cumbersome and mechanical," and she points out that in the practically international efforts to do away with certain forms of disease and to relieve poverty and age there is "the first timid forward reach of one of those instinctive movements which carry onward the progressive goodness of the race." Her most interesting contention, however, is that life in the poorer quarters of such a city as Chicago, with its close association, in a spontaneous brotherhood, of people of different races, is a "forecast of coming international relations." As she strikingly puts it, there come daily to American cities "accretions of simple people who carry in their hearts a desire for mere goodness. They regularly deplete their scanty livelihood in response to a primitive pity, and, independent of the religions they have professed, of the wrongs they have suffered, and of the fixed morality they have been taught, have an unquenchable desire that charity and simple justice shall regulate men's relations. It seems sometimes, to one who knows them, as if they continually sought for an outlet for more kindliness, and that they are not only willing and eager to do a favor for a friend, but that their kind-heartedness lies in ambush, as it were, for a chance to incorporate itself in our

larger relations, that they persistently expect that it shall be given some form of governmental expression."

As this would lead one to expect, Miss Addams's uncompromising view of the matter of immigration is the most interesting and individual part of her book, as it is also that which will arouse the most impatient protest. It is a matter which she accuses us, with undoubted propriety, of meeting too narrowly, with too provincial a lack of "mental energy, adequate knowledge and a sense of the youth of the earth." "We have no method," she says, in an unconscious defining of her own service, "by which to discover men, to spiritualize, to understand, to hold intercourse with aliens and to receive of what they bring." In spite of this, she is able to believe in the possibility that "the immigrant will at last enter into his heritage in a new nation. Democratic government has ever been the result of spiritual travail and moral effort. Apparently, even here, the immigrant must pay the old cost." Very plainly, this is a different language from that of the political controversialist. Her extreme attitude that immigration is a national blessing and that the immigrant "represents the group and type which is making the most genuine contribution to the present growth in governmental functions," is defended by no ingenious feats of tortured logic. Miss Addams bases it quite frankly on her knowledge of the immigrant as a human being.

In view of the author's own remarkable efficiency as a citizen, there is a beautiful unconscious irony in her calm and restrained chapter on women's proper place in municipal government. Perhaps no other woman whose own experience had led her to feel daily, in grim specific cases, the need of municipal suffrage for women, could present as unimpassioned convictions. But while there will be loud dissent from her entirely reasonable belief that the many acknowledged failures in city government are due to the survival of militarism, and that the policeman, as his functions are now understood, is the greatest municipal evil, it would not be surprising if the conservative mind assented to her obviously true proposition that city government is "enlarged housekeeping," and that women, according to the traditional scheme, ought therefore to have a hand in it. Summing up the evils that the modern city has to deal with, she asserts that "logically, its electorate should be made up of those . . . who

in the past have at least attempted to care for children, to clean houses, to prepare foods. . . . To test the elector's fitness to deal with this situation by his ability to bear arms is absurd." Putting it more strongly, she says that "because all these things have traditionally been in the hands of women, if they take no part in them now, they are not only missing the education which the natural participation in civic life would bring to them, but they are losing what they have always had. From the beginning of tribal life women have been held responsible for the health of the community."

It is by no means always considered a weakness in the equipment of a glib orator on the immigration problem that he may never have stopped to look at an immigrant; or in that of a writer of books on labor that he may never have talked with a laborer. Yet these, like all the questions Miss Addams has taken up, are primarily human questions, demanding for their full solution an understanding of humanity even more than a knowledge of books. It was only the day before yesterday that the highly sensational discovery was made that to write anything of value about children, as about animals or "nature," one should have studied one's subject at first hand. When this radical and difficult principle comes to be applied to writing about men and women, and the problems that affect them, Miss Addams should share in the glory of the pioneers. No one has succeeded better than she in dissolving the empty, airy concept of "humanity," as she has put it, "into its component parts of men, women and children." Thus there will be found, throughout this book, illustrations from her own intensely practical experience which will be of value even to those who do not accede to the "newer ideals." There are memorable bits of wisdom and there are phrases so good that they must be "inspired," because when Miss Addams makes a conscious effort, as with her many inapt figures, she usually fails. Emphasis has been laid mainly upon the spirit of this unusual book, but it would still, of course, have a serious value if taken literally and paragraph by paragraph as it was intended. It is the expression of an exceptional citizen on subjects that concern everybody. Whatever may prove to be its concern for the student of literature, it should be tolerantly read by the student of affairs, for whom it was written.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

WORLD-POLITICS.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, *March, 1907.*

THE topic most discussed in Washington since the adjournment of the Fifty-ninth Congress is the apparent modification of the President's attitude toward the great railway corporations, and the corresponding change in the view taken of Mr. Roosevelt by many railway managers of long experience and recognized ability.

It would be easy to exaggerate the extent of the alteration on both sides, but that there are signs of a possible approach to an understanding, if not to cooperation, seems indisputable.

That the steam-railway presidents, with the conspicuous exception of the late Mr. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania, strenuously opposed the Railway Rate bill enacted during the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress is well known, and it is doubtless true that most of them still regard that law as mischievous rather than useful.

Nevertheless, there is a growing tendency on the part of railroad men to prefer Federal control to State control, a tendency caused by the flood of anti-railway legislation passed, or threatened, in over a score of States. The determination evinced in many States to reduce the rate chargeable for the transportation of passengers to two cents per mile, without any equitable reference to the volume of passenger travel or to the average distance traversed by passengers, has naturally provoked railway managers to retaliate by reducing signally the number of trains and the rate of speed. The fact that on many lines the net profit accruing from passenger traffic is relatively insignificant, and that on some lines, or sections of lines, the passenger business is actually transacted at a loss, has been overlooked by some State legis-

latures in their haste to absolve themselves from the reproach of neglecting to use their powers of regulation. The interference with passenger traffic, however, has excited much less alarm than the disposition exhibited in more than one State legislature to cut freight rates down to one-half of those now exacted. Those who are best acquainted with the subject question whether there is a railroad in the country which could bear such a reduction and continue to pay dividends, after defraying operation expenses and fixed charges.

It is absolutely certain that, if freight rates were diminished by one-half, it would be impossible to make the extensions of track and the additions to rolling-stock which are imperatively required in order to cope with the continually increasing demand for transportation. Some of the very States which are loudest in complaint of the inadequacy of facilities for moving their products to points of distribution or shipment, are deliberately proposing to deprive the common carriers of the means of securing the funds needed to remedy the deficiency. They seem blind to the fact, which ought to be obvious, that a railway's power of borrowing money is proportioned to its actual or probable net earnings.

It is the reckless, improvident, vindictive spirit which has characterized much of the State legislation directed against railways that is causing a certain revulsion of feeling in favor of Federal control.

More than one captain of the railway industry has gone so far as to express the wish that the States might be prohibited from legislating with reference even to the railways that lie wholly within their own borders, but which are feeders of the trunk lines. Such a prohibition, however, would require a constitutional amendment, and, even if two-thirds of both Houses of Congress should propose such a change in the Federal organic law, it is scarcely conceivable that three-fourths of the States, through their legislatures or conventions, would assent to so grave a mutilation of their powers.

On the contrary, it is extremely probable that a concerted and vigorous exercise of those powers would be advocated if the conference of Governors and State Railroad Commissioners, suggested by Governor Johnson of Minnesota, should be held, of which at present, luckily, there seems to be no likelihood. Mr.

Roosevelt's discouragement of such a conference is naturally construed as proof of his disapproval of recent State activity in anti-railway legislation.

President Roosevelt, indeed, makes no secret of his conviction that the States are not qualified for the regulative function which many of them have recently assumed, and as railway managers heartily concur in the opinion, it would surprise nobody if in the Sixtieth Congress they should decide to accept, rather than oppose, Mr. Roosevelt's plan for increasing the efficiency of Federal control, by requiring interstate railroads to obtain Federal licenses.

It is manifest that any material change in the attitude of railway corporations toward Mr. Roosevelt and his policies would have a direct and sensible effect on the next Republican National Convention, and on the President's power to influence its selection of a nominee.

Hitherto the assumption has been current that the next Convention would be divided between warm friends and implacable opponents of Mr. Roosevelt's programme; and whatever strength the candidacy of Vice-President Fairbanks, or Speaker Cannon, or Senator Foraker may have been supposed to possess should be ascribed to the belief that any one of them would be acceptable to the representatives of railway interests. If the assumption should prove unfounded, and, on the contrary, something like an accommodation between Mr. Roosevelt and the railroads should be reached, there would be comparatively little resistance to his reasonable wish that the prosecution of his policies should be committed to a successor in whom he has confidence, such a man, for example, as Judge Taft or Governor Hughes. It is a mistake, by the way, to assert, as some newspapers have asserted, that no President has ever succeeded in designating his successor.

It is true, indeed, that Grant failed in 1876 to secure the nomination of Roscoe Conkling by the Cincinnati Convention, but Jefferson indisputably brought about the selection and election of Madison by the Republican or Jeffersonian party, and it is equally certain that Andrew Jackson made Van Buren President.

Nor is it at all improbable that, if both President McKinley and Senator Hanna had lived until 1904, the former would

have made the latter the nominee of the Republican National Convention.

The state of things now existing is a counterpart of that which existed in 1808 and in 1836. Either Jefferson or Jackson could have had a nomination for a third term, had he been willing to accept one, and the same thing may undoubtedly be said of President Roosevelt.

Of the last-named fact, indeed, the evidence is accumulating every day. The legislatures of Massachusetts and South Dakota have been polled, with the result in each case that an overwhelming majority of the Republican members pronounced for Roosevelt. It is plain that, if all the Northern legislatures should pursue a similar course, the power of the President to designate the person on whom the next Republican nomination should fall would be immensely augmented. In truth, it would be practically irresistible. That is why no effort is made by Mr. Roosevelt to check such demonstrations. The best-informed persons still believe that he adheres inflexibly to his declared determination not to accept another nomination in 1908, but just because of his unshaken purpose to abide by his self-denying utterance, he is eager to see the nomination go to some one in whose adherence to the Roosevelt policies he has absolute faith. There are at least two men in whom he must feel able to repose such a trust, namely, Secretary Taft and Secretary Root, and it may be that, before a twelvemonth has elapsed, he will feel equal confidence in Governor Hughes. In respect of availability, the last of the three has, perhaps, the strongest recommendation, for he carried the State of New York by a majority more than three times as large as that which Mr. Roosevelt got in 1898; and that, too, although in 1906, every other State office was gained by a Democrat. We do not say that next year New York will prove a pivotal State, as it proved—to go no further back—in 1848, in 1880, in 1884 and in 1888; but no one will deny that its thirty-nine electoral votes will be of very great importance. They might even prove decisive, if the contest should turn, as ex-President Cleveland thinks it ought to turn, on the question of immediate tariff revision.

Much attention, by the way, is being paid in Washington to the remarkable interview with Mr. Cleveland which was published in the New York "Times" of March 4. In that interview

he reiterated his conviction that a reform of the tariff is absolutely fundamental, and that the question of the trusts is entirely dependent on it.

Owing to the fact that telegrams from Central America are generally belated and often contradictory, it has not been easy to follow the course of the struggle between Nicaragua, on the one hand, and Honduras, assisted by Salvador, on the other. Nominally, the war arose out of a boundary controversy, but really, according to the Nicaraguans, it is a struggle, on their part, for national existence, prompted by the discovery of a secret treaty, or, at all events, an informal agreement, between Honduras, Salvador and Guatemala, aimed at the mutilation, if not partition, of Nicaragua.

Thus far, curiously, the last-named State seems to have had everything its own way, in spite of the fact that Salvador kept its promise of sending 2500 soldiers, said to be well armed and tolerably trained, to assist its Honduran ally. At the hour when we write, the Caribbean port of Truxillo and many other Honduran towns of more or less importance are in the hands of the Nicaraguan invaders, and the capital, Tegucigalpa, is expected to fall from day to day. The outcome of the contest surprises many persons, because, on the face of things, Nicaragua seems to be fighting against great odds, in respect both of population and wealth. According to the latest estimates, the population of Nicaragua does not much exceed 428,000, whereas that of Honduras is over 500,000, and that of Salvador more than a million. In 1903, the latest year for which fiscal statistics are at hand, the foreign trade (exports and imports) of Nicaragua fell short of $5,600,000, whereas that of Honduras was about $4,350,000, and that of Salvador more than $8,750,000. The disproportion is signal and naturally would be decisive. Nevertheless, the Nicaraguan army, small as it must be, seems capable of conquering both of its present opponents. It might not find it so easy to deal with Guatemala, which has nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants, and a foreign trade of over $12,250,000. Our own relation to the conflict is evidently twofold: first, we cannot permit the property of American sojourners in Honduras—there are many of these—to be confiscated or damaged by Nicaraguan invaders; secondly, as proponents of the Monroe Doctrine, we are equally bound to protect the property of the subjects of European States in the

same Central American republic. If we do not afford such protection, European powers will have a right to intervene on behalf of their injured subjects, just as Great Britain intervened during Cleveland's administration, when she took possession of Nicaragua's Pacific seaport, Corinto. We desire to avert, if possible, any pretext for a repetition of that performance, or of that blockade of Venezuelan seaports which took place in 1902. There is only one way, however, of averting European interposition, and that is to interpose ourselves, though it is probable that in this instance Mexico will be invited to act conjointly with us. The cooperation of Mexico would serve to allay jealousy or suspicion on the part of the South American commonwealths, which Secretary Root took so much pains to conciliate.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

FRIDAY, *March 29.* A Few Answers to Correspondents.

SPEAKING broadly and with due reservation for specific instances, we attach little importance to the opinions of others; and yet we often find an odd fascination in the faulty expression of keen American minds. Our present Chief Magistrate has such an one—and, pray, where else could be found a more fruitful source of speculative consideration? No other people compound in such exquisite proportions the folly and wisdom, the theory and practice, apparently paradoxical, of which, for example, he is now the most sentient embodiment. Interestingly, however, whether happily or not, our most conspicuous exemplar is by no means singular or even peculiar. The trait is characteristic of Americans—comparatively new, measurably raw and, though often specious, almost invariably purposeful. A few illustrations will, with more or less adequacy, point our meaning. In the conscientious Baptist "Watchman," published in Boston and received this morning, we find the following editorial, to which we take the liberty of affixing certain brief annotations as indicated in the following manner:

"For many years the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was to the general public a great unknown. Obscurely ensconced in a remote somewhere, a wise and autocratic incognito directed the literary course of the great monthly journal. Even when the name appeared on the cover, it seemed hardly to denote a real and definite personality, but rather a shadowy, not to say ghostly, guiding force which sometimes caused articles to be sent back to agonized authors, and sometimes printed them. But since the dignified monthly became a sprightly bi-weekly, and the editor has begun the publication of his 'Diary,' he has assumed the form and substance of corporeal reality. Not yet, however, has he lost the aspect of an enigma. (*a*) The same name remains, but is it the same being? (*b*) Is the zealous advocate of Esperanto identical with the stately phantom which conducted the former

awe-inspiring REVIEW? (*c*) Is the shade who was once so solemn become the promoter of the cause of female suffrage? (*d*) Is he serious in pushing the franchise for women, or is it only a part of his scheme for the taxation of spinsters, and because he does not believe in taxation without representation? (*e*) Is he really in earnest in asserting that every woman can marry properly if she will, but that every man cannot do so, because sometimes the woman he wants will not have him? (*f*) Has he forgotten that vital statistics show an excess of women over men in all civilized countries? (*g*) Would he have the excess of women, after all the men in the civilized world are married, go to Central Africa for husbands or be taxed for remaining spinsters? (*h*) Is he solemnly serious in believing that bachelors should not be taxed as well as spinsters? (*i*) Finally and most anxiously—shall we ever know?"

(*a, b, c*) Ignoring the somewhat flippant and, as yet, inexact, use of the terms "shade" and "phantom," we are constrained to admit the identity suggested.

(*d, e*) Yes.

(*f*) No; but it is woman's fault that there is an excess of her kind in the civilized world. Science clearly demonstrates the feasibility, though not so plainly the desirability, of even adjustment of the sexes in the propagation of the human species. Ploss, in his well-known "*Ueber die das Geschlechtsverhältniss der Kinder bedingenden Ursachen,*" Düsing, in his painstaking "*Die Regulirung des Geschlechtsverhältnisses bei der Vermehrung der Menschen, Thiere und Pflanzen,*" and Westermarck, in his "History of Human Marriage," prove conclusively, from close study of actual experimentation, that the sex of the child is largely fixed by the quantity and quality of nutrition absorbed by the mother. Professor Thomas leaves no room for doubt that, as a rule, rich diet produces girls and poor diet boys; hence the excess of the former in cities and of the latter in country districts, where meat and other rich foods are rare. The further fact that ethnologists, and such trained observers as James Fergusson, agree that polyandry is found only in poor countries, where good food and women are scarce, confirms the theory, to say nothing of the illuminating experiments noted by Professor Thomas of Klebs on plants, Seibold on wasps and Yung on tadpoles. We must conclude, therefore, that the excess of females complained of—though why, we cannot understand—is due to their own ignorance or self-indulgence. The fault is gradually being remedied by a growing ambition on the part of women ap-

proaching middle age to retain gracefulness of physical appearance; but, unfortunately, that is the time when their minds cease to be troubled by considerations respecting the sex of progeny. In any case, however, we maintain that the direct responsibility for the unfair competition engendered by birth is definitely fixed by science upon the competitors themselves—especially since the necessity of providing spiritual and material luxuries so completely occupies the attention of Providence and man.

(*g*) A few might remain.

(*h*) Why not?

(*i*) We furnish ideas, not understanding.

"SIR,—When reading the article in your 'Diary' on 'Why Bachelors Should Not be Taxed,' which appeared in a recent issue of the REVIEW, I was somewhat amused at the conclusion drawn from the census figures quoted, and regarded it as part of the humor of the subject; but, when I see one of your readers flatteringly writing you that 'your facts are correct and your figures true,' I feel impelled to let you know that at least one of your readers, while admitting the accuracy of your figures, disputes the correctness of the statement that they show a greater 'hazard of matrimony' for men than for women. You have taken figures which prove the constancy of woman, and have used them to her detriment.

"The census enumerator inquired of each person whether he was single, married, widowed, or divorced. No effort was made to ascertain the number of times married, the inquiry being limited to the conjugal condition on June 1st, 1900. Therefore, the excess of widows over widowers and of divorced women over divorced men in 1900 does not indicate a greater 'hazard of matrimony' for men than for women, but only shows that a greater number of widowed and divorced men remarry than widowed and divorced women. In the case of widowers, this is doubtless due to the predominance of the sense of personal comfort over sentiment, and in the case of divorced men to their belief that it is better to take another chance of being unhappily married than not to be married at all.

"While constancy might not be accepted as a good reason for divorced women not remarrying, perhaps the following figures, taken from the report on marriage and divorce issued by the Department of Labor in 1889, can be: The number of divorces granted in the United States during the twenty years from 1867 to 1886 was 328,716, of which number 216,176 were granted to the wife and 112,540 to the husband.

"I fear that, so long as men arrive at such erroneous conclusions, women will fail to see the advantage of studying any system of reasoning. I am, sir, etc., R. M. O.

"WASHINGTON, D. C."

Figures often prevaricate; the disparity between the number of divorces granted to men and those accorded to women is doubtless fully accounted for by the silly American custom which practically compels the man to accept the nominal responsibility.

"SIR,—I wish to take you to task for your assertion that spinsterhood is a voluntary state, as no record has ever been made to the contrary. Now, you know perfectly well that many women who are unmarried to-day never had the ghost of a chance to marry *anybody*. It is nonsense to say that every girl has a chance in her life; that is only a way of consoling us; nobody believes it. It is environment or circumstances that give a woman a chance to get married; the same woman in one circle will have a dozen opportunities to none at all in another circle. The poor things think they are to blame because they lack proposals; so they keep it dark and pretend they have had a chance. Consequently, it is manifestly unfair to make any inference from that statement. If you have never had a woman tell you she has never had a proposal, you can hear it now. I never have. Is that authentic? Would you like me to swear to it before witnesses? I am willing. Please be careful how you talk about spinsters in future.

"I am, sir, etc.,

MARTHA WAGNER.

"KINGSESSING P. O., PHILADELPHIA."

The least we can do is to note the apparent lack of discerning appreciation or courage on the part of the male residents of Kingsessing, and to tender assurances of condolence to Miss— or should we by chance say Mrs.?—Wagner.

"SIR,—Referring to the editorial, 'Is God Omnipotent?' it is evident that the writer's comprehension of God does not embrace anything higher than this physical plane of existence. And this comprehension of the physical existence is still further limited by a misunderstanding of the nature of man, and of the relations existing between man and man: from which we reason up to the relations existing between man and God.

"Every man stands upon his own resources, acts from his own inward motives, and is responsible for the results that follow his action. You know this as well as you know you are alive; but—you fall down when you are called upon to assume that responsibility. You *cannot* blot out the fact that you *do* act and think for yourself, and from your own self-directed motives. But, by the injection of the idea that 'there is no God,' you imagine that you have destroyed the ideas of responsibility and obligation to God or man.

"To consign God to the condition of humanity is to say that 'there is no God,' or, as I read the other day, 'man is his own God.'

"Taking away man's responsibility for his actions—man's accounta-

bility to the God who made him—and, finally, doing away with God altogether, establishes the wisdom of Solomon, who said, 'A fool's mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul.'

"Further, to make the Creator of all things 'only a man' does not remove any of the crime, misery, suffering and desolation from the lives of men; does not make man any the less responsible for them, nor does it place the responsibility for them upon God. Whatever one man may do, voluntarily, as his own self-expression, cannot be laid to another man's account. So, what men do in transgressing natural and spiritual law, or bring upon themselves by their own self-determined rejection of spiritual forces, cannot justly or truthfully be laid upon God's hands.

"The infidel, scoffer, reviler and denier of God does not want, nor *intend*, to be satisfied with *any* explanation, or the solution of any of the problems of life that does not exonerate him from *all* blame for the wrongs they deal with. He does not seek to straighten out the paths men walk in, or to lift a single burden from heavy-laden souls. His one purpose is to lay the blame for all of man's troubles upon God. He says: 'God does not exist. If He exists, He is impotent to help man, is Himself responsible for all the ills man is subject to, and there is no obligation resting upon man to do other than he does do.'

"What a curious mixture. A God, yet not a God. Possessing human characteristics in infinite extension, yet failing in wisdom, knowledge and power of execution. A God who, by virtue of being God, *ought* to possess all human excellencies in their highest degree, but does *not* possess them, because, forsooth, man deliberately engages in all manner of wickednesses, and *has* to suffer for so doing. God, if there is one, ought (?) to prevent man from doing such things, and would (?) do so *if He could*. He does not restrain man from committing these transgressions, is not therefore omnipotent, and *is not God*.

"What a wonderfully happy solution of the problems of life! Man *is*, but God *is not*. There are no God-made laws; man is a law unto himself; man is his own God. Man is under no obligation, is not responsible or accountable to either God or man.

"Surely, 'The lips of a fool will swallow him up,' and 'The snare of the wicked is in the transgression of his lips.'

"I am, sir, etc.,

GEORGE WOODS.

"LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA."

We are unable to determine whether our esteemed correspondent, in referring to "the infidel, scoffer, reviler and denier of God," invites a personal application; perhaps, however, speculation upon the point may be regarded as unnecessary. What, we wonder, is the true actuating motive of his daily supplication—love to obey, vague apprehension or the quite common sentiment, felt though seldom expressed, that, since an occasional appeal to a mysterious

Being for mercy surely can result in no harm, it would be the part of unwisdom to take chances so easily avoided. Even little Elizabeth Barrett invariably said "Now I lay me" before repeating her famous "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!"

"SIR,—You have evidently entirely failed to grasp the distinction pointed out in my letter published in your March 1st issue. It distinguished reasons rather than effects.

"If a transfer of power from one department of government to another is *in itself* an infringement of personal liberty, then such change, whatever the power transferred, is objectionable. If it is not in itself such infringement, then it may or may not be harmful, according to what power it is. The *effect*, in either case, is what we must seek to discover; but, as reasonable beings, we should arrive at a conclusion only after an examination of reasons; hence the necessity of clearly distinguishing between them.

"I think you will agree with me that no such change of powers, if made in the manner provided by the Constitution, is *per se* objectionable. And, at any rate, I agree with you that any such change, if made by judicial construction (as that term seems to have been used by the Secretary of State), or by executive usurpation, is hazardous to the liberty of the individual. It is an old maxim that 'hard cases make bad law.' For a similar reason it may be said that popular Presidents make bad precedents.

"Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that my statement, upon which you so kindly exercised your 'charity,' referred to the fact that, while the demarcation in our Constitution between executive, legislative and judicial powers was due to theory, the separation in that instrument into State and Federal governments was the result of conditions. It would ill become one, however, who has so often smiled, even though with regret, when you have gleefully sacrificed a serious discussion on the altar of sarcastic misconstruction, to object when he is himself the object of attack.

I am, sir, etc.,

GEORGE B. KEELER.

"BROOKLYN, NEW YORK."

We are often misunderstood.

"SIR,—I have been interested in your thought-provoking entry for Wednesday, January 23rd, in the 'Editor's Diary' of the REVIEW, entitled 'Is God Omnipotent?'

"I have no space for speaking of my attitude in regard to the 'new theology that is making such headway in England,' nor do I care to make any statements regarding how fear and love should find places in

our view of God. With your statement that 'God is not omnipotent' I must disagree.

"You base your argument mainly on two statements: God permits those who love Him to suffer on account of sin; and God in Himself is as yet incomplete and depending on human help.

"I choose to consider the second of these statements first. It is a high compliment that God has paid to man, His creation, by inviting his help in the conquest of this world for righteousness. God has chosen to overcome evil in this way, and will eventually so triumph. But, since God is the Creator of the very helper upon whom He chooses to depend, does that make Him less than omnipotent? If with my hands I am unable to do as skilful work as that which I can perform with a machine of my invention, does that make me less powerful? God did not lessen His power when he made man, but simply created a new channel through which to work for His own glory and for the happiness of His creation. God and men together shall conquer in the war with wrong, we believe, but God is omnipotent.

"I shall not attempt to answer a question that has been puzzling the world for ages—the question of the existence of sin in the world; but I am also sure that I shall not venture to settle that question by robbing the Almighty of any of His power. I am also free to say that, were I to choose, I would rather have character by being placed in a position where I might sin, and would not, than be an innocent, characterless person ordered by the Almighty incapable of sin. God recognized this fact in the old story of the creation by inviting to character-building those whom He had placed in a position where choice and will determined their destiny.

"Where such a possibility exists and sin is chosen, the consequences are terrible. If man is given the high honor of being God's co-helper, he must of necessity have great power to oppose the Almighty, and hence arises the result of sin. If you curtail God's omnipotence by giving more of His power to men, you must expect men to suffer if that great power is misused.

"If you will pardon my taking exception to your statements further, I shall say that the inscrutable ways of Providence argue not against God's power and love, for I am aware that some of life's finest emotions are among those things that the plain reason cannot fathom. I am glad that the child's love for its parent is above reason; I am glad that patriotism is above reason; I am glad that God's plan is above mere reason, for if it were not that would be a sure proof of His omnipotence's being a false doctrine—and men, when once omnipotent, would be lacking a greater Being to worship and adore.

"I am, sir, etc., FRANK D. SLUTZ.

"PUEBLO, COLORADO."

"SIR,—Among other unkind things which you have written about old maids, you say that we deliberately refuse to accept the lot which Nature has ordained and fitted us to fulfil.

"I am one of the old maids who have never had an offer of marriage —not even a shadow of a chance. I am afraid that, if I had ever had an opportunity, I should have accepted a very ordinary man if he had been good and honest, for I should have hoped that my children, by some happy chance, might have inherited my father's noble heart and brain; but I have never pleased even a common man, though I was called pretty when I was young, and I have an average amount of understanding.

"I am a teacher of little children; and, though I can never do for them all I have longed to do, I think it cruel to be told that such efforts are useless.

"When my father died I went at once to teaching; and I have observed that, when a woman of my class shows that she is able to bear burdens and help in the support of younger brothers and sisters, she is allowed, by your sex, to continue doing so. My case is like that of many whom I have known, and I am hurt for us all.

"This letter is not written for publication, but I would like to have you tell those who are situated as I am why we should be blamed for simply existing and doing what seems to be our duty.

"I am, sir, etc., A. H. M.

"CLEVELAND, OHIO."

We have never spoken unkindly of old maids; we have merely insisted, and we still insist, that they should vote, pay taxes—and marry, as they can invariably if enterprising and not too particular; the idea of waiting for or even seeking a man recognized as both "good" and "honest" is provocative of mirth among those of us who are acquainted with the male sex.

"SIR,—It is too bad that you should publish editorials like the one on 'Existence in a Great City'; and yet, as we sat at breakfast this morning, a friend was regretting so much low-spiritedness among her friends. She named over about sixty, and called off the bright ones. There were but four of them. I reminded her that each strong person had to carry about a dozen weak ones; and, as she had not named herself among the bright ones, the proportion was about right. It must be hard to sit in your sanctum sanctorum, day after day, remembering the many lovely things there are far away in the country, where the birds sing and frogs croak, just as they did when you were a boy; how the weeds grow as high as your head! and the rabbits hide in them as of yore; the fruit is as red and juicy as ever, and, if stolen, as sweet; the sun sets in the same mellow haze; the twilight and call of love are just what they were.

"I live there. My home is among forest trees. Chestnut, oak, beech, maple and dogwood grow around my dwelling. No one is allowed to kill or throw stones at the birds, and they pay us for their undisturbed life in song and trustfulness.

"So, when I read an article like that, it is impossible not to feel for those it is about, and wish there were some way in which men might live without crowding into a tenth of the space they should occupy.

"But, after all, it may not be the crowding, the great city, that makes the discontent. As I watch the faces of my friends, there is much the same expression on them as you see on those in your city. All are strained to catch something not quite within hearing, just out of sight. And I think it is something better, higher, more beautiful they are trying to get. Men risk life and limb everywhere trying to make those they love happy, and we all know that discontent, rightly guided, leads to greater endeavor and is sure to be the means of producing better things.

"I work in town, but for many years went to sea, and the ocean, with its beauties, taught me many things which are a source of health and buoyancy to me, and of more help than I can tell. One thing I learned: the roughness caused by the buffeting of to-day may be followed by calm and placidity to-morrow; but there is little gain in life's voyage without opportunity to struggle.

"I am much pleased when you have such articles as that of February 1st, which has called forth so many letters. Not that I at all agree with it; whether I do is beside the mark—but it induces people to think and weans them from themselves.

"I am, sir, etc., TALBOT JONES.

"BALTIMORE, MARYLAND."

SATURDAY, *March 30.* "The Turn of the Balance."

THERE is now and then a book which, the reader feels, is rather a public event than a literary event, no matter what its literary importance may be, and such a book is the latest fiction from the pen of Mr. Brand Whitlock, the Mayor of Toledo, and the like-minded successor of the uncommon man known in life as "Golden Rule Jones." A literary mayor is no such exception to the ordinary mayor that we need greatly wonder at him; we have such a mayor in New York, whose study of "The Oligarchy of Venice" is of perhaps even more value than his study of street-cleaning, or seems at least the effect of a greater devotion to the subject. But the mayor of Toledo is a lawyer of such proved ability that he obliged the State of Ohio, through suits in the courts, to revise its entire legislation on a point of municipal government, and a politician of such practical wisdom that he carried his election against the united strength of both great parties and all the great interests, and is not merely the author of a political novel which two Presidents of the United States have pronounced the best American novel of its kind. He has, therefore, a sort of right,

as he has unquestionably the courage, to accuse the nature as well as the fact of our criminal administration, and this he has done in "The Turn of the Balance," a book which for the present, at any rate, distinguishes him among literary mayors.

His method is as far as may be from muck-raking. He does not find men worse than their system, but mostly better; even the criminals seem to him better than their system, though he does not romance them; and as for the prosecutors and judges and jurors and wardens and executioners, he does not apparently wish to expose any of them to public execration in their personal quality, or to drive them from the places which the like average of men would promptly fill. But, as the administrators of the law are in power, he would apparently have them recognize their inalienable personal relation to the subjects of the law. He denies, unless we are reading into his accusation something not specifically phrased there, that they have, or can have, no official relation to their fellow men which will exempt them from personal responsibility; and perhaps, though here again he is not specific, he feels the ludicrous disproportion of the penalties to the offences which no one can sit through a session of any criminal court and not recognize with amazement. Just what he would have done practically at any moment he does not say. He does not say just how he would have the police officers or the justices at the police courts of Toledo behave with regard to offenders taken in crime; and we have no means of knowing how far his own official actions can be made to square with his personal convictions. Possibly he believes that as a novelist his affair is to make his reader feel and think about the matters he touches, and resolve each one to try for something better than our actual system, if it is as black as he has painted it.

That he has painted it very black there can be no doubt. Since the lamented Frank Norris's "Octopus," there has been no such terrible presentation of conditions as in "The Turn of the Balance." The effect of the picture is as broad as if a few strokes had done it, but if you come nearer, you perceive that there is a multiplicity of details contributing to this effect, in which nothing seems forgotten. We could not recommend the book to the reader who likes to be amused; for, whether he is finally able to revolt and declare the illusion a delusion or not, he will find himself caught in the clutch of an interest that will not loose him

till the last word; and unless he can amuse himself with events of crime and shame and cruelty such as the newspapers daily report, set in a new and unsparing light, his mind will not have been "taken off itself," as it would be in a comedy at the theatre, or in a good old-fashioned love-story. There is a love-story, indeed, in the book, but it is subordinated to the general human or inhuman interest, as love-stories seem mostly to be in life. The right people marry, but their marrying is never the main question, which the good ending will not save the reader from. Sociologically, the book is another answer to the question which has been repeating itself from age to age in some form ever since one man first put himself in another's place. Revolutions seem to answer it; reactions seem to answer it; elections seem to answer it; revivals of religion seem to answer it. But the old unanswered stupid misery, which seems so remediable, still asks to be remedied; and in some kind, always, some one is trying to answer it. The Mayor of Toledo is the latest to make the attempt. But perhaps there is something mystical in the misery always crying to us which forbids him to be categorical in his reply.

MONDAY, *April 1.* The Uses of Esperanto.

AMONG the most suggestive of many letters we have received concerning Esperanto is one from Mr. Louis H. Aymé, American Consul-General at Lisbon. Mr. Aymé's post is such as to enable him to see the utility of Esperanto with peculiar clearness. He is Consul in a country speaking one of the less-known Latin tongues and, besides, he is interested in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, which is international in scope.

"Some months ago," Mr. Aymé writes from Lisbon, "the Secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association called here, and I suggested to him that his organization might become a powerful factor in spreading the new language. The secretary of the local branch was present, and eagerly embraced the idea. Several classes have been formed, and are actively studying. I am aiding so far as I can." A society has been formed and groups are being established in the various cities, and from remote Portugal come numerous applications for membership in the Esperanto Society organized by the REVIEW.

In short, the Portuguese see clearly the great advantage of a neutral medium of communication which would bring their country in closer touch, scientifically, commercially, and in other relations, with the rest of humanity. "Why," we are asked, "should the Bureau of American Republics not publish its reports in Esperanto?" Why should not the American museums and the various National Manufacturers' Associations, as well as other similar bodies, recommend the publication by would-be exporters of their catalogues, price-lists and other foreign advertising in Esperanto, with the vocabulary and a few rules embodied in each document? And there are scores of similar uses for Esperanto suggested. We, for our part, cannot help feeling that before long all of these possibilities will become realities. The many hundreds of inquiries we have received and answered in the past three months prove that the want of such a medium as Esperanto is keenly felt. A few days ago the entire staff of one bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor formed an Esperanto club and joined the Esperanto Society. From all parts of the Union, from Mexico, and from South America we receive letters of inquiry and encouragement. Many scientific and other national bodies have already communicated with us concerning Esperanto. We heartily invite all such communications and cheerfully offer our cooperation in extending this movement toward a universal understanding. And the approaching Peace Congress at New York would, in our opinion, take a great step in the right direction if during its coming session it were to adopt Esperanto—one of the surest aids in the promotion of international peace and brotherhood.

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—XVI.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

[*Dictated January 12th, 1905.*] . . . But I am used to having my statements discounted. My mother began it before I was seven years old. Yet all through my life my facts have had a substratum of truth, and therefore they were not without preciousness. Any person who is familiar with me knows how to strike my average, and therefore knows how to get at the jewel of any fact of mine and dig it out of its blue-clay matrix. My mother knew that art. When I was seven or eight, or ten, or twelve years old—along there—a neighbor said to her,

"Do you ever believe anything that that boy says?"

My mother said,

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"He is the well-spring of truth, but you can't bring up the whole well with one bucket"—and she added, "I know his average, therefore he never deceives me. I discount him thirty per cent. for embroidery, and what is left is perfect and priceless truth, without a flaw in it anywhere."

Now to make a jump of forty years, without breaking the connection: that word "embroidery" was used again in my presence and concerning me, when I was fifty years old, one night at Rev. Frank Goodwin's house in Hartford, at a meeting of the Monday Evening Club. The Monday Evening Club still exists. It was founded about forty-five years ago by that theological giant, Rev. Dr. Bushnell, and some comrades of his, men of large intellectual calibre and more or less distinction, local or national. I was admitted to membership in it in the fall of 1871 and was an active member thenceforth until I left Hartford in the summer of 1891. The membership was restricted, in those days, to eighteen—possibly twenty. The meetings began about the 1st of October and were held in the private houses of the members every fortnight thereafter throughout the cold months until the 1st of May. Usually there were a dozen members present—sometimes as many as fifteen. There was an essay and a discussion. The essayists followed each other in alphabetical order through the season. The essayist could choose his own subject and talk twenty minutes on it, from MS. or orally, according to his preference. Then the discussion followed, and each member present was allowed ten minutes in which to express his views. The wives of these people were always present. It was their privilege. It was also their privilege to keep still; they were not allowed to throw any light upon the discussion. After the discussion there was a supper, and talk, and cigars. This supper began at ten o'clock promptly, and the company broke up and went away at midnight. At least they did except upon one occasion. In my recent Birthday speech I remarked upon the fact that I have always bought cheap cigars, and that is true. I have never bought costly ones.

Well, that night at the Club meeting—as I was saying—George, our colored butler, came to me when the supper was nearly over, and I noticed that he was pale. Normally his complexion was a clear black, and very handsome, but now it had modified to old amber. He said:

"Mr. Clemens, what are we going to do? There is not a cigar in the house but those old Wheeling long nines. Can't nobody smoke them but you. They kill at thirty yards. It is too late to telephone—we couldn't get any cigars out from town —what can we do? Ain't it best to say nothing, and let on that we didn't think?"

"No," I said, "that would not be honest. Fetch out the long nines"—which he did.

I had just come across those "long nines" a few days or a week before. I hadn't seen a long nine for years. When I was a cub pilot on the Mississippi in the late '50's, I had had a great affection for them, because they were not only—to my mind—perfect, but you could get a basketful of them for a cent—or a dime, they didn't use cents out there in those days. So when I saw them advertised in Hartford I sent for a thousand at once. They came out to me in badly battered and disreputable-looking old square pasteboard boxes, two hundred in a box. George brought a box, which was caved in on all sides, looking the worst it could, and began to pass them around. The conversation had been brilliantly animated up to that moment—but now a frost fell upon the company. That is to say, not all of a sudden, but the frost fell upon each man as he took up a cigar and held it poised in the air—and there, in the middle, his sentence broke off. That kind of thing went on all around the table, until when George had completed his crime the whole place was full of a thick solemnity and silence.

Those men began to light the cigars. Rev. Dr. Parker was the first man to light. He took three or four heroic whiffs—then gave it up. He got up with the remark that he had to go to the bedside of a sick parishioner. He started out. Rev. Dr. Burton was the next man. He took only one whiff, and followed Parker. He furnished a pretext, and you could see by the sound of his voice that he didn't think much of the pretext, and was vexed with Parker for getting in ahead with a fictitious ailing client. Rev. Mr. Twichell followed, and said he had to go now because he must take the midnight train for Boston. Boston was the first place that occurred to him, I suppose.

It was only a quarter to eleven when they began to distribute pretexts. At ten minutes to eleven all those people were out of the house. When nobody was left but George and me I was

cheerful—I had no compunctions of conscience, no griefs of any kind. But George was beyond speech, because he held the honor and credit of the family above his own, and he was ashamed that this smirch had been put upon it. I told him to go to bed and try to sleep it off. I went to bed myself. At breakfast in the morning when George was passing a cup of coffee, I saw it tremble in his hand. I knew by that sign that there was something on his mind. He brought the cup to me and asked impressively,

"Mr. Clemens, how far is it from the front door to the upper gate?"

I said, "It is a hundred and twenty-five steps."

He said, "Mr. Clemens, you can start at the front door and you can go plumb to the upper gate and tread on one of them cigars every time."

It wasn't true in detail, but in essentials it was.

The subject under discussion on the night in question was Dreams. The talk passed from mouth to mouth in the usual serene way.

I do not now remember what form my views concerning dreams took at the time. I don't remember now what my notion about dreams was then, but I do remember telling a dream by way of illustrating some detail of my speech, and I also remember that when I had finished it Rev. Dr. Burton made that doubting remark which contained that word I have already spoken of as having been uttered by my mother, in some such connection, forty or fifty years before. I was probably engaged in trying to make those people believe that now and then, by some accident, or otherwise, a dream which was prophetic turned up in the dreamer's mind. The date of my memorable dream was about the beginning of May, 1858. It was a remarkable dream, and I had been telling it several times every year for more than fifteen years—and now I was telling it again, here in the club.

In 1858 I was a steersman on board the swift and popular New Orleans and St. Louis packet, "Pennsylvania," Captain Kleinfelter. I had been lent to Mr. Brown, one of the pilots of the "Pennsylvania," by my owner, Mr. Horace E. Bixby, and I had been steering for Brown about eighteen months, I think. Then in the early days of May, 1858, came a tragic trip—the last trip of that fleet and famous steamboat. I have told all about it in one of my books called "Old Times on the Mississippi."

But it is not likely that I told the dream in that book. It is impossible that I can ever have published it, I think, because I never wanted my mother to know about the dream, and she lived several years after I published that volume.

I had found a place on the "Pennsylvania" for my brother Henry, who was two years my junior. It was not a place of profit, it was only a place of promise. He was "mud" clerk. Mud clerks received no salary, but they were in the line of promotion. They could become, presently, third clerk and second clerk, then chief clerk—that is to say, purser. The dream begins when Henry had been mud clerk about three months. We were lying in port at St. Louis. Pilots and steersmen had nothing to do during the three days that the boat lay in port in St. Louis and New Orleans, but the mud clerk had to begin his labors at dawn and continue them into the night, by the light of pine-knot torches. Henry and I, moneyless and unsalaried, had billeted ourselves upon our brother-in-law, Mr. Moffet, as night lodgers while in port. We took our meals on board the boat. No, I mean *I* lodged at the house, not Henry. He spent the *evenings* at the house, from nine until eleven, then went to the boat to be ready for his early duties. On the night of the dream he started away at eleven, shaking hands with the family, and said good-by according to custom. I may mention that hand-shaking as a good-by was not merely the custom of that family, but the custom of the region—the custom of Missouri, I may say. In all my life, up to that time, I had never seen one member of the Clemens family kiss another one—except once. When my father lay dying in our home in Hannibal—the 24th of March, 1847—he put his arm around my sister's neck and drew her down and kissed her, saying "Let me die." I remember that, and I remember the death rattle which swiftly followed those words, which were his last. These good-bys of Henry's were always executed in the family sitting-room on the second floor, and Henry went from that room and down-stairs without further ceremony. But this time my mother went with him to the head of the stairs and said good-by *again*. As I remember it she was moved to this by something in Henry's manner, and she remained at the head of the stairs while he descended. When he reached the door he hesitated, and climbed the stairs and shook hands good-by once more.

In the morning, when I awoke I had been dreaming, and the dream was so vivid, so like reality, that it deceived me, and I thought it *was* real. In the dream I had seen Henry a corpse. He lay in a metallic burial-case. He was dressed in a suit of my clothing, and on his breast lay a great bouquet of flowers, mainly white roses, with a red rose in the centre. The casket stood upon a couple of chairs. I dressed, and moved toward that door, thinking I would go in there and look at it, but I changed my mind. I thought I could not yet bear to meet my mother. I thought I would wait awhile and make some preparation for that ordeal. The house was in Locust Street, a little above 13th, and I walked to 14th, and to the middle of the block beyond, before it suddenly flashed upon me that there was nothing real about this—it was only a dream. I can still feel something of the grateful upheaval of joy of that moment, and I can also still feel the remnant of doubt, the suspicion that maybe it *was* real, after all. I returned to the house almost on a run, flew up the stairs two or three steps at a jump, and rushed into that sitting-room—and was made glad again, for there was no casket there.

We made the usual eventless trip to New Orleans—no, it was not eventless, for it was on the way down that I had the fight with Mr. Brown* which resulted in his requiring that I be left ashore at New Orleans. In New Orleans I always had a job. It was my privilege to watch the freight-piles from seven in the evening until seven in the morning, and get three dollars for it. It was a three-night job and occurred every thirty-five days. Henry always joined my watch about nine in the evening, when his own duties were ended, and we often walked my rounds and chatted together until midnight. This time we were to part, and so the night before the boat sailed I gave Henry some advice. I said, "In case of disaster to the boat, don't lose your head—leave that unwisdom to the passengers—they are competent—they'll attend to it. But you rush for the hurricane-deck, and astern to one of the life-boats lashed aft the wheel-house, and obey the mate's orders—thus you will be useful. When the boat is launched, give such help as you can in getting the women and children into it, and be sure you don't try to get into it yourself. It is summer weather, the river is only a mile wide, as a rule, and

* See "Old Times on the Mississippi."

you can swim that without any trouble." Two or three days afterward the boat's boilers exploded at Ship Island, below Memphis, early one morning—and what happened afterward I have already told in "Old Times on the Mississippi." As related there, I followed the "Pennsylvania" about a day later, on another boat, and we began to get news of the disaster at every port we touched at, and so by the time we reached Memphis we knew all about it.

I found Henry stretched upon a mattress on the floor of a great building, along with thirty or forty other scalded and wounded persons, and was promptly informed, by some indiscreet person, that he had inhaled steam; that his body was badly scalded, and that he would live but a little while; also, I was told that the physicians and nurses were giving their whole attention to persons who had a chance of being saved. They were short-handed in the matter of physicians and nurses; and Henry and such others as were considered to be fatally hurt were receiving only such attention as could be spared, from time to time, from the more urgent cases. But Dr. Peyton, a fine and large-hearted old physician of great reputation in the community, gave me his sympathy and took vigorous hold of the case, and in about a week he had brought Henry around. Dr. Peyton never committed himself with prognostications which might not materialize, but at eleven o'clock one night he told me that Henry was out of danger, and would get well. Then he said, "At midnight these poor fellows lying here and there all over this place will begin to mourn and mutter and lament and make outcries, and if this commotion should disturb Henry it will be bad for him; therefore ask the physician on watch to give him an eighth of a grain of morphine, but this is not to be done unless Henry shall show signs that he is being disturbed."

Oh well, never mind the rest of it. The physicians on watch were young fellows hardly out of the medical college, and they made a mistake—they had no way of measuring the eighth of a grain of morphine, so they guessed at it and gave him a vast quantity heaped on the end of a knife-blade, and the fatal effects were soon apparent. I think he died about dawn, I don't remember as to that. He was carried to the dead-room and I went away for a while to a citizen's house and slept off some of my accumulated fatigue—and meantime something was happening. The coffins provided for the dead were of unpainted white

pine, but in this instance some of the ladies of Memphis had made up a fund of sixty dollars and bought a metallic case, and when I came back and entered the dead-room Henry lay in that open case, and he was dressed in a suit of my clothing. He had borrowed it without my knowledge during our last sojourn in St. Louis; and I recognized instantly that my dream of several weeks before was here exactly reproduced, so far as these details went—and I think I missed one detail; but that one was immediately supplied, for just then an elderly lady entered the place with a large bouquet consisting mainly of white roses, and in the centre of it was a red rose, and she laid it on his breast.

I told the dream there in the Club that night just as I have told it here.

Rev. Dr. Burton swung his leonine head around, focussed me with his eye, and said:

"When was it that this happened?"

"In June, '58."

"It is a good many years ago. Have you told it several times since?"

"Yes, I have, a good many times."

"How many?"

"Why, I don't know how many."

"Well, strike an average. How many times a year do you think you have told it?"

"Well, I have told it as many as six times a year, possibly oftener."

"Very well, then you've told it, we'll say, seventy or eighty times since it happened?"

"Yes," I said, "that's a conservative estimate."

"Now then, Mark, a very extraordinary thing happened to me a great many years ago, and I used to tell it a number of times—a good many times—every year, for it was so wonderful that it always astonished the hearer, and that astonishment gave me a distinct pleasure every time. I never suspected that that tale was acquiring any auxiliary advantages through repetition until one day after I had been telling it ten or fifteen years it struck me that either I was getting old, and slow in delivery, or that the tale was longer than it was when it was born. Mark, I diligently and prayerfully examined that tale with this result: that I found that its proportions were now, as nearly as I

could make out, one part fact, straight fact, fact pure and undiluted, golden fact, and twenty-four parts embroidery. I never told that tale afterwards—I was never able to tell it again, for I had lost confidence in it, and so the pleasure of telling it was gone, and gone permanently. How much of this tale of yours is embroidery?"

"Well," I said, "I don't know. I don't think any of it is embroidery. I think it is all just as I have stated it, detail by detail."

"Very well," he said, "then it is all right, but I wouldn't tell it any more; because if you keep on, it will begin to collect embroidery sure. The safest thing is to stop now."

That was a great many years ago. And to-day is the first time that I have told that dream since Dr. Burton scared me into fatal doubts about it. No, I don't believe I can say that. I don't believe that I ever really had any doubts whatever concerning the salient points of the dream, for those points are of such a nature that they are *pictures,* and pictures can be remembered, when they are vivid, much better than one can remember remarks and unconcreted facts. Although it has been so many years since I have told that dream, I can see those pictures now just as clearly defined as if they were before me in this room. I have not told the entire dream. There was a good deal more of it. I mean I have not told all that happened in the dream's fulfilment. After the incident in the death-room I may mention one detail, and that is this. When I arrived in St. Louis with the casket it was about eight o'clock in the morning, and I ran to my brother-in-law's place of business, hoping to find him there, but I missed him, for while I was on the way to his office he was on his way from the house to the boat. When I got back to the boat the casket was gone. He had conveyed it out to his house. I hastened thither, and when I arrived the men were just removing the casket from the vehicle to carry it up-stairs. I stopped that procedure, for I did not want my mother to see the dead face, because one side of it was drawn and distorted by the effects of the opium. When I went up-stairs, there stood the two chairs—placed to receive the coffin—just as I had seen them in my dream; and if I had arrived two or three minutes later, the casket would have been resting upon them, precisely as in my dream of several weeks before.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF SOCIALISM.—I.

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

THE word "socialism" is used in so many senses, and associated with their own attitudes by so grotesque a variety of people, that, if it means anything which is capable of being discussed at all, we must consider what it is as a something which is worth discussing, and what we are really talking about when we talk about its rise and spread.

Now, the first fact as to which we should make ourselves clear is this—that, when we talk about the rise and spread of socialism, we are not talking about its rise and spread in the sense in which socialists and others are accustomed to talk about the rise and spread of capitalism. When socialistic historians insist, as they very rightly do, that capitalism, in its existing form, made its first great growth about the middle of the eighteenth century and has subsequently spread itself throughout all civilized countries, they mean that it rose and has spread as an actual method of production, the success of which is due to its efficiency in the actual augmentation of wealth. But to talk about the rise and spread of socialism in this sense would be meaningless; for, with the exception of scattered and unsuccessful experiments, socialism, in the sense of an actual method of production, does not exist to-day, and has never existed hitherto, in any age or country whatsoever. Socialism stands, therefore, and can stand only, not for any productive system of a novel kind, which is in actual operation anywhere and is spreading because it is workable, but merely for a theory, a belief, or often for no more than a feeling, that such a productive system will be found workable some day. We have, therefore, to examine it as a theory, and as a theory only.

But even when we have settled thus much, other difficulties

remain. People who call themselves socialists are divided into two classes: those with whom the theory in question is little more than a sentiment—such as clergymen and professional dilettanti, who are wholly out of touch with the realities of the productive process; and those who attempt, at all events, to grapple with this process in detail, and who specify in what respects, by what means, and with what results as to distribution, the existing productive process is susceptible of specific alteration.

With the former class—the clerical and professorial socialists—who know as little of the productive process as they know of the argot of Peking, it would be as useless as it would be impossible to argue, for this if for no other reason, that, if ever we question them closely as to what they really mean, some will say one thing, and some will say quite another: and nobody will say anything of a practical kind at all. Socialism means merely, in their case, a philanthropic or a petulant sense that many abuses exist under present conditions, and that they are anxious that these should be remedied at the expense of anybody but themselves.

But, when we come to the other class, who alone deserve the name of socialists—to the men who base the changes which they profess themselves anxious to realize on some definite criticism of conditions which now exist and some definite specification of the manner in which they propose to change them, we enter a different atmosphere. Here we meet with definite propositions and proposals, which at all events court, even if they will not stand, examination, and which are consequently susceptible of discussion. It is with this class of socialists alone that I here propose to deal; and it is with this class of socialists alone that any serious dealing is possible. But here again we find that we must draw distinctions: for these socialists themselves are subdivided into two further classes, according to the amount of education, of intellect and intellectual honesty, which they bring to bear on the various problems in question: and we find that, in proportion as contemporary socialism becomes intellectualized, unanimity amongst socialists ceases, and differences begin to multiply. But, in spite of the difficulties which thus seem to present themselves when we are seeking for some definite starting-point at which to begin our examination, there is one fact of primary importance which will at once make our way clear.

Unless socialism represents some way of thinking or feeling which may tend to produce attempts at experimenting with socialism in practical life, practical men might dismiss it, as though it were a form of bad poetry. But in so far as it stands for something which is of real and practical moment—and nobody can doubt that it does this—it stands for a way of thinking so popularized amongst large multitudes that the votes of these multitudes might, on some occasion or other, be numerous enough to lead to experiments of the revolutionary kind just indicated. For practical purposes, therefore, the first question which we must ask is, not what socialists of a more or less educated kind are beginning to say amongst themselves or to more or less educated audiences, but what the preachers of socialism are saying to the great masses of the population—the arguments which they use, and the hopes which they hold out, in order to gain the adherence of the passing workman in the street.

As soon as we begin to consider the matter thus, what at first was vague becomes quite sufficiently precise: and we have the facts of history to guide us besides those of the moment.

Socialism being, as no socialist will deny, a gospel which is first and foremost preached to the working classes, it aims at attracting these classes by promising to the laborers generally, without any additional effort on their own part being entailed on them, an enormous increment of wealth which ought to have been theirs always, but of which other men, by a vicious system, have hitherto been enabled to defraud them. This kind of teaching became increasingly frequent during the sixty or seventy years which followed the French Revolution. During that period, however, as socialists themselves admit, it failed to attract any great body of adherents, because, as they put it, socialism was still in its Utopian stage. It was wanting in scientific authority: and even the least educated were, by that time, learning to distrust promises which, however attractive, had no science behind them. But at last a thinker arose by whom the missing element was supplied. The thinker in question was Marx, who, about forty years ago, launched on the world his celebrated treatise on Capital, which his disciples have unanimously acclaimed as the Bible of scientific socialism. The moral of this treatise is summed up in the formula that manual labor alone is the producer of all wealth, and that all wealth ought therefore to go to the laborer

—a formula which was familiar enough as a mere rhetorical commonplace, but which the ingenuity of Marx managed, for the first time, to put forward as the outcome of an elaborate system of economics. Then, for the first time, masses who were previously sceptical began to feel that knowledge was on their side. The prospect of securing for themselves all the wealth of the world lost its Utopian, and assumed a practical, aspect. If labor alone really created this wealth, and if all classes other than the laborers were merely accidental appropriators, the obvious inference was that the laborers, by force or law, would be able to secure for themselves what they alone produced, and their desire for the prize was inflamed by a sense that it was justly theirs.

The Marxian theory of wealth-production, whatever may be its truth or falsehood, illustrates by its success as an instrument of popular agitation the fact that desire only becomes practically operative when accompanied by a defensible belief that its object is capable of attainment. But it illustrates more than this. It illustrates also a fundamental economic truth, and it recognizes, because it appeals to, a general moral sentiment. The economic truth is this—that the possibility of redistributing wealth depends on the causes by which wealth is produced. Marx tells the laborers that they will be able to seize on the whole of it, because they comprise in themselves all the causes that produce it. The moral sentiment which he appeals to, as one of self-evident justice, is the sentiment that every man has a right to the whole of his individual products.

How powerfully this union of a moral with an economic doctrine is calculated to affect those who can be induced to accept the latter, is so obvious to the meanest intelligence that there is no need to insist on it. The Marxian doctrine as to labor is so simple that all can apprehend it. The doctrine that each man has a right to the whole of his own products finds an echo in every breast. Hence, since the days when Marx became first accepted as an oracle up to the present moment, in so far as socialism is a creed which is preached to the miscellaneous masses, the teaching of Marx has been, and still continues to be, the fulcrum of the socialistic lever. Accordingly, if we wish to comprehend what socialism really means, it is with the doctrine of Marx as to labor that our examination of the question must begin.

Here, however, let me recur to a point which I have already

touched upon. When I made this statement, in various parts of America, with regard to the necessity for beginning our examination with this doctrine of Marx, I was met by a chorus of objections from the more educated socialists in the country, to the effect that socialistic thought has, since the days of Marx, made such a variety of advances that the original Marxian theory is by this time wholly obsolete. No thoughtful, no intellectual, socialist of to-day—this is what I have been told constantly—is foolish enough to think that, in the production of modern wealth, the sole essential factor is labor as Marx conceived of it; and that I am, in examining this doctrine, merely dealing with a dead horse. Why criticise a gospel which is preached by nobody?

Now, this objection, as we shall have occasion to see presently, is no doubt true with regard to the contemporary theories which the more educated socialists advance when addressing themselves to the more educated public; but, if we consider socialism as a doctrine which is addressed to the multitude, we shall find that this doctrine, which such thinkers affect to repudiate, is still the doctrine which is preached—and preached often by these men themselves—as a means of securing the adherence of the ordinary working-man. In France to-day, for instance, the active propagandists of socialism, amongst whom M. Jaurès is a leader, make use of a Primer which embodies the teaching of Marx in all its old integrity. In Great Britain the Social Democratic Federation printed these words as a motto at the head of its inaugural manifesto—"All wealth is due to labor, therefore to the laborer all wealth is due." This was followed by a calculation of the amount of income which would go to each laborer, if the whole wealth of Great Britain were divided equally amongst the laborers, and a second calculation with regard to the average wage which, under the existing system, each laborer actually received; and the laborers were told that, if they would only organize themselves as voters they would be able to secure the whole difference between the larger sum and the less. And precisely the same thing is taking place in America now. One of the most prominent publishers of socialistic literature in New York sent me, only last February, a collection of the printed addresses which he was distributing broadcast amongst the laborers of the United States, the first of these addresses—prominently advertised as the first, and as dealing with first principles—bore the title of "Why the

Working-man should be a Socialist." And the opening words of this address were as follows: "You know, or you ought to know, that you alone produce all the good things of life; and you know, or you ought to know, that by so simple a process as casting your ballot intelligently" you will be able to get—what? A little later on, the writer becomes specific. In language almost identical with that of the English manifesto just mentioned, he gives the workman two estimates—one of what he would get if everything were divided equally, the other of the average wage of the laborer as it is to-day, and tells him that the entire difference between these two sums is what he will be able to get by the mere process of voting. It is this kind of public teaching which must first claim our attention, and not what the more educated socialists say half in private to the educated—though this, when the time comes, must engage our attention also, and will then be found to possess a significance of the most important kind.

Moreover, it will be well to observe that it is not professed socialists alone who commit themselves to the doctrine that labor produces everything. Many other thinkers, with a certain emotional temperament, whenever they set themselves to preach a social sermon, go, as though impelled by some instinct, to the Marxian doctrine for a text. Thus Ruskin, though no socialist, was never weary of asserting that no wealth could be produced by anything excepting labor; and Count Tolstoy begins one of the latest of his missionary works with stating that, in the world, there are so many million laborers, and he then proceeds to say, as though he were stating an axiom, that "all the wealth of the world—all that wherewith men live and are rich—is produced by the labor of these laboring men"; and, in order that there may be no doubt as to who is and who is not a laborer, he tells us that there is one sure test—namely, to look at the man's palms, and see whether toil has hardened them.

It is, therefore, not superfluous, it is a matter of the first necessity, to begin our examination of socialism with this doctrine as to manual labor, and to inquire how far, as a scientific statement of what is, it really coincides with facts, or is a mere childish perversion of facts; for not only will such an inquiry lead us to identify what is false, but it will afford us the most convenient means by which we may elucidate what is true.

Let us, then, consider the theory of Marx in detail. Marx

claimed, and he claimed with perfect justice, that his doctrine as to labor is merely the logical development of a doctrine laid down by the orthodox or capitalistic economists—notably by Ricardo: according to which the price, or the exchange value of commodities, is determined by the amount of labor, measured in terms of time, which is, under existing circumstances, generally necessary for their production; and this doctrine, now discarded by the more thoughtful socialists themselves, Marx converted, with great dialectical skill, into the doctrine that manual labor is the sole producer of wealth, and that any one kind of labor, which the circumstances of the time required, was, hour for hour, as productive as any other.

To this rule, according to Marx, there was, indeed, one seeming exception; but it was a seeming exception only. This was supplied by cases of exceptional manual skill. In speaking of labor as the sole producer of wealth, Marx naturally admitted that there was a human mind behind it. Otherwise, a man's body would be hardly more efficacious than a dog's. He accordingly admitted that some men, whose minds were unusually alert, were enabled, by prolonged self-training, to endow themselves with exceptional dexterity; and that, hour for hour, their labor when thus intensified produced exceptional values, and deserved exceptional remuneration. But, as Laurence Gronlund—a disciple of Marx—well urges, this doctrine as to skill is merely an incidental development of the doctrine that, hour for hour, the labor of all is equal. Skill, he says, when acquired, is more productive than common labor, merely because it has hours of preparatory labor behind it. Thus, if a man for two years exerts a given degree of skill, and he has had, in order to acquire it, to undergo two years of preparation, every hour of his skilled work will represent, not one hour, but two; and alike in its productivity, will hour for hour be doubled; but, if we take a man's life as a whole, the original formula of Marx will still remain unmodified, and all labor, hour for hour, will still be economically equal.

Such, then, being the doctrine of Marx as to labor, the question arises of how, under existing conditions, the laborers, since they produce all wealth, fail to secure more than a portion of it; and Marx answers this question by an analysis of modern capitalism. In order that labor may operate to any advantage, it must gradually supply itself with implements. In order to weave

cloth, it must provide itself with some sort of loom. And what Marx means by "capital" is, fundamentally, the implements of production, without which, when their use has become general, the individual laborer is as helpless as if he were without hands. Such being the case, says Marx, the essence of modern capitalism —a system which had its roots in the dissolution of the feudal system, but only assumed great proportions about the middle of the eighteenth century, when the steam-engine and the huge factory began first to develop themselves—the essence of modern capitalism consists in the gradual appropriation, by a non-laboring class, of all the implements of production, without which the laborers could produce nothing. The old implements—such, for example, as the hand-loom—which the laborers once owned themselves, were supplanted and rendered useless by others, which other men, not laborers, monopolized. And if we ask, says Marx, how these implements came into existence, he tells us that they themselves are nothing but labor fossilized. Thus, according to him, labor is doubly robbed. It is divorced from its necessary implements, and from implements which itself has made; and of such a situation, he said, the crowning result was this: that, the capitalists owning all the implements, and the laborers owning nothing but their hands, the former were in a position to dictate terms to the latter, and compel them as the price of being allowed admission to their factories—or, in other words, of being allowed to work at all—to surrender to each factory-owner, whenever they went home at night, the whole of the wealth which they had produced by their day's labor, except such a fraction of it as was necessary to keep them alive. That is to say, capitalism represents, according to Marx, nothing but an abstraction, on the part of the capitalists, from the laborers, of the implements of production, such as modern machinery, which the laborers themselves have made; and the farther abstraction, which in this way is rendered possible, of the marketable and consumable goods which the machinery enables them to produce; whilst the establishment of socialism, and of the economic millennium resulting from it, means simply the reacquisition by the laborers —the sole producers—of their own tools from which they have been artificially divorced, and together with this the possession of the entire products.

And now let us inquire how far this doctrine is true—how far

it is a complete, or even an approximate, explanation, of the complicated process of wealth-production as it exists at the present day.

The doctrine that labor is the producer of all wealth is, at all events, so far true that no wealth could be produced without it; and in primitive societies it is virtually the sole productive agency. Even in these societies there are implements, such as the plough and the potter's wheel; but the construction of these is a very simple task, and capital as represented thus, we may truly say with Marx, is but ordinary labor fossilized. In such communities, however, where labor is the sole wealth-producer, the amount of wealth produced is proverbially small in the extreme. Compared with what is produced in the civilized societies of to-day, it is, man for man, as one is when compared (let us say) with ten. Indeed, to make this comparison we need not, as a matter of fact, go back to primitive times. Man for man, the wealth produced to-day in America or in England is probably ten times what it was a hundred and fifty years ago. What, then, is the cause of this difference between the two products? If we start with conceding that labor produced the *one,* what produces the *nine,* which added to the *one* make *ten?* According to the socialists, the explanation of this increment is found in the fact that knowledge has increased, that the implements of production have been improved, and that average labor has thus become indefinitely more productive. But to say this is only to beg the question. To what are this increase in knowledge and this improvement in machinery, in their turn, due themselves? Are they due to manual labor in any sense? This is a question which has suggested itself to many thinkers who start the doctrine that wealth is produced by labor alone; and to this question they have offered two classes of answer, which I will give as set forth by two distinguished thinkers.

Ruskin explains the advance of labor from its lowest to its highest efficiency by the gradual development of skill; and his definition of skill is admirable. All labor, even the lowest, he begins, requires a mind of some sort to direct the operations of the muscles. Now, amongst most men minds, like hands, conform to a normal standard; but, amongst a considerable minority, we find that the mental faculties rise above this standard to a great variety of degrees—which the manual faculties, considered

by themselves, do not—and thus impart to the manual faculties an efficiency which is proportionately exceptional. Thus, mere quickness of mind, he says, or an unusual power of concentration, will enable one bricklayer to lay in a given time more bricks than another; and, similarly, mental qualities of a higher and rarer kind will enable the hands of a Michelangelo to paint his picture of the Last Judgment, whilst the hands of another man only whitewash a fence. Skill, in short, is some exceptional mental faculty as applied by its possessor to the labor of his own hands. Here, indeed, we have expressed, by a more delicate analyst, the conception of skill underlying the theory of Marx.

Now, in skill, as thus defined, we have doubtless a correct explanation of how labor in some cases produces products whose value is great, whilst in most it produces products whose value is relatively small. But these products whose value is due to exceptional skill, though they form some of the choicest portions of the wealth of the modern world, are not typical of it. The products which are due to exceptional skill or craftsmanship—such as an illuminated missal, or a vessel by Benvenuto Cellini —are always few in number, from the nature of the case they are costly, and they can be possessed by the few only. The distinctive feature of modern wealth-production, on the contrary, is the multiplication of goods relatively to the time spent in producing them, and the consequent cheapening of each article individually. Skill, therefore, affords us no explanation of how manual labor, as a whole, can ever become more productive in one period than it is in another.

The second answer to our question is that given by Adam Smith, who begins his great work, "The Wealth of Nations," with the assertion that the chief cause which enhances the productivity of the individual laborer is not the development amongst some of the faculties that are peculiar to the few, but a more effective development of powers that are common to all, by the fact that labor becomes more and more divided, so that any man, by devoting his life to the performance of one operation, acquires a manual dexterity otherwise beyond his reach. Here again we have a doctrine which may be affiliated to the theory of Marx. We have labor divided in its application, but not requiring different degrees of capacity. We have the average labor of the average man still.

But this simple division of labor, though a true explanation of progress, so far as it goes, does at best but bring us to the beginning of the modern industrial system, which, when Adam Smith wrote, was hardly out of its cradle; and throws on its subsequent developments, and the enhanced production resulting from them, no light whatever. Even in Adam Smith's time, two factors were at work other than the division of labor; and these have ever since then been growing in importance and magnitude; and in these, we shall find, the secret of modern production resides. One of these is the development of modern machinery, which is totally inexplicable by any increase in the dexterity of the average workman. The other is a cause of which the machinery is really the consequence: and this is the increasing application of exceptional mental faculties—such as intellect, scientific knowledge, knowledge of men, imagination, energy and the faculties which we call executive—not to the manual labor of the men by whom these faculties are possessed, but to the direction and coordination of those countlessly varied operations into which the labor of other men, on an increasing scale, divides itself. Here we have the parent cause of the enhanced and increasing productivity of industry in the modern world. Let us begin with considering this.

The economic functions performed by one man's mental faculties, as directing the labor, not of his own hands, but of the hands of any number of others, may be most easily illustrated by the case of a printed book, regarded in the light of an article of economic wealth. Let us take two editions of ten thousand copies, one of a book so dull that nobody will buy or read it, the other of a book so brilliant that the edition is at once exhausted —both, however, being printed equally well, and having their type set up by the same compositors. The labor of the compositors is the same as to kind and quality, in the case of the book which is eagerly bought by every one, as it is in the case of the book which is bought (we will say) by only half a dozen people; but, if both books are priced at a dollar a copy, the ten thousand copies of the one will have an economic value of ten thousand dollars; the ten thousand copies of the other will have a value only of six, *plus* what the copies unsold may be worth as mere dirty paper. What makes the one pile of copies an aggregate of economic wealth, whilst the other is practically nothing but a heap

of inconvenient refuse, is not the labor of the compositors, which is just as efficient and skilful in the one case as in the other. The differentiating factor is the directions under which the compositors work. But these directions do not come from the men by whose hands the metal types are arranged in a given order. They come from the author who conveys them by means of his manuscript. This manuscript, considered under its industrial aspect, is neither more nor less than a series of minute orders, every one of which modifies the movements of the compositors' hands, directing them now half an inch to the right, now an inch to the left, now, as the case may be, an eighth of an inch up or down: one mind thus imparting the quality of wealth or refuse to every one of the ten thousand copies in which the labor of the compositors results.

Similarly, when any great mass of modern machinery is constructed, which involves the cooperation of ten thousand manual laborers, the same situation repeats itself. The marvellous machines of to-day increase the production of wealth, not because their parts are fashioned with sufficient manual skill—for the highest skill may be employed in the construction of mechanisms that are futile; but because each part is fashioned in accordance with the orders of some master mind or minds, which orders direct and coordinate each minutest movement made by the hands and arms of every one of the manual laborers. An invention itself, so long as it is in the inventor's brain only, or even when merely embodied in some experimental model, is in an economic sense valueless. In the one case, it is a dream; in the other case, it is a toy. It becomes efficient only when the inventor himself or some coadjutor succeeds in translating it into a series of practical orders, which a hundred, a thousand, or ten thousand laborers will obey. Just as, according to Mill's true observation, all that labor can do is to move particles of matter, so does the efficiency of labor depend, in the modern world, on the orders issued to the laborers as to what particles are to be moved.

And with the direction of labor as to the goods which the machinery is used to produce—whether books, or neckties of such and such a price or color, or foods or drinks of such and such a price or flavor—the case is just the same. We have manual labor of a given amount and quality, which assists in producing what is wanted or is not wanted—what constitutes wealth or merely a

mound of refuse—according to the manner in which all this labor is directed by faculties essentially external to those of the laborers themselves. Nothing can illustrate this difference between labor and the direction of labor more brilliantly than Ruskin's definition, which I have quoted, of skill. The essence of skill, as he brings out with admirable clearness, is the mind of the laborer himself, which directs with exceptional efficiency the labor of his own hands; and it is, as Ruskin adds, essentially incommunicable. Its action ends with the task on which the man possessing it is engaged. Skill, in short, is the mind of one man affecting his own labor. The directive faculty is the mind of one man simultaneously affecting the labor of any number of others.

The great fact, then, which is forced on us by a consideration of the production of modern wealth is that the human effort involved in it is not of one kind, but of two kinds: that it does not consist only, as is said by Marx and his followers, and as was persistently said before them by the orthodox school of economists, of the faculties which are embodied in the manual task-work of individuals, and which are commonly called "labor"; but that it consists also of the faculties by which all this labor is directed, and on which, in the modern world, the efficiency of this labor depends; and it is impossible to reason intelligibly about the productive process at all so long as we persist in calling both of them by the same name. No doubt, as a matter of mere verbal propriety, and also for certain speculative purposes, the word "labor" may be used to indicate human effort of any kind, just as, for certain speculative purposes, the word "man" may be used to indicate the whole of the human species; but when, as in the present case, the problems with which we have to deal are not concerned with human effort as a whole, but are concerned with human effort of two contrasted kinds, and when these represent two contrasted classes of society, it is as impossible to deal with these two, if we call them by the same name, as it would be to discuss the problems of sex and matrimony if we called both men and women by the common name of "man." If the word "labor," then, is appropriated, as it is appropriated by the socialists, to designate the individual task-work of the ordinary workman or laborer, another name must be found for that effort, distinct in kind, which is the effort of the minds of the few directing the labor of the many.

For the directive faculty or faculties, it is difficult to find an entirely satisfactory name; but, in default of a better, I propose to use the term "Ability"; and this, when confined to its strictly technical meaning, possesses the signal advantage of having been adopted, during recent years, by the more thoughtful and clear-headed of the socialistic thinkers themselves, as representing certain mental forces which, though they have never adequately analyzed either their nature or their mode of operation, they are beginning to recognize as distinct from what they mean by "labor," and yet as being equally essential to the industrial process of to-day.

Thus, Mr. Sidney Webb, one of the leading socialists in England, has frankly declared that, even if socialism were successful in getting rid of the private ownership of capital, there would still remain to be dealt with a monopoly which lies behind this —namely, the "natural monopoly" of what he calls "business ability," or the exceptional industrial powers with which a minority of men are born; and socialists of the more thoughtful kind, from all parts of America, have written either to me, or about me, to the effect that they are not such fools as not to recognize, just as clearly as I do, that the direction of labor, or the faculty of directive ability is just as essential to production as the operations of labor itself. To these admissions we shall have occasion to return hereafter. Meanwhile, I will only observe this: that, if thoughtful socialists, all over the world, will only preach to the multitudes the truth which they recognize amongst themselves, and will frankly tell the laborers that manual labor alone is totally inadequate to produce the wealth which they are anxious to divide, the whole bottom of popular socialism will be instantly knocked out of it, and one most important step in the popularization of truth will have been gained.

In the following article, I shall turn to the more thoughtful socialists again; and, the functions of directive ability being assumed as recognized by both parties, I shall discuss the manner in which the directions of ability enforce themselves, and this will lead us to an inquiry into the primary functions of capital. We shall find them to be something of which, in the philosophy of Marx and his followers, there is no hint or recognition of any kind whatever.

W. H. Mallock.

(To be Continued.)

FRAUDS IN THE MAIL.*

Fraud Orders and their Purposes.

BY HON. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU.

Legislation in the Congress of the United States, looking to the exclusion from the mails of all matter relating to lotteries or other schemes to defraud, began in 1868. The laws under which the Post-Office Department operates at present are the acts of 1890 and of 1895.

These statutes provide for the issuance by the Postmaster-General of what are commonly known as "fraud orders." The orders are special directions to postmasters, and have for their object the suppression of fraudulent schemes and lotteries so far as the enterprises are conducted by means of the United States mails. The effect of the fraud order is to prevent the further delivery of mail matter and the payment of money-orders to the person or concern against whom the order is directed, and to cause the return to the senders of all such mail matter and money-orders.

Few governmental functions exercised by the great Executive Departments at Washington operate so widely or generally to conserve the interests of all classes of citizens, or so directly and effectively to discourage dishonest practices.

Upon evidence of fraudulent design satisfactory to the Postmaster-General, the postmaster to whom the order is addressed

* This article was prepared by the Hon. George B. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury, some months ago, while he was Postmaster-General. It was withheld from publication at the time, because a measure was introduced in Congress tending to deprive the Department of the force of its authority in fraud orders, and Mr. Cortelyou did not desire to make public comment upon the subject while the legislation was pending. The matter was abandoned by the Congress only at the very last of the session, at which time Mr. Cortelyou left the Post-office Department to become Secretary of the Treasury.—Ed. N. A. R.

is directed to withhold from delivery all mail matter arriving at his post-office for the person or company named, and to return the same to the sender, the outside plainly marked "Fraudulent." For this evidence of the unlawful nature of any scheme whose practices are called to his attention, the Postmaster-General relies, first, upon the result of investigations made by the sworn inspectors of the Department. These officers are assigned to various sections of the country, and a part of their duty is to investigate all cases in their districts in which it is alleged that the mails are being used in violation of the law. They report the facts as they find them to the Assistant Attorney-General for the Post-Office Department; and if these facts establish a *prima facie* case of fraud, the person or concern involved is at once notified of the pendency and of the nature of the charges brought, and is then afforded an opportunity to appear before the Assistant Attorney-General for the Post-Office Department, either in person or in writing, or both, making such answers and statements as it may be desired to have the Department consider in disposing of the matter. After careful investigation and hearing of all sides, if the Assistant Attorney-General is of the opinion that a fraud order should be issued, he makes a full report of the case to the Postmaster-General, by whom the final review and action must be taken.

When the character of the scheme to defraud is such that its continued operation, during this examination and consideration of the charges, threatens to result in losses to the public, temporary orders are at once issued to the postmaster simply to withhold the mail, pending the inquiry. No publicity is given to this fact. If the charges are dismissed, the mail is at once released. It is only after the regular fraud order is issued that the accumulated mail is marked "Fraudulent" and returned to the senders.

It is sometimes found that legitimate business enterprises have been so advertised and conducted as to mislead the public, without any real intention to defraud. In response to complaints received, steps are immediately taken to inquire into the methods and operations thus called in question. When they develop the fact that the advertisements or misleading statements were not deliberately designed to defraud and that the business is not otherwise open to serious criticism, the opportunity is given to

discontinue the objectionable features, and the business is allowed to proceed undisturbed.

Sometimes complaints are received by the Department against well-established and highly reputable mercantile houses engaged in transacting through the mails a business the integrity of which is wholly above question. Upon such complaints being investigated, it usually develops that misunderstandings occurred through delays in shipment, loss in transit or some other cause easily accounted for and explained, giving the Department an opportunity to act as peacemaker and adjust the difficulty.

The prime object of the present law is to secure summary action which shall put immediate stop to fraudulent schemes, for the protection of the public. Obviously, the value of the relief to be secured by the public through any law upon this subject depends largely upon the promptness with which the scheme to defraud may be denied the use of the mails to further its questionable purposes. If the action against it were to be materially delayed, or delayed for any appreciable time, the scheme could run its fraudulent course or transfer its affairs to other names and destinations before it could be obstructed by official interference.

For this very reason, the power conferred upon the Postmaster-General by the statutes of 1890 and 1895 has been criticised by some—chiefly by those who have been hampered in nefarious undertakings through the issuance of fraud orders. It is little wonder that to this class the authority of the Postmaster-General under the existing law seems autocratic and tyrannical.

These critics have succeeded in producing sufficient agitation to secure the presentation of a bill in Congress, the effect of which would be to deprive the existing law of its chief value. The point of the proposed legislation is that a fraud order shall not complete its effectiveness till the expiration of fifteen days after the object of the order has received notice of its issuance, during which time he is granted the right to file a bill in the United States Circuit Court—with the usual right of appeal from whatever its finding may be—transferring the disposition of his mail from the Post-Office to the Court, pending the final decision.

Possibly, some of the misleading arguments—by those who have already proved themselves experts in framing misleading advertisements — may have reached the public as well as the legislative ear, creating some uncertainty as to the intent and

comparative benefit of the present statutes. If so, a single instance will suffice to indicate that the very feature which renders the present law objectionable to some is, in truth, the cause of its real value to the public—the authority it confers for summary and imperative deprivation of the use of the mails in carrying on fraudulent schemes, when the scheme itself is proven to be undoubtedly fraudulent, irrespective of the ability of the promoter to escape a criminal conviction.

A fraud order was issued in October, 1901, against an offender at Seabreeze, Florida. Subsequently, this person was indicted on the charge of using the United States mails in the conduct of a scheme to defraud. Upon a technicality, the indictment was quashed in March, 1902. In June of that year, and in February of 1903, other indictments were found; and upon a technicality these indictments were also quashed in June, 1903. Again this offender was indicted in February, 1904, and was tried and convicted. An appeal was taken, and a new trial was ordered. In February, 1906, the new trial was followed by conviction and sentence; but another appeal was taken which is still pending. By the prompt issuance of the fraud order, thousands of dollars were saved to the public. If it could not have been issued, the fraudulent enterprise would undoubtedly be still in operation, while the delay incident to a criminal prosecution for the same offence is indicated by the fact that, five years after the indictment, the case against the offender is still pending.

In administering the present law the Department has been so consistently reasonable that there is little apparent occasion for recourse to the courts. There is no opposition on the part of the Department to such an amendment as will give court review, if it does not deprive the Department of its present immediate effectiveness and therefore of its entire usefulness in this means of public protection. There can be no objection to every man having the right of appeal to the courts against any possible or apparent injustice; but to carry that right so far as to take away the force of the order, to vitiate its effectiveness, or remove the matter from the jurisdiction of the Department during court review, would obviously render the position of the Department unreasonably embarrassing; as by law it would be expected to protect the public while handicapped by an amendment rendering it powerless to do so.

The present statutes overcome conditions with which the ordinary machinery of the law is inadequate to deal. The convenient and almost necessary facility of communication afforded by the Post-Office Department and the freedom of communication from inspection obviously lay the service open to grave abuse. Without this authority which enables the Postmaster-General to act quickly and effectively when unlawful use of mails is established, the public would be constantly at the mercy of hordes of rascals who have become expert inventors and promoters of devices to defraud.

It is not the law, but the law's delay, which the operators of fraudulent methods would be glad to obtain. For it must be borne in mind that many, if not most, of the schemes to defraud are of the fly-by-night order; of the kind whose methods and base of operations are constantly changing; who shift from name to name and city to city, for the express purpose of avoiding too close scrutiny; who are often hard to locate for the deeds of the present and harder to convict for the deeds of the past.

In New York, recently, a dozen different names were successively used by one concern, a change being made immediately on the discovery that it was attracting attention—made for the express purpose of escaping the detrimental effect of a fraud order. This plan would obviously be much more successful if the restriction came from the slowly moving courts.

It is particularly true, too, that comparatively little direct evidence can be brought into court against the majority of these fraudulent operators. Their victims are people of small means, residing at remote distances, whose individual losses are too small to justify the expense incident to legal prosecution. The evidence of fraud gathered by the sworn inspectors and admitted by the person or concern in the preliminary hearing may be indisputable, and without question it may justify the Postmaster-General, under the statutes which give him his authority, in acting immediately and effectively to prevent further operations of the concern by forbidding the offender the use of the mails, while he could not, nevertheless, produce in court a sufficient amount of admissible evidence to insure the conviction of the operator of the scheme.

There are numerous instances illustrative of this constantly coming before the Department. Take, for example, the follow-

ing: The Reliable Blue Company, of New York, advertised to give away a "new automatic tension sewing-machine," all charges prepaid, "to all persons who would sell thirty packages of Washing Blue, at ten cents each, and remit the three dollars collected therefor. The offer contained the cut of a machine, and naturally led the reader to suppose it represented the one to be sent; while, as a matter of fact, the machine given was a toy, very small and of no practical value. Following is the reply of the company to a complaining patron. It illustrates the complication of difficulties above referred to:

"DEAR MADAM,—We have your letter and would advise you to keep cool and not make any rash statements before you are sure as to what you are saying.

"You seem to think we agreed to send you an up-to-date, high-grade sewing-machine with all the latest attachments. If you can show us in our advertisement where we made such agreement, we will send you such a sewing-machine.

"We will refer you to our advertisement, which evidently you did not read carefully, or you would not have cried out 'Fraud,' just as if we were some common, cheap concern that was trying to defraud people. We cannot understand how a lady, who seems to possess the intelligence that you do, could understand the advertisement in any other way than the way it was intended.

"You will notice the first word in the advertisement is 'Free!' That means that something is given away, and appears in the advertisement to attract the reader's attention. Then we say, 'An up-to-date, high-grade sewing-machine, with all the latest attachments, costs from $30 to $40.' You know very well that this is true in any store, no matter where you went to buy it. To show you the kind of a machine that would cost you the sum we have mentioned, we show a picture of such a machine. You see it thus far, do you not? But not a word yet have we said about giving away such a machine free. We next say, 'Don't throw your money away.' This is good advice, as you must admit. We then go on to say in the advertisement, 'But take advantage of our generous proposition,' and then you are ready to see what the proposition is. You will then find in the next words in the advertisement a distinct proposition and agreement as follows: 'If you wish to own a sewing-machine that will do excellent sewing, send us your name and address at once, and agree to sell only thirty packages of our Washing Blue at ten cents a package.' Then we say further, 'When sold send us the money, $3, and we will promptly forward to you our new Automatic Tension Sewing-machine.'

"Now that is the only agreement we made, and we carried it out to the letter. We hope you will sit down and write us a letter and apologize for insinuating that our object was fraud. You have hurt

our feelings very much. We did not ask you to pay us a cent out of your own pocket. We only asked you to sell our Blue, which you did, and we appreciate it. The money from the sale of the Blue was ours, and you could do nothing else but return it to us as you did. The work you did was worth a commission of twenty-five per cent., or seventy-five cents. We sent you a premium that would cost you in any store $1.50. Many ladies who don't care for it for themselves give it to their daughters, niece, or cousin or sister.

"You don't mean to sit down and tell us that you, with your good sense, would suppose that we, or any one else, could afford to give away a forty-dollar sewing-machine for the simple little work of selling $3 worth of goods for us, do you?

"Furthermore, we would like to tell you that we are a large and reliable concern, and that we would not think of inserting an advertisement in any paper without first obtaining the best legal opinion that money could buy in this State of New York. Our advertisement is perfectly honorable and plain to those who read it carefully. We would advise you not to answer any advertisement again until you are absolutely sure that you understand it. We are sorry you were disappointed, but you would not have been if you had read it carefully at first."

The difficulties are apparent which would lie in the way of securing a speedy conviction of the perpetrators of this fraud as individual criminals, but no one will question the justice of the summary and effective fraud order which put a stop to the scheme, and surely saved a great many more from being disappointed aspirants for a high-grade sewing-machine.

If the Postmaster-General were confined to such evidence as would be admissible in a court of law, and first forced to prove the promoter a criminal, it is easy to see how it would nullify the entire benefit derived by the public through his present authority to act upon satisfactory evidence of every kind, collected by inspectors and presented by the accused, tending to prove or disprove the complaints.

It recently occurred in New York that apparently several concerns were offering, to people in Canada and other remote places, building lots represented to be located in fashionable and desirable suburbs of the city. On investigation, they proved to be waste land on Long Island, practically without value for any purpose. No one seeing the lots and knowing the conditions could have been induced to purchase them, hence a resort to the mails for distant victims. The courts could hardly have taken cognizance of a fraud before it was consummated; but the operations

were brought to an immediate end by means of a fraud order. Criminal prosecution for fraud must of course follow the consummation of the fraud, while the fraud order puts a stop to the scheme the moment its unlawful methods are discovered.

To enable the accomplishment of this check upon fraud in its inception, is the express design of the present statutes. The fraud order is not intended to be punitive. It is purely protective —to prevent the use of the mails for purposes of fraud against the public. Following the intent of the law, the entire effort of the Department is the suppression of fraudulent enterprises depending on the mails.

Since the enactment of the present legislation, over 2,400 fraud orders have been issued by the Department, but in less than thirty cases has the propriety of the order been challenged, and in none has the Court held that it was erroneous or unwarranted. In only two of the settled cases were injunctions allowed. One of these was upon a technicality as to whether there was a definite finding of the Postmaster-General that the business was actually in violation of law; and the other was upon questions of constitutionality, which have since been fully settled by the Supreme Court of the United States. So that the action of the Post-Office Department in all of the thirty disputed cases may be said to have been upheld by the courts.

This record is of very great importance in considering the advisability of withdrawing the power. It endorses the conservative administration of the law by the Post-Office Department, extending over the jurisdiction of many Postmasters-General, of different political parties. It emphatically fails to indicate any abuse of the power rendering a change in legislation advisable or desirable at this time.

On the other hand, the Department is occasionally and severely censured for *not* excluding from postal privileges certain other enterprises and classes which are necessarily left undisturbed. There are many who misconstrue the functions and powers of the Department, and expect it to do more under the present law than is reasonable or possible.

The Postmaster-General must not and cannot substitute opinion for evidence. In no case is the branding of a business as fraudulent, with the resultant exclusion of its correspondence and literature from the mails, justifiable except upon

complete and satisfactory evidence of its unlawful intentions. Frequently, enterprises are brought to his attention of whose fraudulent operations the Postmaster-General entertains little or no moral doubt, but which are so shrewdly and ingeniously conducted that it is a most difficult matter to pronounce upon them. This is particularly true of mining enterprises which, from time to time, are exploited through the mails, and which eventually prove to be fraudulent. It is often manifestly impossible for the Post-Office Department to determine with sufficient certainty whether mines in Alaska, Mexico and South America are, in fact, what they are represented to be. However, even in this line, the Department can point to many schemes which have been suppressed through its energy—notably the White Swan Mines Company and the Ubero Plantation Company.

Naturally, the largest and most important branch of the warfare which is being waged by the Department against abuses of the mailing privilege is represented in the issuance of fraud orders against devices whereby the credulous are deceived by promises of sudden gain or some other great benefit. But there are other essential lines in which the Department has directed its efforts toward purifying the mails. In the suppression of lotteries it has been of inestimable value to the country, as well as in the suppression of obscene and indecent literature; and during the past year it has effectually barred from certain offending newspapers in a number of our large cities advertisements of criminal establishments, the evil effects of whose debasing and illegal practices are of incalculable harm to our people.

It will be readily understood that the guarding of the mails for the purpose of keeping at the minimum the manifold abuses to which they are inherently subject is a task of great magnitude; but it is being better and more efficiently done every year, affording much justification for the remark, which was made not long ago, that "the Post-Office Department of the United States is the most effective agency in the world for the detection and prevention of crime and the apprehension of the criminal."

Much, indeed, which is not recorded in the issuance of fraud orders is accomplished under the same authority. Its watchfulness and initial action have often saved the Department the necessity of further steps.

The variety of devices for fraudulent practices through the

mails is infinite. Many of them are profoundly clever and ingenious, while others are so palpably dishonest that it is difficult to see how any ordinary mortal can be duped by them. The very depths of misguided ingenuity are sounded in efforts to obtain money and goods by fraud, but they always run to some extent in classes. It is rarely that a distinct type of fraud is confined to one person or group of persons exclusively. There seems to be as much fashion in fraud as in other things; and each fad, in turn, seems to find just as many waiting to be fooled. It is really the same mania which possesses the one who fools and the one who is fooled. Each wishes to get something for nothing, or next to nothing. So the schemes multiply and prosper—some of them phenomenally — until the Department steps in and, through the authority conferred by the statutes heretofore alluded to, exercises the proper and salutary control which finds effect in the so-called fraud order.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU.

FIRST STEPS IN THE WORLD.*

Unpublished Letters of Ernest Renan to his Sister Henriette: 1846-1847-1848.

The following extracts have been made by Madame Psichari (Noémi Renan) from her father's correspondence; the letters, in point of time, come immediately after the "*Lettres Intimes*" and "*Cahiers de Jeunesse*" already published.

The first letter was written by Ernest Renan some months after he had abandoned his theological studies in the seminary of Saint-Sulpice, and shortly after he left the half-way house found by him for a time in the clerical Collége Stanislas. He was now quite by himself; his University degrees were still to be won; and he was without other means of living than a pittance earned by overseeing boys and correcting tasks in a crammer's school. He was already formidably endowed with learning; but, in habit of thought, he was still as unlike the new and free world which he was entering as was the church enclosure which had hitherto sheltered him round. And he was not yet master of that style which was to compel the world to listen to him.

To one single soul he could pour out the tale of his every-day trials and triumphs—to his sister Henriette, who was living as a governess in Poland. The letters end with the communication of the first success which won him a definite place "in the world."

I.†

". . . *Chère amie,* I must tell you the quite distinguished way in which I have made the acquaintance of one of our philosophical celebrities, M. Garnier, professor of philosophy at the Sorbonne.‡ I ventured to send him a few observations on an important point touched upon in one of his lectures. At the next lecture, he was kind enough to read out my letter and comment on it most gratifyingly for the unknown author. Some

* Copyright, 1907, by Madame Jean Psichari (*née* Renan).

† Beginning of 1846.

‡ Adolphe Garnier succeeded Jouffroy as professor and wrote and lectured on many subjects, such as will and belief, that must have powerfully interested Renan at this period of his life.

days later, I had a letter from him, thanking me for my observations and asking for more to relieve the severity of his lectures by interesting debates. He also invited me to call on him, so that he might make my acquaintance. I had to accept both invitations, and shortly sent him another philosophic letter on a very important question, which was beset by grave difficulties. The discussion of my letter took up the time of two lectures. With the keenest interest, lost in the crowd of his many hearers, unknown to all, even to the professor himself, I watched the varying impressions produced by the reading of different passages of my letter. I was proud, indeed, I so little and lowly, to hear myself cited from such a lecture-chair and occupying the attention of so grave an audience.

"A few days later I paid the professor a visit, as I had been invited to do; and I was delighted with the amiability and kindness shown me. He expected, I think, to see a man thirty or forty years old; and my very young appearance—every one takes me for eighteen or twenty [Ernest Renan was not yet twenty-three]—surprised him at first. But he only took all the more interest in me. As usual, I had to tell him my story, which greatly pleased him; and he complimented me on what I had done. And so, *chère amie,* I had a delightful hour with him, enough to uplift and exalt me for more than a week; and the remembrance of it upholds me when I stumble. It is so needful to have, outside of oneself, some source of stimulation. Only contact with minds can form minds. After giving me good advice for my guidance in philosophic studies, urging me particularly to go up for the University *agrégation* in philosophy, in which he said I would succeed well, he asked me to keep on sending my observations as occasion offered, and especially to visit him often that he might follow my studies.

"So you see, *chère amie,* I am not altogether deprived of support from without. Besides, *chère amie,* I am reaping the fruit of my solitary and concentrated life, finding strength in myself and supplying by activity within that which is wanting without. *Et quoi!* am I alone when beside me I have Kant and Herder and Plato and Leibnitz? Where could I find men like these, and where could they speak more intimately than in their books? I cry aloud as I converse with them; at sight of them let my soul within me be lifted up! And in my poor chamber,

bare and lonely, I pass moments full of happiness beyond belief. Then sad reality comes running back; but I heed it not in my speculative mood. Ah! how I thank God that he has placed my happiness in thinking and feeling!

"There is only one thing to make me unhappy, *chère amie;* it is the thought of my poor mother. I tried to prepare her for my leaving the Collége Stanislas; and I have received a distressing letter from her. She loves me, poor mother, God knows how much! But what could I do against my conscience? Oh! I repeat from the depths of my soul, if there were question only of my life's happiness, I would have made the sacrifice of it with all my heart."

II.

". . . Do not worry any more, *chère amie,* about my wardrobe. It is much better furnished than you think; I have two of everything, and quite proper. I must have explained myself badly about the sum I spent on it that you should be so astonished. Only think, besides what I borrowed of Mallet Frères, I have used the 500 francs which Alain gave me.* Moreover, it has been easy to metamorphose certain parts of my old costume, the *houppelande* [worn by ecclesiastics] into an overcoat, etc. I have kept other considerable items of clothing, with which something can be done. You will arrange all that for me. I also had a quite new frock coat, which, by changing the shape a little, has been made really decent.

"So you see my economy is no great miracle, and, had it not been for the enormous cost of *necessary* books and the purchase of a silver watch—an object of prime necessity in the life I lead —my expenses would have been even less considerable."

III.

". . . There is no end to the complaints I have to make of my *maître de pension.*† During vacation, I did for him three times as much work as I owed him, lured on by the promise that he would not use me for keeping boys in and other extra services; and then he comes and tells me it's impossible, that I must go on as I did before! More still: not only does the little I earn not

* Alain Renan, elder brother of Ernest, born at Tréguier in 1811, died at Neuilly near Paris in 1883.

† M. Crouzet, proprietor of the boarding-school.

come to me on time, but I do not get the whole of it. I spare you the details of these manœuvres, because I can only speak of them as pieces of rascality; but, by means of them, he robs me of a part of what was due me for moments so precious to me and which I had spent liberally for his benefit. He counts on my shyness and arranges things so that I cannot get out of it without telling him in effect that he is a rascal—and he knows very well I will never say that to him. Besides, it is almost materially impossible that I should keep boys in this year, seeing that it prevents my long hours of study at the Bibliothèque Royale—and yet these are indispensable for my work."

IV.*

"I find great encouragement for my work in the acquaintance I have been able to make with several very distinguished men, intercourse with whom is very precious in keeping me up to a high standard. I told you how I got acquainted with M. Garnier; at every visit I am delighted with the interest and esteem he shows me. He has asked me to communicate to him in writing all the observations which come to my mind about his lectures; he is now getting ready to publish them. The same means which won for me his acquaintance has gained me that of one of our most celebrated thinkers, M. Damiron.† M. Garnier had already spoken to him about me, and the letter which I wrote him so raised me in his esteem that he gave me advice which greatly flatters me, although it is not practicable at present to follow it. He strongly urged me to compete for the prize of philosophy given by the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, of which he is a member; he has been named on the examining committee.

"Mademoiselle Ulliac‡ has also procured for me the acquaintance of a very remarkable man, M. Emile Souvestre,§ whose last book shows much strength and originality of mind. He has a brain so moral, so poetic, that I forgive him the slightness of his faith in science and his consequent lack of enthusiasm. For

* March, 1846.

† Damiron, like his associate Jouffroy, had a great name in French University teaching for more than forty years, and is still remembered in the history of nineteenth-century philosophy, which can scarcely be said of Adolphe Garnier.

‡ An intimate friend of Henriette Renan.

§ Emile Souvestre has become a French classic.

that matter, intercourse with him could not be easier and simpler; and there is a fragrance of suavity* in all that touches his amiable family.

"What a singular position is mine, *chère amie,* obliged as I am to gain acquaintances and to owe to my own efforts what so many others gain from circumstances. But it is necessary for me, *chère amie,* not so much for the help I may expect, as for the intellectual and moral advantages I obtain. Condemned to live in a heavy, stifling atmosphere, the soul would lower its tone if not stimulated from time to time by those who keep it lofty and pure."

V.†

". . . M. Guigniaut, one of the first among our learned men, thought my Greek composition faultless; it was ranked among the first, perhaps the very first—they never tell the part places. My Latin verses won me less praise; M. Ozanam found them only correct and exact, with little composition. Truly, when I made them I had but one desire—that they should be the last of my life. My Latin discourse gained me the highest praise from the severe M. Leclerc."‡

VI.§

". . . I cannot tell you the joy I felt, *chère amie,* when Monday, March 15th, at three o'clock in the morning, I completely finished the first-born of my labor—something which has cost me too much trouble not to be dear to me. Appendices, additions, explanatory notes, analytic indexes—nothing is wanting; and, whatever may be its success, I shall at least have had the satisfaction of bringing a work of patience to a complete finish. It consists of four copy-books, forming in all 1,518 pages quarto size. The title under which I have had it registered is: 'Historical and Theoretical Essay on the Semitic Languages in General and on the Hebrew Language in Particular.'‖ After hesitating

* The curious expression "fragrance of suavity" applied to his family is one of Renan's reminiscences of the church liturgy — the Vulgate Bible's "*odorem suavitatis.*"

† October 23rd, 1846—University examination for license.

‡ Victor Leclerc was for fifty years professor of Latin Literature, and for thirty-three years dean of the Faculty of Letters, in Paris. He edited and translated the complete works of Cicero.

§ March, 1847.

‖ This first work of the unknown scholar won for him the important Prix Volney, for which M. Damiron had urged him to compete.

for a long time, *chère amie,* I have decided to sign it with my name in full. It is important that people should know there is some one capable of executing a considerable work on the Hebrew language, whatever may be the comparative result of the work."

[On the margin of the fourth page of this letter there is written] "Let me compliment you, *chère amie,* on the travel articles which you have published, especially the last one. It is wonderfully well said and felt. You have something firm and masculine in your style, which is very rare with women. You speak French like one who knows Latin."

VII.*

"It is over, dear Henriette, that day we were so long awaiting; and it will leave lasting memories in my life. Its last hours I consecrate to a talk with you, for, amid all the gladness it brought me, I felt a great void in my heart. You were wanting, *chère amie;* and, though I saw around me in that vast hall known and friendly faces, I felt alone since you were not there. I saw you placed beside me, and thought how much your joy would have been made greater by my own.

"It was the first time, *bonne amie,* that I attended one of these brilliant literary tournaments, where all our intellectual celebrities show themselves to a refined public eager for enjoyments of the mind. The outer show, the antique ceremonial which directs these solemnities, struck me far less than the exquisite tone dominating actors and spectators alike and that varnish of good taste which is found only in Paris and has a stamp of its own in literary society. It is not what you would call the tone of the *grand monde;* on the contrary, the man of the world would find the manner pedantic, antiquated, tiresome. It is something much less arbitrary than that which makes fashion; it is much more the result of a high degree of intellectual culture than of long habit, which can alone form one to the easy tone of society. All these old Academicians, with their costumes and formalities of other days, their manners of another world, the oddness of them which makes one smile at times, are far from being representatives of the *ton à la mode;* but they repre-

* May 3rd, 1847—Session of the Institut de France at which Ernest Renan was awarded the Prix Volney.

sent something better, delicacy in things of the mind, refinement, exquisite tact, and—what is still better,—science, thought, philosophy.

"M. Tocqueville presided at the session, he is this year president of the French Academy.* He was attended by MM. Villemain and Rémusat, the former *secrétaire perpétuel,* the latter chancellor, of the Academy."

VIII.†

". . . My first letter of the New Year is for you, *chère amie.* What reflections on the past and the future does it not awake in me—this passing of time which finds none indifferent to it! Will the year now beginning prove happier? Shall it bring into my life any great revolution? Will it increase our common happiness? We should rejoice, *chère amie,* that the obscurity which veils our future leaves us hope, and suffers not too clear a view to chill our efforts. I have a feeling of sadness at sight of this increase of years: what people call "the beautiful years" of life are already far on the way for me. Strange, *chère amie,* that one-half of life has to be used in purchasing the other! And, even so, do we enter into possession of it?

"Ah! how sad is life when we look at it in certain lights! Now that its flowers seem to have faded for me, my good Henriette, I must have great need of you. For my philosophy is sad and the light of science which bids me follow does little more, so far, than criticise and destroy. Doubtless it will lead to building up later—but meanwhile we shall have suffered."

NOTE.—The foregoing letters are addressed after the old fashion.

Mademoiselle
Mademoiselle Renan,
au château de Klemensow, près Zamosc,
Pologne.

They are signed uniformly *E. Renan* or simply *E. R.*

* "My father wrote 'M. Tocqueville'—a characteristic slip, for he was not very familiar with such names at that time. In French we say, 'M. de Tocqueville;' or, 'Tocqueville' simply."—*Note of Madame Psichari.*

† 1848.

JAPAN AND TO-MORROW.

BY WILLARD FRENCH.

JAPAN says that war with America is unthinkable; yet—with America her only prospective antagonist—in dire national poverty, before the gravest financial problem a nation ever faced, she is recruiting her army and increasing her navy at tremendous strides. She is making commercial interests equal governmental efforts at private expense. Her merchant marine is astonishing the Pacific. She has lines to America, to China, the Philippines and Australia—iron ships, auxiliary cruisers retained by the Government through generous subsidy, to be handed over at a moment's warning and quickly turned into battle-ships. Meanwhile, they are working night and day carrying mails and passengers and produce, building up Japanese commerce, establishing Japanese supremacy on the Pacific, enriching their owners and their country.

The commercial war has been begun already, and we are already retreating. We have had fifty years in which to prepare for it. Half a century ago, after his trip round the world, William H. Seward, one of our truest statesmen, wrote:

> "European thought, European commerce, and European enterprise, although actually gaining in force; and European connections, although becoming more and more intimate, will nevertheless relatively sink in importance in the future, while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands and its adjacent territories will become the chief theatre of human events and activities in the world's great hereafter."

At the dawn of history the Mediterranean was the tragic stage of the world's conflicts. Later, it was the Atlantic. The reformation of commercial geography will transfer that stage to the Pacific. The transference has already taken place. Bordering on the Pacific is a population far greater than that of all Europe.

To-day their foreign commerce amounts to over three billions of dollars a year, though only the people at the very water's edge have as yet participated in it. Of this the entire share of the United States is less than seven hundred millions, though we have 25,000 miles of mainland coast-line, and own practically everything between Australia and Japan, between California and China.

Of the carriers of this commerce there were never but three or four lines flying the American flag, enriching Americans with their earnings. The burdens imposed upon American shipping to protect American seamen—almost entirely the rakings and scrapings of other countries, who have come here to benefit by the protection—were so great and the foreign subsidies so effective that one of these lines has been withdrawn, another has gone into the hands of a receiver, with instructions to accept an offer made by Japanese for the fleet and the business, while Congress held back, quibbled over, emasculated and finally abandoned a measure of protection that would enable them to hold their own. We are already retreating. We have already practically surrendered.

During her late war, the navy of Japan overmatched anything that Russia could send against her. The vessels she captured, together with the output of her shipyards, have doubled its strength since then. The ships which she has already planned, and the auxiliary cruisers afloat, will double it again within the next few years. The actual fighting strength of Japan, upon the water, is destined in the near future to equal all that the United States can claim upon both oceans. Why? That is no foolish question. No country in the world is more desirous of peace than Japan. Peace means for her a conquest greater than the spoils of war. She intends to conquer and control the Pacific. She will succeed. We have too confident patriotism, too much blind conceit, to take a gentle hint. To Japan war is unthinkable. She hopes for peace. By her methods she can conquer better effectively in a war without swords and bombs—but she will conquer. Like the ox between the altar and the plough, on the old Roman medal, she proposes to be ready for either. She will persistently push forward one war till it terminates in victory—or in the other.

Japan is wise. The wisdom of ancient days is hers, and with

wonderful capacity for absorption she has made hers, also, the wisdom of modern days. The brains of the Orient and the Occident are hers. While she is bending every energy to recover from the economic effects of the recent conflict, she is forcing the same efforts to make for a still greater triumph—industrial dominance. Already trade returns show almost incredible progress—the same returns which indicate our retreat. She must recoup her coffers. She is doing so in a way to strengthen her ramparts at the same time. "Great Britain and Greater Japan against the world!" is the slogan of her patriotism. Since the great alliance I have heard that slogan a hundred times from the lips of boys in Japan. The men only whisper it. To them war is unthinkable. But one who knows the Japanese knows that, "in his guarded tent, the Turk is dreaming of the hour when Greece, her knee in suppliance bent, shall tremble at his power."

We utterly fail to understand ourselves. Much less do we understand the French of the Orient—those past-masters at the art of diplomatic civility. When conditions lead the Japanese to demand, where to-day they respectfully suggest, our self-esteem will be shocked. We shall be rash, where to-day we would better be prudent. "The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself." Such a course does not strike our egotistic patriotism favorably, but in a certain broad sense it would be wise. We shall wait till we think we feel a kick, then war will suddenly appear to be not unthinkable but inevitable.

We speak of America as a World Power. We boast of her as the strongest Power. We strut about with the "big stick" on our shoulders, and believe—honestly believe—that we are the key-stone in the arch of all creation. But the time will never come when it will not be wiser for us to think twice before going to war with Japan, no matter what the cause. The time has already come when it would be very wise for us to think twice along lines calculated to enable us to cope successfully with the inevitable future. On the chessboard of the Pacific we have been pushing our pieces forward without due consideration. Colonization and aggrandizement are not cardinal qualities of a republic. We have a queen in danger, a king in check, a castle unguarded. Just a pawn, pushed forward on the Pacific coast, filled the world with war talk. He who was deceived thereby was not wise, but he who let its significance pass was a fool.

In discussing the San Francisco flurry, we betrayed a very high opinion of ourselves, in contrast to the Japanese. We fail to comprehend the truth that those brown people across the Pacific—in intellect and culture older by ages on ages than European civilization—less obtrusively, but no less emphatically, look down on us as barbarians who have gained a paltry, temporary dominance through the invention of slaughtering machines. They hold us in a quality of contempt which has in it an intellectuality deeper, better defined and more destructive to unity than any repugnance of race prejudice. They have entered the field of modern fads, simply by modern methods to regain the ancient ascendency which they believe is theirs by every prior right. Therefore is ultimate war inevitable.

Conflicts result from antagonisms lying at the foundation of purpose and aspirations. Russia upon the Pacific was inimical to Japan. Whatever the pretext, the cause of the war was inherent antagonism of interest. Our aims upon the Pacific and those of Japan have the same end in view; and at some spot, somewhere in the future, as a matter of simple destiny, the ways will converge to the point of inevitable conflict. The utter impossibility of even remote amalgamation renders the absolute supremacy of one or the other imperative. No Japanese can be found in any country whose complete loyalty and devotion to the Mikado has suffered the slightest diminution, no matter what relation he may sustain to the country in which he is found. The Japanese do not migrate to other countries with any intention of submerging their nationality. Wherever they go it is with distinct purposes and aspirations in which the highest good of their native land is the one paramount consideration. Wherever they are distributed, however numerically weak, they remain a consolidated unit in support of the ambitions and in devotion to the authority of the throne of the Mikado. They remain and always will remain an element of strength to the Empire of Japan.

From modern obscurity it has required hardly a quarter of a century for Japan to assume a position in the front rank of the nations of the world, as a military and naval power. It was gained through advancement in manufactures and achievements in arts, in science and in government which are unprecedented in all history—for the science of war rests only upon a foundation

of all the other sciences, and its triumph depends upon unity of purpose, loyalty and patriotism. No nation in history has ever exhibited such unity of purpose and such intelligent readiness in appropriating all that the ages have disclosed as cardinal virtues in art, in science, in government—and in war. This is the nation to which we would better give intelligent consideration when we pride ourselves upon our future on the shores and waters of the Pacific.

There is little to be drawn from the lessons of the Atlantic, where the conflicts have been between people of the same instincts and habits of thought, who would finally amalgamate and form one homogeneous family, whichever won the victory. It is a question between Occident and Orient, between people diametrically different, mentally and physically, separated through thousands of years of developing along lines with no similarity; diverging in ethics and morals; so separated by the inherent habits of centuries unknown that there is no possibility for them even to understand each other, much less to be possessed of mutual ambitions and interests. There is not the remotest opportunity for sympathy, unity or fraternity where all ideals clash and motives have entirely different foundations. We understand easily enough that we could not become Orientalized in fifty—or five hundred—years. How can we expect the Japanese to be quickly and completely Americanized. No. There are two absolutely irreconcilable peoples coming in constantly closer contact on the Pacific. Japan has begun a system of development and we of aggrandizement which is bringing us into such close entanglements that the settlement will soon be difficult if not impossible. The Japanese have already practically absorbed the industries of Hawaii, and have been coming to California at the rate of a thousand a month. They are aggressive, tenacious, capable, cunning, determined. Congress has dallied with the question and left an uncertain settlement of it only half adjusted, for fear of being offensive. The big stick already drops out of sight, just as our ships on the Pacific drop out of sight before the quiet encroachments. This is pushing off an evil day. It is not preparing to meet it. America must meet it, and America alone; for no other nation or combination of nations stands in opposition, either materially or commercially, to the expansion which every Japanese believes to be his inevitable destiny.

We laugh at unthinkable war, having no use for it. We shall in no way invite it, or permit it if we can prevent it, having nothing to gain and some certain loss, however it terminates. That is our diplomatic weakness. Japan has nothing to lose; but, besides the certainty of easy acquisitions, she has the prospect of the gigantic stride a nation takes in war—such a stride as we took in the Spanish war, she in the Russian war. If the time should ever come when war, to Japan, should be thinkable, she would certainly arrange things—as she did with Russia—so that, in spite of our ingenuous reluctance, we—even to ourselves—would appear to be the one forcing her to a patriotic conflict; from which she could not well avoid emerging rather more than less victorious—in spite of our enthusiastic appreciation of ourselves. How easily such a trick could have been turned against us in the little game of school facilities in San Francisco, had war been thinkable. A glance at what might have been ought to impress us with the gravity of what may be and the importance of real, united, honest action, instead of the factional, partisan, desultory evasion which has characterized our attention to the subject in the past.

If war had not been unthinkable the other day, if Japan had leaped to the defence of her subjects, within three weeks she could have possessed herself of the Philippines, Guam, Pago-pago, Hawaii, Panama and Alaska—without the remote possibility of our recovering anything but Panama—and then quietly and securely they could have closed every port of our thousands of miles of Pacific mainland seacoast, and have held them closed till we granted whatever treaty she desired. If this bare statement is a shock to our egotistic credulity, we have but to consider it with our eyes on a map, till they become accustomed to the light, to see it clearly. It is a fact. But there is no haste. We have practically expended eight hundred million dollars on the Philippines to date, and if the prepared plans for the Philippines are performed we shall expend as much more in the next ten years—without a suspicion that we are rendering them impregnable or that there is a possibility of compensation. We shall not attempt to fortify our island possessions during the next ten years; we are too busy building a canal. But we could build that canal, and another just like it, on what we should save during the time of construction alone if we were to present the

Philippines, a free gift to Japan, to-day. Japan would not take them. She would say, most politely, "It is unthinkable." She would not English the rest of it, but it would be: "I can have them when I want them. A few hundreds of millions of dollars more expended there will not hurt them, while I wait."

When the great dry-dock "Dewey" was sent to the Philippines, a Senator in the Senate Marble Room remarked: "Another present to the Japanese."

Just now Japan is busy conquering the Pacific commercially, while our oppressive shipping laws and lack of Government protection for our ships force us to retreat, giving her a free hand, neglectful of the fact that it will be vastly easier to absorb theoretically what she has already absorbed practically. Just now she is busy populating everything pertaining to her future conquests with her surplus subjects, and we are afraid to be drastic in checking the immigration lest we appear offensive. It will make absorption much simpler and easier later on.

One night, late in the last session of Congress, instigated by hidden suggestions of a possible need of a gigantic navy, the Senate spent fifty-eight minutes in dispensing money to the Navy Department at the rate of two million dollars a minute. So far as this danger is concerned—and, in the estimation of many, so far as any danger is concerned—it was money worse than thrown away. To cope with the subject in that way, we should have to keep our entire navy on the Pacific all the time. So far as Japan is concerned, we should fare quite as well without any navy at all; and we could build four Panama Canals with what our navy will cost us during the construction of the one.

Ships we need on the Pacific, but not battle-ships—merchantmen to defend our commerce; carriers to share with Japan the colossal revenue that is to be gathered from transportation there. But Congress has spent the last two years in constructing obstacles in the way of any kind of legislation that would protect and encourage American ships on the Pacific—ships that directly and indirectly would double, treble, quadruple the income of the entire West, and be the strongest safeguard which America could place upon her rights in the Pacific. And prohibition of immigration—absolute exclusion of Orientals, most of all of Japanese—we must have, if we hope to retain the integrity even of our Pacific coast, war or no war.

We all understand this. Congress understood it. Yet, under pretense of preserving peace, the big stick was turned against American interests, and thus early we have begun to retreat and surrender, while our brown neighbors across the Pacific have not yet begun to fight.

Every day makes the safe solution more difficult. Every day makes rallying power less vigorous. Every day gives better strength to any opposition that may be developing, and a better hold upon the Pacific to our neighbors. Every day makes it more probable that, whether the war be of swords or simple absorption, it will end worse to our chagrin, than Russia's war to hers. It will shock our pride, and we shall rise in furious indignation; but, unless we take better precautions in advance than we have taken thus far, the unthinkable war will leave us to swallow our pride in a draught of humility that will taste very bad.

When the Canal is finished, we shall be in better shape to profit by the hundreds of millions we are devoting to a navy; but Japan will know as well as we the approach of that happy day, and if she thinks that she may think war thinkable, she will have changed since her dealings with Russia if she waits for the completion of the Canal. We may safely say that, if doom to a war of swords is written on our foreheads, it will materialize before the opening of the Panama Canal. And even if it should be but a war of absorption—through our readiness to retreat—it will still be sad to realize that, after all the time and treasure spent in building the Canal and perfecting a navy, we have lost the Pacific which will reap the benefit.

WILLARD FRENCH.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

BY JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, PROFESSOR OF LOGIC IN PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

THERE are three fallacies, not referred to in text-books on logic, but yet so common that all persons to a greater or less extent are deceived by them. They may be somewhat arbitrarily called the fallacy of the whole and the parts, the genetic fallacy, and the fallacy of the half truth.

I.

The first of these fallacies is a misapprehension of that familiar axiom, "the whole equals the sum of its parts." We imagine that this is true in every sphere of experience, but it is not. If our thought is concerned with magnitude, lines or surfaces, and if it is a matter of indifference as to the order in which one relates the separate parts, then the simple axiom holds; but otherwise we run into all kinds of error and absurdities. A watch ceases to be a watch when you have merely the separate parts before you. The sum of them will not mark the minutes and hours. The collection of parts is not the watch. For no chance arrangement of parts can produce a mechanism; it is not the sum, but the ordered connection of the parts which makes the watch, the engine or the machine. And, in the case of an organism whose parts are held together and coordinated by the mysterious bond of life, can we say the whole is equal to the sum of its parts? Try the experiment; analyze the plant, dissect the animal, and then essay a summation of the parts. We soon discover that it is an irreversible process. Either dissection kills that which it investigates, or that which it investigates is dead already. A living whole is never discovered by a mere putting together of its parts. Goethe long ago exposed this folly:

"Wer will was Lebendigs erkennen und beschreiben
Sucht erst den Geist heraus zu treiben
Dann hat er die Theile in seiner Hand.
Fehlt leider! nur das geistige Band."

The end of all knowledge is the discovery of this vital "bond," the grasping in a multiplicity of details the one idea which is the living principle of their connection. The discovery of facts which are not yet put together to form a whole is not knowledge. It is preliminary to knowledge; but to know means to interpret the accumulated facts, and to interpret them is to relate them to some significant whole. There are many to-day who insist that the investigator in the natural sciences, in political economy, in psychology should be solely a compiler of facts, that the man of theory should give way before the man of facts; for the fact is certain, the theory is uncertain, the fact is born of reality, the theory is spun out of mind. But every fact, it must be remembered, illustrates some theory, of which it is a particular instance. To understand a fact, there must be an appreciation of its relation to the universal truth which it reveals, and with which it is bound up by its unseen but "vital bond." The isolated fact, indeed, apart from its setting, has no meaning. The hand severed from the body is no longer a hand. The brain in the jar of alcohol is not a brain; it was once the centre of thought and feeling; it is now only a specimen; as a part of the organism it was everything, as a whole in itself it is nothing. Much exact scholarship gains the letter but loses the spirit of knowledge, because, while collecting the facts, it does not know how they hang together, or what they mean in the light of a larger whole.

On the other hand, if one part, however insignificant, be rightly interpreted, it will discover the whole. One drop in the test-tube, a single act of disloyalty in a friend, a glance of the eye, a gesture, a word too much or a word unspoken, and the whole story is told. The astronomer only needs to see how the arc begins to round in order to construct the complete orbit. The theory of reasoning rests upon this simple principle, that things are so bound together that a part may disclose the whole, as, when you pick up a single link, the entire chain comes with it. The prophet, for instance, is not one who in some mysterious manner sees into the future. It is the present into which the eyes of the seer must penetrate. He predicts the future only so far as it is wrapped up in the present. As Leibnitz once said,

"Every present is big with the future and laden with the past." The veil is not between us and the future; it is between us and the present. We, dull of vision, fail to read the signs of the times. The parts we see, but we are not able to divine the whole.

So also in any group of men, in a clan, a tribe, a society, in church or in state, the whole is more than the sum of its parts. The parts may be seen, they may be counted. We find them in registers, in rosters, in tables of census statistics, and yet the communal spirit which makes for unity and solidarity is unseen. It is the *esprit de corps,* without which the body dies and returns to its elemental parts. And, within the still larger range which embraces the circle of mankind in general, the several parts are bound together as members one of another, because they are united in a common ancestry and a common destiny, a common weal or woe. The spirit of humanity makes all one.

It has often been said that the great man, the genius or the hero, lifts himself above the ordinary level of mankind, and that he in no sense belongs to the mass, but is as one dwelling apart, self-sufficient, fulfilling the law of his own being. But the great man, if truly great, belongs in a peculiar manner to his day and generation; if not, there is no arena wherein his powers may find a natural manifestation. No man attains a place in the world's history save through the part which he plays among his contemporaries and in his own setting. He must have the great heart and the great mind himself, and yet his following must, in some measure at least, possess the elements of greatness. No general could ever prove his greatness with a battalion of cowards. The great prophet must gather about him those who have not bowed the knee to Baal; or who would hear his message? Luther had the Protestants, Cromwell the Puritans, Napoleon his Imperial Guard, Washington the American patriots. The scholar writes for scholars; the man of letters for those who possess the responsive mind and taste. Behind the great masters of English there has ever been that great body of their fellows who

> "Speak the tongue
> That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held."

II.

The second of these fallacies may be called the genetic fallacy—

the mistaken idea that, if we can only trace a thing back to its origin, we shall there, in that initial stage, find its complete explanation. This is the day in which the method of evolution prevails throughout every field of serious investigation. Back to beginnings! This is the cry on all sides, whether the investigation be that of an animal, of a religion or of a form of government. The original part, it is urged, is the key to all subsequent processes of development. But the original part by itself is never self-illuminating. Even though in our researches we have succeeded in discovering it, we are at a loss to interpret its significance. For much appears in any initial stage which, in the process of development, completely disappears; and much lies concealed which, nevertheless, contains the promise and potency of all that is to be. It is of the nature of a cause to hide itself. In this respect it resembles the Deity—because, perhaps, it too is in a sense creative. The complete nature of a cause can be revealed only through the whole course of the process of development which proceeds from it. If every cause manifested itself fully in its earlier stages, then all knowledge would be attained by simple observation, and it would be superficial at that; but it is not. You ask, what is the nature of the seed which I may chance to hold in my hand? I do not know; but I can discover it readily enough. Sow the seed in the earth, let it be warmed by the sun and wet by the rain, let it grow in the light and in the night, then will come a revelation of its nature in fruit and flower. The seed does not explain the plant; rather the plant explains the seed.

No more is man satisfied with that account of his nature which refers him to his beginnings, and traces his line of descent to certain "Simian ancestors of arboreal habit"; or, to go a stage farther in this regress, to the primal elements to which his organism may be reduced, the oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon and what not of his ultimate origin. Is man, as we know him, as we know ourselves, satisfactorily explained by such beginnings? It must not be overlooked that, in that elemental stage, there must have been a potential factor which is not in any one of the original parts but pervades them all, which elevates the dust whence man arises and hallows it, which transforms the beast into the savage, and the savage into the civilized man. Call it reason, or spirit, or soul, what you will; it will never be revealed

at the beginnings of the process of evolution, but rather at its consummation. Explanation does not look backward to origins, but forward to the final results of the unfolding process. The process of development is always a process of revelation, but its beginnings always conceal more than they reveal. Man may have come from the ape, but he has come a long way.

Mr. Spencer finds the origin of religion in the early superstition of primitive man, the belief in ghosts, the disembodied spirits of heroes, feared, reverenced and finally worshipped, appeased by sacrifice, praised in song, in dance and prayer. But, here again, religion also is to be judged not by what it once was, but by what it has become and by what it promises to be. The early superstition does not explain the evolution of the religious idea in its long course of development through the ages; but the evolution of religion is rather the development of purer forms out of earlier perverted forms, it is the dying of superstition as the seed dies in the earth, generating that which is potentially in it, separating the essential from the unessential, the true from the false, a revelation of the inner significance behind the symbols of religion, of the inner spirit behind its external forms.

When we trace the course of any series of events backward to their starting-point, we unconsciously interpret the initial stage in the light of all we have gathered by the way in our return to it, and thus we are apt to attribute to the first term of a series a significance which is not its own. As in a mathematical series, so in any series of events, the first term has no meaning whatsoever unless we know also the law of the series, how the subsequent terms are related to the first and to each other in the manner of their formation. For this reason, we say that no history can be written by a contemporary. The current events show their surface significance only. That which is wrapped up in them will be revealed in time, and he alone who can read the course of their subsequent development is qualified to judge them critically.

III.

There is another error of judgment to which we are all liable; it is the fallacy of the half truth. This is a substitution of a part for the whole, and resting satisfied with it because it is thought to be the whole. Such a satisfaction proceeds usually from self-deception. It signifies a false mental attitude; and the disastrous consequence of such a deception is this, that one

is content with a fancied attainment when he should be restless with the fever of search. The tragedy of such a situation is not merely that the half truth is substituted for the whole, but that further inquiry is suspended, and that which should be a transition stage on the way of knowledge is complacently regarded as the journey's end. Thus we have partisanship in politics, bigotry in religion, the orthodoxy which regards every differing opinion as heterodoxy, the idealism that is unreal, and the realism which has no ideal, the egoism which recognizes no other, and the altruism which dissipates itself in service of others at the expense of the obligation owing to self. How easily we overlook that fundamental law both of knowledge and of life, the law of complementary adjustment, the fitting of the half truth to its other half, so that a balanced whole is the result. We gaze so obstinately at the one side of the shield that a shifting of the point of view never suggests itself. How, then, is one to know that the whole truth which he possesses is but the half truth and not the whole? Such a discovery comes only to him who has an open mind and a spirit of tolerance. The open mind is ever seeking a new point of view; the tolerant spirit is ever striving to put itself in a sympathetic attitude to opposing opinions, and this not after the manner of a weak concession, but in the interests of a critical inquiry after truth. For, suppose, upon a candid examination of an opinion which is opposed to the one we hold, we find something which we are constrained to acknowledge as true, then are we not warranted in concluding that it is the portion of truth which our opinion lacks and which is its natural complement? The adjustment of the one to the other must surely lead us to a deeper appreciation of the truth in its entirety. All progress in knowledge has been brought about by some such process as this—a series of successive adjustments arising out of conflicting opinions. How many controversies in religion, in politics or in philosophy have resulted in the revelation of a larger truth than either side alone had maintained. The moment any controversy appears to be so one-sided that the truth is wholly with the one and error is wholly with the other, our interest in it immediately ceases. It is in clash of opinion that truth is provoked; and it may well happen that the one who traverses our convictions may be, not so much an antagonist, as a collaborator in the field of research. JOHN GRIER HIBBEN.

THE DELEGATION FOR THE CHOICE OF AN AUXILIARY INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE.

BY J. F. TWOMBLY.

THE Middle Ages, unprogressive as it was, had one advantage over us, men of the Modern Age. A moderately educated man could then travel all over Western and Central Europe and have no difficulty in making himself understood. He could converse at his ease with other moderately educated men; he could read with facility what they wrote, could correspond with them, and could go directly from his own university to universities in foreign lands, and there follow courses with little difficulty. With his mediæval Latin he was to some extent more of a "man of the world" than his successor under ordinary circumstances can possibly be.

We may call the Latin of the Middle Ages barbarous, monks' jargon, anything we like; but it certainly was useful. It served the traveller's convenience; it helped science in the Dogmatic Theology of Thomas Aquinas; and even became literature in the Stabat Mater of Giacomo da Todi.

This state of things lasted, to some extent, through the Renascence to the end of the seventeenth century. The State papers of the Commonwealth under Cromwell were written in Latin; so were most of the scientific works in that and the following generations; and in Germany and Italy this practice continued until almost the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Many things combined to destroy the use of Latin as an international language. The supremacy of French politics was one cause; another reason lay in the fact that scientists and men of affairs had not the time to devote to a complicated language like Latin, when they could reach a sufficiently large audience by the use of their own mother tongues, especially in France and Eng-

land. Finally, the exaggerated "purism" of many of the Renascence scholars and their followers had its effect upon practical men: these scholars magnified the difficulties of Latin, desired to keep the language merely as a beautiful archæological monument, and frowned down upon all practical uses of the language. They have had their way, and Latin is now for most practical purposes as dead as Egyptian.

For a time, French to some extent took the place of Latin. Many English, German and Italian scholars gained a reading knowledge of that language; and princes and noblemen were brought up by French tutors. This predominance of French was due largely to the political predominance of France; and when the latter disappeared, French as *the* international language disappeared also. England, through its commerce and its political ideas, and Germany, by means of its philosophy, science and military art, gained for their languages a place by the side of French.

We had, then, about thirty years ago, reached this state of affairs: there were three partially international languages—French, German and English—and many educated men tried to learn all three. Generally they failed most miserably.

Now the world has advanced one step more. Russian and Spanish must certainly be considered international languages, both for the extent of territory covered and the literature which is even now being produced by them. Moreover, the little countries demand that their voices be heard in the international assembly. They refuse longer to write even their science in English, German or French.

Meanwhile, science, commerce, politics, social movements and ideas in general, are becoming more and more international in character; and they need more and more a means of international expression. To choose for this purpose one or two of the national languages would be useless; the rest of the world would be up in arms immediately against such a choice, and with justice, too. The idea of reviving Greek or Latin, although not open to the objection of "favoritism," would not really succeed much better. The Greek and Latin professors and students are opposed to this in any practical form: they are "purists"; they object to cutting out the difficulties of those languages; they are opposed to the new words and forms which are absolutely necessary to express

modern ideas. History, moreover, has proved this attempt impracticable.

What, then, are we to do? Use an artificial language—such is the reply of all those who have seriously studied the question, beginning in the seventeenth century with Bishop Wilkins, Descartes and Leibnitz. Many projects and plans for so doing have been put forward during the past two centuries, some sixty of which are described by Drs. Couturat and Leau in their large "*Histoire de la Langue Universelle.*"*

In the beginning of the history of these attempts the inventors "dreamed great dreams"; they proposed to compose philosophical languages, having no relation to the national tongues. Their attempts ended in disaster and confusion.

Later the dreamers grew more modest. They accepted much in the national languages, but they simplified too much the elements derived from these, and added to them complicated grammatical systems. One such plan—Volapük—had for a few years a considerable success. It died, however, like all similar plans, because it did not sufficiently understand the basis upon which an international language must now be built.

The experience of years has in our day plainly pointed out this basis: An international language must grow out of the national languages; *it must stand in relation to them much in the same way as they in their turn stand to local dialects.* To a large extent the international language already exists; it is not to be invented, but to be discovered.

Esperanto, Idiom Neutral, Panroman and other late attempts to solve the question have accepted this solution. Their principle of being consists in selecting words on the basis of already acquired internationality; they differ merely in the application of details. Moreover, one of them, at least, has already proved its practicability and availability: it has spread over the whole world, and is being daily used for all sorts of purposes. We can therefore hope, with good reason, that we shall soon see the effective establishment of a simple, adequate, international, auxiliary language.

In order, however, speedily to realize this happy result, we must do more than discover and build up and use such a language, however good. We must also get other persons, and many other

* Hachette et Cie, Paris.

persons, to use the same language: we must persuade governments and learned societies to take up the matter practically; we must have it taught in schools and colleges.

Now, to do this, to settle the question in the best manner, to select what is best in the various systems, it is necessary to have some recognized authority pass definitely upon the whole matter. This idea entered into the minds of several French scientists some years ago; thereupon they cast about for some means of putting it into practice, with the result of the establishment of the so-called Delegation for the Choice of an International Language. The Delegation seeks, in the first place, the aid of already organized societies—academies, chambers of commerce, scientific corporations and professional associations. Every such society is asked to approve the general plan of the Delegation by a formal vote, and to appoint one of its members as its representative in the Delegation. The duties of such a representative are very simple: first, to act as a receiver of news; and, secondly, to help in the choice of a small committee, which will finally decide the whole question.

Over two hundred and fifty societies have already joined the Delegation. Hitherto, however, the United States has been practically without representation in it. Indeed, until the last few months no one in the United States had even heard of its existence. Such a state of affairs, however, should be remedied immediately. The Delegation intends to settle the matter finally this year; and, if the United States has no voice in this settlement, it will miss a great opportunity. It will not do for our country, which prides itself upon its progressiveness, to fall behind in this important matter; it therefore behooves our learned societies and our commercial bodies to arouse themselves. Let their secretaries send for the circulars and proper subscription blanks. It will take but a few minutes to put the matter before the proper governing boards and societies. It will cost them nothing; and they will be doing something which may prove of incalculable benefit to science, commerce and the general welfare of humanity.

But the Delegation, though laboring primarily with organized societies, has not confined itself to the societies alone. It has also sought the aid of learned individuals, of persons who are entitled to speak with authority upon the need of an auxiliary, interna-

tional language. It has turned for help to University Professors and Academicians, and it has not turned in vain. It has obtained from this source over a thousand signatures, among which are found twenty-five from the famous Institut de France, including such names as Appell, Bouchard, Poincaré, Renouvier, Tarde and Lavisse. In German-speaking lands help has been obtained from men like Ostwald of Leipsic; Koch of Würtemberg; Weiss of Zurich; Mach of Vienna; and Schuchhardt of Graz. The Royal Academy of Sciences, Belgium; the Hungarian Academy of Sciences; the Universities of Kolozsvar (Hungary), Lyons and Geneva have furnished many signatures; and St. Petersburg, Cracow, Christiania, Naples and Edinburgh have all aided in the good work.

In the United States about a hundred names have been secured. Among them are found such as these: William James (Harvard), Hollis (Harvard), Welch (Johns Hopkins), Ormond (Princeton), Macloskie (Princeton), Smith (Vice-Provost, Pennsylvania), Klaeber (University of Minnesota), etc. However, we are not satisfied with this. The United States as the most progressive nation should lead in this matter. Instead of one hundred names, we should have five hundred. Our university professors, therefore, are also asked to bestir themselves, and to sign the Petition of the Delegation* just as soon as possible.

The Delegation, as one can see from this short account of its work, is a perfectly practical solution of something about which many have dreamed to no purpose. As such, it should appeal to a practical nation, such as the Americans are supposed to be; and now that the matter has been brought before them in a public way, it ought certainly to receive from them a generous and ready support.

J. F. TWOMBLY.

* Information about the Delegation, printed forms for signatures, etc., may be obtained at any of the following addresses: J. F. Twombly, Secretary, 34 Green Street, Brookline, Mass.; Dr. Percy M. Dawson, Associate Professor of Physiology, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. E. V. Huntington, Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. Harry W. Morse, Instructor in Physics, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. G. B. Viles, Associate Professor of German, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

LEGISLATION BY COMMISSION.

BY THOMAS THACHER.

THE agitation in favor of the regulation of interstate railroad rates resulted, not in any such regulation by Congress under the power vested in it by the Constitution, but in a delegation of such power to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

President Roosevelt, after years of thought and discussion, has nothing yet to suggest to remedy the supposed (but undefined) evils of the trusts, except that the power to regulate all large corporations — or all corporations engaged in interstate commerce — be delegated to the Bureau of Corporations or a commission to be created for the purpose.

What has been done in the one case, and is proposed in the other, is a delegation by Congress of its legislative powers. The power to regulate interstate commerce is given to Congress. It is one of the legislative powers which the Constitution vests in Congress and in it alone. Section 1 of Article I reads as follows: "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in the Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives." It is not said that such powers shall be vested in Congress *or in such commissions as it may appoint;* and it is inconceivable that "construction" can change the reading of this article in this respect. The meaning is clear; and there is, therefore, no opportunity for construction.

Will it be suggested that perhaps the powers so given and proposed to be given to commissions are not legislative powers? Then they are not in any way given to the National Government by the Constitution. For the power given to the National Government "to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States and with the Indian tribes" is given by Section 8 of the same Article, which simply defines the "*legislative*

power herein granted." No power but a legislative power is given to the National Government concerning interstate or foreign commerce.

Under the Interstate Commerce Act, as amended by the Hepburn Act, Congress makes no rates, lays down no rules; but rates are to be made, according to the judgment of the Commission, a body which under the Constitution has no power to legislate and cannot be given such power. This law attempts to authorize the Commission to do what the whole National Government is without power to do otherwise than through the legislative power which is "vested in the Congress of the United States."

But, aside from the question of power, is this practice of legislation by commission, already adopted as to railroad rates and recommended as to the affairs of large corporations, expedient? If it be assumed that to prescribe rates is within the power to regulate commerce, and that this power may be delegated, are we content to trust it to a commission? And if it be assumed that to regulate the affairs of corporations engaged in interstate commerce is within the power to regulate such commerce and that this power may be delegated, should it be given to a like commission?

The field covered by the practice, as adopted and now definitely proposed, is, obviously, a very wide one. The departure is not unimportant, but vitally affects the interests of the people. If it shall be followed in whatever field Congress is empowered to act under the broad construction of the Commerce clause of the Constitution here and there contended for, it will affect almost all the affairs of men, women and children throughout the country. And there are proposals to amend the Constitution, so as to bring other matters within the powers of Congress, such as marriage and divorce, inheritance and descent of property, etc. Are we content with the possibility that, if what has been done as to railroad rates stands approved, regulation by commission may be extended to any matter which is now, or hereafter may be, within the powers of Congress; or, in other words, that Congress may perform its legislative functions in any respect simply by creating a commission or commissions to which the real work of legislation shall be delegated?

The willingness of Congress to shift its duties upon other shoulders has been amply shown. The Anti-Trust Act was passed

in 1890, confessedly without definite intention; the work of giving it a definite meaning was, in effect, delegated to the Courts. And now instead of doing the work which was not done then, finding the evils of trusts and prescribing suitable remedies, it is proposed that this burden be transferred to a commission. When it was thought that there must be some regulation of railroad rates, beyond prohibiting discrimination, Congress, instead of making regulations, passed the power and the burden over to the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is easy in this way to avoid criticism for not doing anything, and at the same time escape the labor of determining intelligently and wisely what ought to be done. It is therefore fair to assume that the practice will grow, unless it is forcibly stopped.

If it shall be decided, in accordance with the views of Senator Beveridge, and contrary to the views of the Judiciary Committees of the two Houses, that Congress, under the Commerce clause, may regulate woman and child labor, is it not probable that the practice of regulation by commission will be extended to this field? Conditions are very different in different localities and in different industries. It would be hard to lay down, by legislative enactment, rules operative everywhere which would be fair and reasonable. A commission can make its regulations to fit the different cases which arise. There would seem to be quite as much reason for regulating such matters by commission, as railroad rates or the affairs of large corporations.

If the proposal to give Congress power as to marriage and divorce shall be adopted, a marriage and divorce commission, with power of regulation, would seem to be in order, its license to be required for either a marriage or a divorce.

And where will the practice stop, if it is allowed to run its natural course? It will not be allowed to run its natural course; a halt will surely be called some time. But a practice is to be judged somewhat by its natural results. It is not to be expected that Congress will delegate matters of tariff or revenue, or river and harbor matters, or the matter of appropriations; although if legislation by commission is wise, it would seem to find a more reasonable field connected with some of these matters than where it is now at work or where it is proposed that it shall work. But the field of its present operation is large enough and important enough to call for the most serious consideration.

If all legislative powers given to Congress by the Commerce clause, liberally construed, are to be exercised by commissions, a very large part of all the legislative powers granted by the Constitution will have been practically transferred to the Executive Department. The power of the President will be tremendously increased. Are we ready to give to the President despotic power? Is there not ground for fear that there may some day be a President of the United States not up to the standard of the past and the present in benevolence, integrity, intelligence and wisdom?

The rate-making power was given to the Interstate Commerce Commission largely because of the influence of the President; and it is his proposal that the control of corporations engaged in interstate commerce be given to a like commission. At the same time he proposes, if he does not demand, that the powers of the National Government be increased by transfer of some of the powers now belonging to the States. Centralization and legislation by commission are concurrently suggested. The National powers are to be increased and to be delegated, largely, to commissions to be appointed by the President and which will necessarily be substantially controlled by him. The two suggestions should be regarded together. They are part of the same plan and spring from the same general thought, namely, that adequate powers should be given to the Executive in order that he may work his will, according to his judgment, untrammelled, for the good of the people. Is not this to create government of the President by the President for the People? Cannot the President see danger in this as he views the possible results of Presidential elections in the future? And can we close our eyes to such danger?

THOMAS THACHER.

WHAT THE PURE FOOD LAW HAS ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED.

BY P. J. McCUMBER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA.

On June 30th, 1906, the Pure Food Bill, which for six years had been making a strenuous battle for recognition, passed Congress, received the approval of the President and became law. Under its terms, however, it did not go into effect until January 1st, 1907. As an effective law, therefore, it is only about three and a half months old, and yet, it has already worked a wonderful revolution in the manufacturing and labelling of food products. The great progress in purifying the commercial field in foods is, of course, due in part to the preparation which has been going on since June 30th, 1906, the date of the approval of the law. It may be truly said that the law, to a great extent, has been self-enforcing. When the manufacturers, mixers and blenders of food products learned to a certainty that the Government would take a hand in stamping out all descriptions of fraud, they immediately adjusted their business to legitimate lines.

Three important things were sought to be accomplished by this national legislation: first, to eliminate all adulterations which might either be deleterious to health or tend to deceive; second to prevent all misbranding of food articles—that is, to compel every article to go upon the market under its true name and showing its true composition; third, to bring all of the diverse and antagonistic State legislation on the subject of foods to harmonize with the national law.

Regulations for the enforcement of the act have been established, in accordance with its provisions, by the Secretaries of the Treasury, Agriculture and Commerce and Labor. These regulations cover the collection of samples, methods of analysis, hearings, publications, standards for drugs and foods, labels for pro-

prietary foods, adulterations, the substances which may be mixed and packed with foods, coloring, powdering, staining, preservatives, compounds, imitations, blends and all matters pertaining to commerce in foods, drugs and liquors.

Advisory standards of purity and excellency of food products, which are extremely useful in the enforcement of the act, have been established in relation to most of the articles affected by this law. Under this act, all misbranded and adulterated goods coming from foreign countries have been refused entry at our ports. Laboratories for the examination of such goods have been established and are in operation at the ports of Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, New Orleans, Chicago, and San Francisco. Laboratories are building at Buffalo, St. Paul, Kansas City, Galveston and Savannah.

No appropriation was made to enforce this law until the latter part of 1906, when $250,000 was set apart for that purpose. The Agricultural Department immediately began to organize the machinery for the interstate feature of the law. Chemists are now being examined and appointed for the work.

I am informed by the Agricultural Department that at least ninety-five per cent. of all the manufacturers of foods and drugs in the United States have changed their labels and methods of manufacture to comply with the provisions of the act.

There is undoubtedly an immense stock of adulterated and misbranded goods in the hands of wholesalers and retailers from the old stock which is still being dispensed to the public, but the newer product is for the most part pure as it comes from the manufacturers. There is, of course, a small minority who purpose to continue the sale of goods declared to be misbranded and adulterated, and to resist the law. No cases have as yet been brought into court, because the machinery for the enforcement of the interstate features of the law is not yet completed, and no importer has appealed from any decision of the Secretary of Agriculture in regard to imported food products.

The most active opposition to the law seems to come from the makers of compound liquors, ice-creams and flavoring extracts. I am also informed that the State Convention of Millers of Michigan has resolved to ignore the rulings of the Department respecting what constitutes rye flour. They persist in selling a mixture of rye flour with other flours under the label "rye flour."

But the general sentiments of the manufacturing interests of the country are strongly in favor of complying with the law.

The most determined opposition to the spirit of the act is shown by the compounders and blenders of whiskies. The law chiefly defines what shall be deemed adulterations and misbrandings of food products. Following these definitions is this provision:

"Provided, That an article of food which does not contain any added poisonous or deleterious ingredients shall not be deemed to be adulterated or misbranded in the following cases: . . .

Second. In the case of articles labelled, branded or tagged so as to plainly indicate that they are compounds, imitations or blends, and the word 'compound,' 'imitation' or 'blend,' as the case may be, is plainly stated on the package in which it is offered for sale: Provided, that the term 'blend' as used herein shall be construed to mean a mixture of like substances, not excluding harmless coloring or flavoring ingredients used for the purpose of coloring and flavoring only."

It was insisted by those who were seeking the enactment of the Pure Food Law that a large proportion of the proprietary whiskies were nothing more or less than fraudulent compounds of neutral spirits (alcohol) with water, prune juice for coloring and flavoring extracts to give them the proper flavor. For the most part, manufacturers of these whiskies claimed that they were manufactured by uniting different kinds of whiskies to secure an agreeable flavor, and most of them denied that they used neutral spirits. Congress, not desiring to do an injustice to those who blended several kinds of whiskies, agreed to an amendment of the bill which allowed the manufacturers to make their "imitations," "compounds" or "blends," but required them to label their goods accordingly so that a purchaser would know what he was buying. Congress intended by the law that, if a food product was made to imitate a different product, it should be marked "imitation." If it was a compound of two different products, it should be labelled "compound." If two like products were mixed together or blended, it should be labelled "blended."

These manufacturers are now compelled to admit that they are using crude alcohol, water, a percentage of real whiskey, coloring and flavoring material, and that they are seeking to place this product on the market under the label "blended whiskies." They refuse to use the word "compound," because

that would indicate to the purchaser that whiskey and some other material, presumably alcohol and water, were united. Thus they attempt to avoid the plain intent and spirit of the law. The public understand "blended whiskies" to mean two or more whiskies combined, and hence the desire of the manufacturers to sell their concoction of alcohol, rain-water, prune juice and flavoring extracts for "blended whiskies." Congress declared a "blend" to be construed to mean a mixture of "like substances"; and these manufacturers insist that, inasmuch as whiskey consists of alcohol, water, with certain oils and flavors, alcohol is a like substance. To me the claim is preposterous. Words are to be construed in a law according to their general acceptation. When people compare things and denominate them "alike," they never have in mind their chemical composition, but that only which appeals directly to the senses. Take, for illustration, a dozen different kinds of whiskey. They would be like substances to the general understanding. It is said that sugar, cotton and sawdust contain exactly the same percentage of oxygen, hydrogen and carbon, and they contain practically nothing else. If the position taken by those whiskey-manufacturers is correct, sawdust and sugar are like substances, and could be combined and marked "blended sugar." Glucose and syrup could be combined and labelled "blended syrup."

As before stated, one of the reasons for securing national legislation was the belief that the several States would conform their laws to harmonize with the national law. This expectation is rapidly being realized. During the last winter, the following States have remodelled their food laws: Louisiana, Georgia, Indiana, Vermont, Kansas, New Hampshire, West Virginia, Missouri, South Carolina. Similar bills were introduced in North Dakota, Maine, Delaware, California, New Jersey, Tennessee, Illinois, Texas, New York and Pennsylvania. This shows a most noteworthy movement toward uniformity of law throughout the States, as well as uniformity of standards. The honest manufacturer has heretofore suffered great inconvenience because of the diverse State laws on the subject of labelling, etc. Not only did the laws of the State differ materially from each other, but the construction placed on similar laws by Food Commissioners of the different States were inharmonious and antagonistic. Goods properly labelled to meet the requirements in one State

would be held improperly labelled for admission into another State. In the near future, manufacturers will be free from the necessity of making labels in accordance with forty-five different kinds of laws, as they have been practically held to do in the past.

The Department of Agriculture will soon be ready to begin action in the courts against those who violate the provisions of the act. Undoubtedly, very few actions will be necessary.

The moral influence of the law has been excellent. With uniform State laws reaching every adulterated and misbranded article of food which chances to escape over the border, and with a similar national law which can reach at the root of the evil, we may justly look for excellent results in eliminating all kinds of frauds, deceits and counterfeits from the commerce of the country in food productions.

P. J. McCumber.

DOES GERMANY MENACE THE WORLD'S PEACE?

The Truth about the only "Offensive" Navy.

BY W. G. FITZ-GERALD.

Among all the blazing indiscretions of Prince Hohenlohe's "Memoirs" no feature was so embarrassing to the German Emperor, acknowledged War Lord of the world, as the continued harping on the fact of his requiring his new Navy for purely "offensive purposes."

But this statement, even coming from an Imperial Chancellor, has long been discounted; Europe is convinced that the Kaiser means mischief when his fleet of "Dreadnoughts" is complete, or nearly so. And no fewer than eighteen are projected, each mounting sixteen eleven-inch guns in the primary battery, as against the ten twelve-inch guns of the British ships.

There are besides, built or building, a horde of giant cruisers, destroyers, torpedo-boats of 600 tons, and submarines that are the sum of all others. The Reichstag is to be asked for $50,000,000 to widen and deepen the Kiel Canal and dredge the troublesome harbors so as to admit of monsters like the new "Ersatz Sachsen" and her sisters passing from the Baltic to the North Sea.

Kiel and Wilhelmshaven are fast becoming immense naval arsenals; and within five years the Emperor's dream of "Weltpolitik," with a mighty fleet for a symbol and "more markets; more room for my people," as a shibboleth, is to be realized, as set forth in the inspired preamble to the Navy Act of 1900: "Germany must have a fleet of such strength that a war, even against the mightiest naval power, would involve risks threatening the Supremacy of that Power." This dictum, by the way, was a start-

ling advance on the very modest suggestion brought before the Reichstag three years previously. But the Kaiser walked warily, knowing the pitfalls that beset even his privileged feet.

History records no such dramatic incident, nor one fraught with such momentous possibilities, as the sudden appearance of this "Offensive" Navy. It has been described as "the most amazing achievement in statecraft ever accomplished by a single man." A little more than fifty years ago a German war-ship was unknown on the sea. A mere decade ago there were but a few insignificant ironclads guarding the Baltic and Black sea coasts; whereas next year the Empire looks for positive supremacy on the sea, as well as on land—a condition unknown in the world's modern history.

On the very day of his father's death the present Emperor issued a General Order to his Navy, and from that day to this he has striven with the enthusiasm of a fanatic; the force of a Bismarck, and the wiliness of a Machiavelli, to educate his people to the needs of a Navy. "Our future lies on the sea," he told them.

He founded the German Navy League, which in a few years had a membership of half a million and an income of $180,000; he proved to British Naval Constructor Sir Edward Reed that he could design, navigate and fight a first-class battle-ship; and even the Imperial yacht "Hohenzollern" was made into a formidable object-lesson in matters naval, so that it might carry the lesson wherever it went.

But the Emperor met indifference at first, and worse. Fettered with a colossal militarism that has turned the Empire into an armed camp, the people set their face against a big Navy,—a fleet not only capable of defending their insignificant coast-line, but of operating on the offensive in distant seas.

Their burden was already grievous. True, the best classes sympathized in part with their Emperor's ambitions for national greatness; but they complained his pace was so rapid he was exhausting the nation's vitality. Thus the current Budget shows a deficit of more than $80,000,000.

During the von Bülow Administration it was pointed out the National Debt increased $612,500,000; and colonial expenditure likewise grew to amazing proportions, with very barren results. The heaviest item under this head from 1893 to 1898 was but $2,125,000; whereas last year the colonial expenditure totalled $51,750,-

000; and $45,000,000 worth of new taxation was voted last spring. Wilhelm II, it is an open secret, is bitterly disappointed with the failure of his "colonies" in Southwest Africa—Namaqua, Wanepo and Damara—upon which $175,000,000 has already been spent. The coast is appalling from a navigator's point of view, while the interior is a region of sand dunes, hot steppes, wild mountain ranges and arid veldt over which the Hottentot, Hendrick Witbooi, led the German eagles a weary dance that cost the War Office $850,000 a week, in spite of the new rifle and the vaunted "S" ammunition.

But Kaiser and Chancellor, as we know, have triumphed right along, and carried the Reichstag with them in passing plans for naval armaments, which are being carried out with truly American vigor by the German Admiralty, who never dream of curtailing a programme or dropping out a ship, as is so often done by other national assemblies. The Socialists, who complain of $4,000,000,000 having been squandered on armaments in a couple of decades, have been utterly routed; the Reichstag is still Imperial, and, as I shall show, the only "Offensive" Navy in the world is going forward at a feverish rate—even though the Empire has to sell $50,000,000 in new bonds to make good, in part, the Naval Deficit above mentioned.

The Kaiser is inflexible in a matter involving what he told the new Reichstag is the "supreme duty of strengthening Germany's position among civilized nations." Now what "strengthening" she can want, with five millions of men already armed for battle, is not clear. Certain it is the Empire is now committed to a tremendous battle-ship-building programme for the next ten years; and it is grotesque to maintain that this mighty armada, with eighteen ten-million-dollar "Dreadnoughts" in the van, is wanted solely to guard 100 miles of mud-banks and shoals in the North Sea.

The appearance of the British "Dreadnought," as we know, revolutionized the world's navies by setting up a new standard of speed and gun-power; but Germany intends to form an enormous fleet composed entirely of "Dreadnoughts" so fast and powerful that as a homogeneous armada none other afloat will be able to bring them to battle.

Their main battery carries sixteen eleven-inch guns of fifty calibres, as against the "Dreadnought's" ten twelve-inch guns

of forty-five calibres. And the new German weapons are of an unknown type, firing so heavy a charge that the 793-pound shell will under battle conditions pierce the best twelve-inch Krupped armor afloat, at 7,000 yards.

The German Admiralty are satisfied they have designed the most powerful guns in existence; and each of the new monsters will carry six more of them than the next most powerful ironclad extant. The Germans have watched England, Japan, France and ourselves experimenting with giant ships in order to profit and improve upon all the best points, with special reference to German conditions. Thus, as her Navy will surely operate in the North Sea near home, and in the adjacent Atlantic, less space will be needed for coal and ammunition, leaving room for heavy artillery and far more of it. And the new German ships carry a tremendous secondary battery of four-inch and smaller guns, as shown in the "Ersatz Bayern" and her sisters; for it is in these smaller guns that the German Government found the "Dreadnought" so lacking. Money is to be poured out regardless of nothing but the Emperor's will. The Naval Estimates for the current year total $70,000,000, with a host of "extras" (a million for submarines); and a prospect of immense annual increases for the next decade or so, until Germany shall be "as authoritative as was the Roman Empire." These words are the Kaiser's own; and all the world knows he means what he says. Next year there will be four monster German ships building to the four British, so that England will have fallen far below her classic "Two-Power Standard." It will be the same with certain 15,000-ton cruisers of a new type; while a 19,200-ton cruiser is to be built as a reply to the British "Indomitable" of 17,250 tons. Thus Germany will own the most powerful cruiser in all the world, far exceeding anything that Great Britain, the United States or Japan can show; her speed, with Parsons' turbines, will be over twenty-five knots—faster than the torpedo-boats of a decade ago! The horse-power developed will be nearly 50,000, and the cost above forty million marks. Here indeed is a startling programme.

The British Government, taxed on the subject recently by anxious members of Parliament, assured their hecklers they could build much faster than an upstart naval power like Germany. Now while that may have been true ten years ago, it is

certainly not true to-day, whether of private or Imperial yards. The German battle-ship "Barbarossa" was built in two years and nine months; the British "Albion" took four years and seven months. Again, the German "Braunschweig" was finished in two years and eleven months; while the British "New Zealand" took three years and five months. And quite recently the "Schlesien," 13,500 tons, the last of the "Deutschland" class to take the water, was launched in six months from the date of her keel being laid!

Indeed, the world's amazement on this subject would be much more pronounced were it not for the almost impenetrable veil of secrecy which Germany throws over her new ambitions. Count Ernst von Reventlow, her most distinguished naval expert, has cautioned all editors to refrain "on patriotic grounds" from too precipitate publication of the Empire's naval secrets. And there are hints in Paris that the new German "Dreadnoughts" will spring surprises on the world's Admiralties.

Plans are quietly laid before the Reichstag, and then passed unanimously and put into execution forthwith, as in the case of the six huge armored cruisers added to the Programme of 1900, and the flotilla of forty-eight fast and powerful "coastal destroyers" of 520 tons and twenty-eight knots. And before long Germany will have ample docking facilities for her new monsters, thanks to the immense programme of dredging and constructive work now going forward in both seas.

For years past the Admiralty have been spending immense sums in new docks and general extension of the great yards at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. At the latter port docks Nos. 4, 5 and 6 are now complete and will take in any "Dreadnought." The work of extending Kiel Dockyard, however, has been more difficult than at Wilhelmshaven, for ground has had to be recovered from the harbor.

Beyond doubt it is from the Kiel Canal that the Emperor has received his severest check. When it was opened, twelve years ago, the biggest battle-ship afloat was the British "Inflexible," of 11,880 tons. "We doubt," said the German Admiralty, in effect, "whether 15,000 tons will ever be exceeded. At all events, why should *we* exceed this, with our home waters in the North Sea so shallow?" Accordingly, ships were designed to fit the canal as trains for a tunnel.

The destruction—by mine, torpedo or explosion—of the recent Japanese battle-ships "Yashima," "Hatsuse" and "Mikasa" in the late war, seemed an additional argument against putting too many golden eggs in one big basket. But then came the recent sessions of the British Admiralty, supplied with unique data from the Japanese Admirals. And after these the "Dreadnought," an entirely new type, thousands of tons heavier than any battle-ship afloat, fast as a scout, because of turbine instead of reciprocating engines, in gun-power the mistress of the sea.

Now no "Dreadnought" can pass through the sixty miles of strategic waterway known as the Kiel Canal, for it is but twenty-seven feet deep, with docks both narrow and poor. The Kaiser and his advisers debated long on the perplexing situation, but realized at last that the all Big Gun, Big Ship, with her consort, the enormous armored cruiser, had come to stay; and that they, too, must begin anew, as it were, and lay down giants.

With amazing energy the defeat was faced, enormously costly mistakes written off as unavoidable, and a tremendous programme of 18,000 ton "Dreadnoughts," and formidable armored cruisers of 15,000 tons and more, undertaken instead. Yet even now the German designers cling to their own types. For some reason they do not believe in the twelve-inch gun; there is no such weapon in their navy. And they continue to produce some, at least, of the smaller war-ships. Thus an entirely new type of small cruisers is built or building with a speed of twenty-four knots, and the British experts declare these will certainly *not* be found in the North Sea and Baltic when Germany thinks the time has arrived to deal a sudden and smashing blow.

Already the Australians are beginning to feel uneasy about the security of their growing sea-borne trade. German naval officers make no secret of the fact that their navy is not only intended to strike at Great Britain, but that they will rely largely for success in the suddenness of the attack.

According to the "Indiscreet Chancellor," the German military party was thoroughly hostile to Great Britain so far back as 1890; and of late strenuous efforts have been made to maintain an "active service fleet" consisting of two squadrons, one of eight and the other of ten first-class battle-ships of the line, with a reserve of four ironclads and ten cruisers and four smaller vessels for use as scouts.

German strategists and writers are constantly devising theoretical attacks and designs upon Great Britain. One plan was the collection in the port of Hamburg of shipping with a gross tonnage of 500,000 tons, followed by the hostile descent of 250,000 picked troops upon the British shores. The invading army was to bring with it but few impedimenta, save bicycles for the hybrid arm that was to take the place of cavalry. Only the other day thirty-six fast German destroyers, manœuvring off Cuxhaven, suddenly received orders to make a dash for the British Coast, and they certainly succeeded in escaping detection by the British naval authorities.

Ever since the amazing disclosures of Prince Hohenlohe, England has been keenly alert in all matters pertaining to the "Offensive Navy"; and public men whose opinions carry weight have been gravely warning the public that the hour of trial may be at hand. Sir Edward Russell declares "it is absolute folly to hide our eyes to the fact that all the war equipment of Germany is aimed against Great Britain."

Germany, it is explained, must have space to colonize in, and such space can only be acquired after defeating England. Africa is already parcelled out between France and Great Britain; the Monroe Doctrine bars South America—at present. Moves in Asia Minor are hampered at every turn; and another Kiao-Chou would precipitate war before Germany was ready. And as the French know, Germany never *does* strike until she *is* ready. Moreover, the vast French indemnity after Sedan would be nothing to what England would be called upon to pay were she to sue for peace. And besides money, Germany would doubtless promptly occupy Asia Minor and Egypt, thus holding the key to India.

Incidentally, it is said that another important goal of Germany is no less a nation than Brazil, and that if once the United States could be induced to abandon the Monroe Doctrine, then the Fatherland would absorb that big slice of South America and be satisfied. Certain it is that just now the Germans are suffering from "Reichsverdrossenheit." In other words they are "fed up" on Empire, and not even their troubles in Southwest Africa can make them falter in the perfecting of their "Offensive" Fleet.

That fleet's activity is best seen at home at Kiel, on the Baltic or in the great naval harbor at Wilhelmshaven, lying behind its

dykes twenty feet high. Here scores of millions of dollars have been spent on harbors, forts, strategic railroads, docks and general works. Wilhelmshaven contains 35,000 inhabitants, practically every one of whom is in some way or other connected with the new Navy. It is sought by wire-pulling in Denmark to close the Baltic Sea altogether to foreign fleets, thereby securing effective protection for the German Coast, and particularly for the port of Kiel. At any moment it is thought Germany may make a fresh move in Holland, and the inclusion of that country in the German Empire is one of the absolute certainties of the near future, unless France and England are both so strong by land and sea as to make such a project more than perilous to the Kaiser.

It is thought, too, that a reconstruction of Central Europe may at any time add sixteen million Germans, at present under the Austrian flag, to the German dominions; and, moreover, with the passing of each decade, Germany adds eleven millions to her population, as against the five millions of England and France combined. European strategic writers are unanimous in asserting that Germany will not wait until Russia has recovered, but will "advance" within two or three years at the outside, by which time she will have a magnificent offensive fleet, manned by scientists even more thorough than the Japanese themselves, and capable, as her officers openly boast, of dealing a swift and crushing blow upon Britain's sea-power. In this fleet lies the secret of British resentment towards Germany. That feeling flared forth over the proposed German "demonstration" in the North Sea when the famous "Mad-Dog Fleet" under Rojestvensky attacked the inoffensive fishing-smacks off the Dogger Bank. At first sight it would seem difficult to explain the friction and bad feeling that unquestionably exist between these two great nations. There is no sharply defined point of issue, such as Morocco was recently between Germany and France, but on the other hand, no secret is made of the fact that the "Offensive" Navy is aimed at British power.

It is little wonder, therefore, that Germany absolutely vetoed any talk of the limitation of armaments at the Hague Peace Conference, when she was employed in putting the finishing-touches to a tremendous Navy, which one of her late Imperial Chancellors calmly assures the world is needed only for "Offensive Purposes."

W. G. FITZ-GERALD.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX, HENRY LOOMIS NELSON AND GRACE ISABEL COLBRON.

"A SOVEREIGN REMEDY."*

AMONG the novels of this year, Mrs. Steel's stands out as not only of value in itself, but as tending in a new and hopeful direction. If the purpose of fiction be to divert, as we are so volubly and frequently reminded, yet the modes of entertainment are two: one may shift the burden of the personal life by confining oneself in something smaller, or one may forget oneself by entering into a fuller and a wider circling interplay of human currents. To those who prefer the ampler treatment, the turn of the fashion to a larger structure is devoutly to be welcomed.

It has been said that "were a God to tell his life, he would do so in two words."

> "He lives full life who never thinks of life;
> He is half dead who ponders life and death."

It is, however, the business of the novel to ponder life and death and to portray the shifting circumstance of human existence.

The slight novel of the fashion now passing concerned itself with the principal character, his vicissitudes, triumphs and associations; it avoided daintily any deep delving and stepped warily over the most even of surfaces. But it was as possible that it should become a bore in its kind as that an uninterrupted perusal of the encyclopædia might be so, in another.

Mrs. Steel is not a young woman; she has passed middle age, is a mother and a grandmother, has lived a full and varied life in different quarters of the globe, and has, as we may easily trace, never spared herself investigation or part-playing. She

* "A Sovereign Remedy." By Flora Annie Steel. Doubleday, Page & Co., 1907.

comes to her task with a mind well furnished, with a habit of skilled observation, and with the wide outlook of one who has in the fullest way lived threescore years.

In some ways, notably in the matter of plot-structure, "A Sovereign Remedy" is not so finished a work as "On the Face of the Waters," but it is a larger book dealing with more vital and more abstract subjects. The mechanism seems at times awkward, and at others it verges upon fantasticality. She has drawn together the folk of a Welsh village, an English peer and his circle of relatives, a heroine who is the outcome of a strange experiment in education, a vigorous and pushing young clerk of the lower middle class, several unscrupulous financiers, and has shown the interplay of life with life. Her types are distinct and well drawn, none better, perhaps, than the sharp-tongued, keen-witted servant, Martha, and the old gardener, Adam.

If one compare this book with an old-fashioned novel, with "Middlemarch," for example, one finds it not quite so well-covered a canvas. Mrs. Steel introduces four love-affairs, interesting and distinctly wrought out, two ending in marriage, one in tragedy and deterioration, and the principal one ending in the more satisfactory and final solution of death, so that we may feel that for the lovers the personal dream and its illusions are blotted out or else that they are in some way united and acquiescent.

As against this "Middlemarch" has for its love interests, the affairs of Mary Garth, Rosamund Vincy, Celia Brooke and poor Dorothea's complicated relations to Casaubon, Sir James, Lydgate and Ladislaw, and there are as well Rosamund's flirtations with Ladislaw and Lydgate's cousin and the rector's disappointed love for Mary Garth, making, in all, ten emotional threads of which we must keep the ends in hand. We have as theme the threefold influence of woman as siren, angel of the house and saint. Of moral problems we have the clashing claims of comfort and science in Lydgate, the perplexities of futile learning and faint performance in Casaubon, the difficulties of ordinary honesty in Bulstrode, the shrinkage of meanness and stinginess in the old miser, and the whole problem of aspiration and use and wont in Dorothea and various minor problems. In Mrs. Steel's novel the themes are fewer and not quite so fully worked out. We have the function of judgment in religion, the deleterious effects of religious emotionalism upon uneducated people, the

debasing influence of money (which is indeed the main theme and lends the book its title), and the vague encroachment upon the material world of those powers not yet accounted for in the dreams of our philosophy. So that the novel while it is larger and more significant than the current novel, cannot yet claim to have reached in bulk and significance to the standards of the great novels of a past generation.

Still, there are many things for which we are deeply grateful to Mrs. Steel as we lay her book down. One is that the stress upon the emotional side of life is not overemphasized. Another is the vividness and charm, amounting at moments to lyric rapture, with which she depicts the Welsh hills and that far-away island in the group of the Sporades. We get from her sentences the scent of the winds, the vision of the flower-covered floor of earth, the shifting clouds, the very touch of the soft air on the skin as well as a liberal feeling for action. We are set free from the trammels of the individual life with its purpose and passion, its thwarting and finality, and come to a fuller sense of life playing over into death, of death overlapping and covering life, of the part turning in the whole and the whole beneficently engulfing the part.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

THE STUDY OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.*

As Secretary Root well says in his prefatory paper to the first number of the "American Journal of International Law": "The increase of popular control over national conduct, which marks the political development of our time, makes it constantly more important that the great body of the people in each country should have a just conception of their international rights and duties."

Further on he says: "One of the chief obstacles to the peaceable adjustment of international controversies is the fact that the negotiator or arbitrator who yields any part of the extreme claims of his own country and concedes the reasonableness of any argument of the other side is quite likely to be violently condemned by great numbers of his own countrymen who have never taken the pains to make themselves familiar with the merits of

* "The American Journal of International Law." A Quarterly. Vol. I. First Quarter: The American Society of International Law.

the controversy, or have considered only the arguments on their own side."

Mr. Root here illumines with a single sentence a fundamental and, we may say, a constitutional weakness of our treaty-making power—a weakness that may easily become a menacing danger. Moreover, this danger is the more likely to be encountered the more intimate, and therefore complex, become our relations with foreign governments. And since it is inevitable that our international business shall increase, having already become of much greater moment than the framers of the Constitution, and Washington himself, ever contemplated, it is of the utmost importance, to refer again to Secretary Root's significant preface to the new Quarterly, that a sufficient number of our people ought to become so familiar with international law as "to lead and form public opinion in every community in our country upon all important international questions as they rise."

The great difficulty with our conduct of international business is an utter disregard by powerful interested sections, or classes, of our international obligations, and of the rights and even the feelings of foreign countries. The diplomatic history of the country is full of incidents that indicate the difficulty not only of maintaining, but of establishing, fair and friendly relations between ourselves and foreign countries. We are not singular in this respect, for Great Britain sometimes discovers that the interests of a colony stand in the empire's way and prevent the consummation of an agreement which would be of great advantage to the whole, although, perhaps, it might be detrimental to the objecting colony. This powerlessness of the empire as against an interested colony was conspicuously demonstrated when Lord Salisbury was compelled by the Dominion government to withdraw from an agreement into which he had entered with Mr. Bayard.

So difficult has it been to secure proper consideration of the rights of foreign powers that the policy of ratification by the Senate has been called in question, as treaties made by the authority of the United States are, as the supreme law of the land, superior to State laws and even to State constitutions, the propriety of the Senate's participation in treaty-making can hardly be denied; but Senators often act under popular influence, and this is natural and to be expected. At any rate, it is to be

reckoned with. The Senate thus destroyed the Olney-Pauncefote treaty which provided for general arbitration between ourselves and Great Britain. Thus, the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty was defeated, as, subsequently, in its answer to the demand of the Gloucester fishermen, was the Hay-Bond treaty.

It is only necessary to allude to these isolated instances, in order to emphasize the argument of Mr. Root. When John Hay was on his way to London, to assume the office of Ambassador to the English court, he had reached the conclusion that the United States would never again make an important treaty. In one way, his conclusion has not been vindicated, but, in another, it has, for recent treaties have been mainly negotiated with the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, or the majority of its members, as parties to the negotiation. It will be readily seen, however, that negotiation, except on occasion, must be grievously hampered when one negotiator is faced by so many negotiators and objectors.

The American Society of International Law has established its quarterly for the purpose of furnishing a body of literature on international questions in which the country is interested. In view of what has already been said, it is apparent that enlightenment is needed in this country, and that there is needed, even more, a self-restraint and a largeness of view with which, so far as international relations are concerned, a democracy is not blessed. The habit of mind which leads men to trust to experts matters in which their own interest is involved, is not yet ours; nor, especially, have we acquired any part of that fine spirit of international courtesy which would leave unquestioned to a foreign power any right which it might have acquired by a treaty with our government, even when we are surprised, and discontented, by learning, unexpectedly it may be, of the existence of the right. If the association succeeds in stimulating the proper international spirit, even among a comparatively small but influential class, it will accomplish something that is desirable.

The Quarterly is, in itself, and, in every way, admirable. Among its special articles is one of especial interest in the Calvo and Drago doctrine, defending the position of the United States against international debt-collecting, while editorials treat specially of the Algeciras Conference; the Peace of the Marblehead; Mr. Root's South-American Trip; the Newfoundland Fisheries;

the Nature of the Government in Cuba; and the Japanese School Question.

Very valuable features of the Quarterly are, a "Chronicle of International Events," "Public Documents relating to International Law" and "Judicial Decisions involving Questions of International Law."

In a supplement are contained copies of important international documents, including Señor Drago's letter of 1902, to the Argentine Minister at Washington, a letter which contains the authoritative statement of his doctrine; the text of the agreement between England and France respecting Egypt and Morocco, and the convention between the two of 1904; the text of the Peace of Portsmouth; the Newfoundland Act of 1905; our own Immigration Act of 1906; and the General Act of the Algeciras Conference.

As the table of contents indicates, the Quarterly promises to be an international book of reference for the publicist, the student of international law and history, and for the writer on public questions.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE HOHENLOHE MEMOIRS.*

THE English publishers of the Memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe tell us that the translation is made from the first, unexpurgated, German edition, the book now selling in Germany being a second edition revised by order of the Emperor. It therefore shares the faults of the German edition—long-windedness and futile digressions—and has a full sufficiency of faults of its own, particularly in the spelling of German words. This last, as well as faults of proof-reading in the English text, may be due to the hasty preparation of this translation, and may be forgiven, therefore, as they are not very serious.

The German editor of the Memoirs, Friedrich Curtius, performed his task under the most difficult conditions possible. He had been engaged for the work by Prince Hohenlohe himself only a few short weeks before the latter's death. The Prince had distinctly stated that the book was to be in the nature of a volume of memoirs, not a connected biography. It therefore became nec-

* "Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst." New York: The Macmillan Company.

essary for the editor to undertake the task of arranging a tremendous mass of miscellaneous papers, and printing them as they were, reverence to the wishes of the dead Prince forbidding any interference on the part of others. Had Prince Hohenlohe been able to supervise the work himself, he would doubtless have eliminated much unnecessary repetitionary matter, and, in the light of subsequent events as well as in the light of his own riper judgment, would doubtless have suppressed much conjecturing and prophesying anent politicial doings. Particularly in cases where the passing of time proved his judgment to have been a false one.

Considering them as they are now, the two copious volumes of the Memoirs present moments of intermittent charm, records of much value in the more intimate history of so-called "high politics" and long stretches of gossip, conjecture, barren tedium.

There is one picture that stands out complete when one has finished the reading, however, and that is the portrait of the Prince himself. Careful and guarded though his utterances are when speaking of others, he gives us now and then a glimpse into his own inner life, and he gives us a great deal of involuntary self-revelation in his opinions of men and things. It is an agreeable personality, on the whole. A courtly, well-meaning gentleman, taking the doctrine of *noblesse oblige* very seriously; earnest, high-minded and clean-living, deeply religious without cant, broad-minded, as far as it was possible for one of his station and his mental calibre to be, eminently tactful and diplomatic in public and private life. He is kind to those who serve him, amiable always to his equals whatever his private opinion may be, admiringly tolerant of the wishes of his pleasure-loving wife, although caring little for social gayety himself; he is not ambitious, because birth had placed him in a position as high as he could wish for, but desirous seriously of doing some good in the world, and anxious to avoid the hollow pleasure-seeking idleness in which the lives of most of his class are passed. Of this he says, in a letter to a favorite sister:

"The happy ones in this country and in our class are not the men but the women, provided that they appreciate their situation. Nothing more easily depresses a clever, thoughtful man than the consciousness that he has no object for his efforts and activities. Do not tell me that I ought to be content with my present sphere. It does not give me

nearly enough to do, and the occupation which it provides is not of the kind to raise the mind. It may be all very well for later years, but it is no school for life, and I must insist on going to school. I will and must recognize the truth of Chamisso's words, 'Let us work and create by means of our knowledge lest we should conceive the idea of blowing our brains out.'"

A prince of royal blood who has such a view of life and seriously endeavors to live up to it, compels admiration for his character, be his mentality what it may.

The point of view from which we see the many men of many lands and the many stirring events that passed before the Prince's ken, is naturally a one-sided one. Whole strata of vivid life, seething through the march of eventful years in civilization's onrush, were blank pages to him. They meant nothing to him; he did not understand them. The bird's-eye view of life is not always a correct one. It is far harder to arrive at a just understanding of values when life is looked at from above, and the man in the street has a better chance of knowing what Life really is than the prince of the blood who has never been allowed to form an opinion at first hand, has never had any opportunity of so doing. Hohenlohe travelled much, but apart from the varying landscape beauties, and the actual moving about in trains and boats, he did not travel. For it was the same cosmopolitanly educated, cosmopolitanly thinking, French-speaking circle of royalties, princes and high-priced statesmen that he met everywhere. An occasional stranger from the great outside world who happened into this charmed region was too much of a curiosity to be understood as a type. Therefore it is unjust to cavil at the well-meaning, tactful Prince because he did not write about things he did not know nor understand. He showed his tact and his wisdom by restricting himself to subjects that came within the limit of his particular sort of knowledge of life.

Within these limits he saw much. His desire for public life led him first into the service of Bavaria — his position as mediatized prince placed him outside the necessity of allegiance to any particular German monarch — and he soon won the position of a Cabinet Minister. His total lack of the particularistic patriotism which was then in its last throes and was keeping German politics in a turmoil, fitted him eminently for the post of Foreign Minister, and he became a necessary part of the diplo-

matic relations between Bavaria and Prussia. Prince Hohenlohe believed in German unity, and understood the growing power and energy of Prussia. He thought that German unity could take the form of an alliance of an association of Southern States, with Bavaria at the head, in union with the North German Federation, led by Prussia. He held out for the measure of independence to which Bavaria's history and importance entitled her, but it is easy to see, in spite of the guarded character of his political utterances, that Prince Hohenlohe suspected Bismarck's designs in drawing out the negotiations for union, in temporizing on any excuse. Dimly he foresaw that what Bismarck wanted was not a coalition on terms laid down by the still powerful alliance of Southern States. His scheme was German unity, with Prussia in the lead, the Southern States forced to come in on Prussia's terms. All he was working for before that was merely the assurance that the Southern States would lend him military support in case of war. Sure of this, he brought about the war, and then could dictate his own terms to the rest of Germany. Hohenlohe suspected this, but shrugged his shoulders and went on his quiet, tactful way, realizing how powerless he was against Prussian bulldog aggressiveness.

When the Prince is writing of his many years in public life in Munich we wish he had not been quite so imbued with reverential respect for the person of a monarch. We would like to have heard something more, from one in close personal connection with Ludwig II, of the life of that unfortunate king, whose mental trouble was drawing down over him just at that time. And there is one thing Prince Hohenlohe might have altered had he arranged his papers himself. It is hardly possible even for a prince of royal blood, in the light of what has come since, to dismiss Richard Wagner with a few short sentences that show he was considered nothing more than a vulgar favor-hunting hanger-on of royalty.

Prince Chlodwig glided naturally into Prussian service after many years of journeyings, public and private. He was preeminently fitted for President of the Reichstag as well as for Imperial Ambassador to Paris, both positions requiring the unselfish tact that would allow him to be merely a courtly "buffer" between the brutality of Bismarckian directness and the sensitiveness of the outer world. During these years Prince Hohenlohe bore to Bismarck somewhat of the relation that a tactful, well-bred wife

bears towards a husband who has made his way by sheer force of talent and personality. Bismarck said what he wished to do or to have done. Hohenlohe translated it into the carefully chosen words of social and diplomatic relations, and things went well. Nobody's feelings were hurt, and the things desired were accomplished. The Governorship of Alsace-Lorraine was another such "buffer" position, demanding infinite tact against pressure from above, discontent from below. Then, finally, at an age when most men retire from public life, Prince Chlodwig found himself Chancellor of the Empire.

The last portion of the book, dealing with these years of exalted office, should be the most interesting of all. But it is sappy and unsatisfactory. The editor tells us that the events here spoken of are too recent, and the personages mentioned, most of them, still alive, and that therefore he could make but sparing use of the Prince's copious notes of his term as Chancellor. He promises more later; it is easy to see just what he is waiting for before publishing the later book. And it is also easy to see, from what has been printed, that it is in this portion of the volume that most of the Imperial-decreed expurgation took place.

Prince Hohenlohe believes in a "king by the grace of God," but the Hohenzollern family are upstarts compared with the Hohenlohes, and it is hardly to be expected that a veteran diplomat who had seen fifty years of active service would always be quite as devout, in his private thoughts, as his youthful master would wish him to be. What he does allow himself to say at times, or rather what the editor allows him to say, makes us curious to know what he really *did* say when writing in his private diary.

GRACE ISABEL COLBRON.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG.

LONDON, *March, 1907.*

SINCE my last communication we have passed through some not uneventful weeks. Parliament has met, is now, indeed, on the point of adjourning for the Easter recess, and the London County Council elections have been held. The latter event positively for a time overshadowed the former. The opening days of March saw a phenomenon unique in English politics. It saw London, and not only London, but the whole country, turning its back on the national legislature at Westminster and absorbed in a purely local struggle for the capture of the capital. Like nearly every metropolis, London, as a rule, is magnificently indifferent to its civic affairs. It is altogether too rich, too languid, too vast, too sociable to develop any real sense of corporate unity, any active and genuine consciousness of local patriotism. Until the campaign of a few weeks ago, the municipal electorate of London was very largely an unplumbed sea. It was rarely that more than half the voters on the register took the trouble to go to the poll. In the eighteen years of its existence, the London County Council, except between 1895 and 1898, when the two parties were equally balanced, had been uniformly under the control of the Progressives, of those, that is, who favored the policy of municipal ownership. Their opponents, the Moderates, or, as they now call themselves, the Municipal Reformers, having no alternative policy to put forward and no effective rallying cry, had been practically reduced to the rôle of unproductive criticism. But this year, for the first time in their history, they roused themselves to a tremendous effort. They collected a huge campaign fund, covered the walls with cartoons and placards, deafened the city with their denunciations of extrava-

gance, socialism, jobbery and inefficiency, and after a struggle of almost incredible abuse, they flung the Progressives out of power. Before the election, the Progressives had a majority of 50; today they are in a minority of 40. But it is an amazing commentary on London's imperturbable want of interest in local questions that, even after these unparalleled efforts, only fifty-two per cent. of the voters went to the poll.

It is difficult to appraise aright a victory won by such means and so clearly destitute of finality. Taking it as a whole the Progressives' record during the past eighteen years has been one of splendid energy and success. They have made London a cleaner, brighter, healthier and far more convenient city to live in and move about in. Some of their enterprises may have been unfortunate—the municipal service of steamers on the Thames, for instance, has turned out badly—and a certain amount of wastefulness may properly be charged against them. But no suggestion of corruption or "graft" has ever clung to them, and in rescuing water, light and traction from the grip of private monopolies they have unquestionably been carrying out a policy that commends itself to the great majority of Londoners. As a matter of fact, London is still very far behind Glasgow, Birmingham and Manchester in the development of municipal enterprise. It is true that the rates have risen on an average throughout London in the last ten years by one shilling and fourpence (about thirty-three cents). But only an infinitesimal portion of this increase can be laid at the door of the County Council—not more, I think, than twopence. The growing needs of education and the Conservative policy of putting the denominational schools upon the rates have been responsible for most of it; and the borough councils and guardians, on which bodies the Moderates have usually predominated, and the metropolitan asylums board for the remainder. The Moderates at the recent election obscured these facts by every artifice of misrepresentation. They made the most of the loss on the Thames steamboats and of two or three other shortcomings and irregularities that, except during an election, nobody would have thought worth troubling about. With far greater fairness and effect they argued that the policy pursued by the Progressives could only end in the duplication, on an infinitely vaster scale, of the scandals that had been unearthed in Poplar and West Ham, in the gradual repres-

sion of individual effort and enterprise, and in the erection of a spendthrift, demoralized and semi-Socialist state. They attacked, too, the Progressives' methods of finance and accounts, and charged them with concealing losses on some of their undertakings by a confused system of bookkeeping and inadequate audits.

All this told heavily. Many people felt, anyway, that the Progressives had been in office quite long enough, and that a few years of opposition would do them no harm. Many more were disturbed by the projects of old-age pensions, State aid for the unemployed, free meals for school children, and so on, which the incursion of the Labor Party has thrust into the forefront of English politics, and were anxious to strike at the spirit behind such projects at every opportunity. Again, the Progressives were appealing to Parliament for power to institute an enormous scheme for placing the electric-lighting supply of all London under County Council control. Moreover, hitherto a Progressive majority on the County Council has always coincided with a Conservative majority in the House of Commons; and this has meant that, in the many cases where Parliamentary authority has had to be sought for County Council enterprises, the Progressives have been checked and denied. But now, with a Radical Government overwhelmingly in power at Westminster, this hindrance has been removed; and it was rightly suspected that, if the Progressives were again returned to office, they would find the path of reform lying absolutely clear before them and might be tempted, and even urged, into throwing off all restraint. These reasons, and many like them, combined to sweep the Moderates into power. Their achievements and policy in office, I venture to predict, will be mainly negative. They will not encourage any more municipal undertakings, but they will not attempt to cut down those that now exist. The public services will go on very much as before and be maintained in all their present efficiency. The rates, therefore, will not be sensibly reduced, nor will the County Council's income be sensibly increased.

In the wider sphere of national affairs, the past month has produced much that is interesting and important, but little that is exciting, and Parliament, while always fully occupied, has been spared big debates and first-class measures. After the strain and contentiousness of the session of 1906, the change is as

welcome to the nation at large as it must be to the Members themselves, with the exception, of course, of those insatiable Radicals who count every day wasted on which some bill does not receive the royal assent. It will not be until after the Easter holidays that the tug-of-war is renewed in the right spirit of ferocity. Nevertheless, the session so far has been far from barren. It has seen the introduction of Mr. Haldane's scheme for the reconstruction of the auxiliary forces, a scheme which aims at forming a second-line army, 300,000 strong, by amalgamating the Militia, Volunteers and Yeomanry, and organizing them in fourteen divisions under the direction of country associations. I am quite incompetent to pronounce upon the merits of this plan. It took Mr. Haldane, who is not a loquacious statesman, about three hours to unfold it to the House; and it would probably take me three years to understand it. But I gather, first, that military opinion is, on the whole, favorable to it; secondly, that it depends on time and the people themselves to make it work; and thirdly, that if it breaks down, the whole system of voluntary enlistment for national defence falls with it. Mr. Haldane announced a reduction in the army estimates of more than $10,000,000; and, a week later, the Government, while pledging itself to maintain both now and in the future the two-Power standard, foreshadowed an aggregate decrease in naval expenditure of $12,500,000 as compared with the previous year, and of $40,000,000 as compared with three years ago. Besides these defence measures, Parliament has talked out a bill conferring a limited suffrage on women, has discussed many colonial questions, has considered one bill for establishing a dual ownership of the land on a compulsory basis in Scotland, and another for relieving the local education authorities of the cost of special religious instruction in the Church of England schools, has set about reforming Parliamentary procedure once more, and has passed a platonic motion in favor of disestablishment.

Moreover, the month has been made memorable by the emergence into public life of Lord Curzon, who has announced his intention of reentering Parliament before long, and whom the House and country will welcome with acclamation when he steps once more into the arena. Hardly less noteworthy was the explosively candid speech delivered by Lord Rosebery, who for the past fifteen months has kept altogether in the background, on

March 26th to the members of the Liberal League, an organization which he founded and over which he still presides for the purpose of propagating among Liberals a spirit of sane and consecutive imperialism abroad and of cautious step-by-step reform at home. In that speech Lord Rosebery warned the Government against the folly of overloading their programme and making more promises than they could possibly fulfil. He feared that in its policy in regard to temperance, the land question and the House of Lords, the Liberal Party "might find itself permanently connected with hostility to property in all its forms, and if that were so the party would at no distant date be squeezed out between Socialism and Conservatism." He criticised with great and justifiable severity the proposal to introduce the ruinous system of dual land ownership into England, prophesied that little more would be heard of the Irish Education Bill outlined by Mr. Bryce, reiterated his objection to Home Rule, and reminded the Government that nearly all Liberal Governments fell because they filled property with a sense of insecurity. He scoffed, too, at the "something terrible" which the Government had pledged itself to do with the House of Lords; and here Lord Rosebery showed all his old instinct for divining and expressing the unspoken thought of the nation.

When this letter appears in print the Colonial Premiers will have assembled in London for the third Colonial Conference. A day or two later Mr. Asquith will be introducing his budget, and expectation is keen to see how he will deal with a surplus which is expected to reach $25,000,000. A penny off the income tax is looked forward to with every confidence, but whether sugar, tea or tobacco or all three are also to benefit is a secret closely guarded. Simultaneously with the budget, Mr. Birrell will probably be bringing forward his bill, as the King's speech put it, "for further associating the people of Ireland with the management of their domestic affairs and for otherwise improving the system of government." Another and not less critical bill for the reform of Irish University education will also be under Mr. Birrell's care, and in addition various land, licensing and labor measures are promised. When Parliament reassembles after the Easter recess it will be to plunge at once into legislation that, in my judgment, will go very far towards determining the fate of the present Cabinet.

ST. PETERSBURG, *March, 1907.*

THE curtain is now being rung up on a new act of the national drama. Russia has chosen her spokesmen, the elections are over, the people's champions are face to face with the Tsar's counsellors, the tug of constitutional war is beginning anew. The intellectual level of the bulk of the nation is hardly more elevated than was that of the inhabitants of Nineveh described in the Book of Jonah, who could not discern between their right hand and their left hand. With few exceptions they care exclusively for the matters that interest themselves: the peasants for free land, the Jews for equal rights, the Poles for self-government, the Armenians and Georgians for autonomy, the working-men for short hours and high wages, the Social Democrats for the nationalization of land and capital. There is no general programme for the government of the nation.

Freedom of election was clamorously demanded by all and violated by nearly all who had the power, including the lawful authorities. Many voted who possessed no right whatever, some personating the dead, others bearing voting papers which they had bought. Clerks were compelled by their employers to fill up and take to the urns the papers of the party to which he belonged. In Kursk an elector who belonged to a moderate group was assassinated for not being radical, and letters were forwarded to many moderate constituents threatening them with the same fate if they should hinder the election of the popular candidate.

A number of excellent deputies, whose absence is a loss for the Duma and the country, were defeated simply because there was no political, much less patriotic, standard among the constituents. "Every man is as good as his neighbor, and the fewer good qualities he has the better," would seem to have been the guiding but unavowed principle. Count Heyden, for instance, who was one of the most active deputies in the first Duma, a ready speaker, a resourceful debater and a man of well-balanced intellect, was unhesitatingly sacrificed to a nobody. M. Lvoff, of Saratoff, who may without exaggeration be termed one of the pioneers of free Russia, has also been refused a mandate. M. Lvoff was one of the most prominent members of the first Zemstvo Congress in Moscow who delivered a speech there on the need of a constitution which will never be forgotten in the annals of Russian history. The peasants cut down the trees of

his forest, inflicting upon him a loss of thousands of dollars, but he refused to send for the soldiery. A twelvemonth later his manor and other property were burned to ashes by the peasants, who feel no gratitude towards a beneficent landlord. But he bore all these and other trials heroically and never swerved from his principle of liberalism and progress tempered by legality and respect for the rights of minorities.

In some cases the choice made was as curious as the rejection. Among those who have now received mandates for the first time are certain leaders of the League of the Genuine Russian People, an organization of monarchists whose ideal is a return to the autocratic *régime* pure and simple and whose present practical aim is the strengthening of the monarchic and the weakening of the republican party. One of these politicians is the well-known Jew-baiter Krushevan, to whose inflammatory diatribes anti-Jewish riots have been attributed in the south of Russia. Krushevan's name makes every sensitive Jew shudder. Another is Purishkevich, whom his followers regard as an ardent monarchist and patriot, and from whom they expect great things in the future. It is well that these men should be sent to the legislative chamber, and it is a pity that so many of the leaders of the other parties, men like Miliukoff, Heyden, Guchkoff, Lvoff and Kovalevsky, have been excluded. That, however, is the reflection of an outsider. Russians view the matter from a different angle of vision. And feeling runs especially high against the monarchist leaders and the anti-semites. The mere fact that they are in the Duma has caused a ferment in every city and town of the south where the Jews constitute an element of the population. They are in receipt of threatening letters which come by every mail. In their press organ the following significant notice appeared in large type: "In consequence of the threats received by Krushevan and Purishkevich, it is hereby announced that for their inviolability shall be held answerable the Jews: Vinaver, Hessen, Kiesewetter and Miliukoff. The other enemies of Krushevan need not fear anything as yet." A characteristic announcement.

Into the first Duma both the revolutionists and socialists were smuggled under the colors of the Constitutional Democrats. They did not venture to form a party of their own, lest they should be all arrested in one haul and sent to Siberia. For that reason they called themselves Constitutional Democrats, won places in

the Chamber and remained for a time together with the Democrats, their protectors. Now, however, they have a party organization of their own, are implicitly recognized by the Government and are even mentioned by the Government press organs. That is why so many people are under the impression that since the first Duma was dissolved the country has become more radical, more anti-monarchical. In reality it has turned more moderate, more conservative. On the one hand the revolutionists who are now in the second Duma might have been elected last year to the first and many more with them, if they had dared to come forward as candidates instead of boycotting the elections as so many of them did. And on the other hand the extreme monarchists who have now been returned had no chance of election last year. The second Duma has two orthodox Bishops, two leaders of the extreme autocratic party and a considerable group of monarchists, all elected by people who would not have given them a vote a twelvemonth ago.

And yet complaints are being made that even now the real Russian people have not spoken out. They made no response, it is said, to the appeal to send good men and true to the legislative assembly. In the district of the Bakhmoot, in Southern Russia, for example, out of three thousand persons who had votes to record, just one hundred and five recorded them. The remainder stayed at home heedless of the needs of the nation, deaf to the promptings of the voice of duty. In the district of Upper Dneprovsk there were 1,458 persons duly qualified to vote, yet only thirty-five put in an appearance! In the district of Sviashsk, the number of qualified voters was 628, whereas no more than eighty-five came to the poll. In the cities and towns the proportion of actual voters to the number of persons qualified was very much larger. But in most places individuals were chosen for their hostility to the Government.

Whatever, therefore, may be said of the difficulty of getting the masses to come forward and vote, it is useless to blink the fact that a large percentage of the population is hostile to the Government and that the Government is itself greatly to blame. It is not merely that the local authorities in many places, as for instance in Moscow, disregarding Stolypin's instructions, put undue pressure upon the voters, but in many other ways the officials turned the population against their cause, which is that of

the Tsar and the Empire. The list of the bureaucracy's sins of omission and commission is long. On the one hand the Government does not possess the courage of its convictions; it preaches political principles for the public and ignores them itself. It treats the letter of the law with unbounded respect and attacks the spirit of it with deliberation and success. Thus the Premier refused to repeal the electoral law because to do so would be to violate other statutes, but he had no hesitation in undoing its provisions by getting the Senate to "interpret" them. On the one hand M. Stolypin lacks courage in presence of the court party. For example, he promised a number of reforms to the people when he first took over the portfolio of Prime Minister, and in that way he made a distinct bid for popularity. He was not obliged to make those promises, so that his offer was quite voluntary. Among them was a bill to give relief to the Jews, whose status in Russia is highly unsatisfactory and extremely vague. Well, he drafted the bill in question in order to keep his word, he whittled it down considerably in order to keep his place, and finally sacrificed it altogether because such was the good pleasure of the court party. And that is not the kind of light and leading which a people in revolution have a right to expect from the chief administrator of the Empire.

Why the Tsar has not opened the legislative Chamber in person, nor written a Speech from the Throne, needs no lengthy explanation. The formal reason is this: if he appeared in person last year it was because the two Houses were constituted for the first time, whereas there is now only one new Chamber—the Duma, and it is the second of its kind. But the real reason lies deeper. Last summer the monarch welcomed the Deputies in the Winter Palace, called them Russia's best men, renewed his promise to carry out all the reforms outlined in the Manifesto, and having done all this was subjected to the icy-cold gaze of the Deputies, who did not greet him with a cheer nor even thank him afterwards in the official reply to the Speech from the Throne. Naturally he felt offended. Why, he probably asks himself now, should he undergo the ordeal a second time unnecessarily? Whenever he meets with a reasonable, businesslike Duma, he will employ the forms usual between monarchs and their peoples' representatives. But at present there are no trustworthy signs that such a Chamber has met.

Indeed, the symptoms of the day are alarmingly anti-monarchical. Heretofore the principal revolutionary parties proclaimed their intention to leave the monarch in peace while cutting down his servants. Now for the first time they have changed their tactics and cancelled their decree by which his inviolability was respected. And feeling in the country is being artificially roused against the Tsar. Pamphlets are published in Novgorod, Pensa, Tver, Odessa which allude to him in terms of vulgar abuse, and no efforts are spared to hold him and his dynasty up to contempt or hatred. That is a significent, it may also be a fateful, change of tactics. And when we remember that there is a strong party of avowed revolutionists in the Duma—we cannot affect surprise at the caution displayed by Nikolai Alexandrovitch.

Nothing could well be more characteristic of the situation than the flippancy with which bombs are now spoken of. Unless a man has been actually killed or wounded, an attempt at murder is passed off as a joke. Two infernal machines were found in Count Witte's house, and in court circles people scoffed and said that the ex-Premier had himself put them down his chimney. Soon afterwards a bomb was found on the imperial railway to Tsarskoye Selo and the bombist who laid it there escaped. Now it was the turn of the Liberals to indulge in unseemly jokes at Stolypin's expense. And in this way the nation is gradually losing its sense of right and wrong, of just and unjust. And all parties are to blame.

Whether the second Duma will remedy this or any other of the evils which are ruining the people time will show. The unbiassed observer will naturally feel sceptical, nor will he believe in the Duma's capacity for serious work until he has seen bills properly discussed and laws actually made. What he cannot doubt, however, is the nation's pressing need of speedy succor. A patriotic yet liberal Russian writer thus characterizes the condition of his fellow citizens: "The Russian people is impoverished, jaded, worn out, and like all unfortunate people is fallen morally. It has taken to drink, to lewdness, to quarrelling, and all the ancient authorities have been swept away. The sustaining power derived from culture, family training, religion, education, social discipline, respect for State institutions—all that is falling from the shoulders of the nation like a garment in rags."

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

TUESDAY, *April 9.* American Morals *versus* English Manners.

AN English journal, noted for its perspicacity, prints the following dialogue under the title, "The Social Catechism":

QUESTION: Who are you?

ANSWER: A male animal, of the human species, endowed with a thirst for Social distinction.

Q.: What do you mean by "Social distinction"?

A.: By "Social distinction" I mean only being seen about with the best people, in the best places.

Q.: Who are the best people?

A.: The people whom I want to know and who do not want to know me.

Q.: Are you often seen about with the best people?

A.: As often as they will let me.

Q.: And in the best places?

A.: As often as I can get there.

Q.: Were you born among the best people?

A.: No; I was born in an industrial centre in the provinces. But my father made money, and I have come to London to spend it.

Q.: Then you have a father?

A.: Physically and financially, I have a father; socially, I have none.

Q.: And a mother?

A.: I have no mother.

Q.: How is that?

A.: Because my mother is impossible.

Q.: Do you know many of the best people?

A.: I know them all, and some of them know me.

Q.: When you came to London, did you bring letters of introduction to the best people?

A.: Yes; I brought the best of all letters of introduction to them.

Q.: What is that?

A.: My check-book.

Q.: Did the best people, then, welcome you on the strength of your check-book?

A.: They welcomed my check-book and they put up with me.

Q.: How did you make an opening for the use of your check-book?

A.: I had no need to make an opening. They made the opening.

Q.: How did they do that?

A.: Some played bridge with me; others made bets with me. In both cases, the use of my check-book followed as a matter of course.

Q.: Can you play bridge?

A.: No.

Q.: Did the best people mind that?

A.: No.

Q.: Why did they not mind it?

A.: Because they did the playing, while I did the paying.

Q.: Have you a wife?

A.: I have not a wife of my own; but I am doing my best to annex the wife of another man.

Q.: Why do you do this?

A.: Because it is expected of me to live up to my exalted surroundings.

Q.: Do all the best men in society, then, annex other men's wives?

A.: All who can afford to do so.

Q.: Is it very expensive to annex other men's wives?

A.: It is very expensive. One has to finance the wives, and frequently the husbands also.

Q.: Then would it not come cheaper to have a wife of your own?

A.: It would come much cheaper. But it would be less up-to-date.

Q.: What is morality?

A.: Morality is a fetish of second-rate persons, in which the best people, with few exceptions, have long ceased to believe.

Q.: Who are these few exceptions?

A.: Men who, from age or infirmity, are past gallantry, and women who are either too old or too ugly to attract.

Q.: Are the best people, then, never moral on principle?

A.: The best people have no principles.

This is satire, of course, but it is the satire of truth. Probably never before was the tone of English society so low as it is to-day. Immorality is no new development in Great Britian or, indeed, in any land whose standards are fixed by traditions which accord to royalty special privileges; nor is the mercenary trait of recent growth among our cousins; but the combination has seemed to acquire strength yearly since the death of Victoria.

It is no business of ours, except in so far as we may deduce beneficial lessons. The numerous divorces in our own high society evoke much derision abroad; but no competent observer will maintain that infidelity is more common here; indeed, there is little doubt that the reverse is the fact. It is wholly a difference of method. We wash our linen in public; they wash theirs in pri-

vate, if at all, and shield each other from the comments of the vulgar. Our morals—speaking in the narrow sense indicated—are probably as much better as their manners are undoubtedly superior, and this must necessarily continue to be the case until the American shall finally learn from the Englishman how to play the part of the cuckold with dignity and contentment.

Our more brazen fashion would be preferable but for the effect of example upon the great number who would be designated in England as members of the upper middle class. Evidences multiply that frequent condonations by those most conspicuous socially of offenses against society itself have encouraged tendencies in the smaller cities and villages which would otherwise have been choked at sight. Such is the power of custom and the authority for good or ill of those who sit in high places. We wonder sometimes how it would be if there were no morals at all—just as in some places there are no clothes.

WEDNESDAY, *April 10.* **What is Success in Life?**

"WHEREVER a process of life communicates an eagerness to him who lives it, there the life becomes genuinely significant." It was Dr. William James who said that in an essay on "A Certain Blindness in Human Beings." The blindness referred to was the blindness of men to each other's modes of happiness and theories of life. But human beings are still pretty blind creatures, rather like kittens just beginning to open their eyes. For how many of us search and face our own modes of being happy?

We spend our lives, the large majority of us, in a lively practical bustle and clamor, wearing our nerves out and letting our muscles grow slack, without ever stopping to consider whether we are pressing happiness and significance out of experience or not.

Probably success in life is to look at life itself and find out deliberately wherein we come at our best moments, and then as deliberately to multiply them. Pater urges us to be among the wisest and best of the children of men, and to get these moments of rich consciousness from art. Whitman usually found his on the top of a New York omnibus or crossing the Brooklyn ferry; he got it out of merging the self into the many and believing in an ultimate and glorious unity. Kant found his in the contem-

plation of the moral law and the starry heavens — the starry heavens which, by the by, only called forth from Carlyle the desponding comment: "Hech! it's a sad sight!" The Mystics have all found their best moments in some form or other of ecstatic vision; the Pietists find theirs in prayer; but wherever we find them—in friendship, in almsgiving, in gaining ground in our given labor, whatever it be, in the perception of beauty, in the still moments of recollection by the twilight hearth—success in life is to know these moments when they come, to recognize them and coax them to repeat themselves.

To know them, set apart, and yet within grasp, a refuge from the nagging setbacks and teasing worries of life, a little spot whereinto no one shall ever enter but ourselves, yet where our keenest happiness dwells and our truest liberty. To multiply our best moments is to come as near as any one may to success in life.

THURSDAY, *April 11.* **Athletic Wives.**

AMERICAN women have always had the reputation of excelling in devotion as mothers, while Englishwomen have been considered the more devoted wives. It may be owing to the better conditions of organized and trained domestic service in England, and to the possibility of leaving children safely in the keeping of nurses and governesses, that Englishwomen have thrown themselves so much more unreservedly into the interests, business and amusements of their husbands. In England, the husband and wife usually take their holiday trips together; in America, the mother and children make their holidays together, and the father, when he takes one, usually takes it alone or with other men. The recent development of athletics for women in this country is transforming women's lives in many ways, and in nothing more beneficially than in making them more capable of being companions for their husbands. They are gaining in strength, in hardihood, in cheerfulness and breadth of interest by their concern for sport. A wife who can ride to hounds, tramp across country, golf, play tennis and sail a boat combines the attractions of comrade, friend and wife, and triples her power. To add to a capacity for outdoor life an intelligent interest in politics and municipal government, a habit of culling the world politics from the daily newspaper, and a well-bred abstention from domestic

themes of conversation would doubtless make the American woman the most desirable wife in the world, and perhaps the nursery would find her just as delightful and as influential a power if she came to it from time to time fresh from a larger world, instead of limiting her vision to its four walls. There is a great deal in teaching a child to look upon its mother's presence as a gracious condescension, and more in making a man feel that his wife is his most congenial friend.

FRIDAY, *April 12.* **Women as Friends Again.**

NOT only is history full of the friendships of men, but some of the most exquisite of English poetry owes its inspiration to the friendship of men, and to their whole-hearted belief in and admiration for each other's work. Milton's "Lycidas" commemorates happy companionship with Mr. Edward King and their congenial tastes, for it seems he, too, knew,

"Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme."

And the two of them were "nursed upon the selfsame hill, fed the same flock by fountain, shade and rill."

Shelley's "Adonais" records only his heartfelt admiration for Keats's work, since they never met; but, surely, but for Keats's untimely death, there would have been one more beautiful friendship to record, for Keats, unlike Byron, had in him nobleness enough to have been lifted to the level of Shelley had he but been thrown with him.

The loss of Arthur Hugh Clough inspired Mr. Arnold's "Thyrsis," and his companionship, doubtless, "The Spanish Gypsy," and once again it was the like high pursuit that bound them:

"Thou, too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wast bound."

The classic example, of course, is that of Mr. Tennyson's profound devotion for Arthur Hallam, and the poem "In Memoriam," which recorded the fluctuations of grief, the thoughts inspired by loss, a poem begun in 1833 and ended in 1849. The greatest expansion of life very often comes through love and grief. An adequate companionship is the rarest gift of life; to lose it is to bear the greatest human sorrow and thereby to be open to the greatest exaltation.

The bond of friendship, in all these cases, was that of noble pursuits sought after together. Therefore, when we question why the annals of history and literature are not adorned by records of friendships of women, we have to reflect that the masses of women are only now beginning to be admitted to the nobler pursuits. Doubtless, there are humble examples of household drudges, cooks, housemaids, and housekeepers, who stood by each other, exchanged receipts and patterns, and rolled the perambulators side by side, mitigating tedious hours by interchange of thought. The difficulty is, not that these friendships are not real and true, but that they do not lend themselves easily to literary or heroic treatment. Society, being based on rivalry, less readily admits of friendship; but it would be interesting to learn how many professional women, those notably dealing with the higher emotions and aspirations, have had reliable and devoted friends of many years' standing. That there are some is indubitable.

SATURDAY, *April 13.* Transitional Methods of Housekeeping.

THERE seems to be no doubt that the old order of housekeeping is passing away and a new order, more or less difficult to adjust oneself to, is coming in. Service is more expensive and less procurable; the organization within the house is less close and less orderly, and organizations outside the home are infinitely multiplied and improved. Formerly, the baby's food was carefully prepared in the home to insure cleanliness and wholesomeness; now the same thing is done, with greater accuracy, by professional modifiers of milk. Thus dressmaking, baking, laundry work are all moving outside the home, greatly relieving the housekeeper of heavy drudgery, but leaving her with much time upon her hands. The idleness thus induced should certainly be transformed into useful employment as soon as possible. For idleness is destructive of morals.

If, indeed, as seems possible, there shall come a time when the feeding of the family shall take place out of the home, it will mean, of course, that women will sooner or later share wage-earning and civic duties with men. The main part of the housekeeper's duties are marketing, ordering and planning the feeding of the family; and a new order of the kind suggested will mean

that she has, at least, three extra hours a day upon her hands, and, unless her duties are changed rather than taken away, mischief is sure to result. The fields of womanly activity are widening daily; and, when the women share in the wage-earning, simplifying the household management in order to do so, and gaining time for happy family enjoyments outside the home, we shall be following in the footsteps of France, where the most thrifty, wholesome and happy domesticity prevails.

The complexity of American homes, the tendency to live beyond the family means, and the habitual overwork of the housekeeper as things are now managed, are being brought to a crisis by the refusal of women to train as domestic servants. Probably, the first step in meeting the new order will be that the family dinner, the most elaborate and complicated meal of the day, will be taken, as is so commonly done in France, outside the home.

MONDAY, *April 15.* An Infant Prodigy.

WILLIAM JAMES SIDIS, who has recently been occupying much space in the newspapers, owing to his strange intellectual advancement, being said to be, at the age of eight (really nearly ten years old), a Freshman in the high school and doing in many branches Sophomore work, was as interesting a baby, to those whose sympathy included prodigies, as he is student now. When he was a pretty, square-headed, blue-eyed, red-cheeked baby of three, he had already the personality and attractive power of a being of defined and single purpose. Apparently, at that age William had set out to conquer the field of human knowledge. He toddled about carrying a red tin bucket filled with lettered blocks. It was his habit to fling himself flat on his stomach, in inconvenient places, as likely as not barring access to a public stairway, while he arranged the blocks to spell out, "Physiological Psychology"—or "Effects of Anæsthesia," or other interesting phrases of the same kind. It appeared that in his father's library he had been in the habit of spelling out the titles of all the books on the lower shelf, and these haunted him in absence. His memory was prodigious, however, and anything that was once spelled for him never escaped the poor, little baby brain. One lady spelled for him once, "Prince Maurocordatos, a friend of Byron," by way of test, and asked, a week or two later, "What was the name of

Byron's friend I spelled for you?" and to her astonishment the infant immediately produced the sentence.

With this pathetic eagerness for utterly irrelevant knowledge, went also an exaggerated reverence for the written word. At a hotel in the mountains, it was the custom of the infant prodigy to read the *menu* with infinite care, looking about the room to see if all the dishes mentioned were represented on the tables and to inquire anxiously for those he did not see. Once he chanced to be brought in early to breakfast, namely, at 7:45, when upon consulting the *menu* he found that breakfast was served from 8 to 9. He was seized by perfect panic when the waiter brought in the breakfast ahead of time; he required that it be taken back at once, and finally was borne shrieking from the room, calling out like an irate Hebrew prophet: "It is from 8 to 9. It has been written." Another time, when he was about five, a lady coming in with an armful of joepye, gathered along the road, proffered some slight data concerning the flower, only to rouse the eager little listener to a sudden contradiction. "It is not so; consult Mrs. Dana, page 252." It was quite true that he not only remembered all he read, but the number of the pages upon which he read given information. It was his pleasing custom to speak of all the guests in the house, in which he spent his summers, by the numbers of the rooms they occupied. A lady and a little girl passing him, he would abstractedly comment, "Two No. 33's," or a gentleman and a dog going by, he would comment, "No. 57, the dog from kennel 4."

His most notable trait was that he could not be turned aside from any purpose or diverted as other children are. He had very little interest in humanity, and the only way to see an exhibition of his unusual knowledge was to feign ignorance. He already, at five years old, knew something of English, Russian, French and German, and a year or so later he read Hebrew words. If one asked him to count in German, one would be met by a stony gaze of abstraction, so detached, so distant, that it was truly humiliating. If, however, one came to him in the spirit of thirst for knowledge, saying, "I suppose the Germans count just as we do," he was lavish with instruction.

It is to be hoped that the premature development will not stop short, but that the baby's disinterested love of knowledge and of law may solve some of this world's scientific problems.

ESPERANTO.*

GRAMMAR.—LESSON IV.

Numerals.—The *Cardinal* numbers are:—

Unu, 1; *du,* 2; *tri,* 3; *kvar,* 4; *kvin,* 5; *ses,* 6; *sep,* 7; *oĉ,* 8; *naŭ,* 9; *dek,* 10; *cent,* 100; *mil,* 1,000; *miliono,* 1,000,000.

From these all other numbers are formed, thus:—

Dek unu, 11; *dek sep,* 17; *dudek,* 20; *okdek,* 80; *tridek du,* 32; *sepdek kvin,* 75; *naŭdek naŭ,* 99; *ducent,* 200; *okcent,* 800; *tricent dudek ok,* 328; *mil okcent sepdek du,* 1872.

Ordinals are formed by adding *-a* to the above.

Unu-a, first; *tri-a,* third; *dek-a,* tenth.

These can be used as adverbs by substituting *-e.*

Unu-e, firstly; *du-e,* secondly; *dek-e,* tenthly.

Fractions are formed by means of the suffix *-on.*

Du-ono, the half; *sep-ono,* the seventh; *du trionoj,* two-thirds (2/3); *unu okono.* one-eighth.

Multiples are formed by the suffix *-obl.*

Du-obl-a, double; *tri-obl-a,* triple.

"*Once,*" "twice," "thrice," etc., are formed by adding *foje* to the Cardinals—*unu-foje,* once; *du-foje,* twice; *tri-foje,* thrice.

Suffixes.—*Eg* denotes augmentation, increase.

Domo, a house. *Dom-eg-o,* a mansion.

Et denotes diminution, decrease.

Domo, a house. *Dom-et-o,* a cottage.

Il denotes a tool, an instrument.

Razi, to shave. *Raz-il-o,* a razor.

Povi, can, am able to; *devi,* must, have to, am to; *voli,* to wish, to be willing, are followed (as in English) by the infinitive mood.

Mi povas iri, I can (am able to) go.

Ni ne povos kanti, we shall not be able to sing.

* The first instalment of these lessons appeared in the December 21st issue.—Ed.

Li devas iri, he must go. *Mi devis pagi,* I had to pay.
Ŝi devus skribi, she ought to write (if that is so).
Li volas danci, he wishes (is willing) to dance.
Mi volus paroli, I would like to speak (if I may).

EXERCISE IV.

Estas dek du monatoj[1] en jaro,[2] kvar semajnoj en monato kaj sep tagoj[3] en semajno. Mi estas la unua en la kurso,[4] vi estas la naŭa, li estas dek-tria. Mi amas[5] lin; ĉar, unue, li estas honesta; due, li estas brava kaj fine,[6] li estas bonega. La duono, triono kaj sesono de livro[7] estas dudek ŝilingoj.[8] Ŝi venis[9] vidi min dufoje, sed li venis tre ofte.[10] Dekoble tri estas tridek. Li razas[11] per[12] razilo. Ŝi tranĉas[13] la panon[14] per tranĉilo. La pordoj[15] kaj la pordegoj de la kastelo estas fortaj.[16] La libreto estas en la ĉambreto. Li povas sendi la monon[17] morgaŭ. Ĉu vi povos danci? Diru al li, ke[18] li devas pagi[19] la kalkulon[20] tuj. Ili devos iri[21] al la urbo.[22] Ŝi volas vidi la reĝon. Ies[23] libro estas tie.[24] Kies[25] ĉapelo estas tie ĉi[26]? Nenies[27] ĉapelo estas tie ĉi. Ĉies[28] afero[29] estas kutime[30] nenies afero. Ties[31] domoj estas belaj.

1 month. 2 year. 3 day. 4 class. 5 to love. 6 finally. 7 pound. 8 shilling. 9 to come. 10 often. 11 to shave. 12 with, by means of. 13 to cut. 14 bread. 15 door. 16 strong. 17 money. 18 that. 19 to pay. 20 account. 21 to go. 22 city. 23 some one's. 24 there. 25 whose. 26 here. 27 no one's. 28 every one's. 29 affair. 30 usually. 31 that one's, that person's.

Pri la vizito[1]:—Bonan tagon[2] (al vi) Mario. Ĉu vi venas por vidi viajn gekuzojn? Jes, onklino, ĉu ili estas dome[3]? Vi trovos[4] ilin kredeble[5] en la ĝardeno, ni iru tuj[6] por vidi. Sed, unue, kiam estos la *naska datreveno*[7] de Henĉjo? Kaj kioman aĝon[8] li havas (aŭ kiom da jaroj li havas)? Li estas dekvarjara, lia naskotago[9] okazos[10] la okan de junio. Mi tute[11] forgesis[12]; kiam li iros sian lernejon[13]? Tuj kiam lia vestaĵo[14] estos preta,[15] la patro tien alkondukos[16] lin. Jen estas la infanoj, ili ŝajnas[17] diveni[18] vian ĉeeston kien ajn vi iras.

1 visit. 2 day. 3 at home. 4 to find. 5 probably. 6 immediately. 7 anniversary (birth). 8 age. 9 birthday. 10 to happen. 11 quite. 12 to forget. 13 school. 14 clothes. 15 ready. 16 to lead, conduct. 17 to seem. 18 to guess.

GRAMMAR.—LESSON V.

Final -n.—When a noun or pronoun is the direct object of a transitive verb it takes, as we have already shown, final *-n*. This ending is sometimes used instead of a preposition to denote the following:—

1°. *Direction* or movement towards a place.
Li kuris en la ĝardenon, he ran into the garden.
Kien li iras? Where is he going?
Li iras Londonon, he is going to London.

2°. To mark the *duration* of an event.
Li dormis ok horojn, he slept eight hours.
Mi restos en Parizo tri tagojn.
I shall stay in Paris three days.

3°. To denote *dates,* etc.
Li alvenos lundon, he will arrive (on) Monday.
Berlino, la duan (or, 2^{an}) *de Junio,* 1905^{a}.
Berlin, the second (or, 2nd) of June, 1905.

4°. To denote *price, weight, measure,* etc.
La libro kostis naŭ pencojn, the book cost 9 pence.
La kastelo estas alta sesdek ok futojn.
The castle is 68 feet high.

Verb.—The form ending in *-u,* besides being used for the Imperative, is frequently employed to translate the Subjunctive.
I wrote to him in order that he might come.
Mi skribis al li, por ke li ven-u.

Suffixes.—Ig denotes "to make—," "to cause—."
Pura, clean. *Pur-ig-i,* to cleanse, make clean.
Morto, death. *Mort-ig-i,* to cause death, to kill.
Bruli, to burn (intrans.). *Brul-ig-i,* to burn (trans.).

Iĝ denotes "to become —," "to get —," "to grow —."
Riĉa, rich. *Riĉ-iĝ-i,* to become (get) rich.
Malriĉa, poor. *Malriĉ-iĝ-i,* to become poor.
Matura, ripe. *Matur-iĝ-i,* to grow ripe, to ripen.

Id denotes the "young of."
Kato, cat. *Kat-id-o,* kitten.
Ŝafo, a sheep. *Ŝaf-id-o,* a lamb.
Bovo, an ox. *Bov-id-o,* a calf.

EXERCISE V.

La hundido[1] saltis[2] sur lin. La katido[3] kuris sub[4] la liton.[5] La reĝido[6] iros Berlinon *hodiaŭ vespere.*[7] Mi atendos[8] du horojn. La ekspozicio[9] daŭris[10] ses monatojn. Kiun daton[11] ni havas? Ni havas la trian de Aprilo. Kiu tago estas? Estas mardo.[12] Ni havas mardon. Li skribis al mi sabaton,[13] la dekan de Majo. Mia vesto[14] kostis[15] du funtojn kaj mia veŝto[16] dek ŝilingojn. Tiu kesto[17] pezas[18] okdek funtojn.[19] La turo[20] estas alta cent futojn, larĝa[21] tridek futojn, kaj longa[22] dudek futojn. Li purigis sian veston. La homo mortigis la leonidon.[23] Kiu bruligis la domon? La pomoj maturiĝos. Li fandis[24] la feron.[25] La fero fandiĝis. Mi renkontos vin ie.[26] Kien li kuras? En la ĝardenon. Ĉu li estas en la domo? Li estas nenie[27] en la domo. Metu[28] la libron tien kaj la ĵurnalon tien ĉi. Oni renkontas lin ĉie.[29]. Venu tien ĉi, mia amiko.[30]

1 puppy. 2 to jump. 3 kitten. 4 under. 5 bed. 6 (royal) prince. 7 this (to-day) evening. 8 to wait. 9 exhibition. 10 to continue. 11 date. 12 Tuesday. 13 Saturday. 14 coat. 15 to cost. 16 vest. 17 chest. 18 to weigh. 19 pound (lb.). 20 tower. 21 wide. 22 long. 23 cub lion. 24 to melt. 25 iron. 26 somewhere. 27 nowhere. 28 to put. 29 everywhere. 30 friend.

Virinaj[1] vestaĵoj:—Donu al mi mian jaketon. Ĉu vi deziras gantojn[2]? Jes, kaj miajn novajn ŝuojn.[3] Jen via robo.[4] Mi portos la brunan[5] jupon[6] kaj silkan[7] brustveston.[8] Jen via punta[9] kolumo[10] kaj naztuko. Mi ankaŭ bezonas ombrelon.[11] Enpaku miajn vestaĵojn en tiun ĉi keston. Jen viaj ŝuoj, botoj, pantofloj[12] kaj lanaj[13] ŝtrumpetoj. Ne forgesu katunan[14] subjupon[15] kaj du robojn. Ĉu vi surmetos nigran jupon kaj blankan brustveston? Jes, mi portos[16] ankaŭ ĉapelon, jaketon, zonon[17] kaj puntan ĉirkaŭkolon.

1 feminine. 2 glove. 3 shoe. 4 robe, gown. 5 brown. 6 skirt. 7 silk. 8 bodice. 9 lace. 10 collar. 11 umbrella. 12 slippers. 13 woollen. 14 cotton. 15 petticoat. 16 to wear (carry). 17 belt.

GRAMMAR.—LESSON VI.

Active Voice.—The *Compound* tenses of this voice consist of some part of the verb *Esti,* which is the only auxiliary in Esperanto, and an active participle, of which there are three:—

-anta, the termination of the present participle.

-inta, the termination of the past participle.

-onta, the termination of the future participle.

Any part of *Esti* with the participle in *-anta* denotes the "Progressive form."

Mi estis skrib-anta, I was writing.

Any part of *Esti* with the participle in *-inta* denotes a compound perfect tense.

Mi estas am-INTA, I *have* loved.

Mi estis am-INTA, I *had* loved.

Mi estos am-INTA, I *shall have* loved.

Hence, when you see any part of *Esti* with a participle in *-inta,* you must translate it by the corresponding tense of the verb "to have."

The following show the use of *-onta:*—

Li estas ir-ONTA, he is about to go.

Ŝi estis kant-ONTA, she was about to sing.

If the subject of the verb is plural, the participle takes the sign (*j*) of the plural.

Ili estas am-INTAJ, they have loved.

Suffixes.—*Ing* denotes that which holds or partially contains.

Kandelo, candle. *Kandel-ing-o,* candlestick.

Cigaro, cigar. *Cigar-ing-o,* cigar-holder.

Uj denotes that which bears, or entirely contains, a receptacle.

Mono, money. *Mon-uj-o,* a purse.

Pomo, apple. *Pom-uj-o,* an apple-tree.

Piro, pear. *Pir-uj-o,* a pear-tree.

Angl-uj-o, England. *Franc-uj-o,* France.*

Ej denotes a place where an action occurs.

Lerni, to learn. *Lern-ej-o,* a school.

Kuiri, to cook. *Kuir-ej-o,* a kitchen.

* "Arbo," "lando," are sometimes used instead of "ujo," Pom-arbo, Anglo-lando.

EXERCISE VI.

Li estis skribanta en la oficejo.[1] La infanoj[2] estis kantantaj en la preĝejo.[3] La soldato estis metinta[4] la glavon[5] en la glavingon. Ili estis pagintaj[6] sian kalkulon. Ŝi estis trovinta la fingringon[7] kiam vi eniris.[8] La homoj ne estis finintaj[9] kiam vi alvenis.[10] La kuracisto[11] estis parolonta kiam la reĝo mortis.[12] Tiu komercisto[13] estis aĉetonta mian bibliotekon.[14] Ruslando estas pli granda[15] ol Franclando. Sur mia kampo,[16] estas hundejo[17] kaj ĉevalejo.[18] La supo[19] estas en la supujo. Ĉu li estis rakontinta[20] la tutan[21] aferon[22] al vi? Ia[23] amiko helpos vin. Kia[24] libro estas? Ĉu vi havas ian ideon pri[25] ĝi? Kian domon vi aĉetis? Mi aĉetis nenian.[26] Kiajn florojn vi havas? Mi havas ĉiajn[27] en mia ĝardeno. Tia[28] homo ne estas bona amiko. Vi devos esti tre singarda pri tia grava[29] afero.

1 office. 2 child. 3 church. 4 to put. 5 sword. 6 to pay. 7 thimble. 8 to enter. 9 to finish. 10 to arrive. 11 Dr. 12 to die. 13 merchant. 14 library. 15 large, great. 16 field. 17 dog-house. 18 stable. 19 soup. 20 to relate. 21 whole. 22 affair. 23 some. 24 what kind of. 25 about. 26 no kind. 27 all kinds. 28 such a (kind of). 29 serious.

Vespermanĝo:—Ni volas vespermanĝi[1] laŭ la *karto*.[2] Montru[3] ĝin al ni. Dankon, ni prenos supon, kaj poste[4] fiŝon. Jes, sinjoro. Ĉu vi preferas salmon,[5] truton[6] aŭ gadon[7]? Ni prenos salmon. Jes, sinjoro, kian viandon[8] vi deziras? Femuron de ŝafaĵo[9] kaj kotletojn[10] de bovido.[11] Alportu botelon da vino ordinara kaj glason da biero. Kelnero,[12] alportu ŝinkon[13] el Jorko[14] kun branda[15] saŭco. Nun alportu la meleagrinon[16] rostitan[17] kun pansaŭco. Kiaj salatoj[18] estas? Ni havas endivion[19] kaj latukon.[20] Ni finos per deserto, iom da vino kaj nia kalkulo.[21]

1 to dine (evening). 2 bill of fare. 3 to show. 4 afterwards. 5 salmon. 6 trout. 7 cod. 8 meat. 9 mutton. 10 cutlet. 11 veal. 12 waiter. 13 ham. 14 York. 15 brandy. 16 turkey. 17 to roast. 18 salad. 19 endive. 20 lettuce. 21 bill.

GRAMMAR.—LESSON VII.

The Passive Voice, in English, consists of any part of the verb "to be" and the past participle of a transitive verb. In Esperanto it is somewhat similar, the various tenses are formed with "Esti" and one of the three participles ending in *-ata, -ita, -ota.*

La knabo estas am-ATA, the boy is (being) loved.
La knabo estis am-ATA, the boy was (being) loved.
La knabo estos am-ATA, the boy will be loved.
La knabo estas am-ITA, the boy has been loved.
La knabo estis am-ITA, the boy had been loved.
La knabo estos am-ITA, the boy will have been loved.

The participle in *-ata* is used if the act is being performed at the time referred to.

-ita implies the completion or result of the act.

If the subject is plural, the participle takes the sign (*j*) of the plural.

La knaboj estas amataj, the boys are (being) loved.

The participle in *-ota* means *about to be.*

La letero estas tuj skrib-OTA.
The letter is just about (going) to be written.

The preposition "by" after a passive verb is usually translated by *de.*

La libro estas perd-ita de mi.
The book was lost by me.

Suffixes.—Ec denotes an abstract quality.
Bona, good. *Bon-ec-o,* goodness.
Vera, true. *Ver-ec-o,* truth.

Aĵ denotes something concrete, made from or having the quality of the thing mentioned.
Kuko, a cake. *Kuk-aĵ-o,* pastry.
Amiko, a friend. *Amik-aĵ-o,* a kindness.

Ul denotes one remarkable for some quality.
Dorm-ul-o, a sluggard. *Riĉ-ul-o,* a rich person.
Timi, to fear. *Tim-ul-o,* a coward.

Er denotes a single object of a collection.
Mono, money. *Mon-er-o,* a coin.
Hajlo, hail. *Hajl-er-o,* a hailstone.

EXERCISE VII.

La filo estas amata de sia patro. La leteroj estis skribataj de mi. La krimuloj[1] estos punataj[2] morgaŭ. La libroj estas trovitaj en via ĉambro, sinjoro. La laboro estis finita[3] hieraŭ. La telegramo[4] estis sendita[5] *antaŭ ol*[6] ŝi mortis. La rabistoj[7] estas punataj de la magistrato.[8] Saneco,[9] saĝeco[10] kaj beleco[11] estas la donacoj[12] de Dio.[13] Li ŝatas bovaĵon,[14] sed mi preferas[15] ŝafaĵon.[16] Li estas kriplulo[17] kaj ŝi estas almozulo.[18] Mi havas du monerojn[19] en mia monujo.[20] Estas dudek ĉeneroj[21] en tiu ĉeno.[22] Donu al mi iom[23] da vino,[24] mi petas.[25] Kiom da via mono li prenis[26]? Li prenis ĉiom[27] kaj mi havas neniom[28] nun.[29] Kiom da libroj vi aĉetis? Mi aĉetis neniom, sinjoro. Li bezonis[30] dek funtojn kaj mi sendis tiom[31] al li tuj.

1 criminal. 2 to punish. 3 to finish. 4 telegram. 5 to send. 6 before. 7 robber. 8 magistrate. 9 health. 10 wisdom. 11 beauty. 12 gift. 13 God. 14 beef. 15 to prefer. 16 mutton. 17 cripple. 18 beggar. 19 coin. 20 purse. 21 link. 22 chain. 23 some, a little (quantity). 24 wine. 25 if you please. 26 to take. 27 all (quantity). 28 none (no quantity). 29 now. 30 to need, to require. 31 that much, so much, that quantity.

Pri la Vetero:—Kia[1] vetero estas? Estas bela mateno. Ŝajnas[2] al mi, ke pluvos[3] baldaŭ. Mi esperas, ke ne. Ni havas nebulan[4] veteron. La vento[5] estas norda kaj malvarmega. Pluvas nun kaj mi pensas[6] ke neĝos.[7] Aŭskultu,[8] tondras.[9] Estas terura vetero. Hajlas[10] forte. Ekstere[11] estas tre malpure. Ni ne povas eliri.[12] Ni havas 20 gradojn[13] de malvarmo. Mi frostiĝas[14] pro malvarmo. Nun la vetero estas agrabla. La suno brilas.[15] La vento ĉesas.[16] La vetero pliboniĝas[17] kaj la aero estas varmega. Nun ni povas promenadi.[18]

1 what kind of. 2 to seem. 3 to rain. 4 misty. 5 wind. 6 to think. 7 to snow. 8 to listen. 9 to thunder. 10 to hail. 11 outside. 12 to go out. 13 degrees. 14 to freeze. 15 to shine. 16 to cease. 17 to improve. 18 to take a walk.

ESPERANTO.*

PART IV.

If the student has carefully followed the primary lessons in the preceding three numbers of the Review he has received an elementary grounding in the language, and should by now be able to read and speak it with a fair degree of fluency. The subsequent lessons will be in the nature of elucidations of the more difficult points of the language, with accompanying extracts in prose and verse, which the student will do well to read aloud, translate the prose and then render it again into Esperanto. Thus he will always have the model with which to compare his own Esperanto rendering.

The best way of recapitulating the grammar is to read over carefully Dr. Zamenhof's own English version of his grammar, which we present in this number. In effect the grammar covers all points. Our subsequent grammatical lessons will aim simply to illustrate a number of the points by suitable examples in order to fix them permanently in the mind of the student. Now, although the primary lessons have already appeared, the serious student may nevertheless begin his study of Esperanto with this number, for Dr. Zamenhof's grammar is complete in itself, and the prose extracts to follow will give the reader plenty of opportunity to apply the principles.

The grammar is as follows:

* The first, second and third instalments of these lessons appeared in the December 21st, January 4th and January 18th issues.—Ed.

GRAMMAR.

A) THE ALPHABET.

Aa,	**Bb,**	**Cc,**	**Ĉĉ,**	**Dd,**	**Ee,**	**Ff,**
a as in *last*	*b* as in *be*	*ts* as in *wits*	*ch* as in *church*	*d* as in *do*	*a* as in *make*	*f* as in *fly*
Gg,	**Ĝĝ,**	**Hh,**	**Ĥĥ,**	**Ii,**	**Jj,**	**Ĵĵ,**
g as in *gun*	*j* as in *join*	*h* as in *half*	strongly aspirated h, *ch* in *loch* (Scotch)	*i* as in *marine*	*y* as in *yoke*	*z* as in *azure*
Kk,	**Ll,**	**Mm,**	**Nn,**	**Oo,**	**Pp,**	**Rr,**
k as in *key*	*l* as in *line*	*m* as in *make*	*n* as in *now*	*o* as in *note*	*p* as in *pair*	*r* as in *rare*
Ss,	**Ŝŝ,**	**Tt,**	**Uu,**	**Ŭŭ,**	**Vv,**	**Zz.**
s as in *see*	*sh* as in *show*	*t* as in *tea*	*u* as in *bull*	*u* as in *mount* (used in diphthongs)	*v* as in *very*	*z* as in *zeal*

Remark.—If it be found impracticable to print works with the diacritical signs (ˆ, ˘), the letter *h* may be substituted for the sign (ˆ), and the sign (˘) may be altogether omitted.

B) PARTS OF SPEECH.

1. There is no indefinite, and only one definite, article, *la,* for all genders, numbers, and cases.

2. Substantives are formed by adding *o* to the root. For the plural, the letter *j* must be added to the singular. There are two cases: the nominative and the objective (accusative). The root with the added *o* is the nominative, the objective adds an *n* after the *o*. Other cases are formed by prepositions; thus, the possessive (genitive) by *de,* "of"; the dative by *al,* "to," the instrumental (ablative) by *kun,* "with," or other preposition as the

sense demands. E. g. root *patr,* "father"; *la patr'o,* "the father"; *la patr'o'n,* "the father" (objective), *de la patr'o,* "of the father"; *al la patr'o,* "to the father"; *kun la patr'o,* "with the father"; *la patr'o'j,* "the fathers"; *la patr'o'j'n,* "the fathers" (obj.), *por la patr'o'j,* "for the fathers."

3. Adjectives are formed by adding *a* to the root. The numbers and cases are the same as in substantives. The comparative degree is formed by prefixing *pli* (more); the superlative by *plej* (most). The word "than" is rendered by *ol,* e. g. *pli blank'a ol neĝ'o,* "whiter than snow."

4. The cardinal numerals do not change their forms for the different cases. They are:

unu (1), *du* (2), *tri* (3), *kvar* (4), *kvin* (5), *ses* (6), *sep* (7), *ok* (8), *naŭ* (9), *dek* (10), *cent* (100), *mil* (1,000).

The tens and hundreds are formed by simple junction of the numerals, e. g. 533=*kvin'cent tri'dek tri.*

Ordinals are formed by adding the adjectival *a* to the cardinals, e. g. *unu'a,* "first"; *du'a,* "second," etc.

Multiplicatives (as "threefold," "fourfold," etc.) add *obl,* e. g. *tri'obl'a,* "threefold."

Fractionals add *on,* as *du'on'o,* "a half"; *kvar'on'o,* "a quarter." Collective numerals add *op,* as *kvar'op'e,* "four together."

Distributive prefix *po,* e. g., *po kvin,* "five apiece."

Adverbials take *e,* e. g., *unu'e,* "firstly," etc.

5. The personal pronouns are: *mi,* I; *vi,* thou, you; *li,* he; *ŝi,* she; *ĝi,* it; *si,* "self"; *ni,* "we"; *ili,* "they"; *oni,* "one," "people" (French "on").

Possessive pronouns are formed by suffixing to the required personal, the adjectival termination. The declension of the pronouns is identical with that of substantives. E. g. *mi,* "I"; *mi'n,* "me" (obj.); *mi'a,* "my," "mine."

6. The verb does not change its form for numbers or persons, e. g. *mi far'as,* "I do"; *la patr'o far'as,* "the father does"; *ili far'as,* "they do."

Forms of the Verb:

a) The present tense ends in *as*, e. g. *mi far'as*, "I do."

b) The past tense ends in *is*, e. g. *li far'is*, "he did."

c) The future tense ends in *os*, e. g. *ili far'os*, "they will do."

ĉ) The subjunctive mood ends in *us*, e. g. *ŝi far'us*, "she may do."

d) The imperative mood ends in *u*, e. g. *ni far'u*, "let us do."

e) The infinitive mood ends in *i*, e. g. *fari*, "to do."

There are two forms of the participle in the international language, the changeable or adjectival, and the unchangeable or adverbial.

f) The present participle active ends in *ant*, e. g. *far'ant'a*, "he who is doing"; *far'ant'e*, "doing."

g) The past participle active ends in *int*, e. g. *far'int'a*, "he who has done"; *far'int'e*, "having done."

ĝ) The future participle active ends in *ont*, e. g. *far'ont'a*, "he who will do"; *far'ont'e*, "about to do."

h) The present participle passive ends in *at*, e. g. *far'at'e*, "being done."

ĥ) The past participle passive ends in *it*, e. g. *far'it'a*, "that which has been done"; *far'it'e*, "having been done."

i) The future participle passive ends in *ot*, e. g. *far'ot'a*, "that which will be done"; *far'ot'e*, "about to be done."

All forms of the passive are rendered by the respective forms of the verb *est* (to be) and the participle passive of the required verb; the preposition used is *de*, "by." E. g. *ŝi est'as am'at'a de ĉiu'j*, "she is loved by every one."

7. Adverbs are formed by adding *e* to the root. The degrees of comparison are the same as in adjectives, e. g. *mi'a frat'o kant'as pli bon'e ol mi*, "my brother sings better than I."

8. All prepositions govern the nominative case.

C) GENERAL RULES.

9. Every word is to be read exactly as written; there are no silent letters.

10. The accent falls on the last syllable but one (penultimate).

11. Compound words are formed by the simple junction of roots (the principal word standing last), which are written as a single word, but, in elementary works, separated by a small line (′). Grammatical terminations are considered as independent words. E. g. *vapor′ŝip′o,* "steamboat," is composed of the roots *vapor,* "steam," and *ŝip,* "a boat," with the substantival termination *o.*

12. If there be one negative in a clause, a second is not admissible.

13. In phrases answering the question "where?" (meaning direction), the words take the termination of the objective case; e. g. *kie′n vi ir′as?* "where are you going?"; *dom′o′n,* "home"; *London′o′n,* "to London," etc.

14. Every preposition in the international language has a definite fixed meaning. If it be necessary to employ some preposition, and it is not quite evident from the sense which it should be, the word *je* is used, which has no definite meaning; for example, *ĝoj′i je tio,* "to rejoice *over* it"; *rid′i je tio,* "to laugh *at* it"; *enu′o je la patr′uj′o,* "a longing *for* one's fatherland." In every language different prepositions, sanctioned by usage, are employed in these dubious cases; in the international language, one word, *je,* suffices for all. Instead of *je,* the objective without a preposition may be used, when no confusion is to be feared.

15. The so-called "foreign" words, *i. e.,* words which the greater number of languages have derived from the same source, undergo no change in the international language, beyond conforming to its system of orthography. Such is the rule with regard to primary words; derivatives are better formed (from the primary word) according to the rules of the international grammar, e. g. *teatr′o,* "theatre," but *teatr′a,* "theatrical" (not *teatrical′a*), etc.

16. The *a* of the article, and final *o* of substantives, may be sometimes dropped euphoniæ gratia, e. g. *de l′ mond′o* for *de la mond′o; Ŝiller′* for *Ŝiller′o;* in such cases an apostrophe should be substituted for the discarded vowel.

READING EXERCISE.

La Feino.

feino, fairy.
vidvo, widower.
simila, like, similar.
karaktero, character.
vizaĝo, face.
povi, to be able, can.
pensi, to think.
ĉiu, every one.
tio, that.
ambaŭ, both.
fiera, proud.
vivi, to live.
plena, full, complete.
laŭ, according to.
honesta, honest.
krom, except, besides, without.
oni, people, one (indefinite pronoun).

Unu[1] vidvino havis du filinojn. La pli maljuna estis tiel simila al la patrino per sia karaktero kaj vizaĝo, ke ĉiu, kiu ŝin vidis, povis pensi, ke li vidas[2] la patrinon; ili ambaŭ estis tiel malagrablaj kaj tiel fieraj, ke oni ne povis vivi kun ili. La pli juna filino, kiu estas la plena portreto de sia patro laŭ[3] sia boneco kaj honesteco estis, krom tio, unu el la plej belaj knabinoj, kiujn oni[4] povis trovi.

1. **Unu** is used here in the sense of "a certain."
2. In English a past tense would here be required. But logically what one thought was, "I see the mother"; and Esperanto is a logical language.
3. **Laŭ** is used in the same sense as **per** above.
4. **Oni**=The French word **on**, the indefinite pronoun in such phrases as "people say," "they say."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Out of a mass of letters from all over the United States, as well as from Latin America, we print half a dozen to indicate how the REVIEW'S Esperanto propaganda is being received:

To the Editor of the North American Review:

SIR,—I have been greatly interested in the REVIEW'S articles during the past few months, on Esperanto, and have been brought to see that my former views were the result of ignorance and prejudice.

I have started to learn the language and have already acquired a moderate proficiency. I shall be glad if you will enroll my name as a member of the Esperanto Society you contemplate forming, and I shall be pleased to contribute towards any expenses that may be incurred by your movement.

Yours truly,

GANO DUNN.

AMPERE, N. J., *January 12, 1907.*

To the Editor of the North American Review:

SIR,—I noted with pleasure and interest your statement in a recent number of your REVIEW that you intended to have an "Esperanto" department as a regular feature of the periodical. As one of your invisible and generally unknown readers, I desire to record my approbation in the plan, and to express the hope that you bring it to a successful accomplishment.

That there has always been a crying need of such an universal medium of thought exchange no intelligent man can doubt, and that "Esperanto" offers an easy solution of the problem I feel thoroughly convinced, as it seems to offer language brought to its ultimate possible simplicity.

I feel sure that the introduction and maintenance of Esperanto will add to the general interest in the REVIEW, increase its circulation and aid in a great and good cause.

Yours truly,

JNO. B. LONGMAN.

CONSTANCIA, CUBA, *January 5, 1907.*

To the Editor of the North American Review:

SIR,—I wish to add my testimony of appreciation for the articles on Esperanto appearing in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and likewise for the lessons in the last two issues. It is the first time I have given the language serious attention. I am impressed that the language is a remarkable achievement, and because of its signal merits is destined to achieve great results for international fellowship and world-wide fame and gratitude for its noble-minded author. I desire that you should enroll me as one devoted to its propaganda. I am mastering it as rapidly as possible in order that I may present to a group of earnest young people at Kansas City, my home, the advisability of making it a study. I desire at least to organize a group there when I return, which is soon. Can't you interest some one with wealth to start a prize-contest? If the papers will take it up in a way to interest the young, no doubt the schools would soon receive it. Shall be pleased to cooperate in any way I can.

Very truly,

G. E. ETHERTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January 14, 1907.*

To the Editor of the North American Review:

SIR,—I am in full accord with the aims and purposes of Esperanto, and so far as I am able to determine with my limited information, I believe this new tongue has all the merit claimed for it by its illustrious founder and its many adherents. I desire to identify myself with the Esperanto Society which you have formed or which you propose to form.

Very truly,

D. H. CHRISTENSEN,
Superintendent Public Schools.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

To the Editor of the North American Review:

SIR,—Whenever your Esperanto Society is formed, please enroll me as a member.

The simplicity of the language, and the readiness whereby one of average intelligence and limited linguistic attainments can acquire this new universal speech, is to my mind its great charm and fascination. Many hesitate to begin the study of it for fear of possible difficulties. I have studied Semitic, classical and modern languages and know of the hardships new languages involve. But on acquainting oneself with Esperanto one is amazed at the ease and naturalness of the grammatical formations—the simplicity and naturalness of the vocabulary and the exhilarating consciousness that at every lesson one is mastering the new speech because of the ease with which one speaks, reads and translates the lessons.

I began the study with curiousness, eager to know what an artificial language would be. One outgrows this soon and enters more into the spirit of the founder who saw in it an approach to the Brotherhood of Man.

I thank the REVIEW for having introduced Esperanto to America.

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH LEISER,

Rabbi, Temple Emanuel.

KINGSTON, N. Y., *January 10, 1907.*

To the Editor of the North American Review:

SIR,—Permit me to express to you my very great interest in Esperanto and my appreciation of your articles and editorials concerning the language. I became interested in it during my vacation in August, and have read and studied it much since, so that I feel that I have become fairly proficient in it, lacking as yet chiefly opportunities of hearing and speaking it. I shall be pleased to be enrolled as a member of the Esperanto Society you project in your editorial of January 4th. I am already registered in Warsaw as Esp. No. 15,108, and have about me the nucleus of a local group for affiliation with the general society when organized, in the persons of a weekly class of bright young people. I am myself the busy rector of a large city parish.

Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD HENRY ECKEL,

Rector of Christ Church Parish (Esp. 15,108).

ST. JOSEPH, MO., *January 7, 1907.*

NOTE.—Those who wish to become members of the REVIEW'S Esperanto Society see advertising pages for membership blank. Those who have already sent in their names have been duly entered.

ESPERANTO.*

PART V.

So many students of the primer we published have sent in questions about the pronunciation of Esperanto that it is deemed advisable to discuss this subject somewhat more at length than in the previous lessons.

Most of the questions relate to the final "j." But other letters, and combinations of letters, seem also to cause trouble. The following suggestions are therefore offered:

Aŭ, eŭ, aj, ej, oj, uj, are the six diphthongal combinations in Esperanto. They are not really diphthongs, because, grammatically speaking, a diphthong is made up of two vowels. But "j" and "ŭ" are both consonants. We shall call those syllables simply combinations.

Aŭ is pronounced like *ow* in "cow." Thus, bald'aŭ (*soon*)=bal'dow; ank'aŭ (*also*)=an'kow; hier'aŭ (*yesterday*)=hie'row.

Eŭ is perhaps the most difficult of all these combinations to pronounce. Happily it does not occur very frequently. Its sound, approximately, is that of *ay you* in "may you" and "pay you," spoken quickly. Thus, Eŭropo (*Europe*)=Ay-you-ro'po, the first sounds being pronounced very quickly.

Aj is pronounced like *y e* in "good-bye"; "ai" in "aisle" is another illustration. Thus, ju'naj (*young*)=yu-nai; blu'aj (*blue*)=blu'ai.

Ej is pronounced like *ei* in "vein," or *ai* in "bailiwick." Thus, laborej'o (workshop)=laborei'o, bearing in mind the word "vein," with perhaps a little more insistence on the "i" than ordinarily.

Oj is pronounced like *oy* in "boy," "toy," "joy." Thus, "ho'moj" (men)=ho'moy; virin'oj (women)=virin'oy.

Uj is pronounced like *ui* in "ruin" and "bruin." It offers no difficulties.

The final "j" in the above four combinations is not a syllable by itself, and therefore does not affect the accent. Thus, faj'li (*to file*), faj'ro (*fire*), ju'naj (*young*, adj.) and vi'roj are words of two syllables. But otherwise, where two vowels occur together, each is pronounced

* The first instalment of these lessons appeared in the December 21st issue.—Ed.

separately. So hero'o (*hero*)=hayro-o; trair'i (*to go through*)= trah-eer-ee.

Sc is another difficult combination to pronounce. It is not easy to illustrate the proper pronunciation of this sound in writing. The best way of learning it is to hear a German or some one proficient in German pronounce the word "Scene," equivalent to our English word "scene." "C" by itself is pronounced like *ts* in the word "wits." Put *s* before that sound of *ts* and you have the proper pronunciation of "sc" in Esperanto. The sound of *sts* in the word "blasts," spoken quickly, is also a fairly approximate illustration. Thus, scias (*know*)=stsias.

Some readers have also sent in questions about the pronunciation of *a* and *e*. These, however, do not require much discussion. *A* is pronounced as in the word "father," and *e* as in "there," "re" (name of the second note in the musical scale), or like *a* in "care." *O* may be spoken as in the word "snow."

Dr. Zamenhof prescribes the following exercises for practice in pronunciation. Attention should be given to the division of the syllables, and the words should be read slowly and distinctly, with care for the accent.

EKZERCO DE LEGADO.

NOTE.—Differentiate carefully between "s" and "z," and between the letters with the supersign and those without it.

Al.	Ba'-lo.	Pat'-ro.	Nu'-bo.	Ce'-lo.	Ci-tro'-no.	Cen'-to.
Ahl.	Bah-lo.	Paht-ro.	Noo-bo.	Tsay-lo.	Tsee-tro-no.	Tsayn-to.
Sen'-to.	Sce'-no.	Sci'-o.	Co'-lo.	Ko'-lo.	O-fi-ci'-ro.	Fa-ci'-la.
Sayn-to.	Stsay-no.	Stsee-o.	Tso-lo.	Ko-lo.	O-fee-tsee-ro.	Fah-tsee-la.
La'-ca.	Pa-cu'-lo.	Ĉar.	Ĉe-mi'-zo.	Ĉi-ka'-no.	Ĉi-e'-lo.	
Lah-tsa.	Pa-tsoo-lo.	Chahr.	Chay-mee-zo.	Chee-kah-no.	Chee-ay-lo.	
Ĉu.	Fe-li'-ĉa.	Ci'-a.	Ĉi'-a.	Pro-ce'-so.	Sen-ĉe'-sa.	
Choo.	Fay-lee-chah.	Tsee-ah.	Chee-ah.	Pro-tsay-so.	Sayn-chay-sa.	
Ec.	Eĉ.	Ek.	Da.	Lu'-do.	Den'-to.	Plen'-di.	El.	En.
Ayts.	Aych.	Ayk.	Dah.	Loo-do.	Dayn-to.	Playn-dee.	Ayl.	Ayn.
De.	Te'-ni.	Sen.	Ve'-ro.	Fa'-li.	Fi-de'-la.	Tra-'fi.		
Day.	Tay-nee.	Sayn.	Vay-ro.	Fah-lee.	Fee-day-lah.	Trah-fee.		
Ga'-lo	Gran'-da.	Gen'-to.	Gip'-so.	Gus'-to.	Le'-gi.	Pa'-go.		
Gah-lo.	Grahn-da.	Gayn-to.	Geep-so.	Goos-to.	Lay-gee.	Pah-go.		
Pa'-ĝo.	Ĝis.	Ĝus'-ta.	Re'-ĝi.	Ĝar-de'-no.	Lon'-ga.			
Pah-djo.	Djeess.	Djoos-tah.	Ray-djee.	Djahr-day-no.	Lon-gah.			

Reg′-no.	Sig′-ni.	Gvar-di′-o.	Lin′-gvo.	Ĝu-a′-do.	Ha′-ro.
Rayg-no.	Seeg-nee.	Gvahr-dee-o.	Leen-gvo.	Djoo-ah-do.	Hah-ro.

Hi-run′-do.	Ha′-ki.	Ne-he′-la.	Pac-ho′-ro.	Ses-ho′-ra.
Hee-roon-do.	Hah-kee.	Nay-hay-lah.	Pahts-ho-ro.	Sayss-ho′-ra.

Bat-hu′-fo.	Ho′-ro.	Ĥo′-ro.	Ko′-ro.	Ĥo-le′-ro.	Ĥe-mi′-o.
Baht-hoo-fo.	Ho-ro.	Kho-ro.	Ko-ro.	Kho-lay-ro.	Khay-mee-o.

I-mi′-ti.	Fi′-lo.	Bir′-do.	Tro′-vi.	Prin-tem′-po.	Min.
Ee-mee-tee.	Fee-lo.	Beer-do.	Tro-vee.	Preen-taym-po.	Meen.

Fo-i′-ro.	Fe-i′-no.	I′-el.	I′-am.	In.	Jam.	Ju. Jes.
Fo-ee-ro.	Fay-ee-no.	Ee-ayl.	Ee-ahm.	Een.	Yahm.	Yoo. Yayss.

Ju-ris′-to.	Kra-jo′-no.	Ma-jes′-ta.	Tuj.	Do′-moj.
Yoo-rees-to.	Krah-yo-no.	Mah-yayss-tah.	Tooy (quickly).	Do′-moy.

Ru-i′-no.	Pruj′-no.	Ba-la′-i.	Pa′-laj.	De-i′-no.	Vej′-no
Roo-ee-no.	Prooy-no.	Bah-lah-ee.	Pah-lai.	Day-ee-no.	Vei-no.

Pe-re′-i.	Mal′-plej.	Jus′-ta.	Ĵus.	Ĵe′-ti.	Ĵa-lu′-za.
Pay-ray-ee.	Mahl-pley.	Yoos-tah.	Zhoos.	Jay-tee.	Zhah-loo-zah.

Ĵur-na′-lo.	Ma′-jo.	Bo-na′-ĵo.	Ka′-po.	Ma-ku′-lo.	Kes-′to.
Joor-nah-lo.	Mah-yo.	Bo-nah-zho.	Kah-po.	Mah-koo-lo.	Kayss-to.

Su-ke′-ro.	Ak′-vo.	Ko-ke′-to.	Li-kvo′-ro.	Pac-ka′-po.
Soo-kay-ro.	Ahk-vo.	Ko-kay-to.	Lee-kvo-ro.	Pahts-kah-po.

La′-vi. Le-vi′-lo. Pa-ro′-li. Mem. Im-pli′-ki. Em-ba-ra′-so. No′-mo. In-di-fe-ren′-ta. In-ter-na-ci′-a. Ol. He-ro′-i. He-ro-i′-no. Foj′-no. Pi′-a. Pal′-pi. Ri-pe′-ti. Ar-ba′-ro. Sa′-ma. Sta′-ri. Si-ge′-lo. Sis-te′-mo. Pe-si′-lo. Pe-zi′-lo. Sen′-ti. So-fis′-mo. Ci-pre′-so. Ŝi. Pa′-ŝo. Sta′-lo. Ves′-to. Veŝ′-to. Dis-ŝi′-ri. Ŝan-ce′-li. Ta-pi′-ŝo. Te-o-ri′-o. Pa-ten′-to. U-ti′-la. Un′-go. Plu′-mo. Tu-mul′-to. Plu. Lu′-i. Ki′-u. Ba-la′-u. Tra-u′-lo. Pe-re′-u. Ne-u′-lo. Fraŭ′-lo. Paŭ-li′-no. Laŭ′-di. Eŭ-ro′-po. Tro-u′-zi. Ho-di′-aŭ. Va′-na. Ver′-so. Sol′-vi. Zor′-gi. Ze-ni′-to. Zo-o-lo-gi′-o. A-ze′-no. Me-zu′-ro. Na′-zo. Tre-zo′-ro. Mez-nok′-to. Zu′-mo. Su′-mo. Zo′-no. So′-no. Pe′-zo. Pe′-co. Pe′-so. Ne-ni′-o. A-di′-aŭ. Fi-zi′-ko. Ge-o-gra-fi′-o. Spi-ri′-to. Lip-ha′-ro. In-dig′-ni. Ne-ni′-el.

Spe-gu′-lo. Ŝpi′-no. Ne′-i. Re′-e. He-ro′-o. Kon-sci′-i. Tra-e-te′-ra. He-ro-e′-to. Lu′-e. Mo′-le. Pa′-le. Tra-i′-re. Pa-si′-e. Me-ti′-o. In-ĝe-ni-e′-ro. In-sek′-to. Re-ser′-vi. Re-zer′-vi.

Citrono. Cento. Sceno. Scio. Balau. Ŝanceli. Neniel. Embaraso. Zoologio. Reservi. Traire. Hodiaŭ. Disŝiri. Neulo. Majesta. Packapo. Heroino. Pezo. Internacia. Seshora. Cipreso. Stalo. Feino. Plu. Sukero. Gento. Indigni. Sigelo. Krajono. Ruino. Pesilo. Lipharo. Metio. Ĝardeno. Sono. Laŭdi. Pale. Facila. Insekto. Kiu. Zorgi. Ĉikano. Traetera. Sofismo. Domoj. Spino. Majo. Signi. Ec. Bonaĵo. Legi. Iel. Juristo. Ĉielo. Ĥemio.

READING EXERCISE.

La Feino (Daŭrigo).

daŭri, endure, continue.
ordinara, ordinary.
varma, warm.
sama, same.
tempo, time.
teruro, terror.
devi, ought, must.
kuiri, to cook.
labori, to labor, work.
sen, without.
ĉesi, to cease, desist.
inter, among, between.
afero, affair, matter.
feliĉa, happy.
ĉerpi, to draw (*e. g.*, water).
proksima, near.
loko, place.
porti, to carry.
kruĉo, pitcher.

Ĉar ĉiu amas ordinare personon kiu estas simila al li, tial tiu ĉi patrino varmege amis sian pli maljunan filinon, kaj en tiu sama tempo ŝi havis teruran malamon kontraŭ la pli juna. Ŝi devigis[1] ŝin mangi en la kuirejo kaj laboradi[2] senĉese. Inter aliaj aferoj tiu ĉi malfeliĉa infano devis du fojojn en ĉiu tago iri ĉerpi akvon en tre malproksima loko kaj alporti domen[3] plenan grandan kruĉon.

1. The suffix—**ig**—here gives the word the sense of *compel.*
2. **Ad** is the suffix, signifying protracted action.
3. **Domen** is a case of the accusative of direction.

NOTE.—Translations of this exercise, and the one previous, will be printed in the next number.

NOTE.—Those who wish to become members of the REVIEW's Esperanto Society see advertising pages for membership blank.

ESPERANTO.*

PART VI.

PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES.

PERHAPS the most important characteristic of Esperanto is its elasticity. By the addition of a number of suffixes and prefixes to any root under certain fixed rules, words may be built up almost indefinitely. The student has already seen the grammatical terminations and the manner of adding them to the root. For example: *legi*—to read; *leganto*—a reader; etc. In a similar way, the joining of words is equally simple: *Al*—to; *porti*—to carry; *alporti*—to bring. *El*—out of; *ĉerpi*—to draw, to extract; *elĉerpi*—to draw out of; etc.

The prefixes and suffixes, by means of which word-building becomes so easy, should be learned by heart, one or two at a time.

Following are the Prefixes:

MAL, which marks contraries. Ex: *bona*—good, *malbona*—evil; *forta*—strong, *malforta*—weak; *estimi*—to esteem, *malestimi*—to despise; *ĝoji*—to rejoice, *malĝoji*—to grieve; *fermi*—to shut, *malfermi*—to open; *supre*—above, *malsupre*—below; *amo*—love, *malamo*—hatred; *amiko*—friend, *malamiko*—enemy; etc.

BO, which marks relationship by marriage. Ex: *patro*—father, *bopatro*—father-in-law; *frato*—brother, *bofrato*—brother-in-law; *filino*—daughter, *bofilino*—daughter-in-law.

DIS marks disunion or separation. Ex: *semi*—to sow, *dissemi*—to disseminate; *ĵeti*—to throw, *disĵeti*—to scatter, throw here and there; *iri*—to go, *disiri*—to separate, go apart.

EK marks the beginning of an action, or that which is mo-

* The first instalment of these lessons appeared in the December 21st issue.—ED.

mentary. Ex: *kanti*—to sing, *ekkanti*—to begin to sing, to break out singing; *krii*—to cry, *ekkrii*—to cry out; *vidi*—to see, *ekvidi*—to perceive; *dormi*—to sleep, *ekdormi*—to fall asleep.

GE, the two sexes united. Ex: *patro*—father, *gepatroj*—father and mother, parents; *mastro*—master of a house, host, *gemastroj*—host and hostess; *edzo*—husband, *geedzoj*—married pair, husband and wife.

RE means again, anew, back. Ex: *veni*—to come, *reveni*—to come back, to return; *iri*—to go, *reiri*—to go back, to return; *vivigi*—to cause to live, to animate, *revivigi*—to resuscitate, to reanimate.

Following are the Suffixes:

IN, which marks the female sex. Ex: *patro*—father, *patrino*—mother; *frato*—brother, *fratino*—sister; *fianĉo*—fiancé, *fianĉino*—fiancée; *viro*—man, *virino*—woman; *sinjoro*—gentleman; *sinjorino*—lady; *fraŭlo*—bachelor, *fraŭlino*—miss; *koko*—cock, *kokino*—hen; *bovo*—bull, *bovino*, cow; etc.

IL, which marks the instrument. Ex: *haki*—to hew, *hakilo*—axe; *kombi*—to comb, *kombilo*—a comb; *kudri*—to sew, *kudrilo*—needle; *tondi*—to shear, to clip, *tondilo*—scissors; *tranĉi*—to cut, *tranĉilo*—knife; *fosi*—to dig, *fosilo*—spade; *levi*—to lift, *levilo*—lever.

AD, which marks duration of the action or of the idea expressed by the root. Ex: *pafo*—a shot, *pafado*—a fusillade, continuous firing; *parolo*—speech, *parolado*—discourse; *iri*—to go, *iradi*—to keep going; *krii*—to cry, *kriadi*—to continue crying, produce a succession of cries.

AĴ, which marks something possessing a certain quality or made of. . . . Ex: *malnova*—old, *malnovaĵo*—an antique, something old; *bela*—beautiful, *belaĵo*—a beautiful thing; *mola*—soft, *molaĵo*, something soft; *pentri*—to paint, *pentraĵo*—a painting; *bona*—good, *bonaĵo*—something good, a good quality, good point, *malbonaĵo*—a bad point, a defect. With the suffix *ec* this idea becomes abstract.

AN, which marks the member, the inhabitant, the partisan of. Ex: *regno*—state, *regnano*—citizen; *vilaĝo*—village, *vilaĝano*—villager; *Bostono*—Boston, *Bostonano*—Bostonian; *kristano*—Christian.

AR, which marks an assemblage, a collection of. Ex: *arbo*—

tree, *arbaro*—forest; *ŝtupo*—step, *ŝtuparo*—staircase; *vorto*—word, *vortaro*—dictionary; *libro*—book, *libraro*—library; *ŝipo*—ship, *ŝiparo*—fleet; *monto*—mountain, *montaro*—range of mountains.

ĈJ after the first two to five letters of a man's name makes of it an affectionate diminutive. Ex: *Johano*—John, *Johanĉjo*—Johnny, *Joĉjo*—Jack; *Aleksandro, Aleĉjo*—Alec; *Petro, Peĉjo*—Pete; etc.

EBL, that which is possible, that which can be. Ex: *kredi*—to believe, *kredebla*—credible, that can be believed; *legi*—to read, *legebla*—legible; *fleksi*—to bend, *fleksebla*—flexible.

EC marks qualities (in the abstract). Ex: *bela*—beautiful, *beleco*—beauty; *juna*—young, *juneco*—youth; *amiko*—friend, *amikeco*—friendship; *viro*—man, *vireco*—manliness, virility; *granda*—great, *grandeco*—greatness, grandeur; *malriĉa*—poor, *malriĉeco*—poverty.

EDZ marks the consort of. Ex: *lavistino*—washerwoman, *lavistinedzo*—washerwoman's husband; *doktoro*—doctor, *doktoredzino*—wife of a doctor; *forĝistedzino*—a smith's wife.

EG, argumentative, marking the highest degree. Ex: *varma*—warm, *varmega*—scorching; *granda*—great, *grandega*—enormous, immense; *pluvo*—rain, *pluvego*—downpour; *pafilo*—gun, *pafilego*—cannon; *bastono*—stick, *bastonego*—club, cudgel.

EJ marks the place specially devoted. . . . Ex: *kuiri*—to cook, *kuirejo*—kitchen; *preĝi*—to pray, *preĝejo*—church; *lerni*—to learn, *lernejo*—school; *malsanulo*—sick person, *malsanulejo*—hospital.

EM marks inclination, proneness to. Ex: *kredi*—to believe, *kredema*—credulous, *kredemo*—credulity; *venĝi*—to avenge, *venĝema*—vindictive; *singardi*—to take care, *singardema*—prudent, *singardemo*—circumspection, prudence; *koleri*—to be angry, *kolerema*—choleric, irascible.

ER marks the unit, one out of a collection. Ex: *mono*—money, *monero*—a coin; *fajro*—fire, *fajrero*—a spark; *sablo*—sand, *sablero*—a grain of sand; *hajlo*—hail, *hajlero*—a hailstone.

ESTR means chief of. Ex: *regno*—state, *regnestro*—chief of the state, president, ruler; *ŝipo*—ship, *ŝipestro*—master of a vessel; *lernejo*—school, *lernejestro*—schoolmaster.

ET, diminutive. Ex: *knabo*—boy, *knabeto*—little boy; *libro*—book, *libreto*—booklet, libretto; *monto*—mountain, *monteto*—hill;

ridi—to laugh, *rideti*—to smile; *dormi*—to sleep, *dormeti*—to slumber; *kanti*—to sing, *kanteti*—to hum a tune.

ID denotes descendant or child of. Ex: *bovo*—bull, *bovido*—calf; *koko*—cock, *kokido*—chicken; *Izraelido*—Israelite; *Napoleonidoj*—descendants of Napoleon.

IG, to cause to be, to make. Ex: *pura*—clean, *purigi*—to cause to be clean, to cleanse, to purify; *scii*—to know, *sciigi*—to inform; *bruli*—to burn, be on fire, *bruligi*—to burn, set on fire; *devi*—must, *devigi*—to necessitate, to compel; *morti*—to die, *mortigi*—to slay; *fianco*—fiancé, *fiancigi*—to betroth; *pli granda*—greater, *pligrandigi*—to enlarge; *for*—forth, away, off. *forigi*—to eject, to put forth, cause to be at a distance; *sen*—without, *senigi*—to cause to be without, to deprive.

IĜ, which means to become, to grow, to turn. Ex: *maljuna*—old, *maljuniĝi*—to grow old; *pala*—pale, *paliĝi*—to turn pale; *fianĉo*—fiancé, *fianĉiĝi*—to become engaged; *edzo*—husband, *edziĝi*—to marry; *fluida*—liquid, *fluidiĝi*—to liquefy; *al*—to, *aliĝi*—to ally one's self to, to join.

IND means worthy of, that which deserves. Ex: *kredo*—belief, *kredinda*—worthy of belief; *laŭdo*—praise, *laŭdinda*—laudable; *memoro*—remembrance, *memorinda*—memorable; *bedaŭro*—regret, *bedaŭrinda*—regrettable, *bedaŭrinde*—unfortunately, in a manner to be regretted.

ING marks the object into which the thing expressed by the root-word is ordinarily introduced or placed. Ex: *kandelo*—candle, *kandelingo*—candlestick; *plumo*—pen, *plumingo*—penholder; *fingro*—finger, *fingringo*—thimble.

IST marks the profession. Ex: *boto*—boot, *botisto*—bootmaker; *kuraci*—to cure, *kuracisto*—physician; *ŝteli*—to steal, *ŝtelisto*—thief; *instrui*—to instruct, *instruisto*—teacher; *maro*—sea, *maristo*—seaman; *komerci*—to trade, *komercisto*—tradesman.

MOŜTO, general title of courtesy. Ex: *reĝo*—king, *via reĝa moŝto*—your majesty; *via moŝto*—your excellency, your highness; etc.

NJ after the first two to five letters of a woman's name makes of it an affectionate diminutive. Ex: *Mario*—Mary, *Manjo*—Mary dear, little Mary; *Emilio, Eminjo, Doroteo, Doronjo, Donjo*, etc.

UJ means that which bears, supports, carries, or contains. Ex: *cigaro*—cigars, *cigarujo*—cigar-case; *mono*—money, *monujo*—

purse; *sukero*—sugar, *sukerujo*—sugar-basin; *pomo*—apple, *pomujo*—apple-tree; *Turko*—Turk, *Turkujo*—Turkey.

UL marks a being characterized by. Ex: *juno*—youth, *junulo*—young man; *maljuna*—old, *maljunulo*—old man; *malriĉa*—poor, *malriĉulo*—poor man; *timo*—fear, *timulo*—coward; *avara*—greedy, *avarulo*—greedy person.

NOTE.—The foregoing examples are based chiefly on the grammars of Richard H. Geoghegan and Major-General Cox.

With the vocabulary the student already has at his command, sentences should be formed embodying the foregoing examples.

READING EXERCISE.

La Feino (Daŭrigo).

fonto, spring, fountain.
volonte, willingly.
tuj, immediately.
lavi, to wash.
sub, under, below.
teni, to hold, grasp.
trankvila, quiet.
soifi, to be thirsty.
donaci, to make a present.
preni, to take.
formo, form.
ĝentila, polite, kind.
ĉe, at, near.

En unu[1] tago, kiam ŝi estis apud tiu fonto, venis al ŝi malriĉa virino, kiu petis ŝin, ke ŝi donu al ŝi trinki. "Tre volonte, mia bona," diris la bela knabino. Kaj ŝi tuj lavis sian kruĉon kaj ĉerpis akvon en la plej pura loko de la fonto kaj alportis al la virino, ĉiam subtenante la kruĉon por ke la virino povu trinki pli oportune. Kiam la bona virino trankviligis sian[2] soifon, ŝi diris al la knabino: "Vi estas tiel bela, tiel bona kaj tiel honesta, ke mi devas fari al vi donacon" (ĉar tio[3] ĉi estis feino, kiu prenis sur sin la formon de malriĉa vilaĝa virino por vidi, kiel granda estos la ĝentileco de tiu ĉi juna knabino). "Mi faras al vi donacon," daŭrigis la feino, "ke ĉe ĉiu vorto, kiun vi diros, el via buŝo eliros aŭ[4] floro aŭ multekosta[5] ŝtono."

1. **En unu**—upon a certain. . . .
2. **Sian**, because it refers to the subject. Otherwise **ŝian** would be used.
3. **Tio** is used instead of **tiu**, the author apparently regarding the fairy as a *thing*.
4. **Aŭ . . . aŭ**=either . . . or.
5. **Multekosta**, "much-costly"—precious; this illustrates the word-building facility of Esperanto.

Following is the translation of the two instalments of this fairy tale already given in the previous two numbers:

A certain widow had two daughters. The elder was so like the mother in her character and face, that every one who saw her might think that he saw the mother; they were both so disagreeable and proud that one could not live with them. The younger daughter, who was the exact image of her father in goodness and integrity, was, in addition, one of the most beautiful girls one could find

As every one generally loves a person who is like him (self), this mother ardently loved her elder daughter, and at the same time had a terrible hatred against the younger. She compelled her to eat in the kitchen and work incessantly. Among other things, this unhappy child had, twice every day, to go to draw water in a very distant place, and carry home a great full pitcher.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of The North American Review:

SIR,—I am enclosing herewith application for enrollment of Mrs. Crenshaw and myself as members of the REVIEW'S Esperanto Society, which is respectfully submitted.

In this connection permit me to thank you for a most delightfully interesting and instructive entertainment afforded in your lesson in the several numbers of your magazine. Having only recently returned from a rather protracted sojourn away from our own country, what you are feasting your readers upon is quite a revelation to us, in a way.

We find ourselves looking for the next number of the REVIEW with something that reminds us of the old-time impatience with which we waited for the next chapter of the "continued story." Indeed, it gives one almost a weird, uncanny, feeling—this ready-made language; and yet we find it most perfectly well-rounded and complete, apparently—like Athena from the head of Zeus; truly, 'tis wonderful!

Very truly,
W. T. CRENSHAW.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, *February 6th, 1907.*

To the Editor of The North American Review:

SIR,—Last evening my attention was called to the issue of your REVIEW, dated the 4th of this month, by a friend who knew of my interest

in Esperanto. Please enter my name on the rolls of the general Esperanto Society that you there propose.

I am firm in the belief that the spreading of Esperanto is a movement of great international importance, a long step toward that era of justice and peace among nations which is to many of us the dearest of ideals. In many of the movements that are aiming to that goal we cannot share; in this we can, every one of us. I am, therefore, pleased to know that your REVIEW is to give the cause such material aid, and shall be pleased to bring your plans to the notice of such members of our local society and others as I may find have not already heard of them.

Sincerely yours,

EVERETT B. STACKPOLE.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, *January 31st, 1907.*

To the Editor of The North American Review:

SIR,—Please enroll me as a member of your proposed Esperanto Society. I am deeply interested in the language, and am now engaged in the work of organizing a local group, in which I have the assistance of the Baltimore newspapers.

My attention was directed to the language in October, 1906, and toward the end of that month I began to study it. In three days I was able to write a fairly correct letter to the honorary president of the Philadelphia society; in a week I could read it without much trouble, and after six weeks I felt almost as if the language were my native tongue. When you consider that, as assistant manager of a department store, my time is so much occupied as to prevent any serious amount of study, you can see that the learning of the language should offer no serious difficulty to any similarly occupied business man.

That I am delighted to see the REVIEW enlisted as a champion of the "afero," goes without saying, and the article by Dr. Zamenhof, in your last issue, is something that should win many adherents for the cause.

Wishing you all success, I am, Very truly,

W. S. HAMBURGER.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, *January 6th, 1907.*

To the Editor of The North American Review:

SIR,—I should be pleased to become a member of the general Esperanto Society, and shall use my best efforts in enlisting others in this great movement for the "unbabeling" of mankind. I recognize the fact that it is more than a language—a cause. My heart is in profound sympathy with any movement which has for its object the perfecting of the brotherhood of man. If it were possible for us to fully understand others our differences would readily be dissipated, and I believe that this common

language will operate as much as any other cause in welding the bond of peace on earth, good-will toward men.

Very sincerely,

JNO. L. SIMS.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, *February 8th, 1907.*

To the Editor of The North American Review:

SIR,—Please enroll me as a member of your Esperanto Society. I shall begin the study of the universal language at once.

I have been interested in the subject of a universal language for years, and am rejoiced at the prospect of its success. I think you cannot be commended too warmly for the energy with which you are pushing the thing.

Very truly yours,

EDWARD D. BALDWIN,
Secretary Alumni of Whitman College.

WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON, *January 27th, 1907.*

To the Editor of The North American Review:

SIR,—Enclosed you will find application for membership in the Esperanto Society. I think you have taken up a grand work for humanity. I sincerely hope Dr. Zamenhof's dream of universal peace will some day be realized. A universal language will be a powerful influence in that direction.

Very truly yours,

EDWARD DIXON.
Superintendent of Schools.

ORANGE, MASSACHUSETTS, *January 23rd, 1907.*

NOTE.—Those who wish to become members of the REVIEW'S Esperanto Society, see advertising pages for membership application form.

ESPERANTO.*

PART VII.

THE following exercises, quoted by permission from the grammar of Major-General George Cox, the best text-book on Esperanto published thus far, will give the student practice in the use of the prefixes, which play so important a part in Esperanto:

EXERCISE.

Prefixes DE-, DIS-, FOR-.

(1) Malfeliĉo ofte kunigas la homojn, kaj feliĉo ofte disigas ilin. (2) Mi disŝiris la leteron kaj disĵetis ĝiajn pecetojn en ĉiujn angulojn de la ĉambro. (3) La prefiksoj DE-, DIS-, kaj FOR- ĉiuj montras ian forigon aŭ disigon, ekzemple:—Kiam ni disbatis la muron kaj disĵetis la fortikaĵeton, tiam la malamikoj deĵetis la armilojn kaj forkuris. (4) La infano disverŝis la inkujon sur mian naztukon. (5) Li estas forkurinto, tial ke li ne revenis al sia regimento je la templimo de sia forpermeso. (6) Li demetis la ĉapelon, kiam li eniris (en) la ĉambron. (7) Kelkaj patrinoj debrustigas siajn infanetojn pli frue ol aliaj. (8) Li dissemis la sablon sur la plankon. (9) La servistino senordigis (dismetis) miajn librojn tiamaniere, ke mi ne povis trovi tiun, kiun mi bezonis.

Translation.

(1) Misfortune often unites men, and happiness often separates them. (2) I tore up the letter and threw away its fragments into all corners of the room. (3) The prefixes DE-, DIS-, and FOR- all denote some sort of abstraction or separation, for example:—When we beat down the wall

* The first instalment of these lessons appeared in the December 21st issue.—ED.

and demolished the fort, then the enemy threw down their (the) weapons and fled (ran away). (4) The child upset (spilled) the inkstand over my handkerchief. (5) He is a deserter (a runaway), for he did not return to his regiment at the expiration of his leave of absence (permission to be away). (6) He took off his (the) hat when he entered the room. (7) Some mothers wean (take from the breast) their infants earlier than others. (8) He scattered the sand on the floor. (9) The maid-servant disarranged my books, so that I could not find the one (that which) I wanted.

EXERCISE.

Prefixes EK- and RE-.

(1) Li donis al mi monon, sed mi ĝin tuj redonis al li. (2) Mi foriras, sed atendu min, ĉar mi baldaŭ revenos. (3) La suno rebrilas en la klara akvo de la rivero. (4) Li venos al mi morgaŭ. por ke mi redonu al li la librojn. (5) Ŝi ekridis, kaj tiam retiris de mi la seĝon. (6) Tuj kiam mi ekkantis, la infaneto ekdormis, kaj post kiam mi estis ĝin redoninta al ĝia patrino, mi revenis domen. (7) Mi ne povas akcepti vian amindan inviton, ĉar ia malsaneto min retenas en mia ĉambro. (8) Spegulo reĵetas la radiojn de lumo, tuj kiam ili ekfalas sur ĝin. (9) Mi eksaltis de surprizo, kiam la pilko subite resaltis de la muro. (10) Kiam Johano reprenis la libron, kiun mi redonis al li, li diris ke ĝi estas malpura, sed mi respondis, ke ĝi ne estis bonstate tiam, kiam mi ĝin ricevis.

Translation.

(1) He gave money to me, but I immediately gave it back to him. (2) I am going out, but await me, for I shall soon return (come back). (3) The sun is reflected in the clear water of the river. (4) He will come to me to-morrow, in order that I may return him the books. (5) She began to laugh, and then withdrew from me the chair. (6) Directly (immediately when) I began to sing the baby fell asleep, and after (when) I had returned it to its mother, I returned home. (7) I cannot accept your kind invitation, because (an, some kind of) indisposition is keeping me (is retaining me) to (in) my room. (8) A mirror throws back the rays of light directly they begin to fall upon it. (9) I started with surprise when the ball suddenly bounded back from the wall. (10) When John retook the book which I returned to him, he said that it was (is) dirty, but I replied that it was not in a good state (then) when I received it.

EXERCISE.

Prefixes MAL-, NE-, SEN-.

(1) Mia frato ne estas granda, sed li ne estas ankaŭ malgranda; li estas de meza kresko. (2) Li estas tiel dika, ke li ne povas trairi tra nia mallarĝa pordo. (3) Haro estas tre maldika. (4) La nokto estis tiel malluma, ke ni nenion povis vidi eĉ antaŭ nia nazo. (5) Tiu ĉi malfreŝa pano estas malmola, kiel ŝtono. (6) Malbonaj infanoj amas turmenti bestojn. (7) Li sentis sin tiel malfeliĉa, ke li malbenis la tagon en kiu li estis naskita. (8) Mi forte malestimas tiun ĉi malnoblan homon. (9) La fenestro longe estis nefermita; mi ĝin fermis, sed mia frato tuj ĝin denove malfermis. (10) Rekta vojo estas pli mallonga, ol kurba. (11) La tablo staras malrekte kaj kredeble baldaŭ renversiĝos. (12) Li staras supre sur la monto kaj rigardas malsupren sur la kampon. (13) Malamiko venis en nian landon. (14) Oni tiel malhelpis al mi, ke mi malbonigis mian tutan laboron. (15) Lia filo mortis kaj estas nun malviva. (16) La korpo estas morta, la animo estas senmorta. (17) La fremdulo sidiĝis neinvitite, kaj tuj ekparolis tute senceremonie. (18) Mi povis nur malregule sendi mian filon en lernejon, tial la lernejestro ĉiam plendadis pri lia neakurateco, neatenteco, kaj neordinara nekapableco. (19) La vitro estas facilrompa, kaj estas neeble ĝin fervoje sendi senriske (aŭ, sen risko). (20) Tiu ĉi objekto estas senutila, sed ĝi ne estas malutila. (21) Neniu estas senmakula. (22) Li estas tre nemodesta, kaj lia tromemfido estas senlima, sed li ne estas malmodesta.

Translation.

(1) My brother is not tall (large), but he is not either (also) short (small); he is of medium growth. (2) He is so stout (thick) that he cannot go through our narrow door. (3) A hair is very thin. (4) The night was so dark that we could see nothing even before our nose. (5) This stale bread is hard as a stone. (6) Bad children love to torment animals. (7) He felt himself so unhappy that he cursed the day in which he was born. (8) I strongly despise this vile (ignoble) person. (9) The window had long been unclosed; I closed it, but my brother immediately opened it again. (10) A direct way is shorter than a curved one. (11) The table stands aslant, and probably (credibly) will soon upset. (12) He stands above upon the mountain and looks down below on the field. (13) An enemy came into our country. (14) They so hindered me that I spoiled my whole work. (15) The son died, and is

now dead. (16) The body is mortal (of death); the soul is immortal (without death). (17) The stranger sat down uninvited, and at once began to speak without ceremony. (18) I could only irregularly send my son to (in) school, therefore the head master (schoolmaster) was always complaining of (concerning) his unpunctuality, inattention, and unusual incapacity. (19) Glass is fragile, and it is impossible to send it by rail without risk. (20) This article is useless, but it is not harmful. (21) No one is immaculate. (22) He is very consequential, and his self-conceit is unbounded, but he is not presumptuous.

READING EXERCISE.

La Feino (Daŭrigo).

insulti, insult, scold.
frue, early.
longa, long
salti, to leap, jump.
perlo, pearl.
diamanto, diamond.
miri, to wonder.
ŝajni, to seem.
nomi, to call, name.
naiva, naïve, innocent.
okazi, to happen.
dum, while.
sendi, to send.
kapabla, capable.

Kiam tiu ĉi bela knabino venis domen,[1] ŝia[2] patrino insultis ŝin, kial ŝi revenis tiel malfrue de la fonto. "Pardonu al mi, patrino," diris la malfeliĉa knabino; "ke mi restis tiel longe." Kaj kiam ŝi parolis tiujn ĉi vortojn, elsaltis[3] el ŝia buŝo tri rozoj, tri perloj, kaj tri grandaj diamantoj. "Kion mi vidas!" diris ŝia patrino kun grandega[4] miro. "Ŝajnas al mi, ke el ŝia buŝo elsaltas perloj kaj diamantoj! De kio tio ĉi venas mia filino?" (Tio ĉi estis la unua fojo, ke ŝi nomis ŝin sia filino.) La malfeliĉa infano rakontis al ŝi naive ĉion; kio okazis al ŝi, kaj dum ŝi parolis, elfalis el ŝia buŝo multego da diamantoj. "Se estas tiel," diris la patrino, "mi devas tien sendi mian filinon. Marinjo, rigardu, kio eliras el la buŝo de via fratino, kiam ŝi parolas, ĉu ne estus al vi agrable havi tian saman kapablon? Vi devas nur iri al la fonto ĉerpi akvon, kaj kiam malriĉa virino petos[5] de vi trinki, vi donos ĝin al ŝi ĝentile."

1. **Domen**—a common example of the "accusative of direction."
2. **ŝia**—because it qualifies **patrino**, the subject.
3. The repetition of **el** should be noted.
4. The student should not fall into the habit of using too often the suffix **eg**.
5. We would use the present instead of the future.

NOTE.—Those who wish to become members of the REVIEW'S Esperanto Society, see advertising pages for membership application form.

ESPERANTO.*

PART VIII.

Two important suffixes in Esperanto are **ig** and **iĝ**. The first is *active*, the second *reflexive*. The suffix **ig** causes something to be done: **bruli**, *to burn;* **bruligi**, *to cause to burn;* **morti**, *to die;* **mortigi**, *to kill.*

The suffix **iĝ**, on the other hand, really means *to become.* Thus, **ruĝiĝi**, *to blush;* **paliĝi**, *to turn pale;* **mortiĝi**, *to be killed.*

Following is Dr. Zamenhof's exercise for illustrating the use of these suffixes:

Vocabulary.

koto, dirt, mud.	*relo,* rail.
broso, brush.	*rado,* wheel.
ruĝa, red.	*pendi,* to hang.
honti, to be ashamed.	*ĉapo,* cap.
solena, solemn.	*vento,* wind.
infekti, to infect.	*blovi,* to blow.
scii, to know.	*kapo,* head.
printempo, spring-time.	*branĉo,* branch.

En la kota vetero mia vesto forte malpuriĝis; tial mi prenis broson kaj purigis la veston. Li paliĝis de timo kaj poste li ruĝiĝis de honto. Li fianĉiĝis kun fraŭlino Berto; post tri monatoj estos la edziĝo; la edziĝa soleno estos en la nova preĝejo, kaj la edziĝa festo estos en la domo de liaj estontaj bogepatroj. Tiu ĉi maljunulo tute malsaĝiĝis kaj infaniĝis. Post infekta malsano oni ofte bruligas la vestojn de la malsanulo. Forigu vian fraton, ĉar li malhelpas al ni. Mi sciigas, ke de nun la ŝuldoj de mia filo ne estos pagataj de mi. Ŝi edziniĝis kun sia kuzo, kvankam ŝiaj gepatroj volis ŝin edzinigi kun alia persono.

* The first instalment of these lessons appeared in the December 21st issue.—ED.

En la printempo la glacio kaj la neĝo fluidiĝas. Venigu la kuraciston, ĉar mi estas malsana. Li venigis al si el Berlino multajn librojn. Mia onklo ne mortis per natura morto, sed li tamen ne mortigis sin mem, kaj ankaŭ estis mortigita de neniu; unu tagon, promenante apud la reloj de fervojo, li falis sub la radojn de veturanta vagonaro kaj mortiĝis. Mi ne pendigis mian ĉapon sur tiu ĉi arbeto; sed la vento forblovis de mia kapo la ĉapon, kaj ĝi flugante, pendiĝis sur la branĉoj de la arbeto. Sidigu vin (aŭ sidiĝu), sinjoro! La junulo aliĝis al nia militistaro kaj kuraĝe batalis kune kun ni kontraŭ niaj malamikoj.

Translation.

In the muddy weather my coat became very dirty: I, therefore, took a brush and cleaned the coat. He became pale with fear, and afterwards he blushed with shame. He has become engaged to Miss Bertha: three months hence will be the wedding: the marriage ceremony will be in the new church, and the wedding festival will be in the house of his future parents-in-law. This old man has become quite foolish and childish. After an infectious illness one often burns the clothes of the invalid. Send your brother away, as he hinders us. I notify that from now the debts of my son will not be paid by me. She married her cousin, although her parents wished to marry her to another person. In spring-time the ice and the snow melt. Fetch the doctor, as I am ill. He procured for himself many books from Berlin. My uncle did not die (by) a natural death, but, nevertheless, he did not kill himself, nor was he killed by any one; one day, while walking near the railway lines, he fell under the wheels of a moving train and was killed. I did not hang my hat upon this shrub; but the wind blew the cap from my head, and, flying, it hung itself on the branches of the shrub. Be seated, sir! The youth joined our army, and bravely fought together with us against our enemies.

READING EXERCISE.

La Feino—(Daŭrigo).

Vocabulary.

murmuri, to murmur, grumble.
vazo, vase.
argento, silver (metal).
apenaŭ, scarcely, hardly.
princo, prince.
certa, certain, sure.
speciala, special.
opinio, opinion.
koleri, to be angry.
servi, to serve, to oblige.
serpento, serpent, snake.
rano, frog.

"Estus tre bele," respondis la filino malĝentile, "ke mi iru[1] al la fonto!" "Mi volas ke vi tien iru[1]," diris la patrino, "kaj iru tuj!" La filino iris, sed ĉiam murmurante.[2] Ŝi prenis la

plej belan arĝentan vazon, kiu estis en la loĝejo. Apenaŭ ŝi venis al la fonto,[3] ŝi vidis unu sinjorinon, tre riĉe vestitan, kiu eliris el la arbaro kaj petis de ŝi trinki (tio ĉi estis tiu sama feino, kiu prenis sur sin la formon kaj la vestojn de princino), por vidi, kiel granda estos la malboneco de tiu ĉi knabino. "Ĉu mi venis tien ĉi," diris al ŝi la malĝentila kaj fiera knabino, "por doni al vi trinki? Certe, mi alportis arĝentan vazon speciale por tio, por doni trinki al tiu ĉi sinjorino! Mia opinio estas: prenu mem akvon, se vi volas trinki." "Vi tute ne estas ĝentila," diris la feino sen kolero. "Bone, ĉar vi estas tiel servema, mi faras al vi donacon, ke ĉe ĉiu vorto, kiun vi parolos, eliros el via buŝo aŭ serpento aŭ rano."

1. Used after **volas.**
2. Note Adverbial form.
3. Note the omission of a word corresponding to our *when.*

Translation of Reading Exercises in the two preceding numbers.

One day when she was beside that spring, [there] came to her a poor woman, who begged her to give her to drink. "Very willingly, my good woman," said the beautiful girl. And she immediately washed her pitcher and drew water in the cleanest part of the spring, and carried [it] to the woman, (always) supporting the pitcher so that the woman could drink more conveniently. When the good woman had quenched her thirst, she said to the girl: "You are so beautiful, so good, and so honest, that I must make you a present" (for this was a fairy who had taken on herself the shape of a poor village woman to see how great would be the courtesy of this young girl). "I make you a present," continued the fairy, "that with every word that you (shall) say, from your mouth shall issue either a flower or a precious stone."

"When this beautiful girl came home, her mother asked her roughly why she returned so late from the spring. "Forgive me, mother," said the unhappy child, "for staying so long." And when she had spoken these words, [there] leapt out of her mouth three roses, three pearls, and three large diamonds. "What do I see?" said her mother with [the] greatest amazement. "It seems to me that from her mouth leap out pearls and diamonds! Whence (from what) comes this thing, my daughter." (This was the first time that she called her her daughter.) The unhappy child told her naïvely all that (had) happened to her, and while she spoke (there) fell out of her mouth a large number of diamonds. "If it be so," said her (the) mother, "I must send my daughter there. Molly, look what comes out of the mouth of your sister when she speaks: would you not like to have the same kind of power? You need only go to the spring to draw water, and when a poor woman asks (to) drink of you, you will give it to her politely."

LA PREDIKANTO.

(Libro el la Biblio.)

ĈAPITRO I.

Vortoj de la Predikanto, filo de Davido, reĝo en Jeruzalemo. Vantaĵo de vantaĵoj, diris la Predikanto, vantaĵo de vantaĵoj, ĉio estas vantaĵo. Kian profiton havas la homo de ĉiuj siaj laboroj, pri kiuj li penas sub la suno? Generacio foriras kaj generacio venas, kaj la tero restas eterne. Leviĝas la suno kaj subiras la suno, kaj al sia loko ĝi rapidas, kaj tie ĝi leviĝas. Iras al sudo kaj reiras al nordo, turniĝas, turniĝas en sia irado la vento, kaj al siaj rondoj revenas la vento. Ĉiuj riveroj iras al la maro, sed la maro ne pleniĝas; al la loko, al kiu la riveroj alfluas, ili alfluas ĉiam denove. Ĉiuj vortoj estas malfortaj, ne povas homo ĉion eldiri; ne satiĝas la okulo de vidado kaj ne pleniĝas la orelo de aŭdado. Kio estis, tio estos, kaj kio estis farata, tio estos farata, kaj ekzistas nenio nova sub la suno. Ekzistas io, pri kio oni diras: "Vidu, tio ĉi estas nova"; sed ĝi estis jam en la eterna tempo, kiu estis antaŭ ni. Ne restis memoro pri la antaŭuloj; kaj ankaŭ pri la posteuloj, kiuj estos, ne restos memoro ĉe tiuj, kiuj estos poste. Mi, Predikanto, estis reĝo super Izraelo en Jeruzalemo. Kaj mi decidis en mia koro, esplori kaj ekzameni per la saĝo ĉion, kio fariĝas sub la ĉielo: tiun ĉi malfacilan okupon Dio donis al la homidoj, por ke ili sin turmentu per ĝi. Mi vidis ĉiujn aferojn, kiuj fariĝas sub la suno, kaj jen, ĉio estas vantaĵo kaj aranĝoj ventaj. Kurbigitan oni ne povas rerektigi, kaj mankantan oni ne povas kalkuli. Mi parolis kun mia koro tiele: jen mi kreskigis kaj multigis en mi sciencon pli ol ĉiuj, kiuj estis antaŭ mi en Jeruzalemo, kaj mia koro penetris multon da saĝo kaj scio. Sed kiam mi dediĉis mian koron, por ekkoni la saĝecon kaj ekkoni la malsaĝecon kaj sensencecon, mi eksciis, ke ankaŭ tio ĉi estas entrepreno venta. Ĉar ĉe multe da saĝeco estas multe da koleremeco, kaj, kiu plimultigas siajn sciojn, plimultigas siajn dolorojn.

El la originalo tradukis,

LAZARO LUDOVIKO ZAMENHOF.

El La Revuo.

The first chapter of Ecclesiastes quoted above from "*La Revuo*" is an admirable translation. Students should compare it with the English version.

NOTE.—Those who wish to become members of the REVIEW'S Esperanto Society, see advertising pages for membership application form.

ESPERANTO.*

PART IX.

READING EXERCISE.

La Feino (Daŭrigo).

Vocabulary.

rimarki, to remark, notice.
krii, to cry, call.
nu, well! now!
kulpa, blamable, culpable.
kaŝi, to hide.
reĝo, king.
ĉasi, to hunt.
demandi, to ask.
sola, alone.
konsideri, to consider.
pro, on account of, for the sake of.
ho ve! alas!
kelke (da), some.
inda, worthy, valuable.
doto, dowry.
palaco, palace.
propra, own.
baldaŭ, soon.
angulo, corner, angle.
aventuro, adventure.
akcepti, accept, receive as a guest.

Apenaŭ ŝia patrino ŝin remarkis, ŝi kriis al ŝi, "Nu, mia filino?" "Jes, patrino," respondis al ŝi la malĝentilulino[1] elĵetante unu serpenton kaj ranon. "Ho, ĉielo!" ekkriis la patrino, "kion mi vidas? Ŝia fratino en ĉio estas kulpa; mi pagos al si por tio ĉi!" Kaj ŝi tuj kuris bati ŝin. La malfeliĉa infano forkuris kaj kaŝis sin en la plej proksima arbaro. La filo de la reĝo, kiu revenis de ĉaso, ŝin renkontis; kaj vidante, ke ŝi estas tiel bela, li demandis ŝin, kion ŝi faras tie ĉi tute sola kaj pro kio ŝi ploras. "Ho ve! sinjoro, mia patrino forpelis min el la domo."

La reĝido kiu vidis, ke el ŝia buŝo eliris kelke da perloj kaj kelke da diamantoj, petis ŝin, ke ŝi diru al li de kie tio ĉi venas. Ŝi rakontis al li sian tutan aventuron. La reĝido konsideris,

* The first instalment of these lessons appeared in the December 21st issue.—Ed.

ke tia kapablo havas pli grandan indon ol ĉio, kion oni povus doni dote[2] al alia fraŭlino, forkondukis ŝin al la palaco de sia patro, la reĝo, kie li edziĝis je[3] ŝi. Sed pri ŝia fratino ni povas diri, ke ŝi fariĝis tiel malaminda, ke ŝia propra patrino ŝin forpelis de si; kaj la malfeliĉa knabino, multe kurinte kaj trovinte neniun, kiu volus ŝin akcepti, baldaŭ mortis en angulo de arbaro.

1. **Malĝentilulino**=impolite person (fem.).
2. Note adverbial use of the noun.
3. **Kun** is commonly used, but **je** is of course proper.

Translation of the previous and the last parts of the story.

"It would be very fine," replied the daughter, rudely, "for me to (that I should) go to the spring." "I wish you to go there," said her (the) mother, "and go at once!" The daughter went, but grumbling all the time. She took the most beautiful silver vase that was in the house. Scarcely [had] she come to the spring (when) she saw a certain lady, very richly dressed, who emerged from the forest and begged of her to drink (this was the same fairy, who had taken on herself the shape and dress of a princess, to see how great would (will) be the badness of this girl). "Did I come hither," said to her the rude and proud girl, "to give you (to) drink? Certainly, I brought a silver vase specially (for that), to give (to) drink to this lady! My opinion is, take water yourself if you wish to drink." "You are not at all polite," said the fairy without anger. "Well, as you are so obliging, I make you a present, that with every word that you (shall) say, from your mouth shall issue either a snake or a frog."

Scarcely [had] her mother noticed her [when] she called to her, "Well, my daughter?" "Yes, mother," replied the girl, ejecting a snake and a frog. "Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the mother. "What do I see? Her sister is to blame for everything; I will pay her for this!" And she ran at once to beat her. The unhappy child ran away and hid herself in the nearest forest. The king's son, who was returning from the chase, met her; and observing that she was (is) so beautiful, he asked her what she is doing here, quite alone, and for what reason she is crying. "Alas! sir, my mother drove me out of the house."

The Prince, who noticed that from her mouth issued (some) pearls and diamonds, asked her to tell him whence this came (comes). She told him her whole adventure. The Prince considered that such a capacity had (has) greater value than all which one could give as a dowry to another maiden, [and] led her forth to the palace of his father, the king, where he married her. But concerning her sister, we may say that she became so hateful that her own mother drove her away from her; and the unhappy girl, having wandered about a long

time (much), and having found no one who would receive her, soon died in a corner of a forest.

LA ESPERO.

En la mondon venis nova sento,
Tra la mondo iras forta voko;
Per flugiloj de facila vento
Nun de loko flugu ĝi al loko.

Ne al glavo sangon soifanta
Ĝi la homan tiras familion:
Al la mond' eterne militanta
Ĝi promesas sanktan harmonion.

Sub la sankta signo de l' espero
Kolektiĝas pacaj batalantoj,
Kaj rapide kreskas la afero
Per laboro de la esperantoj.

Forte staras muroj de miljaroj
Inter la popoloj dividitaj;
Sed dissaltos la obstinaj baroj,
Per la sankta amo disbatitaj.

Sur neŭtrala lingva fundamento,
Komprenate unu la alian,
La popoloj faros en konsento
Unu grandan rondon familian.

Nia diligenta kolegaro
En laboro paca ne laciĝos,
Ĝis la bela sonĝo de l' homaro
Por eterna ben' efektiviĝos.

L. ZAMENHOF.

El Krestomatio.

LA REĜO KAJ LIA SERVISTO.

(El la kolekto da Tataraj rakontoj, prezentita de profesoro Katanov en la Arĥivoj de la Universitato de Kazan.)

Reĝo sidis je sia tablo kaj atendis la alporton de manĝaĵoj. Sed unu el la servistoj, kiu estis tre timema, faletis, kaj kelkaj

gutoj de la buljono ŝprucis sur la veston de la reĝo. La reĝo koleris kaj ordonis senkapigi la mallertulon. La malfeliĉulo pensis: "Mi estas filo de la morto, mia savo estas neebla!" kaj li prenis la buljonujon kaj elversis ĝian enhavon sur la reĝon. Tiu ĉi miregis kaj ekkriis: "Ho, junulo, ĉu vi estas posedata de frenezo? Kion vi faris?" La servisto diris: "Mia reĝo, mi ne freneziĝis, miaj pensoj estas en ordo. Mi kuraĝis fari tion ĉi por danki vin pro via boneco al mi. Nun la homoj ne diros pri vi: la reĝo ekzekutigis malfeliĉulon pro ia bagatelo; ili laŭdos vin kaj diros: la reĝo estas tute prava kaj neriproĉinda, ĉar la servisto montris teruregan kaj nepardonindan arogantecon." La reĝo profundiĝis en pensojn kaj diris: "Ho, junulo, malbone aganta kaj bone vin senkulpiganta, mi pardonas vian abomenan faron pro via lertega klarigo." Kaj la reĝo faris al li bonan donacon.

El la lingvo rusa trad. A. KOFMAN.

El Esperantaj Prozaĵoj.

NOTE.—Those who wish to become members of the REVIEW'S Esperanto Society, will kindly make application to the REVIEW.

ESPERANTO.*

GRAMMAR.—LESSON VIII.

Participles (active and passive) are used as nouns, adjectives, and adverbs. Thus:—

Participial nouns (active).

La leg-anto, the reader (he who is reading).
La leg-into, the reader (he who has read).
La leg-onto, the reader (he who is going to read).

Participial adjectives (active).

Nia est-anta reĝo, our present king.
Nia est-inta reĝo, our past king.
Nia est-onta reĝo, our future king.

Participial adverbs (active).

Vid-ante min, li ploris, seeing me, he wept.
Vid-inte min, li ploris, having seen me, he wept.
Vid-onte min, li ploris, about to see me, he wept.

Participial nouns (passive).

La bat-ato, the (one who is being) beaten.
La bat-ito, the (one who has been) beaten.
La bat-oto, the (one who is) about to be beaten.

Participial adjectives (passive).

La bat-ata knabo, the (now being) beaten boy.
La bat-ita knabo, the (previously) beaten boy.
La bat-ota knabo, the (about to be) beaten boy.

Participial adverbs (passive).

Bat-ate, li ploras, being beaten, he weeps.
Bat-ite, li ploras, having been beaten, he weeps.
Bat-ote, li ploras, being about to be beaten, he weeps.

* The first and second instalments of these lessons appeared in the December 21st and January 4th issues.—Ed.

Suffixes.—*Em* denotes propensity or disposition.
Envii, to envy. *Envi-em-a,* envious.
Ŝpari, to spare. *Ŝpar-em-a,* sparing, frugal.

Ind denotes worthiness. *Laŭdi,* to praise.
Laŭd-ind-a, worthy of praise, praiseworthy.

Ebl denotes possibility. *Kredi,* to believe
Kred-ebl-a, credible. *Legi,* to read.
Leg-ebl-a, legible. *Vidi,* to see. *Vid-ebl-a,* visible.

Edz denotes a married person.
Edzo, a married man, a husband.
Edz-in-o, a married woman, a wife.
Doktoro, a doctor. *Doktor-edz-ino,* a doctor's wife.

EXERCISE VIII.

La parolanto estas lernema. La kantonto estas fierema.[1] Ĉu vi vidis la forkurantan[2] ĉevalon? Rigardu[3] la falintan[4] arbon. Vidinte la reĝon, ni estas tute kontentaj. Enironte[5] la palacon, li demetis[6] sian ĉapelon. La reĝino estas en la plej brila[7] humoro. La laŭdita knabo estas vere[8] laŭdinda. Li parolis al mi pri la proponata afero. Ŝi foriris[9] ridetante,[10] lasante[11] lin sola.[12] Li alvenis en Anglujon, ne sciante unu anglan[13] vorton.[14] La doktoredzino estas babilema,[15] kaj la lavistinedzo[16] estas tre kredema.[17] Iu estas en la kuirejo. Mi vidis iun tie. Kiu gajnis[18] la premion[19]? Neniu, sinjoro. La knaboj, kiuj kantas, estos ridindaj.[20] La homo, kiun vi vidis, estas riĉa. La homoj, kiujn vi vidis, estas malriĉaj. Ĉiu estas en la parko. Vi renkontos ĉiujn tie. Kiu estas en la ĉambro? Estas neniu tie. Tiu libro estas bela, sed tiuj estas pli belaj, mi pensas.[21]

1 proud. 2 to run away. 3 to look at. 4 to fall. 5 to enter. 6 to take off. 7 brilliant. 8 truly. 9 to go away. 10 to smile. 11 to leave. 12 alone. 13 English. 14 word. 15 to prattle. 16 laundress's husband. 17 credulous. 18 to gain, to win. 19 the prize, the reward. 20 laughable. 21 to think.

Mastro kaj servisto:—Alportu al mi, Vilhelmo, mian vojaĝkeston.[1] Bone, metu ĝin tien, nun fermu[2] ĝin. Mi ne scias kie estas la ŝlosilo.[3] Ĝi estas sur la tualettablo.[4] Mi bezonas mian ŝelkon,[5] ses kravatojn, dekduon da ŝtrumpetoj,[6] ĉemizojn,[7] naz-

tukojn[8] kaj du dekdujon da kolumoj[9] kaj manumoj.[10] Tiuj ĉi estas jam[11] tre eluzitaj, donu al mi aliajn.[12] Mi bezonas miajn razilojn, ĉu ili estas akraj[13]? Nun alportu miajn harbrosojn,[14] kombilojn,[15] dentpudron,[16] k.t.p., kaj metu ilin kun la aliaj objektoj. Ĝi estas farita,[17] sinjoro.

1 travelling-trunk. 2 to close. 3 key. 4 dressing-table. 5 braces. 6 socks. 7 shirt. 8 handkerchief. 9 collar. 10 cuff. 11 already. 12 others. 13 sharp. 14 hair-brush. 15 comb. 16 tooth-powder. 17 to do.

GRAMMAR.—LESSON IX.

Prepositions.—The correct use of these requires attention in two or three points.

1°. In Esperanto, prepositions always govern the nominative case of nouns and pronouns.

Mi donis ĝin al li (*not* al lin), I gave it to him.

Al kiu (*not* kiun) *vi iris?* To whom did you go?

2°. Every preposition has a precise meaning; hence the pupil must not always translate an English preposition by its apparent equivalent in Esperanto.

He beat him *with* a stick. *Li batis lin* per *bastono.*

John wept *with* shame. *Johano ploris* pro (or, *de*) *honto.*

Peter lives *with* me. *Petro loĝas* kun *mi.*

A dog was *with* him. *Hundo estis* kun *li.*

3°. If the student is in any doubt as to which preposition to use, he can employ the indefinite *je,* or, where no ambiguity is likely to occur, the accusative case (*-n*) of the noun or pronoun.

Li ridas je mia eraro, or, *Li ridas mia-n eraro-n.*

He laughs at my mistake.

Mi lin vidis je mardo, or, *Mi lin vidis mardo-n.*

I saw him on Tuesday.

Conjunctions.—There is nothing very special to be said about these. A few of the most important are here given:—

Alie,	Otherwise.	*Ke,*	That.
Apenaŭ,	Hardly.	*Kvankam,*	Although.
Aŭ,	Or.	*Kvazaŭ,*	As if.
Aŭ..aŭ,	Either..or.	*Nek..nek,*	Neither..nor.
Ĉar,	Because, for.	*Se,*	If.
Do,	Therefore.	*Sed,*	But.
Eĉ se,	Even if.	*Tamen,*	However.

Suffixes.—Estr denotes a chief, a leader.
Regno, a state. *Regn-estr-o,* a ruler.
Ŝipo, a ship. *Ŝip-estr-o,* a ship captain.

Ad denotes the continuation of an action.
Pafo, a shot. *Paf-ad-o,* a fusillade.
Spiri, to breathe. *Spir-ad-o,* respiration.

EXERCISE IX.

Kvankam li estas riĉa, li ne estas honesta. Nek li nek la lernejestro[1] iros al Parizo. Aŭ la policestro[2] aŭ la regnestro estas en la palaco. La movado[3] de la ondoj[4] estas tre trankvila.[5] La pafado estis tre laŭta. La parolado[6] de la ŝipestro estas mallonga kaj tre klara.[7] Ial[8] li skribis la leteron. Se ial vi ne kredas[9] min, mi volas koni kial.[10] Kial ŝi rakontis[11] al vi tiun aferon? Ĉial,[12] sed precipe[13] ĉar ŝi estas sincera. La mastro demandis kial li estis parolinta, kaj li respondis malĝentile[14]; "Ĉial," sed poste[15] li diris, "nenial."[16] Kial vi sendis la leteron? Nenial, nur mi volis skribi ion. Kial vi batis lin? Ĉar li mensogis,[17] tial[18] mi batis lin. Li iros al Parizo dum la somero.[19] Ĉu li iros al Parizo dum la printempo[20]? Li ne iros al Londono dum la vintro.[21] Ĉu li ne iros al Berlino dum la aŭtuno[22]?

1 head teacher. 2 chief of police. 3 movement. 4 wave. 5 tranquil. 6 speech. 7 clear. 8 for some reason. 9 to believe. 10 why, for what reason. 11 to relate. 12 for every reason. 13 especially. 14 rudely. 15 afterwards. 16 for no reason. 17 to lie. 18 that's why, for that reason. 19 summer. 20 spring. 21 winter. 22 autumn.

Mastro kaj servisto. Vilhelmo, kie estas mia ĉapelo[1]? Jen ĝi estas. Dankon. Mi bezonas mian bastonon[2] kaj miajn gantojn. Mi ne povis trovi ilin, kien vi metis ilin? Brosu[3] mian pantalonon[4] kaj mian veston.[5] Jen ili estas, bone brositaj. Mia poŝhorloĝo estas en la poŝo[6] de mia veŝto,[7] alportu ĝin al mi. Formetu[8] la ĉenon kaj purigu[9] ĝin per sapo[10] kaj varma akvo. Jen ĝi estas bone purigita. La ledplandoj[11] de tiu ĉi paro[12] da botoj estas iomete[13] eluzitaj. Sendu tuj[14] ilin al la botisto,[15] Vilhelmo. Bone, nun[16] adiaŭ.[17]

1 hat. 2 stick. 3 to brush. 4 trousers. 5 coat. 6 pocket. 7 vest. 8 to put away. 9 to clean. 10 soap. 11 sole. 12 pair. 13 somewhat, rather. 14 immediately. 15 bootmaker. 16 now. 17 adieu, good-by.

GRAMMAR.—LESSON X.

Adverbs.—In addition to the derived adverbs, that is, those formed by adding *-e* to the root (see Lesson II), there is a class of words which are, by their nature, adverbs, all of which do not terminate in *-e*. The more important are:—

Almenaŭ, at least. *Ambaŭ,* both. *Ankaŭ,* also.
Apenaŭ, hardly, scarcely. *Baldaŭ,* soon. *Nun,* now.
Ĵus, just now. *Jam,* already. *Preskaŭ,* almost.
Nur, only. *Tuj,* immediately. *Tute,* quite, entirely.
Ajn, ever, in such phrases as *kiu ajn,* whoever; *kie ajn,* wherever; *kiam ajn,* whenever, etc.
Jen...jen, sometimes...sometimes.
Jen ŝi ridas, jen ŝi ploras.
Sometimes she laughs, sometimes she weeps.
Ju...des, the more...the more.
Ju pli mi ŝin konas, des pli mi ŝin admiras.
The more I know her, the more I admire her.

Prefixes.—Ek denotes an action which has just begun or is of short duration.
Ridi, to laugh. *Ek ridi,* to burst out laughing.
Krii, to cry. *Ek-krii,* to exclaim, to cry out.

Dis, denotes separation, dissemination.
Ĵeti, to throw. *Dis-ĵeti,* to throw about.
Semi, to sow. *Dis-semi,* to disseminate.

Suffixes.—Ĉj (mas.), *Nj* (fem.), added to the first few letters of a name denote a term of endearment, an affectionate epithet.
Josefo, Joseph. *Jo-ĉj-o,* Joe, Joey.
Miĥaelo, Michael. *Mil-ĉj-o,* Mike.
Mario, Mary. *Ma-nj-o,* Polly, little Mary.
Pa-ĉj-o, Papa, little (dear) father.
Pa-nj-o, Mamma, darling mother, little mother.

Moŝto is a general title of honor.
Lia reĝa moŝto, His Majesty.
Via princa moŝto, your royal highness.
Via moŝto, your honor, your worship.

EXERCISE X.

Kiam li ekparolis ŝi ekridis. La infano ekploris[1] kiam ŝi ekvidis[2] sian patrinon. Ne disversu[3] la lakton[4] sur la tapiŝon.[5] La episkopo[6] disdonos[7] la premiojn baldaŭ, mi esperas.[8] La leteristo ĵus[9] frapis[10] la pordon, eble[11] li havis ion por vi. Sur la tablo mi trovis du pomojn, mi donis unu al li kaj mi manĝis la alian. Mi estas tute senkulpa,[12] via moŝto, mi ne estas la kulpulo.[13] Kien ajn li iras la almozulo[14] sekvas[15] lin. Kiam ajn mia avo[16] alvenas, mi vizitas lin. Kiu ajn sendis tiun leteron mi certe, ne respondos al ĝi. Kion ajn vi faros[17] vi ne venkos[18] lian obstinecon.[19] Li devas fari tion iel.[20] Vi ne devus agi[21] tiel,[22] estas tute malprave.[23] Mi ne povas diri nun kiel la afero okazis.[24] Ĉu vi sanas? La rabistoj atakis[25] nin ĉiel.[26] Neniel[27] mi povos fini tian laboron.

1 to weep. 2 to see. 3 to spill. 4 milk. 5 carpet. 6 bishop. 7 to distribute. 8 to hope. 9 just now. 10 to knock. 11 possibly. 12 innocent. 13 guilty person. 14 beggar. 15 to follow. 16 grandfather. 17 to do. 18 to conquer. 19 obstinacy. 20 somehow, in some way. 21 to act. 22 thus, so, in that way. 23 wrong. 24 to happen. 25 to attack. 26 in every way. 27 nohow, in no way.

Johano, kie estas la leterpapero[1] kaj kovertoj[2]? Ili estas en la tirkesto,[3] sinjoro. Kie estas la inko? Ĝi estas en la inkujo[4] sur la skribtablo.[5] Mil dankojn, nun mi bezonas kelke[6] da poŝtkartoj. Mi povas doni al vi kvin aŭ ses ilustritajn[7] poŝtkartojn, ĉu ili estas sufiĉaj.[8] Nun mi iros al la poŝtoficejo[9] por aĉeti kelke da poŝtmarkoj,[10] sed kie estas la poŝtoficejo[11]? Vi trovos ĝin en la "Strand." Ĝi estas la oka domo preter nia, sed sur la alia[12] flanko[13] de la strato, kontraŭ[14] la nova teatro.[15]

1 note-paper. 2 envelope. 3 drawer. 4 ink-well. 5 writing-table. 6 some, a few. 7 illustrated. 8 sufficient, enough. 9 post-office. 10 postage-stamps. 11 post-office. 12 other. 13 side. 14 opposite. 15 theatre.

COMPLETE CONJUGATION OF THE VERB.

Teni, to hold. *Esti teninta,* to have held. *Esti tenata,* to be held. *Ke mi tenu,* that I may hold. *Tenu,* hold (Imper.).

(1.) ACTIVE VOICE.

(*a.*) *Simple Tenses.*

Pres. *Mi tenas,* I hold, do hold, am holding.
Past. *Mi tenis,* I held, did hold, was holding.
Fut. *Mi tenos,* I shall hold.
Cond. *Mi tenus,* I should hold.

(*b.*) *Compound Tenses.*

Perfect. *Mi estas teninta,* I have held.

(Use the simple form: *Mi tenis,* whenever possible.)

Pluperf. *Mi estis teninta,* I had held.
Fut. perf. *Mi estos teninta,* I shall have held.
Cond. perf. *Mi estus teninta,* I should have held.

(*c.*) *Progressive Forms.*

Mi estas (nun) tenanta, I am (now) holding.
Mi estis (tiam) tenanta, I was (then) holding.
Mi estos (baldaŭ) tenanta, I shall be (soon) holding.
(Use the simple forms: *Mi tenas, mi tenis, mi tenos,* whenever possible.)

(2.) PASSIVE VOICE.

Pres. *Mi estas tenata,* I am (being) held.
Past. *Mi estis tenata,* I was (being) held.
Fut. *Mi estos tenata,* I shall be (being) held.
Cond. *Mi estus tenata,* I should be (being) held.
Perf. *Mi estas tenita,* I have been held.
Pluperf. *Mi estis tenita,* I had been held.
Fut. perf. *Mi estos tenita,* I shall have been held.
Cond. perf. *Mi estus tenita,* I should have been held.

(3.) ORDERING MOOD, to express command, desire, permission, etc., *i. e., whenever* the Indicative or the Conditional cannot be used (previously called Imp.-Subj. Strictly speaking, there is *no* Subjunctive in Esperanto).

Li ordonis (permesis, deziris, petis, etc.) *ke mi tenu ĝin.*
He ordered (permitted, desired, requested, etc.) me to hold it. (*Eble* and *povi* usually render *may* and *can.*)

A SUGGESTION.

As some of those who study these lessons may not have an opportunity of attending an Esperanto class, we would suggest the following simple and practical method (already given in the preface) for obtaining conversational facility in the language. In the exercises many sentences will be found which the student can develop into a series of questions, the answers to which will be found in the sentence itself. The following, which should be learned by heart, will be found useful in asking the questions:—

Ĉu? whether?; *Kiu?* who?; *Kie?* where?; *Kiam?* when?; *Kies?* whose?; *Kial?* why?; *Kio?* what? what thing?; *Kia?* what? what kind of?; *Kiom?* how much? how many?

Example:—La patro legas en la ĝardeno, kaj la patrino skribas sur la balkono, ĉar la vetero estas varma hodiaŭ.

Kiu legas en la ĝardeno?
La patro legas en la ĝardeno.
Ĉu la patro legas aŭ skribas?
La patro legas, li ne skribas.
Kie skribas la patrino?
La patrino skribas sur la balkono.
Ĉu la patrino legas?
Ne, la patrino ne legas, ŝi skribas.
Kie estas la patrino?
La patrino estas sur la balkono.
Kial estas la patro en la ĝardeno?
Ĉar la vetero estas tre varma hodiaŭ.
Ĉu estas la vetero varma aŭ malvarma?
Estas tre malvarme.
Ĉu estis la vetero varma hieraŭ?
Jes, estis varmege hieraŭ. k.t.p.

As one's vocabulary increases, so does the power of forming new sentences increase. In the answers, do not be satisfied with a mere "yes" or "no." If you find any difficulty in giving an answer, you can easily get over this by using the words in the question for your reply.

NOTE.—Those who wish to become members of the REVIEW'S Esperanto Society see advertising pages for membership blank. Those who have already sent in their names have been duly entered.

The Standard Journals of America

Advertisements in this department of "The North American Review" are accepted from only such newspapers as the editor considers to be eminently worthy as public journals and notably desirable as advertising mediums.

The Daily Pioneer Press
is the only morning paper published in St. Paul.
The Sunday Pioneer Press
is the only Sunday paper published in St. Paul.

The reading public of the daily and Sunday editions is drawn from the medium and well-to-do people of the northwest—people of liberal taste, who are financially able to gratify it.

The circulation, of which a greater percentage is local than other northwestern papers, is guaranteed, all books and records being open to any one interested.

We shall be pleased at any time to furnish any or all details of circulation, or any information concerning this territory. Address *The Pioneer Press*, St. Paul.

The Times Dispatch

More in March

THE TIMES-DISPATCH for the month of March printed more advertising than in any other month since it or any of its predecessors began business in Richmond.

It printed more **foreign**, more **local display**, more **classified**, more **real estate** and more **financial** than any other newspaper in Richmond. It cannot be questioned that

It is Supreme in Virginia.

For rates, address

The Times-Dispatch,

N. M. SHEFFIELD,
New York—Chicago.

Richmond, Va.

The Evening Wisconsin

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

Advertising in 1907

THE following table shows the number of columns of advertising in the four leading newspapers of Milwaukee for the first thirteen weeks of 1907. It shows that THE EVENING WISCONSIN outranks all the other newspapers for each of the thirteen weeks.

EVENING WISCONSIN

Week Ending	1st in Rank	2d in Rank	3d in Rank	4th in Rank
Jan. 5	152	131	86	158
Jan. 12	246	200	156	144
Jan. 19	225	188	133	135
Jan. 26	237	188	141	129
Feb. 2	244	204	172	147
Feb. 9	214	207	157	131
Feb. 16	233	213	183	141
Feb. 23	239	224	150	153
Mar. 2	234	219	174	149
Mar. 9	261	234	193	151
Mar. 16	238	225	205	141
Mar. 23	352	279	278	245
Mar. 30	342	295	280	226
Total, 13 weeks	3,217	2,807	2,308	2,050

The logical deduction from the above comprehensive array of figures is this: It is not probable that any advertiser would use continuously and to greater extent THE EVENING WISCONSIN were it not probable that he realizes greater returns from it than from any other medium.

Chas. H. Eddy, Representative,

10 Spruce Street
New York

403 Marquette Bldg.
Chicago

The Sun

Most Newspapers Look Alike and Read Alike. THE SUN Continues to be a Brilliant Exception to this Rule of Monotony.

Its Columns are Never Duplicates or Imitations. It Blazes Its Own Path in Every Field of Journalistic Endeavor. It Holds True to Its Own Methods, Principles and Policies. It is Unique.

THE SUN

SUBSCRIPTIONS BY MAIL, POSTPAID:

DAILY, Per Month	$0.50	SUNDAY, Per Year	$2.00
DAILY, Per Year	6.00	DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	8.00

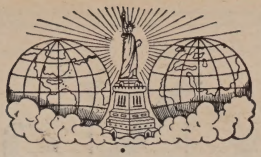
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month..... $0.70

POSTAGE TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES ADDED.

PUBLISHED AT 170 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY

The World.

"Circulation Books Open to All."



"Circulation Books Open to All."

Head of the Procession!

THE WORLD GAINED **4,656** Separate advertisements in February over last year.

The Herald LOST **4,770** Separate advertisements from February last year.

Total Printed: WORLD, 100,926

Herald, . . 82,493

WORLD LEAD, 18,433

THE WORLD

Is the **FIRST New York Newspaper!**

THE WORLD, PULITZER BLDG., NEW YORK

The Nation

"The foremost critical journal of America" contains, every week, the following departments

Literary Criticism

The important books are reviewed as soon after publication as is consistent with careful examination.

Drama, Music, and Art

The significant musical and dramatic events and the best art exhibitions in America and Europe are treated by competent critics.

Editorial Articles

These are careful and temperate discussions of prominent political and social topics.

Finance

This department presents, nearly every issue, an expert view of some important topic in finance or economic progress.

Science

Reviews of important books of science, and articles and notes of scientific interest, are prepared by the best authorities.

Special Correspondence

Articles from all quarters of the globe, written by intelligent and trustworthy observers.

SAMPLE COPIES SENT FOR THREE WEEKS UPON REQUEST

Ten Cents a Copy. *Three Dollars a Year.*

Advertising Rates on Application

THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York

THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE

Always at Home

And if you want to talk to Home folks, including the young people, you can do it through THE EAGLE. There is no paper in the country that has such an entrée into private homes of prosperous people as has the

Brooklyn Daily Eagle

The best advertising medium in the country.

"The Best in Its Field and Its Field Is the Best."

The Evening Mail

NEW YORK'S POPULAR
EVENING NEWSPAPER

It Seeks Favor Through Merit and Not Through Hysteria

The Evening Mail's great success is due to the fact that it prints the news without prejudice or exaggeration. It is alert, aggressive and reliable.

Its reviews of new books and of new plays attract wide attention, and its other features, particularly its Saturday Illustrated Magazine (sixteen pages of half tones) have established it as the leading evening paper of New York.

The Evening Mail

ONE CENT

The Evening Sun

Prints More
More Accurate } *Accounts*
Better Written
of the interesting and important happenings of the day than any other evening newspaper.

The Evening Sun

170 Nassau Street, New York

SUBSCRIPTIONS BY MAIL, POSTPAID:

Per Month, - - - $0.20 | Per Year, - - - - $2.00

Postage to Foreign Countries Added.

THE BOSTON HERALD

IT is probable that many readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW have at times protested that modern newspapers are much too large, and it must be confessed that the impatient exclamation is justified if they are to be considered from the standpoint of an individual. It is easy to see from the first sentences that fall from the lips of newspaper critics whether they are able to take in a newspaper in its entirety and are thus competent fairly to censure its defects and appreciate its excellences. Newspapers cannot give themselves up to classes and be real, and not make-believe, newspapers, and that is why metropolitan editors are, to the dismay of publishers, continually demanding that more space shall be placed at their disposal. A certain publisher, nameless here, once remarked to one of his employees that his paper of that morning was great. It so happened that it was an exceptionally poor number, but its greatness, in his sight, consisted in the fact that it was overloaded with advertisements, and he failed to remark that he had practically defrauded his readers by denying them, by reason of restricted space, the news of the day. He could not comprehend the necessities of his own journal. Did you ever stop to consider the scope of big newspapers? Casting aside for a moment all consideration of the vast volume of telegraphic and local news which they provide, the amount of information they gather in the fields of active life is amazing. In the department of sporting news alone, the labor involved in procuring intelligence of great interest to a large number of readers is only faintly recognized. The news of the shipping world is industriously gathered; the course of financial movements faithfully followed; the transactions of commercial centres accurately depicted. To their columns turn the devotees of society and the lovers of music, literature and the drama. Women scan their pages for matter of peculiar interest to them. To chronicle the happenings in these various channels of human activities requires space, and that is why newspapers are none too big. Bigness, of course, is not all. Able men and women must not only gather, but sift this information, for the public benefit. Cheap pens cannot speak with authority. In all the departments to which allusion has been made, the *Boston Herald* is pre-eminent, and thus admittedly ranks as

New England's Greatest Newspaper.

The Providence Daily Journal.

No advertising campaign intended to reach the million people in southeastern New England would be well-planned if it did not begin with the PROVIDENCE JOURNAL. It is the paper which intelligent persons of means have in their homes and places of business the year round.

Foreign Advertising Representative

CHARLES H. EDDY

10 Spruce Street
NEW YORK

403 Marquette Building
CHICAGO

The Providence Daily Journal.

PUBLIC LEDGER

A FINANCIAL ADVERTISEMENT

published in the PUBLIC LEDGER is the highest testimony of the worthiness of the advertisement.

For more than seventy years the PUBLIC LEDGER has been the leading medium for financial advertising in Pennsylvania.

The constituency of the PUBLIC LEDGER represents a larger investing class than that of any other newspaper in the United States.

Proof of this is found in the advertising columns of the PUBLIC LEDGER, in which are represented a greater number of legitimate financial advertisements than is published in any other newspaper printed in this community.

Bucket Shop, Catch-Penny and unstable mining advertising rigidly excluded.

PUBLIC LEDGER

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE ARGUMENT OF EXPERIENCE

Is What Every Successful Advertiser Will Impart to You in Favor of

The Pittsburg Dispatch.

If you want to cover the great Pittsburg territory you must use the Dispatch, as it is the only Newspaper that reaches those of all classes with money to spend, being the one two-cent Morning Newspaper in its district.

A home-delivered circulation, going directly into the hands of the actual buyers of this community.

Get the BEST Always

The Want and Realty Medium of Pennsylvania, Carrying More Classified Advertising Than Any Other Pittsburg Newspaper.

THE DISPATCH PUBLISHING COMPANY
PITTSBURG, PENNA.

C. A. ROOK, President. E. M. O'NEILL, Vice-President.

BRANCH OFFICES:

EASTERN OFFICE—
Wallace G. Brooke,
41 Park Row,
New York, N. Y.

WESTERN OFFICE—
Horace M. Ford,
Marquette Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

ATLANTIC OFFICE—
Walter E. Edge,
1309 Atlantic Ave.,
Atlantic City, N. J.

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST.

EVERY EDITION A HOME EDITION

ADVERTISERS who buy space in THE CHICAGO EVENING POST reach the homes of discriminating and inteiligent men and women. Every edition of THE EVENING POST is a "home" edition.

A sane, clean, optimistic newspaper, printing all the news that is fit to print. THE EVENING POST offers special attractions in:

The most varied, original and independent Editorial page in Chicago—contributed by writers of charm and distinction.

News of Books and Bookmen written by a corps of men and women who know and love books.

Foreign Cables and Correspondence by Justin Wallace, Malcolm Lincoln, Karleton Hackett and others.

Exclusive and authoritative news of the theaters—with the best theatrical pictures printed in Chicago.

A brilliant page of sporting news—baseball, golf, automobiles and amateur sports.

THE EVENING POST prints more financial and publishers' advertising than any other Chicago afternoon newspaper, and more automobile advertising than any other Chicago newspaper —morning or evening.

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST

160–162 Washington Street, Chicago

New York Office: Tribune Building

The Real Growth of a Newspaper

IS measured by the extent of its paid increase in circulation, and in proportion to its growth the power of the newspaper as a moral force and its value as an advertising medium increase.

The newspaper of the present day is the most potent factor in modern civilization; it touches more intimately and influences more powerfully the lives and fortunes of the great masses of the people than any other element of these complex times. Therefore, the newspaper that is daily adding to its list of paid subscriptions is increasing its "sphere of influence," and may well be said to be growing.

In Kentucky, and in all the great, prosperous South, The Courier-Journal has for generations been the most vital influence in commercial and political life, and to-day it boasts the largest circulation in its history. Its influence in the home life of a progressive people is greater than ever before, and day by day it is growing rapidly, but healthfully; adding in increasing numbers to its list of intelligent, prosperous, buying readers.

To its old constituency, the bone and sinew of this section of the country, The Courier-Journal is adding the new blood of a rapidly increasing population. New factories, more railroads, more offices, more stores and all increased industries mean new homes, and new homes mean more newspapers. The Courier-Journal is reaching these homes as is no other newspaper in the South, and with every home brought within the range of its influence an added value is given to its advertising columns.

The Courier-Journal can make your advertisements welcome in the greatest number of the best-buying homes of the South.

Courier-Journal Co.,

Louisville, Ky.

The News and Courier.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

IS one of the oldest daily newspapers in the United States. It was established in 1803, and has stood for more than a hundred years for what is best in the life of the community and State which it represents.

On the celebration of its Centennial, three years ago, the Hon. Joseph Daniel Pope, LL.D., Professor of Law in the South Carolina College, said: "I have great respect for THE NEWS AND COURIER, and always underwrite its political faith and opinions. There is nothing small or mean about them."

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, editor of *The New York Tribune*, wrote of the share of THE NEWS AND COURIER in the history of the century: "It has already been written imperishably into the records and it is a continuing proof of the absurdity of the notions now so often held among the believers in the sensational journalism of the present day that the editorial page has lost its influence."

THE NEWS AND COURIER represents the best sentiment and the best people of South Carolina. It reaches every part of the State. It stands for honesty in the administration of public affairs, for sound money, for high morality, for the Law against the Mob, for decency in public as in private life. It believes in government by the people for the people; in the administration of the affairs of the States by the people of the States; in loyalty to the Government at Washington economically administered.

Advertisers will find THE NEWS AND COURIER a most effective means of reaching the people of South Carolina. They know what it is, what it represents, what its services have been worth to them in the development of their natural resources and in the preservation of the highest ideals in public conduct and in private thinking.

Advertisers who wish to reach the most solid people in South Carolina should use its columns.

Readers who would like to be informed of the best thought of the people of South Carolina and the South on all political, social, and industrial questions ought to read it every day.

For rates of advertising and subscription, address

The News and Courier

CHARLESTON, S. C.

The Hartford Courant

HARTFORD, CONN. ESTABLISHED 1764.

THE "COURANT" is representative of New England culture and conservatism. It prints all the news, and its editorial comments are made with distinction, and with its ancient and healthy regard for truth. It is the leading Connecticut advertising medium for publishers', financial and automobile advertising. It has been here a long time—142 years—and promises well for the future.

THE HARTFORD COURANT COMPANY, Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

THE POST EXPRESS stands at the head of Western New York papers—

Stable in its policy, clean and able in its contents—

An Independent Republican Newspaper.

The Post Express.

"THE MODEL EVENING NEWSPAPER"

ESTABLISHED IN 1859

An excellent medium for advertisers, circulating as it does among those who buy.

For rates, address

The Post Express Printing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

BUFFALO EXPRESS

DAILY AND SUNDAY

The newspaper that readers believe brings best returns to advertisers — Make your business announcements in

The BUFFALO EXPRESS

Acknowledged the leading newspaper in Buffalo and the Great Niagara Frontier.

The Cleveland Leader.

Touches the pulse of the buying light of Cleveland, and its splendid spirit gives strength and dignity to every advertisement, great or small, which appears in its columns.

Circulation alone will accomplish little, but spirit makes the world move.

SCHOOLS AND CAMPS

WISCONSIN.

Camp Keewatin for Boys,
in the Wisconsin woods. Experienced teachers and College men. Outdoor life. Field and water sports. Swimming, canoeing, saddle ponies. Expert tutoring. Separate camp for older boys. Address
JAMES H. KENDREGAN.
East Division High School, MILWAUKEE, Wis.

AUTHORS have you a MS. worthy of a cloth binding? Write us. To Publishers—Emergency orders for Book-work promptly executed.
MAYHEW PUB. CO., 100 Ruggles St., BOSTON

School Advertising Rates

One-quarter page, one insertion, ...	$15.00
One inch, " "	5.00
One-half inch, " "	3.00

Less than one-half inch, 50c. an agate line for one insertion.

The above rates are subject to the following discounts for repeated insertions: three months, 5 per cent.; six months, 10 per cent.; twelve months, 20 per cent.

The North American Review
Franklin Square, New York City.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics

The Cause and Extent of the Recent Industrial Progress of Germany
By EARL D. HOWARD

Dr. Howard is an instructor in the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania. This essay presents an accurate, detailed account of Germany's remarkable industrial development during the last two decades, and undertakes an analysis of the underlying causes, chief among which may be mentioned Germany's system of technical and commercial education and her system of industrial and social labor legislation.

The Causes of the Panic of 1893
By WILLIAM J. LAUCK

Mr. Lauck now holds a professorship in economics in Washington and Lee University. This essay is more than an account of the Panic of 1893. It is in the nature of a detailed study of our financial history during the two decades preceding the panic. The economic condition of financial strain culminating in the panic of 1893 is shown to have been induced by our monetary legislation and policy during this extended period. The essay constitutes a valuable contribution to the financial history of the United States.

Each $1.00 net. Postage 10 cents.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.
4 Park St., Boston; 85 Fifth Ave., New York

SEA and CAR SICKNESS PREVENTED

Any trip, either long or short, can be comfortably made free from either SEA SICKNESS or CAR SICKNESS by using

S. and C. S. TABLETS

AN EFFECTUAL REMEDY

50 cents per box.

S. & C. S. MANUFACTURING COMPANY
112 American Central Life Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

ATTRACTIVE STATIONERY

Biggest Factor in Business Success

IN establishing an office and correspondence business of any kind, the item of stationery becomes one of the first considerations, no matter how staid, sound and conservative the proprietor may consider his business to be.

The common-sense argument for artistic stationery that shall please the eye is that, in its being artistic, the eye will be pleased. Every business man in the country who has experience of up-to-date correspondence from the outside will tell you how involuntarily a neatly written letter on an artistic letterhead appeals to him instantly.

There is a subtle compliment implied in the sending to him of a letter so well executed, and having in the letter material itself more than the cost of the postage. Evidently the writer has spent time in proportion upon the dictated matter, and has been as careful of the typewriting. From envelope, letterhead, through the dictated correspondence, to the final signature of the writer, the letter is a model.

No business man whose attentions are drawn to such a letter fails to appreciate it, and with the writing of every such letter the recipient is taking a lesson in the same school of correspondence, and is becoming less approachable by means of the sloppy letter written upon any sort of cheap stationery.

We are catering to the stationery wants of the particular business man.

We are educating business men in having neat, clean, up-to-date stationery.

We are willing to give our experience, knowledge and time to his wants.

OUR PRICES are as reasonable as any up-to-date printing establishment.

STATIONERY PACKED IN DUST-PROOF BOXES

REPORTER PUBLISHING COMPANY

American Central Life Building

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

10 CENTS A COPY $4.00 A YEAR

HARPER'S WEEKLY, which completed in January of this year a half-century of commanding and epoch-making activity in American journalism, maintains its place as the foremost publication of its kind in this country. No other periodical is so widely quoted; none has exercised so signal and continuous an influence upon contemporary thought and opinion.

The WEEKLY to-day enjoys a position to which its long and honorable career entitles it. One must still turn to its pages for the most authoritative treatment of events and developments in politics, literature, science, economics, art, music, the drama, and other fields.

Its widely quoted "Comment" is recognized as the most able, illuminating, and vigorous editorial summary appearing in any journal in this country. Its special articles furnish a comprehensive and interesting record of the progress of the world. Its illustrations present history with the unquestioned accuracy of photographs.

It has correspondents in the leading capitals of the world, and is thereby enabled to present history in the making.

In fiction it offers the work of the best living writers—W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, Katherine Cecil Thurston, Joseph Conrad, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Anthony Hope, Gilbert K. Chesterton, A. E. W. Mason, Maarten Maartens, H. G. Wells, E. S. Martin, Justus Miles Forman, Will N. Harben, Hamlin Garland, George Ade, and many others.

To fail to read the WEEKLY is to miss the best expression of the best contemporaneous thought that is accessible in print.

Dust, Dirt and Germs

are best removed from floors by first sweeping with a cloth-covered broom moistened with water containing just a little

Platt's Chlorides,

The Odorless Disinfectant.

A colorless liquid; powerful, safe and economical. Instantly destroys foul odors and disease breeding matter. Specially prepared for household use. Sold only in quart bottles, by druggists everywhere. An illustrated booklet with valuable sanitary information mailed free. Address Henry B. Platt, 42 Cliff Street, N. Y.

Dusty or damp corners and cracks—nooks behind plumbing and all spots that can't be reached by the scrubbing brush, should be freely sprinkled with a mixture of one (1) part Platt's Chlorides and ten (10) parts of water, by means of a whisk-broom.

THE consumption of Malt liquors has increased threefold in the United States during the past 35 years because American malt beverages are wholesome, palatable and nutritious.

Evans' Ale

LEADS in all things that make a perfect malt beverage — being a *natural* product of high nutritive value; affording both pleasure as a beverage and benefits as a tonic.

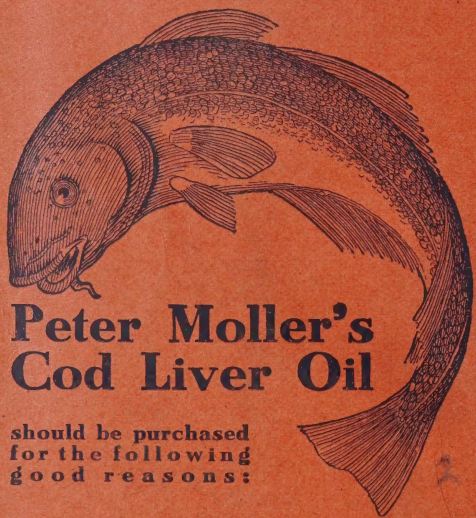
Appetizing. Nourishing. Delicious.

Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons and Dealers Everywhere.

C. H. EVANS & SONS

Brewery and Bottling Works

HUDSON, N. Y. *Established 1786.*



Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil

should be purchased for the following good reasons:

It is a pure oil, so pure that it is positively free from disagreeable taste and odor. Children take it without persuasion. It digests readily, does not cling to the palate, and never "repeats."

It is made and bottled by Peter Moller at his own factory at the Norway fisheries—no adulteration possible.

Not sold in bulk. You know you get the genuine when you receive the flat oval bottle bearing the name of

Schieffelin & Co., New York, Sole Agents

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Unsettled Weather

of Spring months, with its raw chill winds, is especially hard on delicate complexions, unless protected and kept soft and clear by daily use of

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum POWDER

A delightful healing and soothing toilet necessity, containing none of the risky chemicals found in cheap toilet powders imitating Mennen's. Just get the habit of using Mennen's every day of the year, after shaving and after bathing.

Put up in non-refillable boxes, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's genuine and a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

SAMPLE FREE

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets.